

# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

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Volume V

*June 1886 — December 1886*







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# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

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June 1886 — December 1886

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Volume V

Broadfoot Publishing Company  
Wilmington, North Carolina



*"Fine Books Since 1970."*

BROADFOOT PUBLISHING COMPANY

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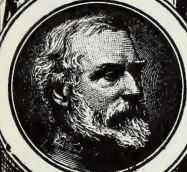


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# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC



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— THE —

# Southern Bivouac.

JUNE, 1886.

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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOLUME II.

JUNE, 1886.

NUMBER 1.

## THE SUGAR-FIELDS OF LOUISIANA.



PLANTATION RESIDENCE IN OLD CREOLE STYLE.

**I**N *Anno Domini* 1722, a body of Jesuit priests brought first into notice the cultivation of cane in Louisiana. Before this date individual colonists and farmers had imported a few stalks of cane, which they planted in their gardens or near their dwellings; but before 1722 they never made any important effort to extract the juice therefrom by mechanical processes, and to convert it into taffia, rum, syrup, or sugar, the four articles into which it was principally manufactured during the colonial existence of this province.

The Jesuit Fathers had their plantation on the immediate outskirts of the little town comprised within the corporate limits of the New Orleans of that epoch. The upper limit of the town was then Common Street, though the actual inhabited area was bounded by the

drainage canal, which afterward gave the name of Canal Street to the greatest thoroughfare of the Southern metropolis. The lower boundary of the Jesuits' small cane plantation was also Common Street. It is a matter of sufficient interest to mention here that "Newspaper Row," or the block containing the buildings of the leading journals printed in the English language in New Orleans, is in the heart of the first cane-field ever planted in the soil of Louisiana.

The principal product of the cane grown by the Jesuits was probably syrup, which was sold for the benefit of the revenues of their order. The Jesuit priesthood was better qualified by education and special scientific attainments to direct the new industry in the province than were most of the colonists



who were engaged in agricultural pursuits. Those who followed their example in attempting cane culture, principally bent their efforts toward the manufacture of taffia (a vile kind of whisky) and rum from their crops, which was probably a course not due to the precepts of their religious predecessors, but an industry developed by the practical success of such operations in Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies.

After having been carried on for nearly forty years, on a limited scale, and with spasmodic efforts, cane culture was practically abandoned in the colony in 1766. The floods of the Mississippi River were scarcely restrained by the very defective levee system existing along "the river coast," where cane culture was then confined; the crops had been occasionally destroyed by West Indian hurricanes sweeping up across the Gulf of Mexico. The proper methods of preserving seed and protecting stubble from the rigors of winter in the temperate zone were then unknown, and the primitive and incapacious machinery employed in the conversion of the crops into marketable products was unsatisfactory in its results.

The cane then cultivated in Louisiana was of a species called, half a century later by planters who had come in from other States, the "Creole" cane. According to information derived from some of the oldest and most intelligent planters of the State, it was originally imported from the Azores into the West Indies, and from Cuba into the French Colony. This variety was short and of a pale green color; a needle-like growth bristled from its joints, maiming the hands of those who harvested it, while it was too soft and delicate in texture to withstand the injurious effects of the autumnal frosts; hence it has long since been abandoned, and is now almost extinct in this State. During the present century it has been entirely supplanted by the "ribbon" cane, which, originally introduced into the New World from the East Indies, was received in Louisiana from the Antilles; by the red or blue cane from the same region; by the yellow cane of Otaheite; and by other varieties from Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and Java. In time the "ribbon" and the red and blue cane came to be almost exclusively cultivated, as it was practically demonstrated that they were the species best adapted to this soil and climate.

From 1766 to 1790 the plant was only preserved in Louisiana by a few small farmers or gardeners in the immediate vicinity of New

Orleans, who raised it to sell in the city markets. Between 1790 and 1794 two Spanish planters, Mendez and Solis, developed small plantations. One of these boiled the product of his crops into syrup, while the other erected a distillery and went into the manufacture of rum and taffia.

According to the eminent historian Martin, in 1794 Etienne Borè, an enterprising Frenchman from the territory of the Illinois, who resided about six miles above New Orleans, finding his fortune considerably reduced by the failure of the indigo crops for several successive years, conceived the idea of retrieving it by the manufacture of sugar. The attempt was considered by all as visionary. His wife (a daughter of Destrehan, the Colonial Treasurer under the Government of France, who had been one of the first to attempt and the last to abandon the manufacture of sugar), remembering her father's ill success, warned him of the risk he ran of adding to instead of repairing his losses. His relations and friends joined their remonstrances to hers. Borè, however, persisted, and having procured a quantity of cane from Mendez and Solis, began to plant. Notwithstanding the universal predictions to the contrary, Borè's first attempt to manufacture sugar was rewarded with the most brilliant success, and he sold his crop for twelve thousand dollars. His example induced a number of other planters to cultivate cane; and this was the virtual commencement of the sugar industry in Louisiana.

It is a fact worthy of note, that the grounds lately devoted to the buildings and display of the great Cotton Centennial Exposition of America were the very fields which nearly a century since bore the first important sugar crop ever grown in this State. The groves of magnificent live-oaks which last year sheltered in their shade strangers from every land and clime, and patrons of every industry and art, are the same trees that protected from the summer sun the energetic and enterprising planter who was practically the pioneer of the great sugar industry in this State. In that exposition were displayed the massive mechanism of mammoth sugar-mills, and the most improved machinery of modern times for the manufacture of refined sugars. But was any memento of Borè there? Or, did one in ten thousand of the countless throngs who visited the place know that such a man ever lived?

After the purchase of Louisiana by the United States, population and capital com-



menced to pour into the Orleans territory from other portions of the country, and the cultivation of cane was rapidly extended. By 1840 it had been carried down the "river coast," sixty miles below New Orleans, up the banks of the Mississippi to the mouth of Red River, ascended Red River for a hundred miles to the northwest, had spread over the "Florida" parishes east of the Mississippi; had descended the Atchafalaya to Bemick's Bay; had traveled across the beautiful Teche country out to Vermilion; had occupied both the fertile banks of the Lafourche River, and covered every

oaks, or surrounded by dark green groves of orange or lemon. They dispensed a hospitality which became proverbial in both continents. They were generally characterized by extravagance in their manner of living. In winter they resorted to the expensive hotels of New Orleans, and devoted themselves to the social and carnival festivities of the fashionable capital of their section. In summer there was a great exodus to Northern springs and watering-places, or across the Atlantic on European tours. It seemed as if a landed aristocracy were arising in this section to rival



AVENUE OF LOUISIANA LIVE-OAKS.

parish between that stream and the Mississippi River.

In 1850 Southern Louisiana was a vast field of waving cane. The tall smoke-stacks of twelve hundred factories rose above the clustered roofs of as many plantations. Villages and towns had every where arisen under the stimulus of the industry, and the country appeared to be teeming with wealth. The extension of the culture seemed every where to bear along with it evidences of refinement and civilization. The planters lived in beautiful villas or roomy old Creole residences, rising amid parks and avenues of magnificent live-

the baronial magnificence of medieval times. When one comes down to hard facts, most of this show was based upon fictitious wealth. Year after year there was great irregularity in the yields of sugar; in one season the crop of the State would considerably exceed three hundred million pounds; another, it would be reduced nearly down to a hundred million. Floods in the Mississippi River and its effluents, severe summer drouths, or early autumn freezes, were responsible for these untoward fluctuations.

In the twenty years from 1840 to 1860 it is likely that at least four fifths of the sugar



planters of Louisiana were heavily in debt. One would naturally ask, in this condition, what was the factor in the economical problem that prevented ruin when crops were so frequently injured or lost, and lands were so variable in value? In all this mutability of production and landed wealth there was one asset of a firmly fixed value; the merchant or banker creditor based his calculations and his hopes on that. This asset was the slave property; its productive capacity was relied on to ultimately cancel all obligations. In time, no doubt, it could have done so; but war destroyed this asset at a blow, depriving the sugar industry of millions of banking capital, ruining a majority of the sugar planters, and placing the future operations largely under the direction of different heads and hands. But I am anticipating.

In 1858 Louisiana made her largest *ante-bellum* sugar crop, or the largest that has been officially recorded; this was 480,000 hogsheads of sugar and about 650,000 barrels of molasses, or in round numbers 500,000,000 pounds of sugar and 30,000,000 gallons of molasses. The crop of 1862 is supposed to have considerably exceeded this amount, but, as it was partially estimated, it has been omitted from all published reports of annual returns. At that time Louisiana was called "the sugar-bowl of the nation." Last year the consumption of sugar in the United States amounted to 2,550,000,000 pounds; of this amount the sugar-field of this State furnished a little less than one tenth.

Before entering upon a description of the sugar industry as it exists to-day it would be well perhaps to account for its retrogressive steps from the place it held a quarter of a century since. The chief cause has been the complete revolution in the labor system. I do not mean to state that the increased population of freed labor produces less than the former slave labor. But it has gone into the production of diversified crops. The fact is, that the negro population in the sugar district before the war was almost exclusively applied to the cultivation of cane. To-day the same class is employed in the northern and Florida sugar parishes in producing cotton. In the southern sugar parishes it has turned its attention largely to rice production, while throughout the sugar-belt it is partially occupied in growing garden truck, grain, cotton, and other products. The next important cause of the reduction was the general bankruptcy brought on the planting community in the manner already

described. The planters of the northern and Florida parishes were not only compelled to abandon sugar because the negroes preferred cultivating cotton, a ten months' crop, to working in the cane-fields and factories the whole twelve months of the year, but under the new *regimé* they were unable to overcome the disadvantages of a comparatively more rigorous climate which they were able to surmount under conditions prevailing in former years.

At the close of the war the situation of affairs in this business was rather desperate; the immense levee system of Lower Louisiana, without whose maintenance the sugar industry could not exist, was seriously injured and broken; large numbers of the most extensive sugar factories had been burned by invading armies, and their machinery carried off, while a great many plantations had been permitted or compelled by force of circumstances to run out of cane. The gravity of this latter condition may be better understood when it is stated that the seed to plant an acre of cane cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars at the close of the war (while even now it is worth twenty-five or thirty), and that three years of work at a very heavy outlay of capital are required before a plantation can be completely restocked in cane.

With all the great obstacles it had to encounter and to conquer, it is wonderful to see that within five years after the war, in 1870, sugar production had grown up to 260,000,000 pounds. In 1871 and 1872 unpropitious seasons reduced it again nearly fifty per cent below these figures. In 1873 the industry was injured by a considerable reduction of the tariff. In 1874 the promise of a large crop was unrealized on account of the overflow of a large part of the sugar region. In 1876 the industry was stimulated by the restoration of the tariff to the point from which it had been reduced in 1873. In 1877 the State lost at least 100,000,000 pounds of sugar by a serious freeze in the early part of harvest, which is regarded as the most disastrous in its effects of any ever experienced. From 1878 to 1882 crops ranging from 200,000,000 to 250,000,000 pounds were produced, and sold at remunerative prices. In 1882, notwithstanding the most extensive overflow ever known in the State, Louisiana made her largest *post-bellum* crop of 340,000,000 pounds of sugar. It was estimated that 70,000,000 pounds more were lost that year by overflow. In 1883 the crop exhibited another of its strange downward fluctuations in



WINTER VIEW OF OLD PLANTATION YARD.

quantity. In 1884 the industry received the hardest blows it ever encountered, upon which were based vain predictions of its absolute destruction. These were, first, in the inundation of twelve of the richest sugar parishes by great *crevasses*; and second, from the competition of the enormous beet-sugar crop grown in Europe that year. The latter cause has injured seriously every cane-sugar country in the world, and reacted on the sugar growers of Europe. It has effected the complete ruin of many planters in Louisiana, forced the abandonment of many estates formerly devoted to cane, and ultimately promises to compel the adoption of new systems in both the cultivation and harvesting of the Louisiana sugar crop. In fact, part of this system has already been inaugurated in the State, and worked successfully; but of this later.

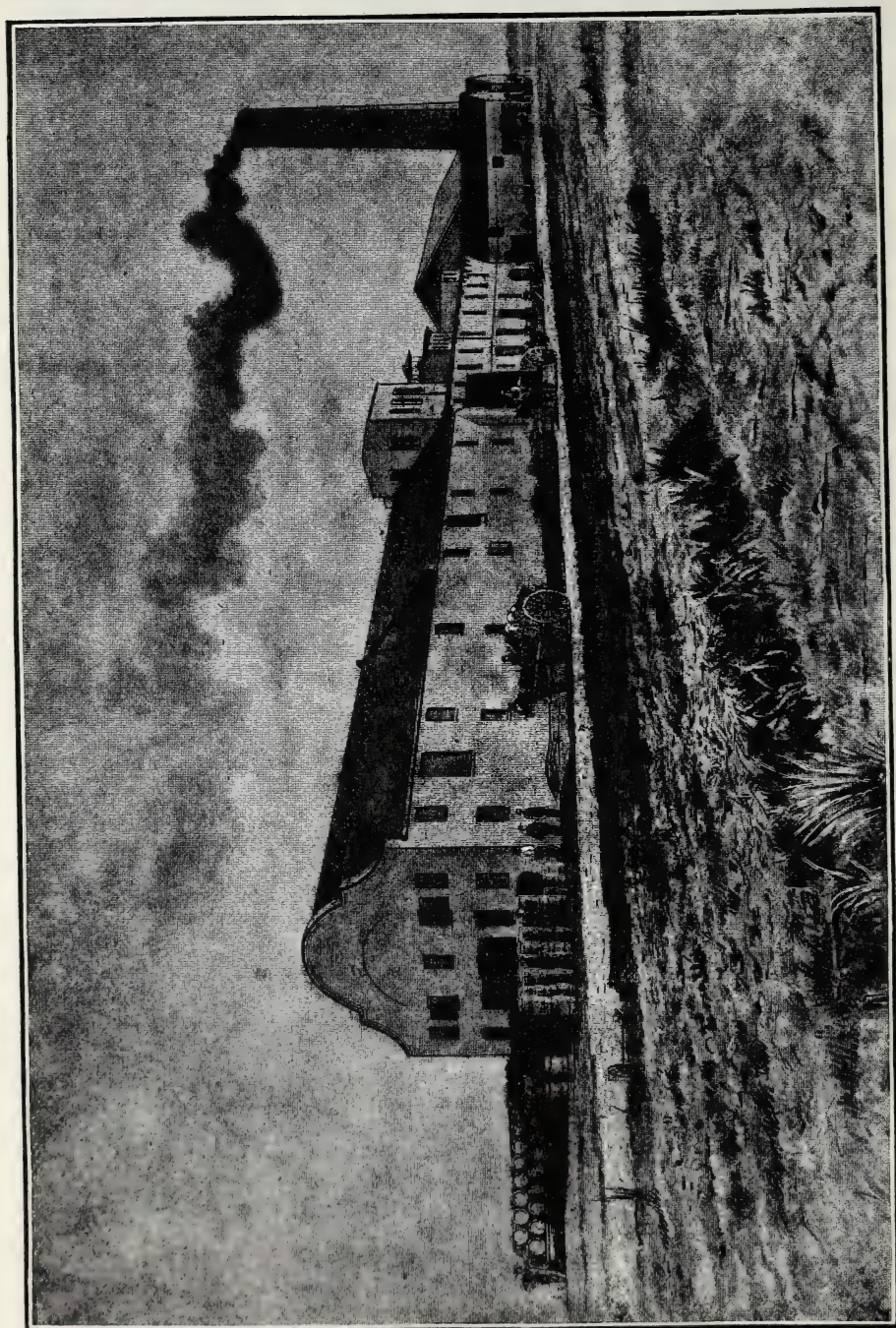
The present causes which tend to unsettle the condition of the Louisiana sugar interest are found in the constant threat of hostile tariff legislation; the rapid spread of glucose adulteration from the increased number of Northern factories; and confirmed or proposed reciprocal trade treaties between the United States and the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, and Spain.

Under existing conditions sugar can not be

profitably grown in the State by the employment of borrowed capital obtained at the high rates of interest charged in the South for money invested in agricultural pursuits, nor in the superficial and wasteful methods of field-work and manufacture in vogue before the war. These methods usually involved rough cultivation of large areas by labor which worked under the direction of overseers, who were more distinguished for their talents as slave-drivers and task-masters than they were for their intelligent appreciation of the plainest principles of agricultural science. In modern times this class has necessarily been replaced by intelligent and educated managers. The fields are thoroughly cultivated; commercial fertilizers are employed, an acre of land forced to produce a considerably larger amount of sugar than it formerly did; the production of labor *per capita* has been largely increased, and the quality of sugar products greatly improved by the employment of refining equipments in the factories.

I do not mean to say that the lack of thrift and intelligence was formerly generally manifest in the treatment of the Louisiana sugar crop. There were sections of the sugar district which bore visible evidence of a skill in management and enterprise in directorship that





SUGAR FACTORY IN FULL OPERATION.



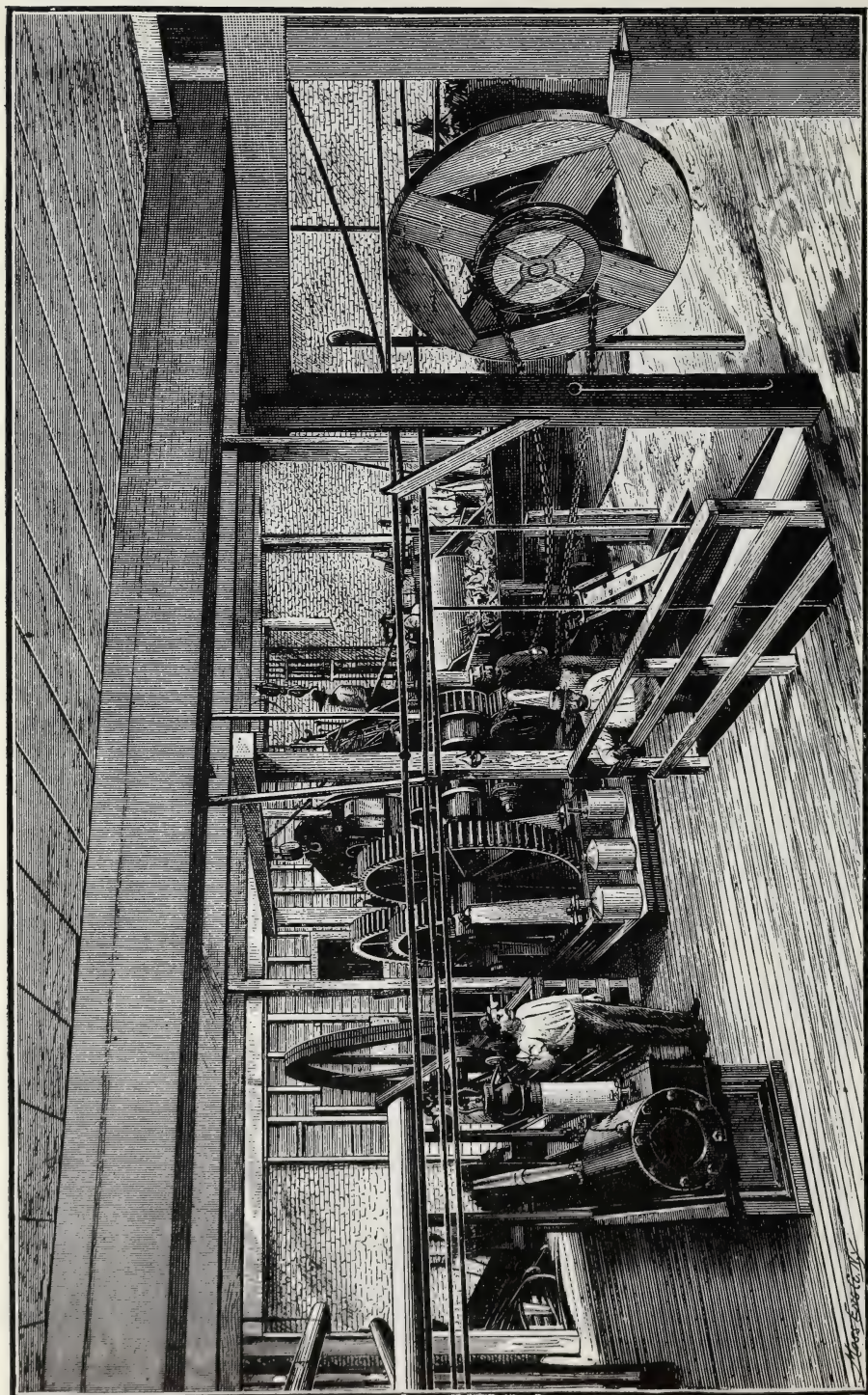
could not be excelled. Before the war the stranger who traveled on the Mississippi River between New Orleans and Baton Rouge was struck with the view of the magnificent estates that bordered its banks. To many they seemed as if they were more a vast system of public works than results of the efforts of private enterprise. They were defended from the threatening floods of the Mississippi River by hundreds of miles of broad levees strong as the ramparts of a fortress. They were bounded and intersected by thousands of miles of deep ditches and drainage canals to free the fields from an excessive rainfall and the seepage waters of the river. They were covered by comfortable villages for the laborers, as cleanly kept and as regularly laid off as regimental barracks; while their immense piles of masonry, containing the complex mills and machinery, seemed more like factories built by incorporated companies than the property of a single planter. In other portions of the sugar region a similar condition of things existed. Still the successful planter of to-day is forced to devote more attention to the soil, the labor, and the machinery of his property than these affairs received thirty years since.

Of late years there has been a great change in the class of planters and land-owners engaged in this business. A large proportion of the planting community, as has before been shown, succumbed to the disasters attendant upon the war and the conquest of the South. Merchants and banks were compelled to take possession of property that had become hopelessly involved or indebted to them, and to solve the doubtful problem of reimbursing themselves for their losses by directing themselves the cultivation of crops. Northern capitalists purchased many of the abandoned estates and embarked in a business which, under the stimulus of prices prevailing at the close of the war, promised to be more profitable than mining for the precious metals.

The conservative Creole class seemed to suffer the most severely under the new *régime*. They had, in the main, been accustomed to a more luxurious mode of living than the descendants of the Saxon race. They belonged more to the Old World, where society can not adapt itself readily to the processes and results of revolution. Having been with the sword among the foremost defenders of their principles and institutions, they seemed to be the keenest sufferers by defeat. Since the landing of their ancestral colonists they had looked to

Europe for their social and religious government, or been sent to Europe for their education. When our civil war commenced the Creole planter was more a part of the older transatlantic civilization than he was of the Yankee push and progressiveness of America. He had been a prince among the planting aristocracy. His forefathers had come to the young colony with letters of unlimited land grants from the royalty of France or of Spain. The possession of indigo and sugar plantations was the natural result of these regal mandates. The appreciation of autocratic prerogatives in them was inherent and instinctive, for the leading sugar planters of Louisiana were descendants of the old French and Spanish nobility; but the progenitors of the Saxon planters, regardless of birth, religion, or privilege, and without the *sesame* of sovereign edicts, had fought and cut their way through a great wilderness, intervening from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi River, to the center of the New World's civilization. More readily adapting themselves to the sudden turns of fortune, a larger proportion of them remained to continue a pursuit they had been engaged in for a generation. Still, among the Creole population there were a great many who, like the Valcourèmes, the Le Bourgeois, the Bringiers, the Tapices, and others, having been foremost in the advancement and the scientific development of the sugar industry, remained to continue the work on a scale even more progressive than that which had marked their efforts in other years.

I believe that during the decade between 1850 and 1860 the late John Burnside was the most extensive sugar planter in Louisiana, owning eight large plantations in several of the Mississippi River parishes, and producing from five to nine million pounds of sugar annually, as the seasons varied. Mr. Burnside increased the number of his plantations after the war to twelve. This gentleman died a few years since, bequeathing all his extensive sugar properties to Mr. Oliver Bierné, a wealthy capitalist of West Virginia, who has lately transferred them to his daughter. I am informed that the Bierné property made last year almost ten million pounds of sugar. The Gay estates, owned by Honorable Edward J. Gay, now representing the Third Louisiana District in the Federal Congress, nearly equal in number and productiveness those of Mr. Bierné. Among the grade of Louisiana sugar planters producing from three million to five million



SUGAR-MILL IN OPERATION.



pounds annually are Leon Godchaux, Richard Milliken, and Duncan F. Kenner, of New Orleans; the Lemann brothers, of Donaldsonville; the McCall brothers, of Ascension; Daniel Thompson, C. H. Walker, and Steele and Clarke, of St. Mary's and the Teche, with possibly H. C. Minor, of Terrebonne, J. Kock, of Assumption, and Bradish Johnson, of New York, the bulk of whose sugar property is in Plaquemines parish.

The sugar crop of the State for 1885 has not yet been officially returned, nor will a complete report be gathered of it for several months. It is estimated that it will exceed the crop of 1884 by ten million to twenty million pounds, or amount to very nearly two hundred and fifty million pounds.

## II.

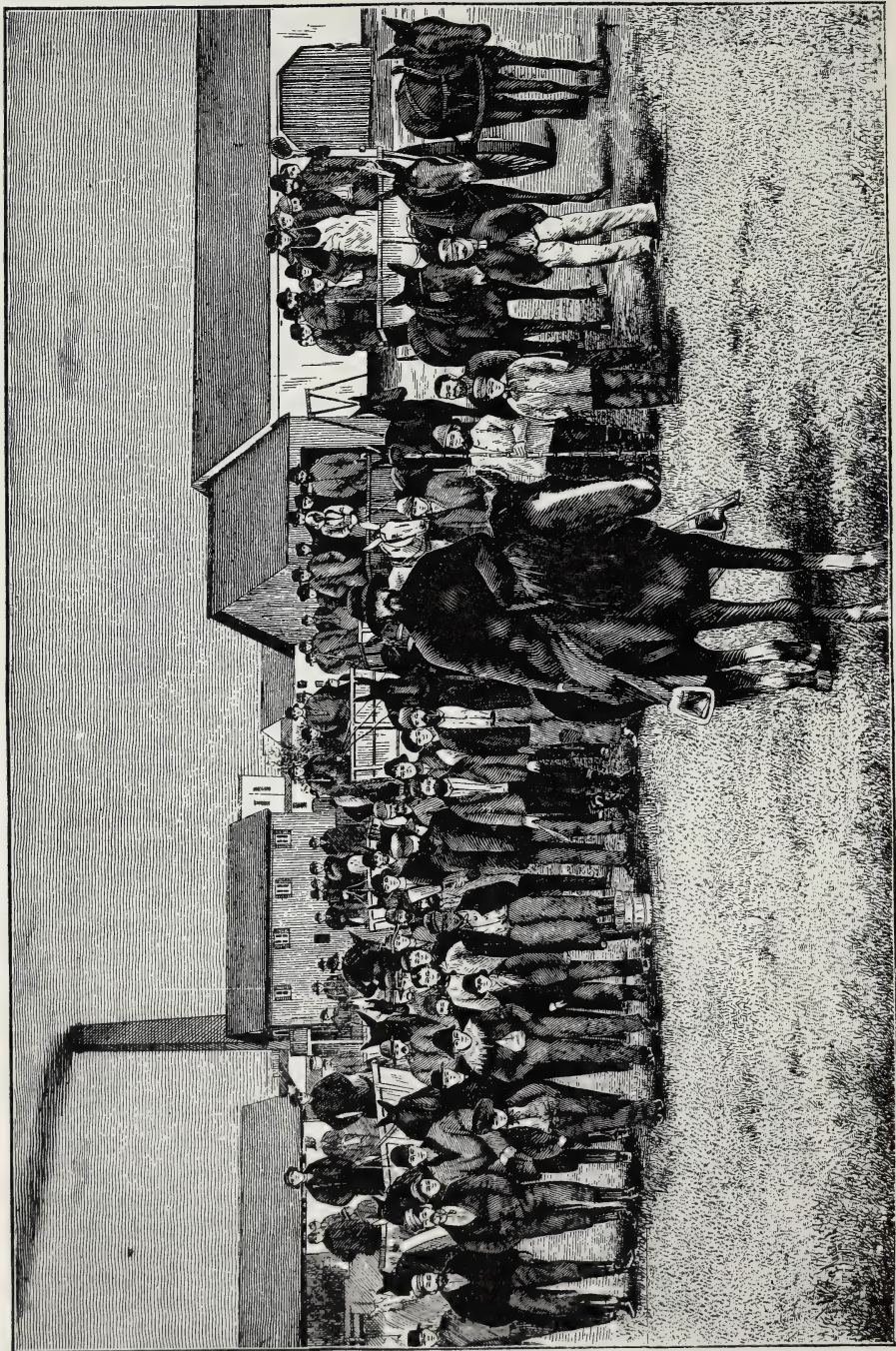
Having given a general and condensed history of the origin, growth, and decline of the Louisiana sugar industry, it would be in order probably to describe the various processes of cultivation and manufacture at present employed in carrying it on, and to discuss other vital conditions and questions relevant to the subject treated.

The sugar-fields of the State are broken up by the strongest and heaviest styles of plows employed in America; even steam-plows are used in a few instances and proved to be advantageous. Louisiana, in this interest, depends upon Kentucky for her principal supply of plows; and that State also exports a vast majority of the mules required to pull them. As the heaviest and strongest mules that can be obtained are required in the cultivation and hauling of cane, the highest priced grade of mules imported into the Gulf States are classed in the dealers terms as "sugar mules." Along the banks of the Mississippi River, and other silt-bearing streams in this section, the lands slope from the water frontage to the swamps in the rear of the plantations. The fields are usually intersected by six-foot ditches, two hundred feet apart, all leading to a universal drainage canal behind the cultivated lands. The level of this drainage canal is either kept sufficiently reduced to thoroughly drain the fields by powerful steam draining-machines, or the water is allowed to flow off in the nearest bayou or stream connecting with tide-water.

The fields are "flushed" up in lines parallel with the leading ditches, by "four-," "six-," or

"eight-horse" plows, as they are called, according to size. Then trenches seven feet apart are run in the deeply plowed fields by double plows, followed in the same furrow by flukes drawn by two mules. In these trenches or furrows the seed cane, cleaned of trash and with the tops cut off, is dropped, three canes lying alongside each other, usually with their ends touching. This seed is covered with loose soil by a hoe gang following (which is best), or an inch or two deep by a light plow. More earth is thrown on in covering fall planting. Cane is planted at any time from October to April. The general opinion seems to be that the best season for fall planting is from October 15th to November 15th, and the best for spring planting from the middle of February to the middle of March. Seed put in the ground in cold wintry weather is less apt to germinate, thus endangering a good stand. In the latter part of March or early in April, when the young shoots should commence to make their appearance at the surface, the planted rows are barred off, and the top soil scraped off by hoes, almost down to the "mother cane," as the negro drivers term it. Thus the germinating eyes are enabled to get at once the stimulating benefits of vernal suns and showers. After a sufficient stand has come up and "succoring" has commenced, the mold-boards of the plows are turned toward the cane, and it is cultivated like corn in its last stages, except with much more care. The plows are followed by rotary horse-hoes, which perform the work of twenty or thirty field hands each, and these by a small hoe gang to get out "tie vines," grass, and weeds. This cultivation is kept up until the latter part of June, when the plant should be tall enough to hide the teams, which is about the size it is when usually "laid by." In the application of fertilizers to plant cane it is customary to apply half of that intended to be used in the bottom of the furrow when the seed is planted, and the other half at the time of the second plowing, or in the beginning of May. The stimulants chiefly used are cotton-seed meal, cotton-seed ashes, Peruvian guano, Pacific guano, or other commercial phosphates and ammonia fertilizers in quantities varying from three hundred to one thousand pounds per acre. The stubble rows, ratoons, or roots from the last year's planting, or even that from a previous year's stubble, are barred off in February or March, and dug by rotary horse diggers and gangs with narrow grubbing hoes.





SUNRISE TURNOUT OF THE FIELD GANG.

When a good stand appears, that is cultivated and laid by like the plant cane. The stubble receives its full dose of fertilizing at its second plowing in May. After the crops are laid by the remaining months of the summer are devoted to keeping quarter drains, ditches, and canals cleaned, cutting down grass and weeds, rebuilding and repairing levees, and other endless routine of plantation work.

In seasons like those of 1874, 1882, and 1884 many of the planters are compelled to spend about as much money maintaining their levees against the booming floods of the spring rise in the Mississippi and the "June rise" of the Missouri as they need for the proper cultivation of their fields. In such seasons it is a fearful thing to see the tawny, troubled current of the mighty river lapping over the tops of levees six, eight, ten, and twelve feet high, and menacing the utter destruction of thousands and millions of dollars in the broad fields below. In the height of the flood a stormy equinoctial night arrives, filling the whole riparian community with a feeling of anxiety and suspense. The fierce east wind has raised an angry sea on the elevated surface of the river, and the waves roll over the levees for miles and miles. Guards are out on the levees on their patrol beats through the night, exposed to the dangers of breakers dashing over the crests of the embankments, and to all the fury of the driving storm and the blinding rain; they can only bring the warning of danger, they can not prevent it. There is a momentary lull in the tempest without; the roar of the wind has stopped; the intermittent, hollow roll of the waves is still heard; but a still more awful sound strikes the ear and startles the senses. It is a steady, hoarse, ominous moan, like that heard in the distance on approaching Niagara. Then comes a wild, hurried clanging of the loud plantation bell. There is no mistake now, a part of the levee has gone! The *crevasse* might overflow one plantation, or it might overwhelm ten parishes with its floods. There is no time now to figure on the damages. The clanging of the midnight alarm has not ceased when the rattle of wagons, loaded with timber, tools, barrows, earth-bags, and hay, is heard thundering along the road toward the scene of the disaster. The loud commands of planter, overseer, and drivers are all heard at once marshaling the plantation forces for this dreaded fight against the elements. The charge and onslaught of the flood have been anticipated, and the men well drilled

for the defense. Lanterns are flashing backward and forward through the rain; torch-baskets filled with flaming pine-knots are flaring and smoking in the wind. In a few minutes every white and black man within hearing of the alarm is on his way to the breach. There the hoarse roar of the encroaching river drowns the orders shouted out to the workmen. Huge bonfires, piled up with all the available fencing in the vicinity, are lighted on the sloping sides of the parts of the levee still intact. Swarms of sturdy men are soon busy driving rows of stout piles across the breach. Cart-loads of hay, weighted down with hundreds of thousands of earth-bags, are thrown in between the parallel rows of piles to stem or stay the impetuous torrent pouring in. Hay-stacks melt away like magic; even outbuildings, or every structure available, are torn down to help in building a rampart against the flood. In an hour the forces of two or three neighboring plantations have come to the rescue. By daylight five hundred or a thousand men are there ready to be utilized at the scene of the disaster. Sunrise comes: the breach is widening; the river hurls its huge drift-logs like battering-rams against the frail defenses built to beat it off; the barricades are being swept away. The telegraph is called into requisition to invoke the aid of the State. In response, within twenty-four hours, tow-boats have arrived from New Orleans, bringing floating steam pile-drivers, timber flats, and hay barges, and tens of thousands of earth-sacks. Human hands, helped by the magic power of steam, go to work with a heartier will. Soon busy and ponderous steam-hammers are heard thudding and thumping, building a wall of long tree-trunks across the opening. In twelve hours the *crevasse* may be closed; in twenty-four it may be beyond the power of man to stop it!

This is no fanciful pen-sketch. It is but a faint description of the incipient stages of every important *crevasse* that has occurred in the Mississippi River sugar parishes during the past twenty years. In March, 1884, a *crevasse* broke through the levee in the Davis bend, on the west bank of the river, twenty miles above New Orleans. The planters of the vicinity, two powerful railroad corporations, and the State of Louisiana combined their effective resources to close it; but they failed. Within two months it had become forty feet deep, twelve hundred feet wide, and inconceivably destructive. It inundated the



sugar- and rice-fields of twelve prosperous parishes (an area as large as the whole State of Connecticut); it caused a loss of 40,000 hogsheads of sugar, 50,000 barrels of molasses, and 80,000 barrels of rice; it permanently destroyed the sugar industry on scores of plantations; it overflowed the western manufacturing suburbs of New Orleans, and it stopped for months transportation and travel on the two grand trunk-lines of railway leading from that city through the great West to the Pacific. The loss caused by that *crevasse* has been roughly estimated at more than ten million dollars.

But fortunately, by the exercise of almost superhuman energy and skill at the commencement of these *crevasses*, they are nearly all checked and closed before they reach uncontrollable proportions. I have described this disastrous factor at length, because it is one of the chief contingencies of the Louisiana sugar industry. In this business the maintenance of a complete levee system is as important a feature of the work as the harvesting of the cane after it has grown.

Now, let it be taken for granted that the dangers of overflow have been averted, a fair season enjoyed for the growing crop, and the beginning of autumn has arrived. The first important work after hay-making is fall planting or putting down seed for spring planting. The planting has already been described. In putting up seed, the cane is cut off even with the ground, without topping or stripping, and thrown with its green foliage still on it into the bottom of a furrow between two rows, the stalks all lying the same way. Generally the growth of two or three rows is thrown into one furrow. There it is covered by four-mule plows, throwing very heavy furrows from the tops of the ridges on the adjacent sides. After having been allowed to go through a sweating process for a short time, the work of covering it completely, which was not accomplished by the plows, is performed by the hoe gang. Thus it is well protected from wintry weather. In putting up seed it is estimated that about six tons of cane are required to plant an acre of land.

Now comes the "rolling," or harvesting of the cane crop, the most animated and arduous of all the Southern agricultural industries. This is usually begun about the 20th of October or the 1st of November. On a "two-thousand-hogshead," or two-million-pound plantation, such as the illustrations of this article

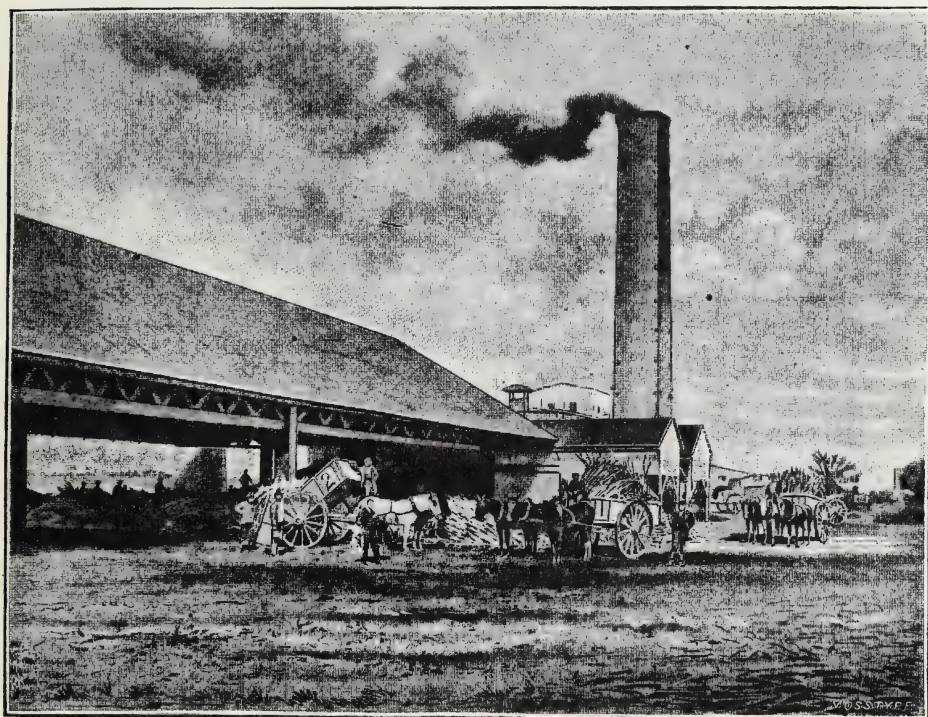
represent, a very heavy price is required to perform this work. This is composed of about a hundred and twenty cutters, to cut, top, and strip the cane of trash, twenty-five loaders to put it in the carts and wagons, twenty-five or thirty teamsters, as many wagons, and a hundred mules to pull them, several pilers on the heaprows, a numerous squad of water-carriers, about four good foremen and "drivers," and two overseers, one of whom superintends the cutting, while the other attends to the loading and hauling. The carts and wagons, which form the plantation rolling-stock, hold about thirty-five hundred pounds of cane net each, and are drawn by the heaviest and highest mules that Kentucky can breed.

This field gang turns out from the plantation quarters to go to work at sunrise: an illustration is presented in this article of the "Sunrise Turnout of the Field Gang," from a photograph taken on a large plantation in Louisiana. The cutter gang enters the cane-field in a line abreast, seven or eight hundred feet long, each starting on a separate row. Three cutters working on a "set" of three rows drop their cut cane, which has been previously topped and stripped, in one common row, called a "heaprow." This leaves two rows between the "heaprows," unencumbered by the cane, for the carts and wagons to haul through the sections and fields. When the cutters have made a little headway the wagons are driven in and loaded by divided gangs of loaders and wheelmen. The wagons are then driven to the cane-sheds of the factory, where, after having had their contents weighed carefully on platform scales, weighing carts, teams, and cane at once, they are dumped near the elevator leading up to the mill, and are at once driven on full trot back to the field to be loaded up again.

This field work presents a very animated picture on a large plantation in the finest harvesting month, November. There one sees the broad unbroken sweep of green, waving cane, with a long battalion of cutters slowly hewing their way into it, their broad, bright steel knives flashing in the sunlight and ringing with the strokes on the falling cane; the long purple lines of cane lying in the heaprows; the busy loaders and teamsters and wheelmen, enlivening their toil with a loud laugh or stirring song; the procession of laden wagons slowly creeping toward the smoking stacks of the great factory, and a line of light carts flying back as straight as bees for a fresh cargo of honey.

But let an early freeze come, and the scene is wondrously and woefully changed. The green fields become as dull as wastes of brown broom-sage. The carts must hold up awhile, and every available hand must be given a cane knife and be put to "windrowing." It may be necessary even to let the furnace fires of the factory be burned down, and to bring most of its complement of operatives out to help cut down the cane. The frozen cane would be spoiled if left standing and a spell of warm, foggy weather were to set in, as was the case in 1877, when at least a third of the Louisiana

hauling. In a few days the cane purposely left standing is down; and the cutters then, instead of remaining erect to fell the growing cane, must stoop to pick up and shuck and top the cane lying in the windrows. There are no more Sundays left for this season. Now work must go ahead, straight on to the finish. It must blow blizzards, or rain pitchforks, or sleet icebergs to stop the field gangs. Another vicissitude has arrived, and it has got to be met. Frosts and cold drizzles are mere trifles. An occasional dram keeps the damp and chill out of the laborers in the fields. Long



RECEIVING CANE.

sugar crop was lost from three weeks of such weather following a killing freeze. The pressing need now is to get the bulk of the crop laid down in the furrows in the cold ground, and well covered up by its own leaves and trash, so that fermentation may be prevented. The danger in the case is that the sugar in solution in the cane-juice may be turned to vinegar and partially or completely ruined. In a few days the whole crop has been windrowed except a quantity left to grind, which the plantation force can get to the mill before it has time to spoil. The furnace fires are lighted again, and the carts and wagons started once more on the

oil-cloth and blanket overcoats keep the rain and sleet off. On their return home at sunset the inexhaustible sugar-house coal-pile may be freely drawn upon to furnish the heat and glow of their rousing cabin fires. If the night be extra disagreeable and raw, many of them turn in on top the cosy and comfortable boiler batteries, for there steam is up and the fires roaring all night as well as all day Sundays and week days.

Field work or the "rolling" is usually finished between the 20th of December and the 1st of January. If it is delayed after the latter date, the work is done in a season so unfavourable



avorable for outdoor operations that planters, managers, and laborers alike are glad to get through with the old crop and to think about getting ready for the new.

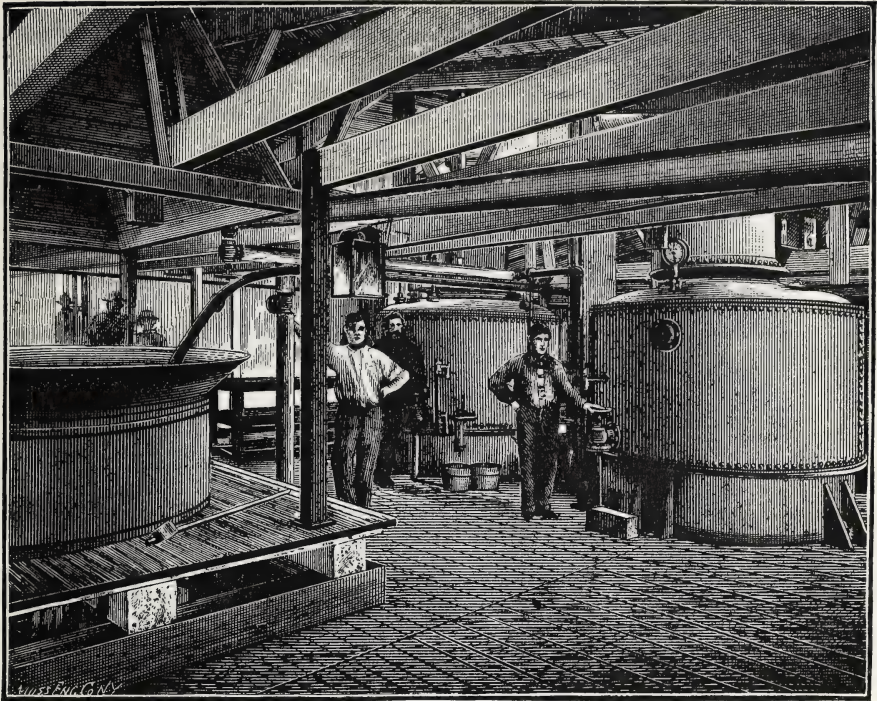
The manufacturing department comes next in order. On some of the largest plantations the cane is brought in from the fields and run up alongside the elevator by trains of light railroad cars; but it is generally hauled in by carts and wagons. As these vehicles have to haul enough cane between sunrise and sunset to last the factory for the whole twenty-four hours, at 6 o'clock in the evening there is usually from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five tons of cane lying under the shed. The day-watches at the elevator, or those whose duty it is to feed the carrier, have less to do than the night-watches, as the former feed from the carts dumping near the elevator. As the night-watches are necessarily compelled to carry the cane a much longer distance, they must be reinforced or doubled. Twenty-four men are required in each six-hour night-watch to handle as much cane as twelve on the day-watches.

The factory seen in the illustration, a two-million-pound establishment, will be taken as a sample in the following description of modern sugar manufacture in Louisiana: The cane placed upon the carrier or elevator by hand is thereupon drawn by machinery up to the front or three-roller mill, where, falling down a short chute, it enters the first mill, thence it is transported by an intermediate carrier to a supplemental two-roller mill, where it is subjected to a second pressure. On a scientific test the two mills extracted  $74\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the total weight of the cane, or  $\frac{5}{6}$  of the entire amount of juice it contained; 11 per cent of the weight of the cane is composed of woody fiber and insoluble mineral matter. The juice from the two mills (which are driven by one engine) is run off into a single tank, whence it is pumped by a Knowles steam-pump into a tall sulphur box or saturator, filled with the fumes of sulphurous-acid gas. This is a bleaching process now in use in all sugar countries, but first invented in Louisiana. After the sulphur saturation the juice is run off into steam clarifiers, holding each nine hundred gallons, and heated by copper pipes connected with the steam boilers. Here a quantity of lime is added (about five hundred cubic inches) to neutralize the sulphurous acid and coagulate the vegetable albumen. Steam is then turned on the pipes and the clarifiers

rapidly brought up to the boiling point, when the coagulated albumen rises to the top in the form of a thick scum, bringing up with it other impurities. The surface of the clarifiers is then skimmed off by skilled operators, after which steam is shut off and the liquid allowed to settle, when a considerable precipitation of mineral matter occurs. When the juice entered the clarifiers it was a dark, dirty looking liquid; it comes out clear and limpid as rain-water. The clarified juice is then drawn into the Rillieux double-effect evaporating apparatus, consisting of two vacuum pans equipped with proper air and condensing pumps.

This "double-effect" is another Louisiana invention, now in use all over the world where sugar is scientifically made, but, strange to say, only used on a very limited scale in Louisiana. The first of these vacuum pans is boiled by the exhaust steam from all the various engines in the sugar-house (which is thrown away in ninety-nine out of every hundred factories in this State). The second vacuum pan is boiled solely from the vapor arising from the first, for which it is made to play the part of a surface condenser. To accomplish this, of course, the second pan must be kept at a higher vacuum by a far more powerful air-pump, and in addition have a cold-water condenser for its own vapor. This is the most beautiful invention ever applied to the manufacture of sugar; but it is absolutely impossible to describe its principles without the use of lettered plates and illustrations. In the "double-effect" the cane-juice is concentrated and converted into syrup of  $25^{\circ}$  Beaumé density. It is then pumped out into an open copper pan, boiled under atmospheric pressure, skimmed again, and run off into large syrup settling-tanks; from these it is drawn into a ten-thousand-pound Colwell finishing vacuum pan, and there, after three or four hours of skillful manipulation, this syrup is boiled into granulated sugar.

The contents of the vacuum pan are then discharged into a large mixer, whence they descend into a set of three Hepworth's hanging centrifugals, driven at a velocity of one thousand five hundred revolutions per minute. There the molasses is thrown off and the white sugar remains, ready for packing and shipment. This first molasses product is taken back into the vacuum pan and converted into what is commonly known as second sugars, which are allowed to crystallize for some time in iron sugar-wagons before being separated



"DOUBLE-EFFECT," OR RILLIEUX'S EVAPORATING APPARATUS.

by the same centrifugal process as that applied to the first sugar.

In an open-kettle sugar-house the cane-juice after leaving the mill and receiving the sulphurous-acid treatment, is discharged into a train of five or six large iron kettles set in masonry over an ample furnace, in which either coal or wood, according to convenience, is consumed, though wood is the preferable fuel. The juice is clarified and cleaned in one end of this train, gradually passed up to the other end by large buckets swung on wooden levers, and, like maple sugar, boiled up to a liquid point of crystallization in the last and smallest kettle of the set, called the "battery," why I know not. From the battery the hot concentrated liquid is baled out into wooden coolers, allowed to crystallize there for several days, and then dug out and "potted" into hogsheds with perforated bottoms, through which the molasses drains off into convenient cisterns below. The pleasant aroma and taste of Louisiana kettle sugar and molasses result from the caramelization of these products, caused by the high heat of the kettles hanging over a roaring fire.

This is precisely the same process, except the sulphur treatment, as that employed by the colonists a century since. They had of

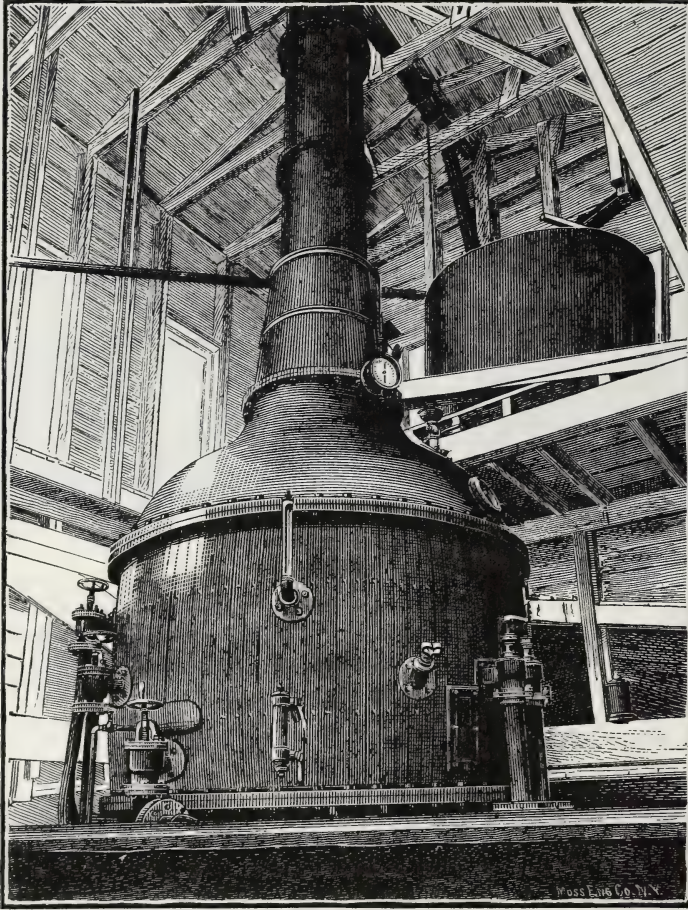
course less capacious machinery. Their mills were made of seasoned live-oak rollers, with iron shafts or journals. Their kettles were swung in the open air. It was not until the "thirties" of the present century, or more than a hundred years after the first cane was planted in Louisiana, that vacuum pans, centrifugals, double steam-mills, and double- and triple-effect vacuum trains were introduced and refined sugars made directly from the cane.

As a specimen of the perfected machinery of the present day the factory described and Governor H. C. Warmoth's Magnolia sugar-house may be taken. The capacity of that given in the illustration is, *per diem* of 24 hours, 40,000 pounds sugar, and 1,600 gallons molasses; the force required to work it, 110 men, 55 on a watch, the establishment being worked independent of the field force. Its daily coal consumption was about 300 barrels, less than one half the average in the State, from the advantage of the "double-effect" and utilization of all exhaust steam. The wages paid, on a basis of 12 hours' work, \$1 per day and board for cane-shed hands, increasing with the grade of operatives to \$5 for the head engineer, and those received by the sugar-maker dependent upon the quantity of the crop manufactured.



In the factory white labor was almost exclusively employed, the exceptions being a few plantation engine-drivers and greasers. The quantity of crop made was 2,000,000 pounds sugar, 80,000 gallons molasses; the amount of dry sugar yielded per ton of cane, 142 pounds,

by Honorable Effingham Lawrence, was visited, seventeen years since, by Horace Greeley. This distinguished agriculturist confessed, after his visit, that he knew a good deal more about farming, Louisiana farming at least, than he did before he came. However, even since Mr.



FINISHING VACUUM PAN, CAPACITY, 10,000 POUNDS.

and of total sugar products, 218 pounds. The cost of manufacturing a ton of cane, from its delivery to the carrier to the shipment of its product in barrels, was \$2 per ton.

The improvements contained in Governor Warmoth's Magnolia factory, in addition to these, consist of a "shredder" to slice the cane before its delivery to the mills, a *bagasse* steam furnace, and a complete bone-black filtering apparatus for cane-juice and syrups. Its yield for the season just closed, per ton of cane, was a little more than a hundred and sixty pounds of dry sugars. This establishment, then owned

Greeley's day, the Magnolia factory has been greatly improved.

The most extensive and costly sugar-house in Louisiana, though not the most complete, is that on Mr. Oliver Bierné's New Hope plantation in Ascension Parish. It was lately erected at a cost of \$225,000. The building, sheds, etc., of this establishment, cover about 40,000 square feet of ground. Its motive power is furnished by fifteen large boilers in several batteries connected with a single huge smoke-stack 160 feet in height. Its massive five-roller mill, weighing, with gearing and

engine, over half a million pounds, could grind cane enough to make 100,000 pounds of sugar a day, but the finishing capacity of the house is limited to 60,000 pounds. It is equipped very much as the factories already described, with a Colwell "triple-effect" instead of a double-effect, and a 40,000-pound Colwell finishing vacuum pan instead of a 10,000-pound pan.

A quarter of a century since the great bulk of the Louisiana sugar crop was produced in the crude open-kettle establishments, which have already been described, more than eleven twelfths of the sugar-houses in the State being establishments of that style. To-day the quantity of refined sugars manufactured directly from the cane-fields exceeds the raw kettle sugars. While the number of active factories has been greatly reduced, and I do not think this season's report will show 800 in operation, the number of vacuum-pan and centrifugal sugar-houses, practically refineries, has been largely increased, from 70 in 1861 to 180 in 1884, I believe, and the production of these has been greatly augmented by handling cane from dismantled plantations and syrups from inferior establishments. Thus, some of the most capacious factories in the State each turn out an annual product of more than 3,000,000 pounds of sugar, and 120,000 gallons of molasses.

The tendency in Louisiana is now to drift toward the central factory system, and in that appears to lie the great future which looms up before the sugar industry of the State. It is that which has enabled Europe to compete with the world in the production of sugar. The following is a rough outline of this system as carried on across the Atlantic: In the European sugar countries a large number of beet-growers form themselves into a chartered association; they elect a board of directors, build a factory, and place that under the supreme control of an elective directorship. Then each producer formally binds himself to furnish an approximate tonnage of beets to the factory, and to use certain formulas of fertilizers approved or recommended by appointed analytical chemists.

Now, let us compare with this the more expensive practice of producing cane sugar in Louisiana, where *individuals* carry on the work. The average annual product per factory in this State is, net, three hundred thousand pounds of sugar. One good central factory is capable of taking off a crop of three

million pounds. At present ten smaller factories are employed to accomplish this result. The buildings and machinery of the ten smaller factories cost \$300,000; that of the large factory does not cost \$150,000. Ten complements of skilled laborers, superintendents, engineers, sugar-makers, etc., are required to operate the small establishments; one complement of men is needed for the large factory, as extra steam power performs the manifold work. The more powerful and perfect machinery of the central factory extracts from twenty to forty per cent more sugar from a ton of cane than the lighter mills, and turns out a quality of sugar worth from ten to twenty per cent more, while it needs no more than half the *pro rata* of fuel consumed to perform its work.

\$25,000,000 are invested in sugar machinery in this State. \$12,500,000 judiciously located would make larger and better crops. The equivalent of 4,000,000 barrels of coal (16,000,000 bushels) were consumed in the manufacture of the Louisiana sugar crop last season; with suitable machinery 2,000,000 barrels would have done the work better. There are a hundred other arguments in favor of the adoption of the central factory system, and it is indeed a good sign to see that their force is being illustrated by a small but growing number of these establishments in the hands of capitalists. There is sufficient labor on hand to make much larger sugar crops than those now grown, when the need arises to draw back the sugar hands from the cotton- and the rice-fields.

I will close this article with a description of a very interesting festival held before the war, and even now, by the cane-field hands when the harvest was over or the "rolling" was done.

On most of the large Louisiana sugar plantations, in old times, the negroes honored the hauling of the last load of cane from the fields to the manufactories with a grand celebration. It was for them a regular carnival time; discipline was for a while wisely relaxed without any resultant evil effects, and a limited supply of grog was served all around to both men and women. There was a spirited procession during the day of all the carts and wagons on the plantation. The headstalls and other harness of the mules were decked with miniature flags and ribbons; banners and streamers of white, red, and blue flannel (ultimately destined to become shirts) were borne aloft in the line above the wagons. Barrel drums headed



with deerskin were vigorously beaten; large sonorous conch shells were blown; the plantation bell was kept ringing like a bell gone crazy. The sugar-house whistle was blown to start the procession, and it moved off with the music of "corn songs" and jigs in the forward carts, while the more sedate "brothers" and "sisters" of "de chu'ch," in the rear wagons, made the air vibrate with those ecstatic short-metered hymns whose rhythmic periods are punctuated by a light squat and jump on the part of the enthused vocalists. Even the veteran mules responded to the prevalent spirit, and displayed all of the unseemly hilarity of young colts. After riding around the mansion house and receiving the congratulations of the season from the "white folks," the procession traveled over several miles of the public roads, serenading the neighbors, and returned home to wind up the ceremonies with a glorious feast and dance at night. It is likely that this was the most immense style of harvest celebration ever seen in the world. It was a general rejoicing over the gathering of a twelve months' crop, saved through the dangers of spring floods, summer drouths, and winter freezes, where labor had defied alike the attacks of July suns and December sleets; and it had reason to rejoice. It is a pity that this good old local custom is rapidly becoming obsolete. In fifty years, probably, it will be as completely forgotten as the semi-barbarous festivities of wild and uncouth minstrelsy held half a century since on Congo Square, in New Orleans.

The last procession of this kind that I ever saw was in a line over half a mile in length. It was composed of twenty-five wagons, containing two hundred and fifty field hands, and drawn by seventy-five mules. The occupants of the carts in the van were singing their characteristic harvest songs, timed to the beating of the barrel drum, and dancing their jigs, while the "chu'ch folks," in the rear of the line, were shouting those spirited hymns which are so trying on the sills of the "meetin'-house" floor and on the bottom planks of a wagon, because every body jumps up and comes down at one time. The sash-begirdled drivers and teamsters, the gaily caparisoned teams, the floating streamers and banners, the drums and horns, the songs and hymns, the jigs and jumping, all made up a scene worth traveling a thousand miles to witness. The following is a specimen of the cane harvest songs:

"DE ROLLIN', DE ROLLIN', IT IS DONE."

## I.

Ole Polly mule she singin' at de een' o' de row,  
Oh sing on, ole Polly, oh sing on!  
Some people says dat dum creatur's nebber know  
De cane's gone; ole Polly, de cane's gone.  
Book-larnin' ain't needed some things to 'splain,  
An' shaf' mules dey 'joices at de las' load o' cane;  
De smart horse dunno when de plow cotch a root,  
De fool mule he feel it an' he 'fuse to move a foot.  
Oh holler den, de las' load 's piled in de cart!  
You "wheelers," stop yo' prancin', an' let de wagon  
You smell corn, and sho'ly you 'll git corn. [start;

## II.

Come jine de percession wid yo' flannin' an' yo' flags,  
Dese mules is jes' as frisky like dey 's young Kentucky  
Oh trot up de las' load to de shed! [nags;  
De mouf of de jimmyjohn it am gugglin' bery sweet,  
But mind she does n't throw you right offer o' yo' feet  
Befo' you takes her down fum yo' head.  
De 'ligious folks is ridin' at de een' o' de line,  
A shoutin', "Crossin' Jordan," an' wantin' us to jine,  
An' jumpin' to de music like dey feelin' bery fine;  
But "meetin'" time ain't fixed fer to-day,  
An' "Juba kiss de yaller gal" an' jigs dey comes in  
When wuk 's done an' time come for play. [kine

## III.

Oh tune up yo' corn songs whilst you ties up yo'  
An' let all de neighbors jes' listen to de news, [shoes,  
Whilst 'long de front road we takes a tu'n;  
De sugar-house is whoopin', an' dey gwine to crack  
de bell,  
Oh beat on de barrel drum an' blow de big conch shell,  
For de rollin', de rollin', it is done!  
Dis mornin' de shoat he trabbel to de pot,  
De fat hog he tumble in de kettle whilst it hot,  
De sassingers is sizzlin' like a shovel full o' shot,  
Dis is Christmas an' New Year in one;  
Creewasses, scorchin' suns, an' jack-fros' is forgot,  
For de rollin', de rollin', it is done!

## IV.

An' arter de feas' we 'll hit de banjo tell it bus,  
You put upon yo' laigs tell yo' breeches smokes wid  
dus',  
An' start de jig, you lively gals, but grease yo' gaiters  
An' mind lest you hammers off yo' heels; [fus';  
De quadrilles an' cotillions is a comin' arter while,  
De "Mississippi Sawyer" 's now de proper kind o' style  
An' jigs beats de Ole Virginny reels.  
Look out for dem "heaprow" belles a tuckin' up de  
skirt,  
Deir foots dey gits a flyin' like a tarrier scratchin'  
Oh we 'll hurry de settin' o' de sun! [dirt.  
An' one night o' dancin' in a year does n't hurt,  
For de rollin', de rollin', it is done!

## V.

Come on you colored folks, fum de sundown to de  
dawn,  
Forgit about de midnight tell it s stole into de morn,  
Forgit about de day tell it s begun;  
Don't worry 'bout de new crap you mus' soon be  
For de rollin', de rollin', it is done! [startin' on,  
What 's de use to borrow trouble when de fiddle is in  
tune?  
De houn' dog waste he time a-barkin' at de moon,  
He been a heep mo' happy a cotchin' o' de coon.  
Den forgit all yo' cares in time o' fun, ;  
We 'll make dis winter night bright as any summer  
noon,  
Dat ever drapped to sleep in de shiny sun of June,  
For de rollin', de rollin', it is done!

R. A. Wilkinson.

## OUR LAST HUNTING GROUNDS.

### IV. THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN Northern Africa, where "all is Eden or a wilderness," the sudden transition from the desert sand to a shady oasis can not be more striking than the contrast between the dusty plains of our Western Territories and their snow-crowned sierras, with their forests, rocks, and waterfalls—Switzerland and a Calmuck steppe side by side. From a sportsman's point of view the contrast is not less remarkable. Being treeless *per naturam*, the agricultural regions of our central plateaus were soon more thoroughly depleted of game than the truck-farm districts of New England, while the elevation of the West-American Alps has made them a probably permanent natural game preserve.

Even before the advent of the white man, the Rocky Mountains had a partly exclusive fauna. The big-horn sheep, the antelope-goat (*Alpocerus montanus*), and the rock-grouse, rarely leave their highlands. Gunpowder and hounds have driven them further and further northwest, but their exodus has been compensated by the immigration of less expugnable guests. In a wooded mountain country the grizzly bear surrenders his hunting-grounds only with his life; and his tenacious hold of the latter possession is hardly exceeded by the vitality of the hammer-headed shark. The French Canadians believe in the existence of a "*carcasieu*"—a wolf-like ogre whose skin, by virtue of its thickness or the favor of the devil, is wholly impervious to rifle-balls, and a similar superstition must have often affected the nerves of Rocky Mountain hunters in their encounters with the king of the American plantigrades. Buckshot, even at close range, seems to inconvenience the *Ursus horribilis* about as much as small birdshot would a tough old boar. Colonel George Ruxton, who traversed the far West in the company of half-breed trappers, assures us that the hunting tribes of North America contented themselves with avoiding the haunts of their fierce rival, having found by experience that their weapons were no match for his teeth and claws. Three years ago a detachment of United States infantry and Indian scouts escorted a train of provisions from Kingsley to Camp Watson, Oregon, and during one of their noontime halts the wild barking of their dog attracted their attention to a thicket of cherry bushes

at the bank of a little creek. In the next minute the dog rushed out, followed by a large grizzly. The men snatched up their rifles, but at the command of their sergeant reserved their fire till the brute had advanced to within a few dozen steps of their camp. Six of them then fired together and immediately reloaded, for the bear, after a savage snap at his wounded breast, continued his charge. Five seconds after, when close enough to "hit him with a chunk of wood," he received a second volley, and began to stagger, but still forward, when one of the scouts knelt down, and in rapid succession discharged four chambers of his heavy army revolver. Before he had fired the last shot some of the men had reloaded, and a third volley decided the battle in favor of gunpowder. The bear "doubled up," and, dripping with blood, snapped at the grass and his own paws, till the two reserve-shots of the revolver pierced his ears in the direction of the brain. The four first pistol-balls had all entered his breast within an inch of the spot aimed at, and twelve out of fifteen musket-shots had broken his ribs and shoulder-bones, and raked his flanks from end to end, the soldiers having used their ordinary fire-arm, the heavy Springfield rifle of the regular army. And yet there was nothing unusual about their experience, except the circumstance of its being unusually well attested. Dr. Kellerman, of Prairie City, published a record of an autopsy which revealed nine wounds, each one of which would have killed a deer or a buffalo. At least four of those nine best-aimed shots must have been fired before they arrested the bear's advance. A champion of that sort can not be scared off by holiday hunters. Hounds do not disturb his digestion. Grizzlies are still found in all our mountain-States and Territories west of Missouri, but especially in New Mexico, Wyoming, and the sierra counties of California.

The claws of the grizzly, with all their tremendous efficacy in wounding and tearing, are not of much avail in climbing, being chisel-shaped rather than pointed, and the prince of the American carnivora has to forego the arboreal pastimes of his smaller relatives; but on terra firma few obstacles can resist his onset. Under the stimulus of rage he will break through the thickest underbrush as a deer



would dash through a corn-field; his wedge-shaped head, his tough skin, the enormous stoutness of his short neck and forelegs, rival the tapir's adaption to rapid transit in the jungle, and his favorite haunts are, indeed, the tangled mountain forests of the western sierras, where juniper thickets and the barricades of fallen trees often for miles oppose all but impassable barriers to the progress of biped travelers. For reasons which the thin soil of volcanic rocks can not altogether explain, "deadwoods" seem to be more frequent in the West than on this side of the Mississippi. Either the trees of the Pacific slope are less firmly rooted, or our Eastern highlands enjoy a greater immunity from violent storms; in all my rambles, through the Alleghanies at least, I have never seen so many fallen trees as on two short trips, from Hot Springs, Nevada, to the valley of the San Joaquin, and from Pen d'Oreille to East Portland, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. In ravines where the storms had probably been broken into whirlwinds the fallen trees often formed regular *chevaux de frise*, as if they had purposely been piled up lengthways and crossways to prevent approach from any direction. To such dismal labyrinths the grizzly retreats—not as Renard the fox to Malepartus, "to foil the hunter's harbinger, the hound," but for digestive purposes, and under the impulse of the instinct which teaches all mammals to consult the safety of their progeny. Few old hounds of any North American breed will enter such fastnesses on the trail of the terrible mountaineer; but young dogs now and then brave the unknown dangers, and a pack of Spanish *galgos*, or wolf dogs, sometimes risk their lives by a simultaneous attack. Without the co-operation of a well-armed hunter their self-sacrifice is generally in vain; of such injuries as a dog is able to inflict the *Ursus horribilis* can stand a considerable multiple.

On the theory of natural selection, the combats of his ancestors with the large-horned quadrupeds of the western continent probably developed the qualities which enable him to rush uphill with four rifle-balls in his lungs and dash headlong through the gauntlet of a cactus thicket. Next to a deadwood jungle, his favorite haunts are the valleys of the foothill creeks, skirted with persimmons and Chickasaw plums; but in hot summers he often retreats above the timber-line and roughs out the dog-days on such food as his talent for swift progress on broken ground may enable him to procure. The dread of vermin, rather

than of a high temperature, may have something to do with those summer excursions, for the grizzly is found as far south as Sinaloa in Central Mexico. A few years ago the rancheros of San Gistobal, in the State of Chihuahua, combined to raise a company of riflemen for the special purpose of ridding the *comarca* of the grizzlies, which had become a terrible pest by their incessant raids on the mountain pastures, and in the first month the managers of the enterprise almost paid their expenses by the sale and exhibition of live bears. Their *modus operandi* consisted in a co-operative attack of lariat and rifle-detachments: Two expert vaqueros would lasso Don Ursus and moderate the effects of his indignation by pulling in opposite directions, while the sharp-shooters plied their trade at close range, if the captive proved unmanageable. By a similar method the broker of Governor Pacheco, of California, once captured a monstrous grizzly alive, and dragged it to his mother's hacienda, where his cowboys dispatched it at the instance of the horrified ladies. The Mexican professionals caught and killed several dozen in less than two months, but before the end of March, the survivors retreated to the uplands, and not having means to pursue the campaign in those inhospitable regions the hunters left their work unfinished, and two years after the depredations of the decimated cow-killers had become as outrageous as ever. The North American method consists of trailing or snow-tracking the robber to his lair, and trusting the rest to the chances of a breech-loading rifle. That method has cost the lives of many a good hound and hunter, and is rarely practiced in our half Spanish territories, where ocular demonstration has proved the occasional superiority of rawhide leather over gunpowder.

When California was still ruled by Franciscan monks, the *Ovis montana*, or big-horn sheep, was found both in the eastern foot-hills of the San Joaquin valley and on the upland pastures of the coast mountains. From the latter range—a mere pedestal of the snow-capped highlands further inland—the American cousin of the ibex has been wholly exterminated, but in many regions of the central sierras its disappearance is apparent rather than actual. No other animal has a more expansive talent for hiding its haunts; its caution increases with any additional danger. When the Gould railroad system approached the Rio Grande, a party of American engineers put up a line of telegraph from Brownsville, Texas, to Saltillo, in North-

ern Mexico, and on the plateau of Los Mimbres saw several troops of cimmarons repeatedly approaching their camp from the direction of the Pinos Altos range, where even veteran trappers had never suspected their existence. On the fourth day, a Sunday, when the noise of creaking teams was temporarily hushed, their united troops crossed the line together, and could never be tracked to their winter resort, though there are as bold mountaineers in Northern Mexico as any where outside of the Austrian Alps.

On the southern slopes of the Rockies, there are pastures in summit regions that seem to produce nothing but rocks and ice. Besides, the deer-sheep, as Frederic Gertalcker calls the *Ovis montanus*, studies the habits of its pursuers, as well as the topography of the mountains. On the coral reefs of the Florida coast, it has been observed that sea-turtles always deposit their eggs on the same side of a sand-bank. Rooks will build in certain trees, and in no others. And in ascending a mountain range, nineteen men in a score follow unconsciously a race-bias that lets them prefer certain routes as apparently most practicable and suspect the accessibility of regions that may conceal the best highland pastures of a whole mountain system. Every higher sierra has thus its sanctuaries—game preserves which no hunter's eye but that of the mountain eagle has ever surveyed.

It is curious what an amount of wariness—"secretiveness," "caution," as the phrenologists call it, is compatible with an effete condition of intellectual faculties. Many varieties of anthropoid apes display their amazing versatility of intelligence only in the first years of their lives, just as many genial and whole-souled children grow up into crabbed and narrow-minded, yet withal, in certain respects, sufficiently shrewd men. But that contrast of disposition manifests itself still more strikingly in the development of a young mountain sheep. A "cimmaron kid" is as full of tricks as a young baboon, restlessly active and ever ready for fights and frolics. An old ram, on the other hand, is about as obstinate and sluggish as a logger-head tortoise, needing the stimulus of a kick to move him from his defiled litter, and apparently unable to distinguish his keeper from a casual visitor. Yet, on the sierra, this same Bæotian guides his herd with the skill of a Circassian guerilla chief. No possible emergency seems to exhaust his store of expedients; at the first sign of danger he

rallies his troop and takes his measures swiftly and shrewdly, like a veteran general, ready to meet each hostile demonstration by a prompt counter-maneuver.

The sheer precipices of the volcanic rocks in the Cascade range, the Yellowstone Mountains, and the canons of the Columbia and Colorado are not paralleled any where in the European Alps, and the cimmaron, though not a first-class runner, is a bolder climber than the Swiss chamois, and greatly prefers any danger of its native rocks to the risk of capture. More than one Western stock-raiser has tried to domesticate the cimmaron or cross the breed with that of the less hardy foreign varieties of the genus *ovis*, but the project generally failed from an excess of initial expenses. Dozens of trappers spent whole summers in watching and following herds, but with rather indifferent results. The difficulty was not so much in "cornering" his game as in taking them alive. On the brink of an abyss a whole troop—ewes, lambs and all—would sometimes leap down to evident death rather than await the advent of men approaching them with every demonstration of peaceful purpose.

*Anthrophobia*, the dread of man, has reached such a degree in some fellow-creatures of "God's Vice-regent on Earth" that they seem to fear the risks of captivity more than the certainty of annihilation. The stories about mountain sheep breaking the force of a fall by dropping on their horns are wholly fabulous; the shock would react on their necks and break their vertebræ at any distance exceeding forty feet of perpendicular fall. But it is true that their cloven hoofs and stout feet break the speed of a descent from any thing but an overhanging cliff; a troop of big-horns will scramble down the steepest slopes as a bear slides down a tree, and reach the bottom amidst a cloud of dust and tumbling stones, but with unbroken limbs. The Osage Indians have a curious tradition about the cimmaron; at the time of the great flood (which, after all, must have been something more than a freshet of the Indus), when the pouring rains drove all other animals to the shelter of the caves, the big-horn sheep took refuge above the clouds and guided the Indian Adam to a place of safety. The mountain sheep has certainly a marvelous faculty for roughing out bad weather. Even in mid-winter they stick to their highland haunts. In 1849, a caravan of Mormon refugees attempted to cross the Wahsatch range in a snow-storm, and were on the point of perish-



ing with cold, when they were saved by the discovery of a "cimmarron camp," a snug cove in the pine wolds, where a herd of wild sheep had stamped down the snow and browsed off the branches as high as they could reach—"A tabernacle in the wilderness," as Elder Millard described it, and in stress of storms, perhaps, a more desirable shelter than the dreary pens of an Indian wigwam could have offered to the necessitous saints. Now and then, though, the cimmarron may be doomed to share the experience of the Swiss chamois, that occasionally find their graves in such winter-quarters by remaining snow-bound till they succumb to frost and hunger. Ordinary storms the American mountain sheep weather as easily as a frog would survive a flood. No whirlstorm short of a tornado can dislodge them from a vantage-ground in the rocks, and their thick fur-coats ward off blasts that knock the mercury a good way below zero.

A still harder mountaineer is occasionally found in the Northwestern border-States of our territory. The *Aplocerus montanus*, or mountain-goat, with its matted mane of soft white hair and muff-like knee tufts is, for winter campaigns, perhaps the best equipped mammal of our continent. Even in Idaho and British Columbia it chooses its pastures on the borders of perennial snow, high above the timber-line, like its next relative, the oryx antelope of the Abyssinian Alps. Yet the popular name of the American "mountain goat" will do as well as any other. Quarrels about zoological classification are often as absurd as the pedigree-squabbles of the middle ages. Nature abhors systematism. With all her aversion to the perpetuation of hybrids, she seems to have taken a special delight in the production of non-descripts—what-is-its—combining the characteristics of all possible heterogeneous species. We have a woodpecker-thrush. The European nuthatch is a due medium between a woodpecker and a titmouse. The secretary-bird is half crane half eagle. The African gnu seems a compound of horse, cow, and antelope. "Deer-sheep" is, perhaps, the most appropriate name for the *Ovis montanus*, and the *aplocerus* seems to form a connecting link between the antelopes and the goats. The geographical range has never been clearly determined, and there is reason to suspect its identity with the *Felsenbock*, or "rock-goat," which Steller found in the highlands of Kamtschatka. On this side of the Pacific it has been seen in Montana, Idaho, British Columbia, Northern California, and the

Blue Mountains in Eastern Oregon. Of its natural history, however, so little is known that Blainville describes it as a "dwarf-goat with long, silky hair that somewhat increases its apparent size," while Mr. Baillie Grohman claims to have shot an old ram "weighing between three and four hundred pounds," and measuring more than seven feet in girth around the belly. A stuffed specimen in the Washington museum is about half as large; but the *aplocerus* may possibly exist in several varieties, for the truth is that a large portion of our Northern Rockies still remains a *terra incognita*, a mountain world as vaguely known as the highlands of Western China. There is no doubt, though, that the water-shed of the Columbia still harbors a good deal of game, including herds of buffalo, wolves, and that proud relative of the European stag, the wapiti, or gray elk. Two years ago fourteen of these grand descendants of the mammoth elk were killed by an avalanche near Banner City, Idaho. Three of the old stags were more than five feet high at the shoulder, and the weight of their splendid horns varied from eighteen to twenty-six pounds. In weight the wapiti exceeds the royal stag of Northern Europe as the latter exceeds our Alleghany deer, which is, in fact, more nearly allied to the Scotch roe or the roe-deer (*Cervus pygargus*) of Northern Tartary. The wapiti is the primate of the deer-tribe, and with the buffalo and grizzly bear redeems at least the northern half of our continent from the reproach of always producing inferior varieties of the Old World mammals. Its "center of distribution" seems a puzzle, since there is no doubt that the wapiti ("stag," or "gray moose," as our pioneers sometimes called it) was once found in the Southern Alleghanies, but never in the New England States nor any where between Virginia and Nebraska.

If the forest-felling city-builders of prehistoric America did really come from beyond the Pacific, they must have landed about a hundred miles south of San Francisco, and thence spread southward and northeastward till where the traces of their activity were obliterated by the tropical vegetation of the southeastern gulf coast. If they had reached the Pacific coast further north, the coast hills of Oregon and British Columbia would bear evidence to the fact, for the analogies of the eastern continent prove most indisputably that permanent barrenness can be entailed upon a fertile district of the higher latitudes as well as of the tropics. When Ericson, the rover, discovered

Iceland, the whole west coast, for some fifty miles inland, was covered with stately forests of beech and pine, whose destruction has so deteriorated the climate that now even shrubs refuse to grow. The coast of Lower-California is fringed with sand-hills—rocks and sand monopolizing the landscape as completely as any where in Northern Africa. Across the United States border up to San Pedro Bay (near Anaheim) sand still predominates, and sand-drifts from the Mohave Desert make every east storm an eyesore. Further north things slowly mend. There are thin "oak parks" on the southern spurs of the coast range, and north of San Benito regular oak forests, where deer still tempt the Yankee sportsman and were once as numerous as any where in the Alleghanies. Badgers, too, are found in the coast range, and are occasionally smoked out to furnish the basis of a *matanza*—a "dog and vermin fight"—the delight of the Sabbath-breaking Greaser. Anglo-Californian sportsmen, though, are apt to prefer the sierra. In the foot-hills of Sierra Nevada, any where north of Mariposa, there are still valleys enough where the scream of the puma can be heard any night between March and June, and where otter-trapping still pays from an industrial point of view. Grizzlies visit the plum thickets and sometimes the pig-pens of the upland farms that border the great sierra forests with their redwood groves and thickets of nut-pine and spruce. Thrushes and wild pigeons, of three or four varieties, abound in those woods. A perennial food-supply saves them the trouble of migration, but if a change of climate or a forest-fire should make these haunts untenable, the woods clothing the eastern tributaries of the San Joaquin could send forth enormous hosts of winged emigrants, though the sun-darkening swarms of the Kentucky pioneer time will probably never be seen again. An enlarged variety of our gray squirrel, gray with a faint steel-blue tinge, will also probably continue to raise its numerous progeny as long as the nut-pine yields its abundant crop. On the sierra slopes of Calaveras County a batch of fifty squirrels is not considered an unusual day's bag. Forty is about the average where the pines are not too excessively bushy.

But a whole world of rocks and forest rises still higher up: white cedar thickets, where the lynx lurks and the mountain grouse gathers her brood under the sheltering rocks; dizzy precipices and waterfalls, the haunts of the brook mink, rocks resounding with the piping

of eaglets and crowned with the still loftier eyries of the sierra vulture; Alpine meadows, defended by towering cliffs, the refuge of the wary deer-sheep. There are summit plateaux affording an outlook over thousands of square miles, and where grazing herds of cimmarons can be approached only in May, when the odor of blooming wild rose thickets helps to confuse the scent of their sentries. On the borders of eternal snow a little mountain weasel skips squeaking from rock to rock, and a species of bush shrike chases the winged insects hatched by the summer sun of those airy heights.

Further east the highlands look less inviting. The mountains of Nevada have a lower timber line, and here and there resemble the bleak sierras of the Central States. Fir-trees here take the place of the California pines, and the valleys are sparsely dotted with cottonwood and copses of willow; but on the upper affluents of the Rio Virgen and other highland streams there are fertile coves where hollyhocks and tiger-lilies remind the traveler of the southern Alps, though the winters are almost as severe as in West Virginia. Here the pine-marten (*Mustella martes*) almost alone invites the pursuit of the hunter; the beaver colonies of former days have been sadly decimated, but at certain times of the year swarms of cranes and pelicans visit the highland tarns, some of them rivaling the Swiss lakes in size if not in beauty.

Lakes and brooks alike disappear when the sierras in their southward tread cross the borders of Arizona. The rivers that cross the State run in deep cañons, leaving the uplands high and dry. But even here a few elevated ranges assert their privilege of modifying the climate: the Sierra Prieta, the San Francisco Mountains, and the Cerbat range, are covered with stately summit forests, the haunts of the puma and the panther, but also of still fiercer biped beasts of prey—carnivorous Apaches—preferring a man-hunt to any other pastime whatever. The foot-hills are safer, but almost destitute of even the humblest vegetation. Horned toads and their congeners, and a few "kildares" (a species of curlew) are seen now and then, but of mammals only an occasional badger and the omnipresent coyote. How they eke out a living is a mystery, but I suspect that hunger has made them ophiophages, serpent-eaters, for there is no lack of snakes, a crop that seems to thrive on sunshine, and a modicum of lizards. The rancheros have nearly exterminated their worst enemy, the black wolf, except in the southwestern dis-



tricts, where the climate is so dry that even trained hounds could not keep a trail if it were worth while to import them for the protection of the few herds of sheep that manage to protract existence on a scant supply of gamma grass.

The "parks" of Colorado are fast disappearing from the list of our national game preserves. Civilization has made rapid progress in the Apex State. Thirty years ago the State of New York would have envied the network of railways which now cross and re-cross their tracks in the land of peaks and bid fair to spread their meshes over every square league of productive soil—cereal or mineral. It is a pity that those minerals do not include a larger supply of available coal, for the furnaces with their dire fuel-hunger are eating out the forests at a rate that threatens to make the State a sort of frigid Arizona. Game destruction has kept pace with the waste of wood. Cimmarons, once found on every large plateau, are now rarely seen north of the San Juan range. The name of the Elk Mountains has become a misnomer. Only wildcats and lynxes still hold their own in the more inaccessible mountains. But those mountains nourish the sources of almost all the principal rivers of the United States, and in spring waterfowl ascend the valleys from the west, south, and east. Swans and ptarmigans have been shot at an elevation of six thousand feet above the Gulf coast. Swarms of ducks are found wherever the cañon streams expand into any thing like a lake. Near the sources of those streams hunters often come across a little creature of the rodent tribe, the *marmotito*, or dwarf marmot, as the Spanish trappers call it, a lively, cunning little mountaineer, allied to our woodchuck (ground-hog), but perhaps still nearer to the Swiss marmot that follows the organ-playing Savoyards from city to city. Its hide makes the toughest string-leather, and thus seals its doom in spite of its leanness. Nut-mast, its favorite food, is getting rather scarce in Colorado. Deer, too, have

badly diminished by being hunted the year round. Denver sportsmen have urged the enforcement of a close season, and if the agitators should carry their point they would save a good many game birds, for grouse are still rather plentiful in the underbrush of the thinned-out forests..

Further north, in Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho the rockiness (rather than sandiness) of the lofty plateaux make it probable that the soil never supported a rich arboreal vegetation. General Hazen is perhaps right that the northern table-lands of the great West were never intended for agriculture. The puff of the steam-plow will here hardly diminish the amount of the game—such as it is: sage-hens, badgers, pronghorns, and in favored districts of the uplands a few herds of bighorns and elk (including the "gray elk" or wapiti stag). The lower levels are mostly sage-brush wastes. Belts of alluvium along the principal streams, subject to inundations, may be reclaimed and repay tillage. Near the foot-hills such streams are generally fringed with shrubs and moderate trees, some forty varieties of perennial plants, as an average, to more than three hundred in the valley of the Kentucky. In the mountains proper, only certain kinds of hardy fruit-trees would reward cultivation, and only on the lower slopes. North of Colorado, the timber line runs very low. Up to a height of five thousand feet groves of quaking ash and trim forests of hemlock, fir, and larch here and there redeem the arid aspect of the sunnier slopes. Higher up arboreal vegetation yields to stunted bushes. Patches of bunch-grass, gentian, juniper-bushes with shriveled berries and dead under branches, alternating with copices of box-elder and long stretches of rocky debris with ravines where drift-snow lingers till after May, are not very encouraging to agriculture. Yet in these dreary uplands the sportsmen of the next century will probably find the last hunting grounds of the North American Continent.

*Felix L. Oswald.*

## POSTAL OR LOCAL SAVINGS BANKS.\*

ACCORDING to the report of the Commissioners of Savings Banks of Massachusetts for the year 1865, the deposits in the Massachusetts savings banks were a fraction under \$60,000,000. In 1885 they were a fraction under \$275,000,000. In 1865 the average of each deposit account was \$205.62; in 1885, \$323.99. The average deposit *per capita* in 1865 was \$47.29; in 1885, \$141.64, an increase of more than 300 per cent.

What are these banks, and in what manner do they do their work? They have no capital. They are organized under the management of trustees, with executive officers who are paid for their service. The trustees are not paid for their service. It is considered a part of the duty of every good citizen who has a standing, character, and experience suitable to fit him for the place to be willing to serve as a trustee of the local savings bank in the place where he dwells.

There are 171 savings banks in the State. The largest sum on deposit in any one bank is in the oldest savings bank in the State—the Provident Institution for Savings, of Boston; the amount is \$26,033,329. The smallest sum in any one bank is in the Granite Savings Bank, of Rockland, the amount being \$4,076.73.

The sum of money that has been deposited in these banks to the present time is computed at \$1,275,000,000.

The loss by fraud, or growing out of the fluctuations of paper money, or from the depreciation of mortgages on real estate at the inflated prices prevailing during the paper-money era, has been less than fifteen hundredths of one per cent of the whole sum deposited during the whole period.

Nearly every other person in the community—man, woman, or child—is represented by name upon the books of some one of the sav-

ings banks, the number of deposit accounts in 1885 having been 848,709, in the population of 1,941,465. Bear in mind that more than one fourth part of the present population in Massachusetts is foreign born. What proportion is of foreign parentage I can not state.

You will observe that the savings bank is a pure and true example of a local institution, an example of voluntary local self-government. It is within the power of every depositor in every bank to know all about the personal character, standing, and ability of every officer and every trustee connected with the bank in which he or she may make a deposit. On the other hand, in many of the smaller banks in the country towns, the trustees and officers are personally acquainted with nearly every depositor.

Such a system, therefore, rests wholly upon mutual confidence—that confidence which is the rule of all true commerce, and which has been so beautifully expressed by Mr. Gladstone in these words, “The trust reposed in and deserved by the many creates the opportunity for the fraud of the few.”

As time goes on, and as character and standing become more and more established in all parts of the community, high and low, the fraud becomes less in proportion, and more conspicuous whenever it occurs.

How is it then that in a State which could not bread itself for a week, which possesses few natural resources, in fact almost nothing but a stimulating climate and a necessity for work, that such results have been achieved?

The savings bank is a growth; it is a growth of the common school, the common wealth, and the common welfare, in a State in which local self-government, guarded by the town meeting, has a stronger hold upon the convictions of the people than in any other State in

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\*The necessity of providing some security for the savings of the poor is apparent. In the South we have given little or no encouragement to institutions of this character, and in fact there has been little need for places of deposit, as the working classes were not in a condition to save.

Just now we hear much of the necessity for the postal savings bank, and the purpose of a certain class of philanthropists is to establish savings banks all over the country whether the people want them or not. Undoubtedly the industrial conditions existing in the South have changed sufficiently to call for some organized effort to encourage thrift and obtain security. No more serious blow has fallen on the negro than the failure of the Freedmen's Savings Bank. It destroyed for almost a generation the faith of the negro in the wisdom of economy and forethought. Undoubtedly a government bank would provide security and convenience, but it is not in harmony either with the spirit of our institutions nor with the character of our industries and local peculiarities. The savings bank should be a local institution, managed by local officers, open to public scrutiny, and seeking local investments. To gather up at every post-office the small savings of the people of that neighborhood and invest these savings elsewhere, send it to New York to be put in high-priced government bonds or to lie idle in the treasury vaults, is to do exactly what the people in an agricultural district must oppose.

The best system of savings bank is clearly that of Massachusetts, and the article herewith published was asked of Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, that the people of the South might fully understand the philosophy of the system, its methods of operation, and the benefits which are to be attributed to it.



the Union, and which will never be surrendered.

How to obtain the most comfort, the greatest welfare, the highest wages, the lowest cost of production, and the largest saving, has been the problem to which the people of Massachusetts have devoted themselves since the landing upon Plymouth Rock.

You will observe that if each inhabitant—man, woman, or child—of the present population of the United States, numbering now over 58,000,000 in all probability, possessed a deposit averaging that of each person in Massachusetts, the sum of all the deposits would be over \$8,000,000,000.

There is hardly a single State in the whole Union in which the natural resources have not given the people of that State a better opportunity to accumulate such a deposit than has existed in Massachusetts. I speak of this in no boastful manner, simply to enforce the right method throughout the country. The character and intelligence of the people of any country may be gauged by their banking system.

The function of the savings bank is two-fold, and I hardly know on which side to put the maximum of benefit, whether in the saving or in the lending.

The saving of small sums might be induced by the institution of the postal savings bank. I have nothing to say against the security of the bonds of the nation in which such savings would or should only be invested. But how soon may this investment become impossible through the payment of the national debt?

The deposits in all the savings banks of the United States, where similar banks to those of Massachusetts have been established, are to-day only \$1,095,000,000, those of Massachusetts being one fourth part of the whole; and yet that aggregate would absorb nearly all the outstanding bonds of the United States, on which any interest is payable, if invested in them.

Can the Post-office Department or the National Government be charged with the duty of selecting State or municipal bonds, or other securities for the investments of the depositors? Obviously not.

What then becomes of the postal savings bank project whenever the deposits of other States even begin to come up to those of the States in which true savings banks have already been established? What becomes of it when the national bonds are paid?

Is it desirable to charge the Central Government with such additional duties, when the

Government itself is already exposed to the greatest possible strain in the attempt to carry on the civil service under the present load of duties which have been imposed upon it?

Ought not every intelligent person to be looking to the relief of the Central Government? to simplifying its functions, limiting it to those which it can perform better than the people can perform them, rather than to add further duty to an already overburdened structure?

The North never joined the South in its belief in State sovereignty; but New England has gone far beyond the South itself in securing local self-government, and guarding it in all proper ways with the utmost jealousy. When each little community begins to ask itself the simple question, "How can we establish a savings bank in our midst?" what is the first problem? Is it not,

*First.* Whom can we trust to administer the duties of the bank? Is not the

*Second.* Whom can we trust when we come to lend the funds of the bank?

When the question is asked as to the management, it might happen that no good citizens have yet learned their duties in such a way as to be ready to assume the trust.

When it comes to the second question, it may happen that neither the public credit of the State, the county, or the city is fit for the investment of the funds of the citizens of that very State; or it may happen that the State laws for the collection of debts are such that trust funds can not be safely invested under them.

Would not that be a useful lesson for the people to teach themselves? Can any one else teach them so effectually? Can private credit be good where public credit is bad? Can money be lent with safety where exemption and stay laws deprive creditors of their rights? Can the rate of interest be any thing but excessive, where, in addition to all the necessary risk assumed by the lender, the habit of the people as indicated by their laws is to devise all possible methods to avoid the payments of their debts? Can any foreign capital be safely invested in any State in which the citizens of the same State could find no suitable public or private investment for their own trust funds? Can any foreign capital be safe in a State which even opposes a national bankrupt act? Must not its citizens pay for the want of such an act an excessive rate of interest, or in their inability to obtain any outside credit? What, then, are the true functions of a bank in a prosperous State, that is, in a solvent State?

To come back to Massachusetts. I have said that I hardly know which function of the savings bank serves the most useful purpose, the incentive to saving or the lending.

Trustees are limited by statute in their power of investment. They may invest in public securities, but the law of Massachusetts now forbids any city or town from incurring a debt beyond a certain proportion of its property. The trustees may also invest in the stock of a national bank.

What better measure of the intelligence, vigor, and energy in any community is there than the service and use of the ordinary methods of banking? Wherever there is jealousy, suspicion, or distrust of an ordinary national or commercial bank there will be found ignorance, incapacity, and poverty. Wherever sound commercial banks are established there will be found vigor, intelligence, probity, and prosperity.

Thus it is that the deposits of the people of Massachusetts in the savings banks sustain the commercial vigor of the community by way of the commercial banks in which these deposits may be invested.

Next, the trustees of the savings banks may lend the money to manufacturing establishments on the note of the corporation, backed by the personal liability of the directors. Thus it is that the money of the factory operatives and of the laboring people furnishes the working capital for the manufacturing operations in which it would not be safe for them to invest their small savings directly.

I am of the opinion that the factory operatives who have kept money on deposit in our best savings banks for the last thirty years have received a better income from it than the aver-

age income yielded by the textile corporations of the State to the owners thereof, without any of the dangers, fluctuations, and occasional great losses in manufacturing.

Lastly, and most important of all the functions of the savings bank in the lending of their funds, their money is lent on mortgages to enable a host of people to own their own dwelling-places, who, except for these resources, might not be able to do so. I can not give you the exact number, but the report of the commissioner shows a very great number of small mortgages on real estate held by these banks. Nothing strengthens the State more than for the largest number of its inhabitants to own their dwelling-places, subject only to mortgages which are held by those who wish to aid them rather than to foreclose them.

I trust that this analysis of the savings bank, as we know it in this section of the country, will be of service to your readers. The question for them to decide is this, Will the establishment of a postal savings bank tend to retard or to promote the establishment of a true savings bank, such as I have described? Will it retard or promote local self-government, of which the savings bank of our section is a natural growth.

In the postal savings bank the investment will be made in evidence of debts which are representatives of the destruction of the civil war. The sooner they are paid and the debts extinguished the better for all.

The deposits in the true savings bank will be invested for constructive purposes, building up the State, building up the people, working materially and morally, both in establishing property upon a sound foundation and character upon solid merit.

*Edward Atkinson.*

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## DEATH.

Two travel-worn and weary feet at rest,  
 From paths of pain now shrouded in the past;  
 Two cold hands folded on a colder breast,  
 From which the soul has taken flight at last;  
 Two eyes from whose dark vacant cells the glow  
 Of sunlight seems forever to have fled;  
 Two mute lips meeting like an unstrung bow  
 From which the final arrow, speech, has fled.

This is the subtlest of all mysteries:  
 Some call it Death, and others name it Peace.

*Daniel E. O'Sullivan.*



## CHARLES GAYARRÉ.



[From a portrait painted in 1857.]

### PART I.—THE STATESMAN.

ON a February morning of 1854, I chanced to hear, in the office of "*The Charleston Mercury*," an animated discussion of a topic much affected by "Hamlet's aunt"—the eccentric heroine, as my reader may remember, of a certain dinner-party scene in "*David Copperfield*."

This, of course, was the topic of "*blood*," not chemically considered, but rather as touching the question of long aristocratic descent, of the influence of race and lineage upon a man's constitution, physical, intellectual, and moral!

The interlocutors were a florid and fluent gentleman, who enjoyed the privilege of writing M. C. after his name, and one of the associate editors of the journal, noted for his sly, subtle, and saturnine humor. The former, as the only son of a rich tradesman, espoused naturally the proletarian side. Although in point of fact he had been from his earliest

boyhood bedded in clover, the hope and pride of a doting sire who mistook his cleverness for genius, although his educational advantages had been great and hardship of any sort must have been to him the vaguest abstraction, he would occasionally declare, "I am a self-made man," and would even enact in a modified degree the rôle of Mr. Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown! \*

His adversary in the argument thoroughly understood our M. C.'s position and peculiarities; nor was he disposed to spare his weaknesses. Indeed, he made the most of them, and was so coolly satirical and provoking, that I sympathized with the other's anger—anger growing obstreperous—when a singularly quiet voice fell like a tranquilizing charm upon the controversy.

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\*This gentleman was the bully of humility. "Once," said he, "I had n't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I did n't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pig-sty. That is the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me. *I was born in a ditch.*"

It came from a gentleman correcting "proof" at a side-table. He was a handsome, middle-aged person of *distingué* appearance (in no way connected, except as an occasional contributor, with the office), whom I knew as a naturalized Englishman, and by universal consent the most finished of scholars, sportsmen, and *bon vivants*! His observation, delivered in such soothing tones, nevertheless seemed irrelevant.

"Sir," said he, addressing the irate M. C., and pointing to a dog, evidently his property, "what a noble animal that is!"

"Is he not?" responded the owner, with gratified promptness; "a pure Pomeranian, let me assure you."

"Unquestionably! And, by the way, I see that you have entered for the main race on our 'Washington Course,' next Wednesday, a horse of remarkable antecedents."

"Oh, yes! 'Orion;' that horse ——" and with a frank, boy-like impetuosity, dismissing the last *soupçon* of affectation, the representative of . . . described the fine points of "Orion," an importation of his own from the East, dwelling upon his Arab "strain" with a minuteness and relish for the theme decidedly pleasant in its way. The self-conscious politician had become for the moment a natural, earnest lad again.

"Well," responded the sporting gentleman, "one thing is evident, you believe in the transcendent importance of blood and breeding, so far as animals are concerned; but, my dear sir, what is man but the highest of all animals? We make our arbitrary distinctions, and in a temper equally arrogant and unphilosophical talk of man as the only creature on earth gifted with a soul. How can we be sure of this, pray? For my part, I hold that the brutes, at all events the dog and the horse, are indubitably possessed of souls, however rudimentary in some particulars.

"Faithfulness, affection, sympathy, the capacity for self-sacrifice, are *psychal* qualities, sir; and how often has the dog eclipsed his master in the manifestation of these splendid forces! The same may be said of the horse; but, mark you, all these qualities (qualities of soul, sir—of soul, I repeat), are most conspicuously displayed in the highest breed of such animals; for example, the St. Bernard and the Arabian! Gauge the difference between the Constantinople cur and the messenger and 'savior' of the Alpine monasteries, between 'a plow-horse' and your . . . 'Orion.'

"Now, if the advantages of pure, unadul-

terated descent (within the true meaning of the laws of physiology) are so marked in those animals which may be counted next to man in general intelligence and moral sympathy, they must, *a fortiori*, be still more conspicuous in man himself. What scientist, 'worth his salt,' has ever denied this principle as applied on a large scale to races and nations? yet, odd to say, we find it disputed every day in regard to mere families and individuals."

A flood of practical illustrations ensued, which affected the M. C. after the fashion of a cold *douche*. He was bewildered, muttered something like "*Aristo va!*"\* and could only observe aloud that he considered such doctrines antiquated, foreign to the spirit of the age and country, undemocratic!

"*Unmobocratic*, no doubt," replied the other; "but not undemocratic, since I have yet to see the genuine aristocrat, the individual of acknowledged birth and position, no matter what his pride of ancestry, who has failed to recognize, yes, and reverence the aristocracy of Nature, whether in genius or character.

"Your parvenu, on the other hand, is a leveler only to a certain point. Wealth, and the consideration belonging to wealth, once secured, and you'll find him coveting, and perhaps industriously searching for a 'family tree.'

"In England he consults the genealogical experts of the Herald's office, and in due season procures a bran new 'coat-of-arms,' warranted to wear!

"In America——"

"Well, what of America?" asked the M. C., a little impatiently.

"In America he discovers, by a lucky combination of circumstances, that he is really descended from some younger branch of the British Lord of this, the French Marquis of that, or the German Baron of t'other; the links of relationship were lost for generations, but bless you, they have been by accident, quite by accident, recovered; and although a sensible person may not care for these things, why deny the truth?

"'The man's the *goud* for 'a that,' but where is the sense of hiding the 'guinea's stamp,' if it happens to be there after all."

\*A terse expression of the wearers of the *bonnet rouge*, in the days of the French revolution, when they desired to effectually dispose of an enemy; "*Aristocrat, go to ——! the devil*," of course, which, by the way, appears to have been an unconscious exercise of hospitality on the Jacobins' part, very much as if they had consigned their foes to warm quarters in the paternal castle.



The M. C. rose at the conclusion of these remarks, and silently departed. He looked unhappy. As to the saturnine associate editor, I heard him chuckling—a diabolical chuckle.

\* \* \* \* \*

This discussion, the remembrance of which, has come to me involuntarily but vividly, is *apropos* and natural enough; for I am about to sketch the career and to analyze, as far as space permits, the productions of one who is a bright exemplar of that pride without presumption and those responsibilities severely exacting—yet, in his case, always fulfilled—attached to a lineage stainless and well nigh princely.

"*Noblesse Oblige*" has ever been the motto of this distinguished gentleman.

A patrician in genius and a patrician in conduct (I use this term in its general and highest signification),\* he has never been at any period, especially in reference to his various public trusts, a bigot or exclusive!

On the contrary, the political annals of the United States do not contain the record of a more consistent Democratic statesman, as democracy was understood in the purest days of the Republic, those days in which the sagacious warning of Sallust was strictly heeded:

"*Vilescent dignitates cum tenentur ab indignis!*"

Charles E. Arthur Gayarré, or rather Charles Gayarré, as he usually signs his name, was born in New Orleans on the 9th of January, 1805. His is a Spanish name of the old Kingdom of Navarre, and originally it had not the accent which he puts on the last letter *e*, to make its pronunciation in French and English somewhat approximate the Spanish, in which all the letters are sounded.

The first of his family came to Louisiana on the 5th of March, 1766, as Contador Real, Royal Comptroller or Auditor, with Governor Don Antonio de Ulloa, to take possession of that province, which had been ceded to France by Spain.

The grandmother of Gayarré, in the maternal line, was the daughter of Destrehan des Tours, for many years the treasurer of the French colony, and his mother a daughter of Etienne de Borè, a *mousquetaire* in the household troops of Louis XV, called *La Maison du Roi!* Each *mousquetaire* had the grade of captain, while the captain of a company of guards-

men was ranked as a lieutenant-general. Only a patrician could aspire to the honor of belonging to this splendid corps.

De Borè resigned as *mousquetaire*, and was commissioned a captain of cavalry in 1772. Having married in Paris a daughter of Destrehan, he returned to his native place, for in 1740 he had been born at Kaskaskias, in the district of Illinois, Louisiana. That colony was indebted to him for the introduction of the sugar-culture, about 1795, and he was the first mayor of New Orleans in 1803, under the transient possession of it by the French Republic. Also, he is remembered as having been one of the originators of the magnificent "Charity Hospital" of New Orleans, and a lapidary inscription in one of its halls commemorates this fact.

Among the ancestors of Gayarré are likewise the Grandprés, the coadjutors of Iberville and Bienville, the founders of the colony, who supplied it with several generations of distinguished officers. His paternal grandmother was of that family.

The Grandprés, of Louisiana, and the Bouchervilles, of Canada, have a common origin, being branches from the same trunk, viz., Pierre Boucher, an early settler in Canada, who was appointed governor of the district called "The Three Rivers," and was ennobled by Louis XIV. By the way, there were only forty land-seigneuries erected in that colony by royal ordinance on behalf of certain individuals. Pierre Boucher was one of these favored few. At the request of his king, he wrote and published in 1663, the first book upon "*La Nouvelle France*." He dedicated it to the great minister, Colbert. Thus much of genealogical detail.

The life of Charles Gayarré presents a somewhat exceptional career, in which the forces of action and of thought—action vital, consistent, practical, thought profound and scholarly—have been made to blend in wonderful harmony.

Still, for purposes of logical arrangement and clear comprehension, I shall consider his claims upon the respect of the age and posterity, firstly, as a statesman and man of affairs; secondly, as a *littérateur*.

In his "*Fernando de Lemos*," Gayarré describes the old College of Orleans, the first educational establishment of Louisiana, incorporated by her legislature, and his own *alma mater*, in a manner half pathetic, half humorous, and altogether charming. Under fictitious names, as I suppose, the peculiarities of the

\*That is, a nobleman, not only in birth, but in all which constitutes nobility, spiritual and moral nobility of achievement.

chief professors are good naturedly dwelt upon, and the mode of study and discipline adopted clearly outlined.

In the bright, ambitious "*Fernando*" one is tempted for a moment to recognize the young Gayarré himself, equally devoted to study and to fun; now deep in the pages of Tacitus or Livy, and an hour after quite as deep in the quagmire of some boyish scrape.

One remarks he is a favorite with his teachers, especially with a certain original, surnamed "Titus the Beloved," who has organized a small patrician band of his cleverest scholars to whom he extends extraordinary favors! They are often welcomed to his table, and as frequently he takes them to the theater whenever some great drama is to be acted.

Limiting the number to half a dozen, he heads the squad and marches with an air of proud satisfaction through the streets of the town. Conscious of being the observed of all observers, he seems to say to the idlers who gazed at them, "Look on, my friends, look on, for you see with me *spes patriæ!*" (the "hope of the country!")

Gayarré's career as a publicist began but a year or two subsequent to his graduation. In 1825, when Edward Livingston laid before the legislature of Louisiana the Criminal Code he had prepared at the request of the State, young Gayarré, not then of age, was bold enough to publish a pamphlet in which he controverted some of the distinguished jurist's views, particularly a recommendation of the abolition of capital punishment. This he considered a premature innovation of the most dangerous tendency, and so pregnant were the reasons given for his opposition that the adoption of the code was indefinitely postponed by the legislature.

Surely we must go back to the experience of Pitt, in England, to match this wonderful example of precocious triumph in jurisprudence and statesmanship.

When barely twenty-one, Gayarré went to Philadelphia and studied law in the office of William Rawle, then the acknowledged head of his profession in that city, and the author of a standard work on the Constitution of the United States.

In September, 1828, he was admitted to the Pennsylvania, and, in the January ensuing, to the Louisiana bar.\* Before the close of 1829,

and indeed but a few months after his return home, he was elected by an almost unanimous vote to represent his native city in the legislature. The members of that body, appreciating his talents and learning, solicited him to compose an address which was officially transmitted to France, complimenting the French Chambers on the Revolution of 1830.

In 1831 Gayarré was appointed Assistant Attorney-General, and, in 1832, the presiding Judge of the City Court of New Orleans.

In 1835 the Whigs, it appears, had a majority, upon joint ballot, in the legislature; but Gayarré, though a pronounced and consistent Democrat, having obtained on personal grounds three votes from the opposition party, was elected to the United States Senate for a term of six years, when he had scarcely reached the constitutional age for service in that august body.

But now the tidal wave which had carried him on so swiftly and easily from one summit of success to another suddenly broke into tempestuous foam at apparently the very acme of victory. In plain words, he had overworked himself, and his health became seriously impaired. He sailed for Europe, hoping to recover his strength sufficiently to enable him to take his senatorial seat in December.

Upon arriving in Paris, however, three of the most prominent physicians of that day, after minute examination and consultation touching his case, declared that he could not safely return to America. Thus the robe of honor had to be discarded; with natural, bitter disappointment, he felt compelled to resign, and did not come back to his home until the end of 1843. He had been, therefore, an absentee for nearly a decade.†

In 1844 New Orleans again elected Gayarré to the legislature. His services during the next session were particularly brilliant, since he introduced and carried several measures of the greatest importance. Among them was a "Bill to provide for the diminishing the liabilities of the State," which, being adopted, effected in a short time a reduction of two millions and a half of dollars!

A resolution having been presented at this time instructing the Louisiana Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote for the an-

\*Shortly after, he published his first somewhat elaborate work, an historical essay on Louisiana, in the French language, which attracted much attention.

†Although an invalid, Gayarré, during his residence in France, busied himself in collecting from the French archives many authentic and curious documents, which he utilized in his (French) *History of Louisiana*, extending from the discovery of that country to its cession to Spain.



nexation of Texas, it was violently opposed by quite a number of influential members. Gayarré, in a speech of unusual force and spirit, so replied to their arguments that the resolution, on the verge of being lost, was finally carried though by a slim majority.\*

Elected by New Orleans for the third time to the legislature in 1846, Gayarré, upon the very day of the meeting of that body in February, was appointed Secretary of State by Governor Isaac Johnson. This office was then of vast importance in the commonwealth, the Secretary, in addition to his ordinary functions as such, being Superintendent of Public Education, and constituting with the State Treasurer the "Board of Currency," whose province it was to exercise supreme control over the numerous banks of the city. He was also *ex-officio* one of the directors of "The Mechanics and Traders Bank," in which the State had a very large interest as stockholder. His multifarious and exacting duties were discharged with memorable ability, as the healthy condition of the banks during his entire term of service sufficiently demonstrates.

No sooner had the legal period of his labors under Johnson expired, than we find him reappointed Secretary of State by the next Governor, Joseph Walker, in 1850.

During the seven years of his Secretaryship, Gayarré made such judicious use of the annual sum of one thousand dollars, placed at his disposal for the purchase of books, that he may be properly called the "Father of the State Library."

With the limited amount of two thousand, voted by the legislature at his earnest request, for the purpose of procuring historical material, he succeeded by dint of long-continued, persevering effort in obtaining from the archives of Spain invaluable original documents, the substance of which he has embodied in his English History of Louisiana, a work to be considered hereafter.

In 1853 Gayarré became an independent Democratic candidate for Congress, refusing to be controlled by party organization, which he

denounced as utterly corrupt, and to submit his name to an avowedly "packed" convention.†

An episode of the canvass is related by him with inimitable humor:

"I traveled," says he, "down in my carriage from New Orleans, on both sides of the river, as far toward its mouth as I could go in a land vehicle. On starting from the city, the first parish I had to traverse was the parish of St. Bernard, on the left bank. It was an overwhelmingly Whig parish. In those days there were men of the old *regimé*, still sufficiently on the top of the ladder to control whole communities, not by money, but by sheer personal influence. They were the heads of clans. St. Bernard was entirely under the thumb of a Mr. Rèand, an opulent sugar planter, and a relic of the past. He was a man of passionate temper, of unconquerable prejudices, and so inimical to the Democratic party that the mere mention of it threw him into fits of wrath.

"I had no personal acquaintance with this old gentleman, knowing him merely by sight and from reputation. When I entered the parish in which he resided, and which he ruled with so strong a hand, I felt considerably embarrassed.

"Should I call on him? In that case, a very cold and unpleasant reception was sure to be given me. On the other hand, if I did not stop at his place as I went along, it might be regarded as a deliberate slight. He was aged, I comparatively young.

"I had called on every body worth noticing, Whig and Democrat. If I passed him with apparent indifference, what construction would be put upon it?

"Hence, at last, I resolved to 'beard the Douglas in his castle.' Driving in, I said to a black servant, who presented himself, 'Is your master at home?'

"Yes, sir; please walk in.'

"I was ushered, without being asked my name, into a large saloon, where I found the white-haired chieftain alone, and seated in a capacious Mexican leather arm-chair, from which he did not rise at my entrance. I walked up to him, and remained standing after I had bowed, since he did not even point to a chair. I said, 'Mr. Rèand, I am canvass-

\*I had forgotten to mention in its right place, but must here put on record the significant fact, that when Gayarré was a member of the legislature of 1831, a bill was introduced to expel from Louisiana all the freedmen of color. It was reported to a committee of three, of which he was one. The majority recommended expulsion. Gayarré, on the other hand, reported against it, and it was entirely due to his energetic opposition that the measure miscarried. Let this be remembered when he comes to discuss the negro problem at a later period.

†On this occasion he published in all the New Orleans papers that he would retire from the contest as an independent candidate, if there were ten men in the Congressional District bold enough to affirm, under their signatures, that the convention was not shamelessly packed. Not a single person ventured to deny it!

ing this district as an independent Democratic candidate for Congress; but I have not called on you in that capacity, for I know your invincible hostility to the political principles which I represent. The sole object of my visit is to show the respect I entertain for one who is entitled to it from his age and his high social position.'

"He listened with an extremely stern, unpromising face, and freezingly replied:

"'Pray, sir, who are you?'

"I gave my name.

"'Eh!' he exclaimed eagerly, bending suddenly forward and carrying a hand to his ear to assist in better catching the sound. 'What name, eh! *what* name did you say?'

"I repeated it, and saw at once a marked change in the unfriendly expression of his harsh features. I even noticed that his whole body trembled with emotion. 'Are you,' he said, 'the son of that Charles Gayarré who was, under the Spanish Government, an official in the Royal Contadora?'

"I am, sir.'

"At these words he made one bound, then threw himself upon me, folding me in his arms, embracing me, and exclaiming tenderly all the while, 'My dear child; my dear child; the son of my best friend; welcome! welcome! What care I whether you are Whig or Democrat? I hate a Democrat, it is true, a little more than I hate the devil. But you! *you*—the son of my bosom friend; oh! oh!—that makes a difference. You shall have the whole parish; and woe to him who votes against you. A Democrat, forsooth; well, what do I care for that? What has the son of my best friend to do with that—eh! eh! Has he not the right to be what he pleases, as long as he is a man of honor? and you can not be any thing else. The son of my best friend! *Diable, diable, mon enfant!* It makes a difference. We shall see who dares to oppose you; ho, ho!

"Sit down. . . Let me tell you something. One night I had certain words with you father at the theater. We were rather touchy in those days, and we wore swords. That was the necessary appendage of a gentleman. So we went out, and under the *fanal de la comédie*, as was the custom on such occasions, we immediately exchanged a few rapid thrusts. (I hope you fence well, *mon enfant*; it is a noble art.) Well, I am, or rather I was an expert in it during those by-gone days. But your father, notwithstanding my skill, soon

administered to me a few inches of his cold steel *en pleine poitrine*. *Vraiment le coup était superbe, et dans toutes les règles!* "Truly the thrust was superb, and in accordance with the best principles of the art." Then, how graciously he behaved! He hardly left my bedside as long as I was in any danger; and we continued to be the best of friends as long as he lived. So you perceive, *mon enfant*, that I can not help supporting you, politics or no politics. *Au diable la politique!* The son of my best friend; that makes a difference, eh! You shall have the whole parish.' And the old autocrat religiously kept his word."

Could there be any thing in its way more vividly characteristic than this scene? Humorous? yes, exquisitely humorous; but, *au fond*, how pathetic too; how full of a gallant and grateful remembrance, of softened feeling, and a loyalty of attachment which neither age nor time, nor even the demoralizing effects of wealth and despotic power could avail to weaken, far less destroy.

Human nature must, I presume, be essentially the same in all periods; yet are there times when its higher instincts and sentiments can scarcely be said to have fair play. Such a period is our own. Steam not only rules our locomotives but has entered into the blood, brain, and marrow of society, driving men at such whirlwind speed, each toward his chosen goal, that there is hardly leisure for the cultivation of *love*; and as for *friendship* in any Orestes and Pylades sense of the term, the sentiment is simply impossible, mere defunct romanticism, at the mention of which we shrug our shoulders with half-pitying contempt. Even between those days of Monsieur Rêand, who, despite his faults of arrogance and provincialism, could still sacrifice cherished opinions, petrified by habit into prejudices, for the sake of a noble and tender memory, and our own hard material discordant present, there rises, it would appear, a wall of centuries.

Despite the solid "plumper" in his favor of the parish of St. Bernard, Gayarré was defeated in this conflict, or, I should rather say, apparently defeated, since he had really been elected by an unusually large majority of the legal voters.

Instead of contesting the election before the House of Representatives at Washington, he contented himself with issuing an "Address to the People," which, in a style of scathing, yet polished irony, roughening sometimes into the "*indignatio versus fecit*" of Juvenal, and with



an overwhelming array of facts and figures, proved to demonstration that his defeat was to be attributed to stupendous frauds.

So far as I can recollect, the year 1854, or 1855, beheld the sudden rise of a new party, styling itself "The Know-Nothing, or American Party," which, in an almost incredibly short space of time, obtained absolute control in New Orleans, and promised soon to gain supremacy throughout Louisiana. It was not connected with other numerous organizations under the same name existing elsewhere. Its only purpose—at least as earnestly asserted—was "Reform and war against the prevailing demoralization by the exclusion of a certain class of foreigners from political power." This exclusion was in no way to apply to any religious sect whatever.

Certain gentlemen belonging to the new popular association, anxious to secure the adherence of the high-minded and thoughtful statesman, presented its claims to him in the light of a vast purifying power, a modern Hercules, willing and able to cleanse the political Augean stables of their accumulated filth.

"Assuredly," said Gayarré, "I would do much for reform, genuine reform. Heaven knows it is sorely demanded. But, gentlemen, let me frankly own that I disapprove of that feature of your organization which interferes with rights already vested in foreigners, whatever future policy you may adopt in regard to naturalization!"

"Oh, doubtless," was the reply, "the new creed might be imperfect, or objectionable on several points, only the greater need of his wisdom and experience to help them amend it."

"Come, come," responded Gayarré, smiling, "a truce to compliments! Talleyrand, that wise old diplomatic bird, used to say that he always became particularly wary when presented with such gilded chaff.

"And now, seriously, I must make one imperative stipulation. Should I join your party after due reflection, you must allow me to avow publicly my admission into its ranks, instead of keeping it a secret as your members ordinarily do. Gentlemen, so far as I am personally concerned, I object to secrecy in this matter."

There was no opposition to this; and as a mere choice of evils Gayarré subsequently became an exceedingly moderate and cautious advocate of the "Know-Nothing" principles, as he interpreted them.

In order that there should be no shadow of miscomprehension of his position, he published

a pamphlet, in which occurs the following characteristic and manly passage:

"As to myself, I declared to those on whose representations I joined the party, that I did not intend to repudiate one single act of my political life; that I still cherished the principles which I had advocated, and that I still worshiped the same gods, although I was driven out of their temple by the money-changers, the buyers and sellers of votes with whom I could not associate; and I now avail myself of this opportunity to say that I acknowledge the existence of two kinds of democracy. One is the government of the people by the people, not by an oligarchy of self-dubbed leaders; a democracy in which there is an aristocracy of intellect and soul, created by letters-patent of nobility issued by a moral, high-toned, and refined community. To that democracy I have sworn eternal allegiance. The other is what Lord Byron has so pithily defined to be 'an aristocracy of blackguards.' To this democracy never shall the light of heaven see me a vassal!"

He further declared, in the same pamphlet, that "should the new party prove untrue to its professed principles of integrity and reform, I pledge myself to war against it with all the energies that God has given me."\*

But Louisiana "Know-Nothingism," so suddenly created, as suddenly collapsed. It rose like an exhalation of the morning, and by noon the last filmy phantom of vapor had disappeared forever.

A few months after the inauguration of President Pierce, the name of Charles Gayarré and that of Pierre Soulé (United States Senator at the time from Louisiana) were brought before his Cabinet, touching the mission to Spain. The choice, it was generally supposed, would be between these two, and

\*It may be proper to state that the course pursued by Gayarré in denouncing the corrupt election manipulations of the Democratic party could not have been dictated by disappointed ambition, for, in 1852 (*vide The New Orleans Delta* of the 4th December), twenty-six of the most influential members of the Democratic Convention, assembled in "Baton Rouge" to designate the nominees for the public offices to be filled, said in an address to Gayarré, "We think it due to your position and services to ask whether you are a candidate for the office of Governor, and in case you are not a candidate, whether you would accept the nomination if tendered to you?" In replying that he was "not a candidate," he signified his willingness, at the same time, to accept a voluntary, unsolicited nomination. But of course not a Cato nor Aristides could be elected to any office here outside of party chicanery. Still the circumstance just detailed is significant.

Gayarré was actually gazetted as having obtained the nomination. It proved an error, however, and, as every body now knows, Soulé was sent to Madrid.

Then it was that Governor Marcy, Secretary of State, wishing to have with him one familiar with the chief modern languages, offered to Gayarré the office of under-Secretary of State, which, *en passant*, had just been created. This honor was declined.

It is a fact worthy of record that during a political career of nearly fifty years, in the midst of bitter debates and acrimonious controversy, under all changes of government and vicissitudes of party experience, Gayarré has gone as through a furnace blast, emerging in safety and honor, with no "smell of fire" upon the raiments of his soul.

In one instance only was his integrity assailed. *The Louisiana Courier*, a journal which for many years previous had often commended his course and character, suddenly, for some reason, "festered," as Du Barras used to say, beneath the "smiling surface of political hypocrisies," turned savagely upon him.

Under the pretext of criticising his "School for Politics," issued by the Appletons in 1854, *The Courier* indulged in personal strictures of a violent, acrimonious description. Gayarré was accused of being a haughty aristocrat, who "despised democracy," and yet meanly "aspired to be the leader of the people he abandoned and ridiculed," with a good deal to the same unflattering effect.

Thoroughly aroused by accusations at once so wild and so malignant, the statesman, conscious of his unselfish services, the gentleman, strong in his stainless principles, drew the sword of defense, and cast the scabbard away. In a communication to the editor of the *Washington Union*, dated New York, October 25, 1854, he tersely reviewed his whole political career, and with a dignity as unostentatiously noble as the logic of facts was irresistible, justified, "beyond a peradventure," alike his motives and his conduct. There is a blending in this superb vindication of the keen, rapier-like epigrammaticism of Voltaire and the bluff, downright strokes of the metaphorical battle-axe as wielded by Junius. He was not satisfied with answering his adversary, he annihilated him.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now we approach the momentous epoch of the civil war. One night in 1861 the "Odd Fellows' Hall," in New Orleans, was thronged

to its utmost capacity. Thousands had assembled to hear so profound a constitutional scholar as Gayarré express his views on the right claimed for any one of the States of the Union, under the Federal Constitution, to secede from the confederacy in case of the violation of the original compact.

He advocated with signal effect the affirmation of that question, so soon to be finally settled in quite the opposite direction by the beautiful Christian logic of bullets, cannon-balls, and bayonets. Paper constitutions are apt to suffer from the impact of shot and steel. There is nothing exceptional in this. "The thing which *hath* been is the thing which *shall* be."

If Martial, instead of propounding his significant question in regard to a mere individual viz., *Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver?* had expressed the same query concerning governments—especially, I fear, of the republican type—don't you think the answer would have been plain enough, "the Harpy of Force?"

Upon the meeting of the Louisiana Convention, which was to decide as to secession or non-secession, the Hon. John Perkins, a prominent member, consulted Gayarré upon a point of much delicacy and difficulty. Louisiana had been purchased by the United States, and thus her position was, or seemed to be, anomalous. *Could* she rightfully secede?

An open letter was elicited from the subject of this notice, which was laid before the convention, and exerted probably no trivial influence upon their final decision. It demonstrated that the original States had no rights which Louisiana did not possess.

During the whole war Charles Gayarré resided within the lines of the Southern Confederacy, at his country seat in the parish of Tangipahoa. In 1863 he read to an assembly of farmers, whom he convened at Osyka, Mississippi, a contemplated address to the Confederate Congress, in which he urged the arming of our slaves, and the formation of a treaty with England and France recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy, based upon the gradual emancipation of our African population in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty.

The plan, as sketched, was well received; but the sagacious agriculturists, nevertheless, resolved that it would be expedient to wait a little longer before putting forth, or endeavoring to put forth, the only plank which might possibly have floated their section landward out of the engulfing waves of revolution.



In 1864 the same persons showed themselves ardently desirous to sign the address and transmit it immediately to Richmond.

"Gentlemen," replied Gayarré—with such feeling, doubtless, as the Laird of "Weirholm" experienced in the old Scotch ballad, when the charm that was to have saved his daughter's life was produced by the tardy Gitana even as the maiden lay *in articulo mortis*—"Gentlemen, it is past the *twelfth hour; too late! too late!*"

In 1866 Gayarré was sent, a delegate of the Union Democratic party of his State, to the National Convention, convened in Philadelphia, to reconstruct the much-dislocated Democracy throughout the United States.

After the Titanic war convulsion it was a prodigiously difficult enterprise, well-nigh impossible, in fact, to re-nationalize these discordant and tumultuous elements. No spirit of conciliation, however liberal, no patriotism, however broad and unselfish, could make order come out of the still incandescent materials of such a chaos. Hence it proved a failure.

The name of Gayarré is officially associated with two or three works of art, through which Louisiana has shown her admiration for George Washington and Andrew Jackson. When Secretary of State, he made a contract with Powers (the celebrated American sculptor, then residing in Italy) for the statue of the "Father of his Country," which long ornamented the rotunda of the capitol at Baton Rouge. He was also a member of the legislative committee selected to contract for a suitable monument to the hero of the 8th of January, 1815. The result one sees to-day in the fine equestrian statue of Jackson, which stands in the public square of New Orleans, opposite to the Cathedral.

As regards General Jackson, Gayarré, in a work of his, half fact and half fiction, gives us some absorbingly interesting details, in a species of historical episode, concerning the employment of the Baratarians pirates at the battle of New Orleans.

Lafitte, it is well known, addressed a letter to Governor Claiborne, offering his services and the services of his lieutenants and men to oppose the British invasion. The offer was peremptorily rejected.

But "Old Hickory" scorned the conventionalities. What he wanted just then, was to whip the enemy, to utterly exterminate them if practicable; for (in addition to larger motives) he

still felt the malign force of that *a posteriori* argument of a British boot administered to to him when a lad, thirty years before, in the backwoods of Carolina.

He turned Jesuit for the occasion! "Any means," thought he, "to accomplish a good end." A safe conduct was dispatched to Lafitte and an interview requested.

Imagine a house on the outskirts of the city, and the General in a room by himself, impatiently waiting, with his back to a monstrous fire. There is a sharp tap at the door, which immediately opens, admitting two men of dark complexion, erect figures, and self-possessed demeanor. One is Lafitte; the other his colleague, Dominique You. The General bows courteously, examining them rapidly, but keenly.

"Gentlemen, you speak English?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of that, we shall need no interpreter. Which of you is Lafitte?"

"Here, General, and this is my comrade and equal, Dominique You."

"Good! How many men can you bring to me?"

"Three hundred, and magnificent fighters, too!"

"Good, again! I need every soul of them, being short of men, especially artillerists. My few guns must be well managed. I'll confide them to you. The Governor, and every body around me, are for refusing your services. I dare accept them. Nay, I go farther, as I have said, you occupy the most responsible of positions, behind my cannon."

"We will render to you a good account," said Lafitte; and Dominique echoed his assurance.

"Let us shake hands on that!" cried the General; "for were you to betray me, nothing would remain for me to do, after reposing so much trust in you in opposition to the advice of all in authority, but to blow out my brains with the same hand you are now grasping."

The next scene is the battle-field. The artillery has been roaring on both sides, but gradually the American guns become strangely dumb. Jackson gallops furiously along the lines. He reaches Dominique's battery, exclaiming, as he reins in his horse, "By the eternal! what does this mean, Dominique? How come your guns to be silent?"

"Because, General, I never waste time in using bad powder."

Jackson turns to an *aide*: "If in five minutes Dominique has not got such powder as he ap-

proves, I'll make your head fly from your shoulders."

The *dénouement* of the fight owed a good deal, I am sure, to the pluck, steadiness, and experience of the Baratarian buccaneers.

In 1873, Gayarré was appointed, by the Judges of the Supreme Court, Reporter of their Decisions, of which he published four important volumes.

He now occupies no official station, and, indeed, for thirteen years, despite his pre-eminent claims, his genius, his services, and finally his imperative needs, he has labored under a complete political ostracism—an ostracism of the party of which he may be almost termed, so far as Louisiana is concerned, the father.

Yes, reader, such is the melancholy, the almost incredible truth. How hard to realize that so dark a *finis* is being written by the hand of ingratitude to the volume of a brilliant and noble life!

Picture the position. Here is a wise statesman who has fought repeatedly in the vanguard of the Democratic forces, and led them on to victory. His political repute is equally high and stainless. To political must be added extraordinary literary honors, the result of intellectual work, artistic, scholarly, and of permanent value.

Stripped of his once ample fortune, because he was true to his convictions and his people, enabled to escape destruction only by the public sale of his family portraits, jewels, and plate—a measure equivalent to the giving away of so many slices of his heart to the Shylock of necessity—this grand old man, as mentally vigorous to-day as in the prime of his career, and with enough of physical strength to perform the duties of any ordinary office, asks of the "powers that be," of the party organization beholden to him for incalculable services, what? A lucrative mission abroad? A conspicuous berth at home? A fat sinecure of any sort?

No! he simply asks, not in *formâ pauperis*, but with that proud humility characteristic of such natures, just so much from his debtors—from his debtors, mark you—as may keep a wolfish want from invading his household and destroying the solitary creature left him to cherish, the partner of his life and love, under the very shadow of the sacred Lares!

For himself he cares but little. Well, what answer comes to his modest request?

Answer! there is practically none!

While they bestow upon him handfuls, jingling and worthless, of the meretricious stones of applause, he is refused the bread of life; while they clatter about him with empty breath or let off their gaudy pyrotechnics of flattering rhetoric, he shivers at his hearthstone for lack of fire! Of commendatory sweets, to change the image, there is a surfeit; of wholesome, sustaining nutriment, not the ghost of a sirloin! He is abandoned to feed upon the east wind and to fatten upon nothingness!

With all the respect that is possible, with all the deference that is due, I say to the present rulers of Louisiana Democracy, that if they leave this illustrious Nestor of their party to perish thus of absolute need, humiliated by their commendation, because denied their justice, they will not only have shamed democracy, but cast a blot upon the 'scutcheon of their State which can never be obliterated. Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that for deliberately violated responsibilities an account is to be rendered, possibly here—assuredly hereafter.

"Do you dream," said the old Sheik Ilderim, of Medina, a thousand years ago, to certain Roman ingrates, "do you dream, because the Prophet of Allah dwells now beyond the bridge of Al Sirât, that therefore he is dumb, and deaf, and blind? I tell you, by the splendor of God! there is tempest brooding on his brow, there is lightning gathering in his soul for you!"

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*



## THE HOBBY OF ONE HOLMES.

AMONG the friends of my college days was one Holmes, from Western New York. By reason of a slightly jerky gait, which he afterward overcame, he was known to his classmates as "Frog" Holmes. This also served to distinguish him from another Holmes in the same class, who, from an unfortunate propensity, bore the alliterative and rather unenviable title of "Hog" Holmes. As we grew more scientific, later on in the course, some translated these honest Saxon monosyllabic terms into "Batrachian" and "Pachyderm," but this change never found much favor at large. To "Frog" Holmes and "Hog" Holmes belonged the merit of rhyme, to say the least, and by them the two men are remembered to this day. Assigned to the same dormitory with the former, I discovered at once that our rooms adjoined, and though he was much older than I we soon became on moderately intimate terms. There was nothing remarkable about him; of only fair attainment in sports and studies, he was neither a toast with the students nor a favorite with the faculty. His means were restricted; painfully so, it seemed to most of us who lived on a more liberal scale. This was betrayed by his meager wardrobe, and by his choice of a boarding-house, whose reputed horrors were second only to those of the medical school itself. He seemed weighted down with a sense of injustice, too, as though the world owed him something better than he got, and was not good for the debt. The one thing that never failed to rouse him from depression, even in his senior year, and cause him to throw off his general reserve, were stories of travel and adventure.

He ransacked the libraries for such, and nothing came amiss, from the prosaic narrative of old Hakluyt to the latest flighty fiction of Jules Verne. Many a time have I caught him reveling in the dire dangers of heroes by land and sea; and he would vow with enthusiasm that as soon as he could escape the academic walls to emulate their example as far as modern circumstances would admit.

"Think," he would cry, "of what glorious times the English fellows of the Alpine clubs must have in storming a peak like the Matterhorn, which, of a bright afternoon, floats its snow banner as a flag of defiance to mortals below! What exhilaration to overcome its

dangers, and write your name and address in the loftiest snow banks if you like, after the ambition of any true Yankee!"

He derided the impossibility of penetrating to the north pole, and was willing to bet, with a confessed inability to put up the stakes, that it would yet be done. He would grow fairly aglow even on such arctic themes as this, despite his poorly-furnished, half-heated room. Colonel Sellers and he might have shaken hands over that innocent deception of the red isinglass and candle.

One of his early exploits, I remember, was an attempt to scale East Rock. Those familiar with the more striking topographical features of New Haven know the sheer precipice of that picturesque cliff, facing the city, where the trap rock has broken away abruptly, not unlike the basaltic columns which are seen defined better at Rabbit Rock, across the Quinnipiac and beyond East Haven. There is scarce a foothold for a mountain goat with his sharp hoofs, much less for a human being with no such special provision.

Holmes found it out to his cost, too; and those of us who had gone as witnesses to his foolhardy effort were obliged to hasten to the top by a roundabout path and lower him a rope; for half way up he had reached a point where retreat was as impossible as progress, and where the support was so slight for his clinging hands and feet that his strength was well-nigh exhausted when our aid came.

On another occasion, deaf to remonstrance, he swam out from the lighthouse to a rock near by in the Sound, at the risk of his life, and was brought back in a boat. These are but illustrations of what an erratic course he was liable to run at any time, the queer combination that he was of discouragement brought on by poverty and of physical prowess ever longing to assert itself.

After graduation, when we had all shaken hands and sworn never to forget each other, I lost sight of him. He failed to put in an appearance, either at the triennial reunion or at subsequent ones, nor was there any word from him; and, inasmuch as he made no sign, he passed out of my recollection except for his pet title, which was always a good illustration of the felicity of college nomenclature.

A year or two ago I had planned to take the day boat from New York to Albany. It

was a bright summer morning, and there was already a good deal of stir about the river front; so much life apparent in every interesting shape that I did not at all begrudge the early rise necessary to reach the down-town pier from the Madison Square Hotel. I duly supplied myself with fruit from that ever-patient, broad-lapped woman at the gang-plank, and laid in a stock of newspapers, both daily and illustrated, to absorb the later hours when the general novelty of the scene and the special beauty of the shore of the Hudson in the morning light should have worn away. Promptly to the minute the "Chauncey Vibbard" swung into the stream. There was a goodly crowd on board, the majority of which hastened to choose their places in the bow, with true American instinct of being at the fore. Whether they had any idea that that part of the boat would somehow distance the stern, and reach our destination at an appreciably earlier hour, it makes no difference, there they were topping off the little stools like fungus of a night's growth.

But warm as the day might be on shore the river breeze was too strong except for those well provided with wraps, and presently the group diminished; as many sought the more genial quarters aft the cabin, where the sunshine fell and lay undisturbed on the receptive backs of the people, or on the white boards of the deck.

Here the unfailing harpers, with a sagacity born of long experience, anticipating exactly this move, had seated themselves in a sort of musical triangle, which was jingling out the latest popular airs. "Pinafore" and the "Pirate of Penzance" were then in vogue, and those of the passengers that did not know the score of these gay operas by heart before the day was over must have had unimpressible souls. The older favorites were not forgotten, and "Annie Laurie" floated down the "Beautiful Blue Danube" in queenly measure. It was a motley gathering to be sure; the fare was cheap and the route attractive. Here were the victims of necessity emigrating westward on their own account, or following, perhaps, some younger son who had found a more comfortable home for the less fortunate folks in the East he had years ago left behind him.

On the other hand, there was the genuine article of quality complete in its outfit from daughter to coachman, from pugs to rugs, bound for Saratoga and nowhere short of it.

There were various phases of humanity be-

tween the two. Even the Englishman, with his baggy plaid trousers, was almost as conspicuous and self-assertive as when on the Rhine, surrounded by foreigners, whom he is accustomed to designate in a wholesale way as "beggars." However, there is nothing so unfamiliar in the average traveling crowd that it calls for dissection or special description. One meets it every summer in our happy democratic way of moving about with it, in a country which countenances no venal guards to lock us alone in first-class apartments, where we should of course belong were there any such envious distinctions to be made.

I skimmed the papers in a desultory way, incident to a constant diversion by scenery on river and shore, and one's attention is drawn off by all sorts of sights; one moment by a puffing little tug, straining every beam and cable with a great train of canal barges, each bearing a substantial contribution of Western grain to Eastern ports; another moment by the pretentious steam yacht of a Wall Street grandee, who may live at Irvington or Ferrytown, and who comes down to the city every morning by this royal water way to deal in margins on the very grain he passes *en route*, perhaps, to a thousand times its actual value.

After exhausting the contents of my literary pack, my eyes fell upon one person who more than the others attracted it before. It was that of a middle-aged man, apparently in good health, well equipped for travel, with plenty of rugs and canes, and the very latest style of pale leather satchel; but there was an *ennui* in his every movement, and in such features as were discernible under a heavy growth of beard. Instinctively I became convinced that there was something either peculiar in his history or in his present condition. There were others also, not far from me, who seemed concerned about the same individual, for, no matter how much he might change his position from one part of the boat to the other, not content with mere observation, some one of the company followed him respectfully but surely.

Where was the magnetism? Were they drawn toward him by his possession of a valuable secret? That he was a suspected criminal, shadowed by a detective, presently flashed into my mind, and developments forthwith served to corroborate this theory. If he strayed, naturally enough it seemed to me, to the edge of the railing, there wandered after him a man who, betraying the athlete in gait and



frame, certainly kept one eye upon my suspected fellow-traveler—I was sure of that—and the other one, may be, on the life-preservers in the racks above; those valuable life-preservers which are invariably out of order and unattainable if an accident occurs. Nor was this espionage abated at meal-time. We went to dinner at the same hour and sat along side of each other. There a single movement convinced me that my companion had not been reared in the luxury he was now able to command, for whenever he used his napkin he bent his head forward as he must have done when a boy to meet a scant-cut table-cloth. So much for a solitary hint of earlier history.

Not far away there seated himself with evident reference to our position an entirely different persecutor this time; one with scrupulously neat clothing, finely chiseled features and thoughtful brow, and, if I could judge by the way he carved his chicken, of firm and skillful hand. There was no communication between him and my neighbor across the table, except now and then a glance of partial recognition of each other's presence, as though they were not total strangers.

I became fascinated with the apparent mystery and could not but attempt to fathom it, feeling all the while half ashamed of my ill-concealed curiosity. At the landing at Albany, three men whom I had singled out as specially attached to my hero gathered somewhat closer about him than before, and I fully counted on seeing him led off by officers of the law who should have been notified to apprehend so important a fugitive. Of what had he been guilty? Was it that he was making a bee-line for Canada, that ready refuge for a certain class of felons, or were the evidences of his guilt gathering about him so rapidly and so unmistakably that he would not be permitted to pass the happy boundary which meant his freedom; or was there some worse crime than forgery or defalcation on his conscience and on his track that was hounding to the death? I thought over the more heinous offenses in the category of crime, any of which might pertain to this case. There was no telling. I was confident I was to be separated from my unhappy companion. The Rataplan House, with its bountiful table well known to all travelers, was to be my lot and his possibly a prison cell.

Judge of my surprise when I saw him also register his name close to mine, and that name, you may be sure I was bound to see it, was

Holmes. Here was a ray of light. The features of my old college acquaintance became outlined through his hirsute exterior now that I knew who he was, and with a great sense of relief, as though a court of justice had pronounced him innocent after an exhaustive trial, I clapped him on the shoulder, introduced myself, and greeted him warmly.

In a few moments we were talking of the old times and old friends and with a certain dash at our present estates. My story was quickly told. The books I fondled now were the day-book and the cash-book, with the ledger as chief book of reference instead of the Latin dictionary. But his experience was the thing that interested me most, and I felt that what I had imparted must prove a poor *quid pro quo*. There was a slight tinge of the old reserve as I propounded a few questions, although there certainly could not be the same cause for it as before, for I have said his personal outfit and general style in which he traveled betrayed ample means. My curiosity, by no means satisfied with simple identification, I determined should be satisfied to the utmost, if possible, before I went to bed that night.

"My history," he premised, "has been rather a peculiar one. You know my old fondness for travel. I had hardly hoped ever to be in position to gratify it; but my father dying shortly after I left college betrayed the fact that instead of being poverty stricken, as his family supposed, he had been saving and scrimping all the while to keep up a large life insurance of which we were altogether ignorant. A fortune could not have come more suddenly or unexpectedly to me had it dropped from the sky.

"In the twinkling of an eye my circumstances were changed and the whole outlook of my life different. The effect was not merely one of personal gratification at being able to follow my own fancy as to a career, but there grew upon me with all the strength of hereditary instinct a determination to follow my father's footsteps as a benefactor in my death. Being a comparatively young man, the premiums would, I argued, be light, and, moreover, I could begin in a moderate way. My other ventures prospered, and as they prospered I increased my insurance. As the miser counts his gold greedily, so I oftentimes fingered over the neatly folded policies which were already mine, and counted up their full value and dreamt of the beneficent results which should one of these days flow from their realization.

"Strange as it may seem, I had as much en-

joyment from the imaginary *post-mortem* distribution of my wealth, a wealth which should become available only by the final act of my existence, as most have in the actual possession of life itself.

"The Scriptural inquiry of the revised version, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his life?' seemed to have found in my soul its answer, viz., a large legacy of insurance money to posterity. In short, it became a passion with me to be the most heavily insured man that ever lived, and I stretched the limits of the companies to their utmost tension with my risks. As the insurance piled up, so my plans grew more extensive, a university modeled after a new plan should be founded on my grave, and charitable institutions, to say nothing of my nearest relatives, should rise up, when I could no longer do so for myself, and call me blessed."

An eager listener as he elaborated his projects, I chimed in an occasional "Yes," or some other conventional form of assent. The idea was an entirely novel one to me, and on hasty consideration of it, it seemed to be an excellent use of one's money. Here he was firmly fixed on a rock foundation of the various Equitables, Mutuals, Tontines, and Benefits qualified by the main States of the Union, and fairly boxing the compass, whose names are rendered amply familiar to every one of us by the frequent visits of the agents with their tabular statements of unique advantages. "There can be no drawback to this," I said. "It is setting up a dead certain thing on the future." I fancied I must have been deceived by appearances while aboard the boat. There was nothing more harmless than an ambition of this sort.

"You are mistaken," exclaimed he with warmth. "Any excess implies a penalty. What became a devouring passion with me has brought its burdens, and as I yield more completely to the passion so the burdens have become more heavy and grievous to be borne. I feel tempted day by day to throw them off, only that I can not bring my mind to sacrifice my favorite schemes now so long nurtured."

I begged for an explanation.

"Do you not see," responded he, "insured, as I am, for a million dollars or more, that my life is too valuable to the insurance companies to be lost if there be a possible way to preserve it. Every day that I live is money in their pockets, or rather in their safety vaults. I first became aware that other people were taking a lively interest in my existence when bathing one day at Long Branch. I had been car-

ried far beyond my depth by the undertow and I had no idea of how my strength was wasted until I headed for the shore. I thought I was gone for good, but unexpectedly a bold swimmer came to my relief and brought me safe to shore. I was profuse in my thanks and offered to reward him handsomely, but his manner persuaded me that it was his duty rather than any philanthropic motive that prompted the rescue. Shortly afterward, while traveling in the West, I think in Texas, the stage was halted by road agents and our lives imperiled. Two of the passengers, however, immediately transformed themselves into thoroughly armed guards, and the attack was repulsed at the enemy's cost. But I hardly realized the extent to which I was cared for until one day, choking at the table, my neighbor on the left sprang to my assistance and extricated an offending fish bone. My independence had gone forever. I was not permitted to ascend the Alps without the now indispensable companion. If I wanted to see 'Life in the Metropolis,' as the play-bills put it, and take in the characteristic quarters of old London or Paris, there must needs be go with me a slugger who might give odds to John Sullivan; and you have no idea how dark the shadow of a shield over one's head till you have walked beneath it for years. Insurance companies by mutual agreement simply paid the expenses of these life-preservers in human form. It is susceptible of simple arithmetical demonstration. The interest on a million dollars at the legal rate is about one hundred and sixty-five dollars per day to say nothing of the accumulating interest upon it unpaid. This would procure fair talent in the way of swimmer, slugger, and surgeon, and pays their traveling expenses as well when they were called upon to move. When on the water I am in the care of the first, on shore he turns me over to the second as the captain turns over to the mate his vessel in port. And I might multiply instances of where my appointed guardians have stepped between me and harm until you would fancy I was reciting afresh the 'Transmigrations of Indur,' that story of Mrs. Barbauld which entranced us when we were children.

"But this," he continued, "is only one phase of the interest I excite. My health has become a matter of far too much concern to those for whose benefit it is supposed to be insured. The institutions which have been apprised of their position as beneficiaries at my death seem to exist in an unpleasantly expectant attitude, and the prayers of the managers are rather for my



prosperity, I fancy, than for my long life. They have actually gone so far when I might be indisposed to incur extra expenses and be sorely put to it to meet the same on my recovery. My relatives, too, whom I visited, always seemed to me to be engaged in wondering why some lucky circumstance did not carry me off. Plenty of people were dying daily who could not half so well be spared. It may be fancy, but the unhappy idea pursues me nevertheless. Alas, they have no conception how hard at work the companies are to save me! Here you see are two opposing, not to say contending influences—one desiring and insisting on the maintenance of my life, the other secretly, if not openly, craving its end. The poor doctor, whose practice can not be limited to surgery, is with me always. There he is now, watching lest I burn another strong cigar ere I go to bed.”

I saw that he was tired, and we parted. In the morning early I was off, and we met no

more. Poor Holmes! the burden he spoke of so feelingly was too much for him. Death came soon despite all precautions, and last May I read his simple obituary. He had provided against publicity of his career or his idiosyncrasy, which became an extremely distasteful subject to him at the last. The labors of guardians ceased, and the only noteworthy reminder of his history turned up when a volatile and most persistent lightning-calculator dropped in on me a few days ago. Taking him for a likely customer, I lent him the closest attention during the skirmishing that usually precedes business, when he developed into an insurance agent, without the one redeeming feature of blotters. From him I secured the paper which I here submit, with the explanation that Sarah D. Holmes was a favorite cousin of the deceased, and that ten other checks of equal amounts were distributed among his heirs and beneficiaries at his death.

W. R. Belknap.

## The Improvident Life Insurance Co.

\$100000\$

New York June 5~ 1885

*The National Park Bank*

*Paid to the order of Sarah D. Holmes*

*One hundred Thousand Dollars.*



\$100,000\$

*J. Jones*  
Secretary.

*W. R. Belknap*  
President.

## THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

### THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ON the 12th day of September we encamped in the environs of Lexington. The encampments fairly surrounded the place, and encompassed the town. The foraging parties, of which the militia and Home guards were the most expert, being valiant in pillage, were confined for the time to the city and their cantonments, unless they crossed the Missouri and laid that region under contribution. The enemy still held the river in front of the town.

I did not continue to mess with the surgeon-general, because the Third division, under Colonel Congreve Jackson, with which I served, had a delightful camp in a meadow in front of the mansion of General William Shields, where, after placing sentinels over his premises, so that the family were not unnecessarily annoyed or disturbed, we were soon domesticated at his hospitable table.

Our lines were tightly drawn around the landward side of the city. General Price made his headquarters in the fair-grounds, and on the day following we felt the enemy, who appeared to be vigilant and active. We could not then press him, for Price was waiting for percussion caps, and felt the necessity of economizing in that necessary ammunition, for fear of being pressed into a general battle. A moderate supply having reached us from Arkansas by special courier, we pressed inward on the 14th. The first skirmishing was done by our pickets, and was attended by some casualties. The next day found us early at work, and we had a very sharp skirmish in a corn-field, where we were suddenly fired on by Mulligan's light infantry, deployed as skirmishers, and had a severe fight with their main body. They held their ground that day like good soldiers, and some of our wounded fell into their hands.

The morning following I learned that Major George K. Dills, whom I had known as a boy in Cynthiana, Kentucky, had been killed in a charge in the corn-field, and at the suggestion of his brother I asked General Price for a flag of truce to go in after his body, to insure decent burial for the satisfaction of his relatives. I was made the bearer of the flag, with a suitable unarmed escort. On the verge of the enemy's lines, at an outpost they held in a school-house, I was met by the commander

of some Federal troops. He recognized me, and with some ado held in control his troops, who were on the point of firing on us without orders. It was Major Becker, of the Home guards, and he reminded me of our former acquaintance, when I had traveled with him in the stage from Brunswick to Carrollton, and he was the driver. After stating my business the major detained us in a house convenient till he could refer my mission to his immediate commander. I also sent my compliments to Colonel Peabody. In a short time I was assured Dills was alive, though severely wounded, and quartered with some Southern people, where he had all proper attentions from their surgeons, and was well nursed. I was permitted to see him, and taken under due surveillance to the house of Mr. Silas Silver, when I found him heavier by an ounce ball and twelve buck-shot in his bowels; but more in danger of dying of love for his fair nurse than from his wounds. Dills was then a fresh widower "for the second time," and probably the nursing acted as a counter-irritant, and helped him back to life, and led to his recovery from fearful wounds. By the time I had made my visit and returned to where my escort were quartered, a severe rain had set in, and I found Colonel Peabody waiting for me. He was armed *cap-a-pie*, with a bottle of whisky. Seeing that I was in a not very presentable condition, having had no baggage to speak of for three months, he loaned me a pair of pantaloons and a clean shirt, without committing treason to the Federal government, though he gave aid and comfort to an enemy. I afterward, when Peabody was our prisoner, and badly wounded, returned his loan of the whisky and forwarded letters to his friends in Boston, without any flagrant violation of duty.

General Harris's division, under his personal command, having crossed the Missouri at Cambridge on the 11th, had come up with us by easy marches across the counties of Saline and Lafayette. We were in full strength, and General Price determined to press the enemy. We were under arms the following morning on all sides. As we advanced with skirmishers deployed, the enemy fell back practically into his entrenchments on the campus of the Masonic College, still preserving, however, his communications with the river. There were some sharp skirmishes on the part of the



enemy on that day, and one or two sallies from the works. We held our ground, however, and utilized some of the neighboring houses, from which our sharp-shooters sent in a deadly fire over his parapets. In the meantime General Harris, with a strong detachment under Colonels Rives and Martin Green and Major Winston, moved down to the steamboat landing and established himself there. Bledsoe placed his battery in a favorable position, and Guibor, with four pieces in battery, assailed him from our right, or the landward side of the campus. Mulligan, seeing what use we were likely to make of two buildings in front of his earth-works, and in easy gunshot, fired red-hot shot into them and set them on fire. One of them belonged to Mr. Thomas Wallace, a Union man, and the other to Mrs. Butler, a widow. They were entirely consumed.

On the 16th Harris, in force, took possession of the river bank and cut off the beleaguered garrison from access to water for their cavalry horses, as well as for other purposes. The only supply of water left them was a half-filled cistern inside. They very soon showed signs of distress for water, for our pickets detected some camp women coming out from the earth-works to some springs in our front, relying on the chivalry of the Missourian not to fire on a petticoat. These springs were in the bottom of a ravine, about halfway between their parapet and our line. Bledsoe's battery, commanded by Emmet McDonald, for Bledsoe had been wounded at Drywood, with hot shot, and Guibor, with two pieces commanded by Churchill Clark, a young cadet from West Point, who had joined us, made several breaches in the college building, and rendered it untenable. There was one other building in near proximity to it, a small house formerly used for a primary school, from which was hung out the yellow flag of a hospital. The fire of the artillery and the sharp-shooters had done much damage, especially in killing their cavalry horses. The weather had become intensely warm, and the decay of so many dead horses, which they could not bury or otherwise dispose of, occasioned a great stench, so that, as they could not afford to kill them themselves, they were all turned loose on the town and fell into our hands.

At the landing General Harris had found good quarters in a hemp warehouse. General Price determined to utilize the bales of hemp found in it for movable field-works. With some labor they were rolled up the hill and

made to do duty as fortifications. A line of sharp-shooters behind them began to be formidable to the enemy on the north side of the campus. These bales of hemp, weighing some four hundred pounds each, needed only a few buckets of water poured on them to weigh a half ton, and become as solid and heavy as lead.

Near the northwest corner of the enemy's works was the mansion of Mr. Oliver Anderson, which was accessible to the enemy, and occupied by the Federal troops. The Anderson house was surprised and taken by storm, but on the same day it was retaken by a rallying party of Mulligan's men, after a desperate fight, on which occasion three soldiers were killed after they had laid down their arms. The enemy did not destroy it, expecting to hold it, and on the following morning Harris recaptured it after a severe conflict, in which the bayonet was freely used. This was rendered more practicable because Harris had gotten, almost without loss or accident, his hemp field-works in position to do duty as rifle-pits, and prevented reinforcements from the garrison within the intrenchments.

When General Harris took possession of the landing he seized such river transportation as the Federals had left there, among them Hinkle's ferry-boat. Price learned that General Sturges had been ordered to move on the north side of the river from Fort Leavenworth with all his available force to reinforce Colonel Mulligan, and availed himself of this transportation to throw across to the north side of the river about twelve hundred cavalry, with orders to watch for General Sturges and keep a lookout for the enemy's possible appearance from the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, then the only completed railway in the State. This body of cavalry was, I think, commanded by General Slack. Sturges had moved across the counties of Platte and Clay, and was about entering Ray County, north of Lexington, when Slack came up with him, compelling him to make a precipitate retreat, leaving behind him his tents and considerable baggage. While Sturges was on this expedition, a body of recruits, about one thousand, from the northwestern part of the State and in the near vicinity of Fort Leavenworth, rendezvoused in Clay County, and under command of Colonels Rout and Winston, after a sharp skirmish with a detachment of the enemy, crossed the Missouri River at the Blue Mills, about six miles below Liberty Landing. They marched across

Jackson County to Lexington and reported to General Price.

I ought to have stated that, upon retiring into his works, being unwilling to resort to the dastardly expedient of making a breast-work of the bodies of innocent non-combatants and civilians, or to expose them to unnecessary and undeserved danger, Mulligan had released from confinement Colonel Dobbins and the other hostages seized by the Home guards and held by his predecessor. They had reported to General Price at an early day during the siege.

On the 20th day of September, in the afternoon, the stubborn garrison invested on all sides, and enduring an almost incessant cannonade from our artillery, their earth-works exposed to our sharp-shooters, without water, and suffering from the stench of dead horses, with two hundred and more sick and wounded in hospital, the only point in their inclosure respected by our shot, had held out with a heroism worthy a better fate. So closely invested they could make no effective sally and that reinforcements could not reach and relieve them, they at last gave signs of weakening. Price had made his dispositions for a final effort to carry their works by assault. Every thing was prepared and every body in position. The hemp bales were pushed up almost to their parapets, the artillery in position, and all arranged for a final struggle, when Colonel Mulligan hung out the white flag and our firing ceased. His forces stacked arms and were marched out to the number of near three thousand five hundred men. The "green field and sunburst" of Ireland was at the head of his column, and it with the stars and stripes was furled in deference to our victory.

General Price paroled the soldiers and officers, although he knew their government would not allow them to observe it—all except Colonel Mulligan, who was unwilling to give his word, for the reason he knew the United States authorities would not recognize it as binding. He became, with his excellent wife, the guest of General Price, and remained with him till after the retreat to Neosho, where he was exchanged. The wounded and sick were moved into Lexington and comfortably quartered in hospitals till they were sent to the Federal lines, paroled like the other prisoners. Mulligan's government recognized his regard for his personal honor in refusing his parole by not promoting him as he deserved for his gallant defense till after his death a few months subsequently.

Among the captured was Father Butler, a Catholic priest, who was chaplain to the Irish regiment. He became the guest of Colonel Joseph Kelly, and celebrated mass at Kelly's tent the morning following. He did more; he gathered together the Catholics of our army, heard their confessions, enjoined penances, and gave them the holy communion. His holy calling was exercised among friends and foes alike, and he visited the sick, wounded, and dying of his faith with like Catholic impartiality.

From General Price's report of the battle to Governor Jackson, quoted from "War of the Rebellion: Original Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Series I, vol. iii, pages 184, 185, published by the United States authorities:

"After 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th, and after fifty-two hours continuous firing, a white flag was displayed by the enemy on the point nearest Colonel Green's position, and shortly afterward another was displayed opposite to Colonel Rives's. I immediately ordered a cessation of all firing on our part, and sent forward one of my staff officers to ascertain the object of the flag, and to open negotiations with the enemy, if such should be their desire. It was finally, after some delay, agreed by Colonel Marshall and the officers associated with him by Colonel Mulligan, that the United States forces should lay down their arms and surrender themselves as prisoners of war. The terms, having been made known, were ratified by me and immediately carried into effect."

The entire loss in this series of engagements was twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded. The enemy's loss was much greater.

"The visible fruits of this almost bloodless victory are very great: about 3,500 prisoners, among whom are Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, White, and Grover, Major Van Horn, and 118 other commissioned officers, five pieces of artillery, and two mortars, over 3,000 stands of arms, a large number of sabers, about 750 horses, many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, teams, and ammunition, more than \$100,000 worth of commissary stores, and a large amount of other property. In addition to this I recovered the great seal of the State and the public records, which had been stolen from their proper custodian, and almost \$900,000 in money, of which the bank at this place had been robbed, and I have caused to be returned to it.

"This victory has demonstrated the fitness of citizen soldiers for the tedious operations of a siege as well as for a dashing charge. They lay for fifty-two hours in the open air without tents or covering, regardless of rain and sun, and in the very presence of a watchful and desperate foe, manfully repelling every assault, and patiently awaiting any orders to storm the fortifications. No general ever commanded a braver or a better army. It is composed of the best blood and the bravest men of Missouri."



Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor of Missouri, joined us in a day or two after we commenced operations before Lexington. Here he was joined by his children, and had for some little time the society of his family. He issued a proclamation on the 21st of September, reciting the invasion of the sovereign State of Missouri by the armies of the Federal government, who were then in possession of Jefferson City, and called the legislature to meet in special and extraordinary session at Neosho, in Nelson County, on the 21st day of October, 1861.

General Fremont ordered General Jim Lane on the 18th to make a diversion in favor of Mulligan. This diversion was made in this manner. On the same day that Lexington fell and Mulligan surrendered to Price, there occurred on the border of Missouri and Kansas, near the northwest corner of Cass County and the southwest of Jackson, one of those disgraceful events that characterized the border war as the most infamous of American history. It was a scandal on American civilization and a disgrace to the cause of the Union.

On that border there had formerly been a feeling of hostility, on the part of the Missourians who had early settled there with their slave property, to the organization of Kansas as a territory and its admission as a State. The violent opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill was the result of a feeling of insecurity to their property and social institutions, and had, as all will recollect, produced trouble and bloodshed in the territory. The frauds perpetrated by both parties in settling emigrants and carrying elections to determine the institutions of the inchoate State had at one time produced a condition of things bordering on war. John Brown had been defeated at Ossawatimie, when Missourians with organized forces from the Southern States had endeavored to repel the settlement of Kansas by persons whom they deemed inimical to their social and business interests, and who were believed, and in many instances known, to have been sent as emissaries to vote and not as permanent residents. The power, influence, and wealth of the Northern States had been successful in securing the admission of Kansas as a free State, and when that was done the Missourians yielded their cause and submitted to the apparently expressed will of the people. Probably no better evidence of the grace and good faith with which they submitted to the decision is needed, than the fact that, in the presidential contest of 1860, Missouri cast her electoral vote for Stephen A.

Douglas, the author of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the expounder of the obnoxious theory of "Squatter Sovereignty." The vote of Missouri was, I think, the only vote Mr. Douglas received in the electoral college.

The good faith of the Missourians is further evidenced by the constant good offices by the people on the border extended to the new, actual settlers along the line on the Kansas side. The Kansas squatters were poor, and the Missourians afforded them the aid and neighborly offices so honorably characteristic of the settlers of a new country. They loaned them seed corn and assisted them in opening their farms, helped to subsist them till they could make a crop and open their lands. There was known to exist the kindest feeling toward actual emigrants, but of course no admiration of or good feeling toward the fanatics and reckless adventurers who were constantly exciting sectional prejudices and inciting to acts of predatory hostility against Missouri.

The fall before the border had been in a constant state of excitement, and murder, arson, and outrage, always ancillary to pillage, had been practiced under the auspices of Colonel Montgomery. Montgomery had invaded Missouri in the fall and winter of 1860, and the Governor had felt it necessary to call out in November the militia, under General Frost, to drive them out of the State. It was on this border and in this particular neighborhood, in Jackson and Cass counties, that Charles Quantrell performed his first exploit in exposing and defeating a lawless predatory excursion into Jackson County, ostensibly to liberate slaves, but really for pillage and murder. The irregular bands of marauders, to whom had been given the name of "Jayhawkers," had little other sentiment in their warfare or object than plunder. That they could not forgive their neighbors of Missouri for holding slaves was the ostensible pretense in most cases upon which they assumed the right to rob and burn and outrage. There were, it was true, some with whom the sentiment amounted to fanaticism, who belonged to the same class with the old Puritan, who was never to be reconciled to "the Apocrypha in the Bible."

On the same day, as I have stated, that Mulligan surrendered, Jayhawkers, or Kansas militia, in the service of the United States, made a sudden incursion into Cass and Jackson counties. They were from twelve to fifteen hundred strong, commanded by General James Lane, then a United States Senator from Kan-

sas, Colonel Jennison, and the noted Montgomery. They commenced a series of murders and outrages, perpetrated with a refined cruelty and bravado that would have shamed the savage atrocity of the wild Apaches. They killed, in the presence of their families and neighbors, Robert Hunter, John V. Sublett, Dr. Goodson, a man named Irving, and two others, having first had each man dig his own grave. Every thing of value was carried off that they could transport. Cattle, horses, wagons loaded with provisions, money, arms, and all articles of value, were taken away, and what was left was consigned to the flames. Women, with young infants in their arms, had to escape from their blazing homes; the sick, the aged, and the helpless young were driven out, and the neighborhood made a desolation. Thomas Sublett, a lieutenant in Eugene Irving's regiment, who was then at home, and brother of the one just mentioned as killed, fled on his horse, but halted to witness the destruction. He counted seventeen houses blazing at once from his position on the high prairie, as he turned his face to go to Price's army. The Jayhawkers burnt the village of Morristown, which they had pillaged in the month of June. 'This town was about ten miles west of Harrisonville. A belt of country some six miles wide and fifteen miles long was burnt and pillaged by this marauding command, led by a United States Senator and officers receiving pay from the Federal authorities. It was this particular atrocity, and others that succeeded it, till in 1864, Ewing's General Order, No. 11, made a strip fifty miles wide like the Palatinate under Louis XIV, that made the Youngers, the Jameses, Bill Anderson, and Quantrell possible. Younger's own family suffered outrage in this raid of Federal "Jayhawkers."

By the time the garrison of the enemy fell into our hands there had arrived and reported to General Price in regiments, companies, squads, and individuals, a large army of recruits. Could he have sustained himself there, which would have been possible if the army under Ben McCulloch, with its appointments and munitions, had moved promptly up to his support, he could have put into the field forty thousand Missourians. With these and McCulloch's troops he would have soon had an effective army of fifty thousand men, enough of them sufficiently veteran troops to have seasoned and molded the raw recruits into steady soldiers.

From all parts of the State, even the most

remote and exposed, they continued to come, and another success would probably have given him a hundred thousand men. He was visited by many distinguished citizens, eminent in politics and the learned professions; some of them Union men, who could not but feel a personal sympathy with their fellow-citizens, though a sense of life-long loyalty, and doubt of the policy of Governor Jackson, committed them to the Union cause. The difference in sentiment and opinion did not destroy their personal sentiments. This can readily be understood when we know that General Frank Blair avowed, after the war, that he had always been in personal sympathy with his kindred and blood of the South, although he was ready to sacrifice all and every consideration to the preservation of the Union. It is reported of General Blair that, after the war, he said, of the test oath in the Drake constitution, that it contained eighty different and distinct perjuries, and could only be taken by one who was ready to forswear his manhood. General Doniphan, who had served with him in the Mexican war, was in our camp to visit General Price, although he had declined a command of one of our divisions under the military bill. Old men and young, matrons and maidens, persons of every calling and walk in life, came into camp, some on missions of mercy, and to visit sick and wounded relatives, others impelled by curiosity. The young men mostly enlisted; many of the older and more capable sought positions and promotion. As, after the battle of Wilson Creek, the veteran ranks had been depleted by the granting of leaves of absence and furloughs to officers and soldiers, that they might bring back more recruits, their mission was now bearing fruits. There were many who sought our camp in the day of our triumph, who fell away and walked with us no more when in calamity and exile. Some of them joined the enemy in his success, and led battalions against us.

Among the spoils of our victory surrendered by Colonel Mulligan, as stated by General Price in his report, was \$985,000 in money, belonging to the Farmers Bank, of Lexington. This had been seized by Mulligan's predecessor to prevent it from falling into Price's hands. When turned over it was \$15,000 short in count. But Mulligan, who wished to have clean hands, followed it up and had it restored. The owners of the money, of course, were Union men as well as Southern, and General Price, with honest impar-



tiality, treated them all as friends and citizens of the State for which he was fighting, and restored it to the owners without using a cent. It was, I believe, the first instance of the doctrine of *post liminium*, as laid down in the law of nations, being applied, and that by the leader of a so-called lawless rebellion in the service of a State having no recognized national existence. The application of this doctrine was on the theory that the Union forces were the public enemy.

It may be thought that with the effective force in hand General Price might have been more active during the few days he found it safe to remain in Lexington. The business of organization could have gone on, and his importunate correspondence with McCulloch, asking aid and co-operation, need not have interfered with the active employment of the troops or the capture of other towns from the domination of Home guards. But this is easily explained in one word, *caps!* The capture of Mulligan's command left him scarcely two

rounds of percussion caps, and what he could get from various sources by smugglers through the enemy's lines, from St. Louis and elsewhere, together with the small supply brought by courier from Arkansas, was not more than sufficient to supply the daily waste. He therefore presented a bold front till his information of the enemy's movements impressed him with the necessity of active movements to correspond with the disposition made and being made by General Fremont. To this end he called in such outposts and recruiting parties as were in immediate reach, and prepared to move southward on the 2d of October. It was with many regrets our army prepared to obey orders. The abandonment of the Missouri to the enemy, and our compromised friends to the mercies of the Federal militia, caused sorrow, but it was with more sorrow we thought of the necessary parting with our hospitable friends, whose open houses and abounding tables had made us of their families.

Richard H. Musser.

## DOWN THE OCHLAWAHA.

The sun has risen, golden fair,  
Above the wide Floridian woods,  
And flung its beams down aisles of air  
Athwart the sylvan solitudes.

My boat is launched: I grasp the oars  
And swiftly seek the middle tide;  
Then past the flowery, shelving shores,  
Adown the placid stream I glide.

Through wide savannas, where the grass  
In wandering winds waves lush and green,  
O'er gleaming water, smooth as glass,  
I reach the forest's tangled screen.

Palms lift their fan-like fronds above  
As though to clasp the azure wall;  
And birds that know the songs of love  
From marshy coverts softly call.

In creeks, by sinuous creepers hid,  
The saurian lurks to seize his prey,  
And, laughing leaves and boughs amid,  
Chameleons turn from green to gray.

'Round slender boles the drowsy snakes  
Their shining, scaly coils entwine,  
While, slanting through the blooming brakes,  
The amber morning sunrays shine.

With every fragrant breath I feel  
My muscles lose their sturdy power,  
And subtly through my fibers steal  
The orient sweetness of the hour;

Until in languorous joy I lift  
No more the softly-dripping oars,  
But on and on serenely drift  
Between the cypress-bordered shores;

And dream of days whose star has paled  
Beyond our wide horizon's marge,  
When mighty Caliph Haroun sailed  
Down Tigris in a golden barge!

Clinton Scollard.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF LOUISVILLE.

It can not be said that we did not have sufficient warning. The handwriting had been written upon the wall of every city in the United States for years; but we failed to see it, or, seeing it, failed to believe in it. So our cup of sorrow was indeed full when presented to our lips, and we had to drink it to the very last and bitterest dregs.

Ever since the memorable riots of 1877, the preparation for the inevitable struggle between capital and labor had been going on, but going on in a most one-sided way; for while labor had been steadily and carefully organizing, capital had been getting more and more divided. Overproduction in every manufacturing line was followed naturally by a cutting down of profits, a necessity for doing business at any cost, an increase of jealousy and distrust between rival manufacturers, and an utter want of concert on the part of capital. Labor organizations, on the contrary, had been carefully and steadily centralizing and uniting their various unions, until now, in the winter of 1886-'87, at a signal from the chiefs of the Knights of Labor, not a hammer would be lifted, not a stroke of work done in all the numerous manufacturing industries of the country from St. Paul to New Orleans, and from San Francisco to New York. Their organizations embraced every railroad and every street-car railroad in the country; and their power was practically unlimited. Heretofore, if a strike occurred in his foundry, the manufacturer had only to deal with that particular branch of his business; but now, if the Knights of Labor Committee learned that his foundry-men had a grievance, and it was not promptly redressed at their dictation, not only the molders stopped work, but the workmen in the machine-shops, the blacksmith shop, the wood-room, every man in his employ stopped his work and went out until the Knights of Labor ordered him back. The manufacturer could ship nothing, for the railroad workmen were all members of the Association. He could get no material for the same reason. Not a teamster even would haul a load of coke or coal for him. There was no denying it, he had either to submit to the dictation of Knights of Labor or stop manufacturing. It took but little thought to determine which step he had better take. His all was in his business, he could not be idle for any great length of

time without being ruined. As a general rule, he gave in, and became the slave of the workmen's union. Some few rebelled and preferred relinquishing their business forever to carrying it on under such dictation. But they were not many, and their dropping out was only looked upon by their fellow manufacturers as giving them a wider field for the sale of their own goods. Alas! how shortsighted a view to take! With every successful strike the demands of the Knights of Labor increased, higher wages, shorter hours, the election of their own foremen and superintendents, and supreme control of the hiring and discharge of men, etc. The result was not long in coming. October 1, 1886, the great McCormick Harvester Manufacturing Company quietly announced to the American world that for some time back it had been in treaty with the Government of the Republic of Mexico for the removal of their factory to that country; that they had received and accepted the most flattering terms; that their new buildings were already completed and ready for occupation in that country; that they had a few of their old staunch workmen who were going with them; and that they already had over one thousand foreign and American workmen waiting for them in their new field of action. True, they had not nearly the facilities as yet in Mexico which they had in Chicago, but all these disadvantages were more than counterbalanced by the freedom from the tyranny of the Knights of Labor which existed in this country. Their withdrawal alone threw nearly two thousand men out of employment. Every sewing-machine factory in the country had already taken their manufacturing business to Europe, and many other industries had closed down or moved away, unable to meet the exorbitant demands of the workmen and foreign competition at the same time. To show to what a pitch these demands had risen, one large manufacturing company in South Bend, Indiana, which has been forced again and again to raise the wages of their men and shorten their hours, at last in sheer desperation called all their hands together:

"Now, men," said the manager, "we have concluded to make the following proposition to you: We don't want to lose all our plant, we will keep your wages just as they are, take six per cent per annum on our actual cash in-



vestment out of the profits of the year, and divide the rest of the net profits *pro rata* among you."

But, no; "there *might* be no profits left, the manufacturers must take that chance;" meanwhile they would strike for and get a still further advance in wages. "A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush." And so it was over all the country.

The winter of 1886-7 will long be remembered. Early in November heavy snow storms occurred in the North and Northwest, extending quickly through the center and South, until by the middle of December the whole country from the Canadian line to Central Tennessee was under a heavy snow-blanket. Railroad and all other travel was almost completely stopped for weeks. On Christmas day, 1886, the heaviest and most long continued frost ever known in the Central and Southern States commenced. Day after day it increased in intensity. Not a bird was left alive. The whole country seemed entombed and frozen up, and all nature seemed to hold her breath as if anticipating some fearful thing to happen. The distress throughout the country was naturally great. The severe weather, united to the fact that many were out of employment and earning nothing, brought suffering and starvation to many a home that had never known it before. Lawlessness increased wonderfully; in the cities highway robberies were of daily and nightly occurrence. Riots and disturbances by mobs happened frequently, and it did not seem as if they could be stopped. "The police were insufficient; the riots were accidental; these things always happened during a hard winter." With these platitudes the good citizens of the principal cities quieted their apprehensions. And so the long, dreary winter passed away, and spring and summer came. But still the trouble clung to the trade centers. At last, on Monday, the second day of July, 1887, the most terrific riots ever known in the history of the country broke out in the cities of New York and Chicago almost simultaneously. In New York the street-railway employes had won a notable victory on a strike in February, 1886. Following the usual course, they had made further demands later on, which had been granted them, for the foolish railroad commissioners had pronounced the fiat that "Property had no rights where the public was concerned. The car companies must either run their cars or forfeit their franchises. The public could not be inconven-

ienced by disputes between the companies and their employes." This was all the strikers needed. After vainly trying to run their franchise car, insufficiently protected by the State which had ordered them to do so, the companies succumbed. They then agreed to all the demands of the rioters. Thenceforth it was a history of almost continuous demands from the men and yieldings from the stockholders. But the last straw was finally put on. The men, on June 30th, demanded a further increase of twenty-five cents a day, a reduction of time to eight hours for a day's work, and the immediate discharge of the superintendent of the street railway. Forty-eight hours was allowed for decision. The stockholders met, and recognizing the fact that they might as well give up every thing at once as have it torn from them by piecemeal, or else make a fight for their rights as men, they refused all further concessions, notified the city and State authorities that they looked to them for protection; and that they would start their cars with non-union men on the 2d of July. They attempted to do so; the police attempted to protect them, but in vain. More police were called out, but they were swept away like straws upon the ocean. Fortunately New York had a most superb and carefully looked-after militia. The city regiments had been confined to their various armories on the night of July 1st; and now, on July 2d, at noon, they were ordered out and concentrated at Union Square. Thence they marched north to meet a mob which was moving out with the avowed intention of burning every street-car stable in the city. In less than ten minutes the meeting came. For once the city government did not hesitate. The mayor was with the troops. The rioters, who had paused for a moment in their mad career at the serried files of soldiers, the grinning mouths of the gatling guns, and the glistening bayonets, were commanded to disperse. Then a yell from their leaders, "The cannon! the cannon! get the cannon, boys!" a fierce rush from the mob, a cold, clear voice, like a trumpet call over the fearful noise, "Fire!" and the crash of three hundred rifles and three gatling guns, as they swept the streets from curb to curb; then a fierce bayonet charge, and a terrific fire upon the flanks of the mob from where separate bodies of troops had been sent to take them in flank from the side streets, and it was all over.

Martial law was proclaimed and rigorously enforced for four weeks, then New York and

its workmen came to their senses; but over two thousand dead and wounded human beings was the price paid for liberty.

In Chicago an immense railroad strike had been in progress for several days. Not a train was allowed to go out of or come into the city. The good citizens were getting desperate, and at a mass meeting declared that they, as special policemen, would protect the railroad people themselves. To offset this meeting the Knights of Labor called, next day, a mass meeting of all unemployed working-men, at the Base Ball Park, to protest against their ex-employers, and to take the necessary action to force the holders of capital into submission. The usual anarchist and revolutionary speeches were made; the usual demands for "bread or blood," and then the cry, "Who will follow me and burn the houses and destroy the families of these grinders and oppressors!" In less than an hour fifty of the most costly residences in the city were sacked and in flames. Then the military were called out. By rare judgment or good fortune two thousand regular soldiers were detained in Chicago by the railroad strike. When these men came upon the scene they meant business. The mob numbered over twenty thousand men, all armed more or less; but these regulars made the gutters fairly run with blood, until every vestige of riot in an organized shape was broken up. Then they held a drum-head court-martial, and hung some fifty rioters who had been caught red-handed.

For many days after these events nothing in the shape of turbulence or riot was heard of in the city of Chicago. The quiet which fell upon the formerly loud-mouthed anarchists, the so-called redressers of the working-men's wrongs, was more than ominous. The frothy meetings which had heretofore been held almost nightly were unheard of and impossible under martial law; but they were succeeded by a sullen, silent hatred, which lacked only the opportunity to cause blood and ruin once more to disfigure the streets of the Garden City. From henceforth the advocates of the working-men gave up calling them the victims of oppression and tyranny; from now on they were martyrs. But, as the first terrible effects of these bloody riots and their swift punishment died out of the public mind, the country began once more to ring with the appeals of every cranky agitator for revenge upon the capitalists and employers of labor who had murdered their martyred brothers in New York and Chicago. All the influence

of the cool-headed and conservative of the Knights of Labor and their allies, which had heretofore been predominant in their councils, appeared to be silenced in the maddening desire for revenge and retribution, and it needed but little prescience to see that we were standing upon the edge of a volcano.

Louisville at this period was most unfavorably situated to grapple or cope with any riot or disturbance of more than ordinary magnitude. The mayor of the city, the Hon. P. B. Rodd, had assumed the mayor's chair with the thorough backing and support of Louisville's most able and foremost citizens. But dissensions soon arose of a very serious character, which deprived the mayor of the support such an officer needs in times of trouble and the help of those whose influence had surrounded him when first he assumed the reins of office. Mr. Rodd was comparatively a young man, possessed of a powerful will and great ambition, and at this time he did all that one man could do. His chief of police, Mr. John Walling, was emphatically a man after his own heart, having no thoughts and no ideas which ran in any way contrary to the wishes of his friend, the mayor. There was some complaint of a lack of discipline and a fondness for politics in the force, but Chief Walling, as the danger approached, put his force in as good condition as possible, though the number of men was altogether inadequate. Drilling and organization did much, but it came too late to overcome the disparity of numbers.

Aside from the police force, the local militia were in a most deplorable condition. In 1877, at the time of the Pittsburgh riots, under the stimulus given by those stirring events a strong militia force had been raised and equipped in the city of Louisville, but as the recollection of those days faded from the minds of our people, the better and more substantial class of soldiers dropped from the ranks. Our merchants, bankers and manufacturers paid but little attention to these defensive forces. They took no pride in them, but rather sneered at them when spoken of as "dude" soldiers who were expected to be of little or no account for active service. The adjutant-general of the militia, J. B. Towerman, had used all possible efforts to enlist their interest, appealing even to the selfish idea of self-protection in behalf of his command. But it was of no use; but little money and no encouragement was given them. The State did little or nothing, and the citizens of



Louisville, who were primarily interested, scarce any thing more, until a fine regiment had dwindled down so that probably not more than one hundred to one hundred and fifty men possessed of any training or any soldierly enthusiasm could have been collected for the greatest emergency. So far had Louisville's contempt for her militia gone, that the pitiful allowance of rent for the armory where the remaining few could meet for drill and storing their arms had been cut off by the reform mayor and the council.

Meanwhile Louisville, like all other cities, had been most thoroughly and energetically worked and organized in the interests of labor. Fully nine tenths of the working-men of the city, and the laboring men in every capacity, belonged to the Knights of Labor. Small strikes and demands for increased wages and shortened hours of labor had been of frequent occurrence during the year 1886 and the early part of 1887. The demands of the working-men had been almost invariably acceded to, although the volume of business and the profits of all employers of labor had been greatly curtailed. Each fresh success only opened the way for further demands on the part of the Knights, until capital stood aghast, not knowing in which direction to turn to save itself from utter ruin and destruction. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." With all the terrible warnings of Chicago and New York before them, with the columns of the newspapers teeming daily with notices of strikes, riots, and armed interference with the rights of property, the calm Louisville capitalist comforted himself with the assurance that there had really been nothing out of the way occurring in Louisville; and that, should they have any bad strikes south of the Ohio, the strong middle classes could, at any time, rise up in their might and quell any insurrection which the police were powerless to put down; and that this talk of an armed conflict between labor and capital was mere moonshine; and that so long as his Southern markets were undisturbed the Northerners might cut each other's throats, if they could find no more profitable amusement to take up.

Whatever may have been the opinions or ideas of the Knights of Labor in the beginning, the summary manner in which their brethren had been put down, as already recited, in Chicago and New York, kept them quiet for some months, so quiet indeed that the good citizens already referred to were satisfied

that their predictions as to peace and quietness in Louisville were thoroughly confirmed by the state of matters then existing.

On Sunday morning, November 15, 1887, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* came out with its usual broad sheet. Conspicuous in its editorial columns was a review of the industrial condition of the country, and of that in Louisville especially, and from which I extract the following paragraph:

"It is true that the bloodiest riots ever known in the history of the world have taken place in our sister cities, New York and Chicago; and that these riots were directly traceable to the conflict which has been going on for some time between capital and labor; but there is no necessity for these terrible occurrences creating alarm in the breast of any man who has his interests in Louisville. Our working and laboring men do not dream of armed resistance to Kentucky law. They have been well paid and well taken care of in this city, without exception, and we are confident that if any riot were to happen which could not be readily handled by the civic authorities, the working-men of Louisville themselves would immediately stamp it out."

While this very paper was being sold and cried in the streets, the early risers of Louisville on that Sabbath morning might have observed every dead wall and every prominent corner placarded with blood-red posters.

*Working-men of Louisville:* The time has come to strike for your hearths, your homes, and your liberties; you have been ground down long enough under the iron heel of the capitalists and blood-suckers of this city, who are content that you and your little ones should starve to death, while they add to their ill-gotten gains. The time has come to show these vampires that they can not get along without you. Take notice that every member of the Knights of Labor is hereby ordered to quit all work from to-morrow, Monday, until such time as your late masters shall accede to proposals for your welfare, which will be at once submitted to them. Let not a hammer be raised, or a blow struck, or a wheel turned in any factories, railway shops, or other places of work throughout Louisville until further orders.

(Signed)

JOHN SEBASTIAN,

*Master Workman, Knights of Labor.*

P. S.—A mass meeting of all the working-men of Louisville will be held on the levee, at the foot of Fourth Street, to-morrow, Monday, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Let all attend who have the spirit of a man in them.

As the Sabbath wore on knots of people began to assemble around these posters and to discuss the meaning, the import, and the final result of this radical stroke. The churches were deserted; men of business talked long

and earnestly over it; comments upon the action, and conjectures as to its results were expressed on every side; but even yet the moneyed classes of Louisville could not believe that it meant any thing. "The men would not come out," they said; "they would not be deprived of their wages and their freedom at the dictation of any body of men," and so on. The Sabbath passed, and Monday morning dawned bright and clear and cool. But there was something hanging over the city; there was a hush, an air of expectation, and a disposition to draw together in knots and small crowds, all of which would at once have told a stranger, even, that something more than ordinary was in the air. At 7 o'clock, Monday morning, one might have listened in vain for the steam whistles which ordinarily called thousands of laboring men to their daily toil; scarcely one was heard. The orders of the committee of the Knights of Labor had been carried out almost to exactness. On that morning not a stroke of work was done from one end of Louisville to the other, in all the factories which had made her the prosperous and wealthy city she was. The morning dragged slowly along. Many of the retail shops remained closed, fearful of disturbance, and scarce a scratch of a pen was made in all the Main Street offices. There were hurried flittings and visits from one to the other, and wonderings as to what would occur after the meeting in the afternoon.

Promptly at 1 o'clock the various labor organizations, preceded by banners and bands, marched in crowded ranks, with the defiant bearing of men who knew their power, and were prepared to exercise it, and assembled on the levee at the designated spot. Three or four platforms had been erected, and shortly after 1 o'clock the speeches began. They were of the usual exciting character. "We have asked for bread, but we have received a stone; we have asked to have our conditions in life improved, but now we go beyond that. Our brothers in other cities have been murdered and shot down like dogs, because they asked for their share in what their toil had produced. Shall we tamely drag on until these bloody capitalists have collected the power to serve us in the same way? No; a thousand times no! When we left them this morning we left them for good; and when we go back it will not be to receive our pitiful dole at their hands, but to take by the strong right hand, as our right, our share in all that they possess. Blood

for blood! Our brothers have suffered and they shall suffer too;" and so on for over an hour.

The mob itself, immense in its labor organizations, had drawn to the place of meeting the criminal classes of the whole city. Faces and forms which had known nothing but guilt and crime from their infancy, and which ordinarily shrank from daylight as from the power of the law, now crept forth and united their haggard voices with the hoarse huzzas of the workingmen, and an on-looker could see that it needed but a spark to cause a tremendous conflagration; and it came.

For many years the business of the Mobeley Manufacturing Company had been carried on in Louisville. It was the largest employer of labor in the city. It supplied almost the entire South with its line of goods. Its immense building covered nearly a whole square of ground in the center of the manufacturing quarter. This firm, like all others, had had more or less trouble with its workingmen, but had managed to make such arrangements as best it could to stave off the evil day of utter stoppage. It had many men in its employ who had been with it from early boyhood up to middle-age, and, counting upon the support of these, it had been more firm in its resistance against the encroachments of the Knights of Labor than any other manufacturer in the city. On this Monday morning, sooner than shut down the whole of its immense establishment, which was then running night and day, it collected such of its oldest employes as were not connected with the Knights of Labor, and continued its work in defiance of the mandate which had been posted throughout the city. It is true that the force then remaining was but small, some sixty or seventy men out of over six hundred in all. Still the firm determined to keep the works going, and, having thoroughly armed the men, to defend its property to the last gasp.

Now, at this immense meeting, one of the speakers, in the midst of his harangue, referred tauntingly to the fact that not a manufactory was running that day throughout the whole of Louisville. One of the crowd immediately responded, "Yes, there is; Mobeley is running, and says he is going to keep running." Then there arose a torrent of yells and imprecations. One of the principal speakers, seizing a red flag, dropped from his platform, and called out that the time had now come to show that the work-



ing-men could protect their rights, and that no employer of labor should dare to disobey their commands. Calling upon the mob to follow him, there was immediately a rush up to Main Street, and as they hastened westward every gun store and hardware store containing fire-arms was broken into and robbed of every thing in the shape of offensive weapons. By magic it seemed as if every man in the crowd was armed. In fact, there is no doubt now that arms had been provided in advance, so as to be readily handed to the members of the meeting if necessary.

It was in vain now for any leader to attempt to stay the mob in their mad career. Every thing in their path that interfered with them was destroyed, and it was but a few minutes until the yelling, seething mob of madmen, beyond control, was on its way down Main Street. Here they were met by a strong detachment of police, who attempted in vain to keep them back. In the twinkling of an eye the policemen were down and trampled upon, many of them being killed, and the rest swept to one side like chaff before a strong wind. The employes of the factory meanwhile had not been idle. Word had been telephoned to them to beware, and the mob found closed doors and barricaded windows, guarded by well-armed men, who met them at almost every foot of the walls. There was a rush, met by volley after volley, from inside the factory, opened on the mass. The mob could offer no defense against the well-sustained fire kept up from the point of attack, and scores of their number fell dead and wounded on every side, until it seemed to open up like a fan and spread up and down the cross street around to the rear of the factory. Again and again was the attack renewed with the same result. But flesh and blood could not stand such terrible attacks for any length of time. Many of the defenders on the inside had fallen dead or wounded from the firing without. At this juncture the few militia that could be raised appeared upon the scene. They numbered scant one hundred and fifty men, commanded in person by Major Towerman, assisted by his Honor the Mayor on horseback. Whatever may have been said before about Mayor Rodd, and whatever his failings were or have been, let his noble death wipe out such blotted chapters from his life, and let it be said of him that he died finally like a man and a gentleman.

I was at this time junior partner in a whole-

sale grocery business on Main Street. The other members of the firm were Mr. Rogers, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens in Louisville, and his son Frank. Mr. Rogers' only daughter and myself were to have been married in less than two weeks from the time of which I write. Frank Rogers and myself were both members of the Louisville Legion, and were both in the small force which had marched down to turn the mob from its prey at Mobeley's factory. As we marched down Main Street we could at first distinctly hear the rapid and well-sustained firing of small-arms. But in a few minutes this seemed to have almost entirely died away, being succeeded at intervals by scattered shots. When we reached Fourteenth Street depot station we were halted, and just then it seemed as if a volcano had shot up from the block which had been the Mobeley factory. Away up to the heavens went bricks and stones, fragments of iron, and human bodies, with a deafening roar, and smoke so dense that but little could be seen for several minutes afterward. The mob had finally forced their way into the rear of the factory, and, armed with dynamite, had exploded three mines in different places of the building, destroying the factory and every living being in it, among whom was a goodly number of their own fraternity who had not got away in time. Then there was a hush for a moment, succeeded almost instantly by a rush of the mob in every direction up to Main Street. We were halted a block away from the scene of carnage, and the mob advanced to meet us. Major Towerman and Mayor Rodd advanced toward them, and, although we could hear nothing for the terrific hootings and yells, they seemed to be arguing and pleading with the men, now that they had done what they had set out to do, to disperse and go to their homes.

It was now after 5 o'clock, and quite dark. Suddenly there was a confused report of fire-arms from the mob, and Mayor Rodd's horse, wounded and bleeding in a score of places, turned and dashed through our ranks with the dead body of his master hanging by the foot from one stirrup. Major Towerman at the same time staggered toward us, the blood gushing from his mouth and through the fingers clasped across his breast, and fell dead almost at my feet.

Our major, who had been chafing like a crazy man for some minutes, now hesitated no longer, and with his orders to fire a hundred and fifty rifles emptied their contents into

the dense body of rioters. We ourselves immediately felt the return fire, and eight or ten of our men fell at once. But instead of being driven back the rioters evinced a determination to stand their ground, and utilize the weapons, with which they were well provided, against us. The result could not be long in doubt. Sweeping around to our rear by Fourteenth Street, both north and south, and returning from behind us until we were completely surrounded, a volley was fired into our left flank and destroyed half our men. "Good-bye, old fellow," said Frank, as we closed up the gaps; "we are not likely to get out of this scrape." And so it was. The mob by this time had closed in on us. Shooting and stabbing as best we could, every one went down until some six or eight of us stood back to back, near a little alley up Fourteenth Street, to which we had been driven. Beyond this I knew no more for many hours, as I received a blow from the butt end of a rifle, and fell, thinking that the bitterness of death was surely passed. How long I lay insensible I scarcely know. When I came to my senses I was under two or three dead bodies of my comrades, covered with blood, and stiff and sore from the terrible blow which I had received on the back of my head. Not a living soul was visible any where near me. As I sat up and looked way up Main Street, I saw fire and flame in every direction, and I could hear the hoarse yells of the mob, who seemed to me to be miles away. Staggering to my feet I found that I was but little hurt, but scarcely dared to move in any direction, fearing that some of the mob were still around. Finally, by taking all the quiet streets I could think of, I reached Mr. R.'s house without having met a soul. My appearance and wounds told my sad tale themselves, but there was not a quiver in the old man's voice or a tear in his eye as he bade the household look after my wants. "Frank is dead, I know," said he; "but he died like a man doing his duty, and that is all that could be asked."

Late that night messengers went from house to house, summoning every man who was not in sympathy with the rioters to meet at Warren Memorial Church, corner Fourth and Broadway. Here, by midnight, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred of the best citizens in Louisville were met together. Every man came armed with the best he could find, and deep and anxious were the questions asked and the remedies suggested. It seems that after

destroying the few militia who dared to cross their pathway, the rioters, now fairly drunk with blood, had marched up Main Street, breaking open every bank and pillaging it of such of its contents as they could get at. The jewelry and liquor stores were also sacked and pillaged of every thing worth taking from them. The true leaders of the working-men had been fairly swept away by the impetuous current of events, and now strove in every way to bring order, even of the slightest kind, out of the chaos which existed. They might as well have attempted with their bare hands to put out the fires which were raging in every wholesale house on Main Street. The taste of blood had got abroad in the populace. Even if the working-men had been content to stop there and then, the scum of Louisville and the criminal classes were not yet prepared to cry, "Halt!"

The leaders of the mob had assembled in the City Hall, and were endeavoring to get matters into such a shape as would enable them to stay the destruction which was going on. But at first they could not muster a corporal's guard. Their following was too busy with the drunkenness and plunder which had been placed in their grasp. Scores of the best known and most reputable men in Louisville had been murdered, as the mob had surged onward from the scene of the first riot; and when we met that night in the church there was a mournful comparing of notes, as we asked for one name after other. Volunteers had gone forth into the city (for strange to say the mob had not yet come in any force south of Market Street) to see what was going on, intending to come back to us and report as soon as possible. The gray dawn had commenced to show itself through the church windows as our spies came back. They reported most fearful scenes of fire and slaughter in the business portion of the city; that the leaders of the movement were now debating in the City Hall what should be done next, and that a strong force of several thousand men had gathered about the place waiting for the decision of their leaders to start on a new career of rapine, plunder, and blood in other portions of the city. Many suggestions were made. Some that we should issue forth and fall upon the mob while wearied out with their excesses, and seize the persons of their leaders as hostages. Others again contended that, as there were such fearful odds against us in numbers, it would be better for us to make no attack,



but to endeavor to get permission to take ourselves and families away from the city. It was reported to us that there was no way of getting out of town, the whole river front and every road being guarded by pickets, making egress impossible except to a large force. One would imagine that in such a fearful strait there would have been some unanimity of opinion, some mind strong enough to concentrate all upon one plan; but it was not so. Finally it was resolved that a deputation of three should go down to the court-house and endeavor to make terms with the rioters. The question who should assume such a dangerous position did not remain long unanswered, and instantly a hundred voices shouted, "I will go!" and the only question was to choose the most suitable men. Finally a deputation, consisting of Judge Overton, Mr. James Wagner, and Bishop Dorchester, was instructed to go and make the best terms they could for us and ours, while we remained under arms and awaited their return. Hour after hour went by, but still we had no word, until our pickets reported strong bodies of men advancing up Fourth and Fifth streets from the river, and from south of us, evidently having determined to surround us.

It appears that our deputies were halted at the corner of Jefferson and Sixth streets, and ran great danger of being killed until they made known their mission. They were brought under a strong guard into the City Hall. Of what there ensued I have heard but an imperfect account. It seems that our noble representatives had made up their minds from the outset that they were going to meet their death. I have been told that their manner and whole bearing was dignified and courageous, giving no occasion for offense to any one. They painted in lurid colors what had already been done by the mob, and only asked permission that those who wished to leave the city should be permitted to do so unmolested. To these terms the leaders were prepared to readily accede, but the mob, who had filled every corner of the room, crowding even upon the space reserved for their chiefs, would listen to no terms of any kind. The agitators who had come from a distance were in full control; the red flag was their only standard, and they were bent on destruction. The most obscene insults were leveled at their heads, until Judge Overton, in his frenzy, seized the nearest ruffian by the throat, half strangling him before he himself was killed. The others were hurried away.

How or when they met their death I know not, but their dead bodies lay in the yard surrounding the court-house for two days thereafter. The mob, of course, knew of the assemblage in the church, and now determined to break down the last effort at resistance against them. I had no idea until now of their numbers. From the elevation I had in the steeple I could see them coming up Fourth Avenue in a body thick and wide. The roustabout from the steamer, the smart mechanic, the old and the young, all seemed now to have the same expression of countenance, and to be animated by the same fierce desire for blood. Again and again we drove them back; but our arms were poor and we were in no position to do all we might have done had we been deployed in open ground. They secured an entrance in the rear part of the church. Our numbers had been sadly reduced during the past two or three hours. Now the smoke commenced to ooze from every crack and crevice behind us. Every man was called down near the front door, and it was resolved that sooner than die like rats shut up in a trap, we would make one bold break and die at least like men in the open air. My partner, Mr. R., had fought for hours by my side, and now turned to me, as those who had been deputed to do so stood ready to tear away the barricade from the front doors, and said, "Henry, never mind me, but make the best of your way to my house, and try in every way to save my wife and daughter. But do not wait for me, if I am not there within ten minutes after you are!" A grasp of the hand was all my reply. Just then the doors were torn down and a desperate rush made on to Broadway. Behind every fence, post, and pillar the mob were concealed, and a terrible fire was centered upon us as we came out. It seemed to me as if hundreds fell every instant. The small body of us that rushed up Fourth Street, which was now almost empty, swept away the scattered knots of rioters with but little effort, although from every side street there came volley after volley, reducing our numbers. I know not what happened to my companions, but Mr. R. and myself reached his house simultaneously. There was but little time to rest. Rushing out to the stable to get the carriage ready to convey his wife and daughter, if possible, out of harm's way, he found that his coachman had absconded, and left not a hoof behind him. For the first time in my life I saw the old man give way. It was, however, but for a moment. "Well," said he, "we can at least die together."

I see nothing else left for us to do. It will not be long before the mob will attack the private houses now. Let us do what we can to sell our lives dearly." It was night however, before we were disturbed. It is useless for me to paint in any special words now how we occupied the terrible hours of waiting. My betrothed and her mother at least employed it in making their peace with their God. As for me I could think of nothing but revenge and retribution, and it seemed as if the utter powerlessness which was all that was left to us made me sick. Toward dusk we could see the flames shooting up in every direction from the beautiful residences that lined Third and Fourth streets south of Broadway. Shortly after dark a large body stopped at our house. They quickly battered down the doors and windows in the lower story, but we had formed a strong barricade at the head of the stairs to repel their attack against us. For many minutes a quick interchange of shots occurred. We had placed the ladies as far as possible out of danger, but a sharp cry from the room in which they were called me back from the stairway, and I found Mrs. R. quite dead, with Elizabeth bending over her, apparently unconscious of a fearful wound which she herself had received in the head. It seemed to me but a few seconds before I closed my beloved one's eyes, and went forth to tell her father the news. He was not unprepared for it. "Well," said he, "better that than to be turned over to the mercies of such hell-hounds as these. Now, then, you see they are setting the house on fire below. I do not know whether it is better to stay here and die with my dear ones, or to die fighting." We had not long to choose. There was a rush from the rear of the house, and we went down stairs, fighting hand-to-hand with several of the rioters who, under cover of the smoke, had gained the same floor as ourselves. Mr. R. was killed close by my side, and I again suffered the sensation of death without its blessed relief. I received a score of flesh-wounds, and fairly fainted from loss of blood, but there I lay in the yard of the burning house until long after daylight next morning. Some faithful friends of ours found me then, and conveyed me to their humble home away in the southern part of the city. For two days I could do nothing but endeavor to get strength enough to escape, not for any pleasure that life might thenceforth have for me, but for the sake of revenge.

After this the work of destruction went on unchecked. The anarchists and communists

who had been driven from New York and Chicago had fixed on Louisville as their point of rendezvous, and by careful management came into control of the labor organizations. As they increased in numbers and influence many industrious members, those with homes and families of their own, quietly withdrew. Others were willing to go to the utmost limit short of violence, and had vainly hoped they would be able to draw back at the last moment. Until these socialists had established themselves in Louisville few difficulties occurred, and no serious danger was apprehended. The work of demoralization went on gradually. First, non-union men were forbidden to work; then they were waylaid at night and beaten. Then one firm and another was boycotted, and the whole community was intimidated. Some of the steadiest and most influential workmen had left the city, and after the first bloodshed hundreds of others abandoned their homes and all their worldly goods rather than become participators in this work of destruction. As the fury of the mob died out I carefully reconnoitered the burnt district, hoping to find some way of escape. On the night of the third day I succeeded. On my way I passed over the smoldering ruins of the noblest buildings in the city. Here and there I saw the dead bodies of my friends and other prominent citizens. Shadows flitted here and there, and told me that many who had not the courage even of the anarchist had the greed of the thief, and were plundering the dead. From them I had nothing to fear, for they were bent only on secret plunder. They moved about cautiously and quietly, avoiding each other, avoiding the pickets of the mob, and the few fugitive citizens. Meanwhile, although we were cut off from all communication with the outer world, both bridges across the Ohio having been burned, and all the wires down, the news had spread from some of the fortunate refugees who had broken through their picket lines. All Central Kentucky was in a blaze. General Dunn and Judge Hargrave, both of them ex-Confederate soldiers, and men of mark, happened at the time to be in Frankfort. They at once called for volunteers to avenge the destruction of Louisville, and thousands answered to their call. They waited for no drill, they waited for no wise man's counsel. But, their forces increasing day by day, they marched on toward Louisville with the determination that her criminal destroyers should receive such punishment as would form



a chapter in the very world's history. I managed to join them two days before they reached Louisville; and, being well known to both these gentlemen, I obtained permission to serve upon General Dunn's staff, although still so weak and feeble that I could scarcely sit upon horseback. The forces were divided before going into Louisville, a strong body being sent across the river to picket all the landings for several miles above and below the city. Then twenty thousand men were divided into three bodies, who debouched upon the city from the southwest, the south, and southeast.

It would be of but little avail or interest to tell all that then ensued. Offers of surrender and of truce were paid no attention to, the bearers being shot down unceremoniously. When we finally reached the city the cry of "No quarter!" resounded on every hand. I will not write of the destruction and butchery that then ensued. Resistance was attempted but feebly, and at few points.

When the army of revenge and reconquest assembled that evening Louisville was a shambles, and even I felt satisfied that justice had been done. All this has gone by, now, but little more than a year. It is New Year's day, 1889. I have been living for a year on all that was left to me—a small farm near Lexington—but I could not resist the temptation to come and see what had become of my old home. From a city of 180,000 inhabitants it has shrunk now to some 40,000 or 50,000. Away up Third and Fourth streets for miles there is a barren showing of blackened walls and eyeless windows. The grass is growing in the yards and on the sidewalks, and on Main Street only two or three feeble factories are endeavoring to sustain the ancient reputation of the city, but apparently in vain. The place seems to have a curse upon it; the country at large is much in the same condition, and there is scarcely any thing left now to remind me of my own familiar home. The Louisville

that is, how different from the Louisville that was!

I walked this afternoon on a pilgrimage to the scene of my friends' and my sweetheart's death, and the scene of the first conflict on that memorable November day. It is Sunday, and the streets seem so desolate. No street-cars are running, a death-like silence rests upon the place, broken only by the occasional peal of the bells calling to prayer or striking the quarter hours. Unconsciously my feet carry me along Main Street to the place where my friends gave up their lives in defense of the city. Here Major Towerman was killed; there Frank and I shrank back before the fierce charge of the mob. Still farther along are the ruined walls of the old Mobeley factory, and I can shut my eyes and see the puffs of smoke and hear the sharp crack of the rifles from these empty windows even now. I saunter on idly toward the central part of the ruins; and here in this place I had a very dear friend who gave up his life with his men. As I look in on the tangled mass of iron and mortar and bricks and twisted rods, with the grass springing up here and there to show where what was once a human body lay, one of the half-charred beams slips, probably rotting away from its rest, a mass of debris falls, and I see exposed to the last gleams of sunlight a human skull. This ghastly sight seems a fitting conclusion to my visit to what was once the most flourishing city of the South.

What moral can we point with the terrible facts of our ruin and desolation? I know not. Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, may have secured the preservation of the children by the blood and tears of the fathers. Of the passing generation it might well be written, "Eyes had they, but they saw not." I can only hope and pray that our children may be warned by our fate, and remember that "eternal vigilance" is not only "the price of liberty," but the price of self-preservation also.

*Caleb Ross.*

## THE CHARMED LIFE.

### A TRUE BALLAD OF THE WAR.

The lines of fateful war were set  
In battle's grim array,  
And ceaseless fell the shot and shell  
Through all the ghastly day.

On either side the army stretched  
Along the meadow green,  
And broad and white, from left to right,  
The road-way wound between.

The air was blind with throbbing heat,  
And, as the sun rose higher,  
The summer blue of heaven shone through  
A haze of tropic fire;

The curving road was dashed with gore,  
And every up-turned clod  
Was stained with blood whose living flood  
Soaked all the grassy sod;

The shrieks and groans of dying men  
Rang through the tumult's roar,  
Till one whose ear was forced to hear  
Their cries could bear no more.

He rushed to where the General stood:  
"I crave your leave to bring,  
For men who die in agony,  
Water from yonder spring;

"They moan and shriek with maddening thirst,  
They writhe in their despair,  
While I might take the draught to slake  
The torture that they bear."

"Nay, Sergeant Kirkland, you will get  
A bullet through your head;  
And, foolish lad, you will but add  
Another to the dead."

"Not so! I pray you let me go,  
Without a word of chafe,  
For God, whose care is every where,  
I think will keep me safe."

"Why will you ask my leave to go,  
Where not a living man  
Could meet the strife secure of life?  
But—He may keep who can!"

He sprang with fiery haste away,  
But in a moment more  
The stalwart form, all flushed and warm,  
Was back within the door.

He flung a handkerchief abroad:  
"Have I your leave to wave  
This signal white amid the fight  
As sign I come to save?"

"No, no!" the General shook his head,  
Betwixt a sigh and groan;  
"You *choose* to go, brave fellow! so  
The risk must be your own!"

The thundering guns still rent the air,  
The battle raged as hot,  
And all around the sodden ground  
Was plowed with hissing shot;

Yet straight between the belching lines,  
Leaping the road-side wall,  
Right through the clang the sergeant sprang,  
And dared to face it all.

In either steadfast hand he held  
A brimming water-can,  
Which through the crash of cannon flash  
He bore from man to man.

With blessed draughts the fainting soul  
He roused to life again,  
And parching lips were soothed with sips  
That dulled the stress of pain.

He raised the dying to his knee  
From off the weltering sod,  
And with a word none other heard  
Dismissed his soul to God.

It mattered not, as on he moved  
Where dead and wounded lay,  
If, tried and true, they wore the blue,  
Or true and tried, the gray!

And, as to many a gasping mouth  
He held the full canteen,  
His hurrying form amid the storm  
Of raking shot was seen.

A gradual lull hushed down the roar,  
A pause fell on the strife,  
As though it were foul wrong to dare  
To touch so charmed a life;

And slow and slower boomed the guns  
Along each watching line,  
As to and fro they saw him go  
On errand so divine.

And when the sultry hours were passed,  
And mid the wounded none  
Had missed unquaffed the healing draught,  
And Kirkland's work was done,

A shout that rent the very heavens  
From either army rang,  
As o'er the wall, alert and tall,  
The sergeant lightly sprang.

And not a man among the ranks,  
Who saw the odds he braved,  
In blue or gray, but seemed to say,  
"Thank God that he is saved!"

Margaret J. Preston.



## GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

ALTHOUGH the important events of a quarter of a century have intervened to cool the passions and excitements engendered by the war, we can yet imagine how such daring and brilliant personal exploits as the one last narrated would excite an unbounded enthusiasm among the comrades of General Ashby, and attract the chivalrous youth of the South to his standard. It has always seemed to me that more of the romance of war attended the cavalry service than any other branch of an army. The flaunting pennants, the stirring bugles, the nodding plumes, the prancing steeds, the dashing charge, all tend to surround the gallant riders with such a halo of romance as to cause the actual hardship and danger of cavalry life to be forgotten. Though Ashby's soldier life was enveloped in sentiment, though children threw him flowers, though maidens waived their kisses, and old men lifted their hats to him as he passed, yet the thought that he but discharged a duty left no room in his heart for vanity to lodge, and the momentous events that pressed upon him allowed no time for aught but the cares of war.

Scarcely had he entrusted his prisoner to the custody of others before he was called upon to meet a charge of the enemy's cavalry. It is true that Jackson was retreating; but such a retreat! Forty-five miles in nine days! He could not be hastened. The deliberation of his movements kept his rearguard in constant contact with the enemy. From morning till night, the day was filled with charges and counter-charges of cavalry. The sharp crack of Chew's little Blakely was the *reveille* that called the soldiers to arms in the morning and the tattoo that bade them rest securely at night. Its ringing notes were constant assurances to the brave infantry men and their stubborn commander of Ashby's vigilance. Although the enemy were near enough to have forced a pitched battle on any day, yet nothing but cavalry skirmishes and artillery duels were indulged in. Even these grew lighter and less frequent, and would have entirely subsided had not Ashby forced them.

Upon reaching Mt. Jackson on March 17, 1862, General Jackson halted his little army. In the mean time, General McClellan was advancing upon Richmond. General Johnston had determined to fall back behind the Rappahannock River. He anticipated that the enemy

in his front would draw large reinforcements from the army in the Valley. He therefore requested General Jackson to return nearer the enemy, and by assuming a threatening attitude to prevent any portion of Banks' army from being sent to McClellan. Immediately upon receiving this dispatch, General Jackson prepared to retrace his steps. On the 22d, he marched to Strasburg, a distance of twenty-six miles. On the same day Ashby had pushed ahead and driven the enemy's outposts into Winchester. Some of his men even penetrated the town limits, where they were informed by the citizens that fifteen thousand Federals had already started across the mountains to reinforce McClellan, others had that day marched in the direction of Harpers Ferry, and but few regiments were left in Winchester. Ashby at once communicated this information to General Jackson; and the news was strictly correct so far as it went. The trouble was, that the portion of the Federal army that had started toward the Potomac had only gone a few miles out of town and there encamped. On the night of the day that Ashby attacked the outposts at Winchester, these troops were returned to their positions about the town; so, when the daring cavalry leader attempted to again drive the Federals on the morrow, he met an opposition he could not overcome. He gallantly led his squadrons against the enemy's squadrons only to find them supported by heavy columns of infantry. His light battery was rushed to the front, only to be answered by the heavy guns of the enemy. He often brought the fight to close quarters, but instead of dislodging the foe, he was compelled to fall back himself and await the arrival of the infantry. General Banks had gone to Washington and left his army in command of General Shields. He was an officer of great personal bravery, and while Ashby was pressing his outposts, went in person to direct his troops. While thus engaged, a shell from one of Chew's guns burst near him, a fragment wounding him severely. It was thought at the time that his arm was broken, but nevertheless he retained command throughout the severe engagement that followed.

About the middle of the afternoon Jackson's "foot cavalry" arrived. By this time it was evident that the enemy still had a force vastly superior in numbers to the Confederates. How

Ashby's informants could have been misled was not then known, but yet it was patent that they had been mistaken. Although these Federal forces were not in Winchester during his skirmish on the afternoon of the 22d, they were nevertheless there on the next day. The Confederate commander had now gone too far to retreat without a fight, even had he been inclined so to do. He still was not accurately informed of the enemy's strength. He could see an army, three times as large as his own, in line of battle awaiting him, and Ashby told him there were still others massed behind the town. But the same officer had assured him that General Williams, with fifteen thousand men, had crossed the Blue Ridge the day before to operate on the flank of Johnston's retreating army. They must be compelled to return at all hazards. It was to prevent this concentration under McClellan that had induced him to threaten the attack. This object could not now be accomplished without executing the threat. The attack must be made, so that the roar of the artillery would emphasize the recall of General Williams. He saw that the enemy had already selected his position, his left resting on the turnpike, with his right stretching along a high, wooded ridge on the west, running parallel with the road. The practiced eye of Jackson at once saw that he must gain a footing on this ridge. He therefore left General Ashby with four companies of infantry, Chew's battery, and all of his cavalry, except four companies, to confront the enemy's left wing, and moved his main force across the intervening fields, under a heavy cannonade, to the ridge beyond. Ascending this he marched along its crest directly toward the enemy.

It is not my purpose to give the details of of the battle. History tells us how the gallant Colonel Echols, of the Twenty-seventh Virginia, opened the fight with a fierce onslaught upon the enemy, and was subsequently compelled, by a severe wound, to yield the command to another; how General Fulkerson, with two regiments, had a race with the enemy on the extreme left to reach a stone wall about midway between the contending lines; how the Confederates first reached the coveted shelter, and, resting their guns upon its top, poured a deadly fire at short range into, the Ohio and Pennsylvania regiments charging in the open space beyond; how the "Stonewall Brigade" charged and sustained countercharges until their ammunition was exhausted;

how their gallant general, Garnett, who afterward was killed at the front, ordered them to retire just as General Jackson thought he was about to grasp the victory; how the Federals, emboldened by this, rushed forward with deafening shouts and captured the field as darkness descended. It is enough for the purposes of this sketch to outline the part that Ashby took in the contest.

Stationing his battery near a farm-house, on the west of the turnpike, with its support behind an orchard just to the left, he awaited the opening of the battle. The suspense was of short duration. So soon as the Federals observed the Confederate infantry moving obliquely across the fields to gain the range of hills, they opened upon them with artillery. At the same time the Federal left advanced for the purpose of striking them on the flank. Ashby met their charge with volley after volley from Chew's guns. He thus held them in check until Jackson's column had reached the desired position. The attack upon him was continued. With increased forces they pressed along a wooded strip until he was compelled to change the position of his battery. But placing himself at the head of a squadron, he changed the advanced line, and drove them back upon their reserves, capturing a number of prisoners. This gallant onslaught secured for him a better and more advanced position for his guns. His advantage thus gained was constantly pressed. While the Confederate center and left were never able to make much headway against the superior numbers and positions of the enemy, yet the right, under Ashby, fought "with such audacity as to win ground all the day from their multitudes." He, like Jackson, thought, up to the moment when the retreat commenced, that the Confederates would win. He knew that they were greatly outnumbered, but he relied upon the genius of his general and the courage of the men who were fighting in the midst of their homes. Success after success had attended that portion of the Confederates under his immediate charge, and when he observed the center and left retiring his disappointment was unbounded. He asserted that he *know* General Shields had sent an order for his forces to fall back; but before it reached the officers in front the ammunition of the Stonewall brigade was exhausted, their brave general had ordered them to retire, and the Federals were pursuing with a yell of triumph. Jackson seized a drummer boy and made him beat the rally.



His troops endeavored to reform around their leader, but it was too late. The Federals pressed their advantage and won the field just as the day was closing. Perhaps Jackson and Ashby were right in their opinion, that, had the order not been given by General Garnett to retire, in less than ten minutes the tide of battle would have surely turned in favor of the Confederates. No aspersion was ever cast upon the courage of this officer. He was one of the bravest men that was ever sacrificed to the god of war; but seeing his faithful men being shot down, without ammunition to reply, was more than his heart could stand.

When the retreat began there was very little demoralization in any portion of the army, and none whatever among the forces under Ashby. He retired without losing a prisoner or a gun, and camped for the night within a mile of the battle-field. This position he held until 10 o'clock the next morning. When the enemy had attempted to use their cavalry on our extreme left, they were met by the four companies under Major Funston and driven back.

This was the first pitched battle that Ashby had witnessed, and his conduct is thus described by his chaplain:

"Ashby was in his glory. Many will recall him as, mounted on his white charger, he rode at full speed, clearing every obstacle, whether post-and-rail or stone fence, or one of those ravines so common in limestone lands. Now consulting with Jackson, now riding up to Chew's battery and ordering its intrepid, skillful, boy captain to limber up and move with the squadron of horse just then ordered to charge. He was entirely transformed from the quiet, taciturn officer as seen in camp. The rapid and skillful maneuvering of his squadrons and battery elicited the warmest admiration, whilst his reckless exposure of life and wonderful escapes from death was the theme around the camp-fires for a long time afterward. He seemed almost ubiquitous as he appeared along his line, animating his men with his peculiarly expressive, 'Drive them, boys! drive them!' And they obeyed him."

While the vain-glorious proclamations of General Banks concerning this battle, in which he did not participate, are not to be accredited, yet that the victory rested with General Shields and his brave command can not be doubted. At the same time the Confederates had, in one sense, been successful. General Williams, who had gotten as far on the east of the Blue Ridge

as Upperville, was recalled, and General Johnston was enabled to execute his retrograde movements in safety. It is in this light that the following resolutions must be regarded:

*1st Resolved*, By the Congress of the Confederate States, that the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby tendered Major-General T. J. Jackson and the officers and men under his command for gallant and meritorious conduct in a successful engagement with a greatly superior force of the enemy near Kernstown, Frederick County, Virginia, on the 23d day of March, 1862.

*2d Resolved*, That these resolutions be communicated by the Secretary of War to Major-General T. J. Jackson, and by him to his command.

The retreat that followed the battle of Kernstown was as deliberate as the one that preceded it. Although the enemy had held the field, they had been sorely crippled in the fierce battle they had fought. It was 10 o'clock the next morning before they were able to drive Ashby from the position he had taken a mile in rear of the bloody field. The Federals gained only a few miles of ground each day, and were compelled to fight for every foot of that. The roar of Chew's artillery was almost incessant. His guns were retired from one hill-top only to be unlimbered at the next, while the intervening plains were the scenes of constant skirmishing. The Federal cavalry, under command of General Hatch, at times displayed great gallantry. On one occasion they made a bold dash for the capture of Chew's guns. Even the rapid discharge of canister failed to check their onward rush. But suddenly the cannon's roar was hushed, and the wild rebel yell arose above the din of battle. Ashby, at the head of his squadrons, leaping as it were from the bordering wood, had met their charge with a counter charge. The suddenness of his appearance seemed to startle the enemy. At first they wavered, then attempted to retire, and ended in a headlong retreat. Chew's guns were again saved.

Thus the retreat was slowly continued until the Confederates had again reached Mt. Jackson. Each day's journey was but healthy exercise for the infantry, there were no hardships on the march. The balmy spring made the day pleasant, and the nights were comfortably spent in their bivouacs along the road. "They kindled their camp-fires on the side of the turnpike, and, lulled by the distant thunder of Ashby's artillery, went to sleep as soundly as if they had been at home in their beds." There was no fear of a surprise with Ashby on watch. The army had unbounded confidence in his cease-

less vigilance. For two weeks Jackson remained in the camp he had abandoned for his march to Kernstown. But about the middle of April General Banks, having been heavily reinforced, resumed his advance up the Valley. General McClellan had directed him "to throw Jackson well back," and "move on Staunton." Jackson promptly resumed his retreat, offering no resistance, except through Ashby's command. He reached the north fork of the Shenandoah without loss. He now wished to check Banks' march up the Valley, so that he could execute his designs in another direction. He was about to enter upon that series of rapid military movements that established his reputation as one of the greatest strategists that the world has ever known. He ordered Ashby to burn the bridge over the river in order to give him time for the first movement in the grand series. It was not Ashby's fault that the work of destruction was not accomplished. His efforts to execute the order of his chief have been described in such graphic language by Colonel Cooke, that I am sure I will be pardoned for inserting it in full, instead of trusting my own recollection of a scene that still causes my heart to beat with excitement at every effort to recall it. The distinguished author writes:

"The task delighted this soldier; for nothing is more certain than the fact that he loved danger for its own sake, and never was so happy as when contending face to face with imminent peril. Those who differ from him in temperament may doubt this assertion, but the friends who knew him best will support our statement. The work now before him was one of those tests of the stern fiber of his courage which he loved best of all in the life of a soldier. With the masses of Federal cavalry and artillery, supported by infantry, pressing hotly on him, he had employment for his best faculties. Hurrying his cavalry across the bridge, he followed in person with the artillery, which thundered over at a gallop, and then with a detachment of picked men he hastened to apply fire to the bridge. The enemy were now upon him. Their cavalry advanced at a gallop, firing volleys as they came, but Ashby remained seated upon his white horse superintending the work. It was more difficult than he expected. The timbers were wet from rain, the flame would not kindle, and the bullets whistling around the heads of the working party embarrassed their exertions. The Federal cavalry had now reached the bridge the first files dashed across, and Ashby's men ran to their horses, leaving him alone. He was

obliged to follow or be captured, and galloped off last, pursued by eight of the enemy, whose fire he was unable to return, his own pistols having been emptied. They followed him closely, firing incessantly upon him as he retreated, and this animated chase continued for nearly two miles. Assistance was then near, and, looking back, Ashby saw that two of his pursuers were in advance of the rest. This odds was not great, and he at once reined in. The Federal cavalymen came on at a headlong gallop, carried forward by their horses, and the next moment terminated their career. A bullet from one of Ashby's command pierced one of them through the body, and the other, arriving abreast of Ashby, was cut down with one blow of his saber."

Such was the famous chase of Ashby. He had distanced his enemies, but the fine horse which he rode, the beautiful milk-white charger which the whole army admired, had received a mortal wound. A ball had pierced his side, and the blood was now gushing out at every point. As he was led along the line of a regiment under arms, an eye witness declares that he never had imagined so spirited and magnificent an animal. "He was white as snow, except where his side and limbs were stained with his own blood. His mane and tail were long and flowing; his eye and action evinced distinctly the rage with which he regarded the injury he had received. He trod the earth with the grandeur of a wounded lion, and every soldier looked upon him with sympathy and admiration. He had saved his master at the cost of his own life. He almost seemed conscious of his achievement, and only to regret death because his injuries were unavenged."

The Federals did not press Jackson closely after passing the bridge. He continued his retreat leisurely up the Valley as far as Harrisonburg. Here he turned from the main road toward the Blue Ridge Mountains. Crossing the Elk Run Valley he selected a position near the entrance to Swift Run Gap, where he prepared to receive the enemy's attack. But General Banks, fearing he was led into a trap, with his usual timidity, refused to follow; he did not even throw forward his cavalry to reconnoiter the Confederate position. Jackson, with the intuition of genius, measured the true character of his opponent, and matured his plans accordingly. In a few days he was prepared to put them in execution. General Ewell, with his division, was called from the east side of



the Blue Ridge to take the position Jackson was about to abandon, and thus prevent the possibility of Banks marching across toward Gordonsville. The brilliancy of Ashby's achievements had attracted the young men of the Valley to his standard by the hundred. Within the space of a few weeks his command had increased from ten to twenty-six companies of cavalry. Jackson took ten of these with him, together with his infantry, and started across the Blue Ridge as if on his road to Richmond, taking occasion to let it be known he had gone in that direction. General Banks telegraphed President Lincoln, on April 24th, "The rebel Jackson has abandoned the Valley of Virginia permanently, and is *en route* to Gordonsville by the way of the mountains." The Federal government soon learned that this officer had misled them. While McClelland, who had been advised to prepare for this reinforcement to Johnston, was cautiously awaiting developments, Jackson was rapidly marching in another direction. Reaching Albemarle County he turned his course southwardly, parallel with the mountains for some distance, then crossed back into the Valley at a point opposite Staunton. By rapid marches he reached that place, where he was joined by the Virginia cadets, and the division under the command of the gallant General Edward Johnston. With his army thus increased, he hurried across the Valley to meet the Federal army under Milroy, approaching from the West. With almost incredible celerity he crossed the Shenandoah Mountain, encountered the enemy, fought the battle of McDowell, where, in the language of his dispatch to President Davis, "God blessed our arms with victory." After spending a portion of the 14th day of May "in rest and prayer," he commenced to retrace his steps toward the Valley.

Before starting on this trip to McDowell, Jackson had made his immediate plans known to Ashby. This officer was instructed to so cover the movements of the army as to absolutely exclude from the enemy any information of the true line of march. To do this, Ashby swung his sixteen companies of cavalry around again upon the valley turnpike between General Banks and Staunton. Chew's battery had also been left with him. His task was to so occupy the attention of the enemy as to allow him no time for discovering and disturbing the plans of Jackson. This work was thoroughly accomplished. With a line of pickets

stretched from mountain to mountain he cut off all communication between the two forces. He then resumed his daily skirmishes and artillery duels with the enemy. He never allowed them to rest. If they did not come to "feel his position," he would order out a detachment "to stir up the Yankees." The Federals gained no ground during this period. On the contrary, so soon as Banks discovered that "he had lost Jackson," he seemed to become alarmed and commenced to retire before Ashby's guns. By the time Jackson reached the Valley the Federal outposts had been withdrawn to Newmarket. Even this position was too much exposed for Banks' nerves, and his army was hurried back to the fortifications at Strasburg. But he was not long to be permitted to shelter himself there.

When General Jackson reached Harrisonburg he did not even stop to rest his men. General Ewell had marched from his position at Swift Run Gap to meet him. Their combined forces numbered some eighteen thousand men, the largest army Jackson had ever led to battle. When Banks reported Jackson going east toward Richmond, Shields' division had been sent to reinforce McClelland; when Jackson turned up in the West fighting, whipping, and chasing Milroy, Blenker's division was hurried across the Shenandoah Mountain to save him; when Jackson suddenly reappeared in Banks' front, the Federal army, reduced by detaching these two divisions, was but little larger than the opposing force of Confederates. The strategy of Jackson was thus brilliantly exemplified. At last he had a force in his front that he could attack on something like equal terms, and if successful in "throwing him back" across the Potomac, such a panic would be created at Washington as would necessarily result in the relief of Richmond. It was a grand enterprise, originating in a mighty mind only to be successfully executed by a transcendent genius.

Leaving a few companies of Ashby's cavalry, under Captain Meyers, to confront Banks at Strasburg and conceal the movement of his army, Jackson marched across the Massanutten Mountain and hurried down the Luray Valley. On the afternoon of May 23d he surprised and captured the garrison at Front Royal. When our guns opened upon them they had no idea who we were. Their commanding officer supposed that Jackson was a hundred miles across the mountains to the west, fighting Milroy and Fremont. To prevent the news of his sudden reappearance in the lower

Shenandoah Valley from reaching General Banks, Ashby, with five companies of cavalry, had been ordered to cut the telegraph line and tear up the railroad between Front Royal and Strasburg. The route he had to travel led around the base of the Massanutten Mountain at its northern extremity, and was too rough to admit of taking his battery. He struck the railroad at Buckton Station. Here he found the depot and a building near it filled with Federal infantry. Without waiting to count the cost he ordered a charge. The enemy poured a galling fire upon the attacking party, and compelled them to retire. Ashby quickly reformed his line and led a second charge. Although sheltered by the buildings, into which it was impossible for the daring horsemen to ride, yet the Federals were driven from the houses, by the fierceness of the onslaught, across the railroad embankment, along which they retreated until they reached their reserves at the mouth of the railroad bridge across Passage Creek. They were Wisconsin troops, skilled in the use of fire-arms, and familiar with danger. They appreciated the advantage of their position, and determined to hold it. They looked upon the Confederates burning the depot, cutting the wires, and tearing up the track, only retarding their work by an occasional rifle-shot. They seemed to realize that this bold cavalry chieftain and his reckless followers would not be content with their destruction of the track and wires, but would soon turn their attention to higher game; and in this they were not disappointed. It would have been better for Ashby had he rested with the literal execution of his orders. But the very boldness of the enemy seemed to arouse his combativeness.

It will be remembered this was in the spring of 1862. The practice of dismounting cavalry to fight on foot had scarcely been inaugurated in our armies. Ashby's men were not even armed with rifles. They were strictly cavalrymen. Neither the officers nor men had been taught to rely upon any weapon save the pistol and the saber. Ashby himself had no military education, though possessing a genius for war, and a natural born cavalry leader. He knew the power of horsemen in their headlong rush upon the foe. So, reforming his men, he prepared for another attempt to drive the frontiersmen from their fortifications at the point of the saber. Every heart must have realized what a terrible task was set them, but there

were no laggards. Every man was in line at the word of command. Their beloved chieftain was not going to *send* them to the assault, but his plume was to *lead* them. He never adopted the cold phrase of military manuals, but "Follow me" was the ringing sound that set his fearless column in motion. Instantly they are darting across the rugged space. Ditches are leaped, fences are cleared, obstacles of every kind are swept aside, the road-bed is reached; but still the enemy stubbornly hold their position, and, lying down behind the track, keep up an incessant firing. Captain Fletcher, who had succeeded the unfortunate Richard Ashby as commander of Company A, led his men up to the muzzle of the enemy's guns, and fell dead at their feet. No truer man or more gallant soldier ever yielded up his life in the path of duty. His devoted comrades seize his body to bear it to a place of safety. In a moment this movement is converted into a retreat, and the whole attacking party withdraw to their first position.

But their dauntless leader is not yet beaten. He calls upon his men to prepare for still another onslaught. His columns are again forming, and as the enemy witness it, their wild cheer of victory is hushed into silence. They know not what another such conflict may result in. Again sheltering themselves behind the road-bed, they prepare to receive the reckless onset.

Ashby has said a few words of encouragement to his men, and then his clarion voice rings out, "Now follow me, boys!" The same obstacles are again encountered and surmounted; the same resistless tide of men and horse sweep down upon the enemy in the face of an incessant fire. The rapidity of the charge has been their protection. Again the embankment is reached. The noble steed of Ashby has leaped upon it. A moment his saber flashes in the sunlight, as he waves it above his head, then quickly descends to parry the thrust of a bayonet. The gallant young Captain Sheets is at his side, and falls with a bullet through his brain just as he prepares to leap his horse down the embankment in the midst of the enemy. The love that his men bore him was only second to that which they felt for Ashby himself. With his fall the spirit of the attack expired. Ashby again saw his men retiring before the murderous volleys from which he had so miraculously escaped. Taking with him his noble dead he sadly abandoned the enterprise.



## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

### Poe's Last Poem.

The April number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* has an article signed "Henry W. Austin." Mr. M. J. Kent will, I understand, make clear the manner in which Mr. Austin errs. I confine myself to correcting his statements relating to myself.

I never saw the poem "Lilitha" till the article containing it (the theory of which Mr. Austin practically appropriates as his own) was received by me from Mr. M. J. Kent for publication in the *Sunday Gazette*, of Washington City, a paper I was then (1882) unfortunate enough to own and edit. Mr. Austin knew when the paper was received, as he was about the *Gazette* a good deal at that time, and was anxious to earn some of the little income it was receiving.

The yarn he spins about Mr. Kent and myself nursing the "alleged" Poe poem, is woven out of the flimsy cobwebs of Mr. Austin's brain. I printed Mr. Kent's article with an editorial reservation, using it only as an interesting contribution. I am not myself a special admirer of Poe, either as man or poet, and have never set up as his critic or judge. I was and am in doubt of Richard Realf's special interest in Poe. There is something said of Realf's manuscript "falling into the hands of M. J. Kent and Richard Hinton." Let me say, if you please, that my dear friend Realf left an holograph will, in which I am named as his literary executor. Mr. Kent has not had his manuscripts in possession, either in whole or in part, though he was a close friend as he remains a sincere admirer of the dead soldier and poet. There never was any attempt made, "feeble" or otherwise, to publish Realf's poems in my paper. A few of them so appeared, preparatory, as I then hoped, to their publication in book form. My poor purse, not my will, has heretofore prevented that publication.

NEW YORK, April, 1886.

RICHARD HINTON.

### Haselton's Cotton-Picker.

Noticing an article in the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*, of April 1st, on the cotton-harvester invented by Mr. Charles T. Mason, jr., of Sumter, South Carolina, in which my name is mentioned, I think in common fairness you should admit of a plain statement of facts and dates with regard to my invention.

Without referring to the inventive accomplishments of my infancy I will begin at the question at issue.

I had my attention called to the necessity of harvesting cotton by machinery before the war, and saw a hand machine for that purpose, which was, of course, a failure. I thought of the matter frequently, but as labor was cheap and under control I saw no probability of success. After the slaves were freed I saw the absolute necessity of some means of rendering the planter independent of the freaks and follies of his laborers, and then I began in earnest to study out the problem. Of the many experiments and failures I say nothing; but in the fall of 1879 I struck upon the principle of the protected tooth, and on March 26, 1881, filed my first application for a patent. In this patent I show plainly by drawing No. 5, and in the specification, that I protect the points of the teeth from seizing any substance except that of an elastic, fibrous nature, by washers between the ser-

rated disks, either on a level with or a little above the points of the teeth, and I only ask any candid man, with ordinary common sense, to put Mr. Mason's first patent of October 2, 1883, alongside of mine, and compare Fig. 3, sheet 2, with Fig. 5, sheet 4, of the two patents, and draw his own inferences about protected teeth. I have since abandoned this plan of protecting teeth, as will be seen by reference to my later patents, in which I protect the teeth by their own shape, and thereby avoid dead surface.

On March 16, 1883, Mr. Charles T. Mason visited Charleston, and invited the gentlemen who had become interested in my invention, and who had formed the Southern Cotton Picking Company, to examine his models with a view of purchasing an interest in the same. After doing so they agreed to purchase a one half interest in it, by my recommendation, as the price which he named was so very small, only \$800, of which I paid \$50. As an evidence that Mr. Mason's necessities did not oblige him to this price, Mr. Mason informed me, in November of the same year, that he was paying taxes on \$10,000 worth of property in Sumter, which he had accumulated before his invention of the cotton-picker. In an interference case between one of Mr. Mason's applications and one of mine, held at Sumter, March 6, 1885, Mr. Mason testified, and also proved by his father, that he built his first cotton-picker in the fall of 1881, but that a fire had destroyed all other evidence of this invention. As this machine was made six months after my first patent was issued, I think that a conclusion with regard to the invention of the protected tooth principle is not hard to arrive at.

In conclusion, I would say that I have no disposition whatever to detract from Mr. Mason's reputation as an inventor and machinist, for I have a high regard for him in both capacities, but I think the above simple statement of facts and dates due to my own reputation, with regard to a matter which has interested me nearly twenty-five years of my life, and has cost me more than can be computed in money value of brain labor and patience.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

D. B. HASELTON.

### The First Shots.

Mr. Hayne, in his article on the "Defense of Fort Wagner," in the March number of the *BIVOUAC*, in describing Morris Island, mentions that there the first shot of the war was fired, induces me to describe that incident. The writer was, at that time, a member of the Charleston Zouave Cadets, and a part of the infantry support of the battery that fired the shots.

Our company offered its services to the Governor, and were called on for duty on the 1st of January, 1861. Assembling about midday, we were marched to the wharf to embark for Morris Island. We there were joined by the German Riflemen *en route* for the same destination. The two companies were part of the State militia. The Zouaves were composed largely of very young men.

Arrived at the island, we were marched, amid a steady rain, for nearly two miles along the beach to our quarters. On the way we passed a battery in construction by the Cadets of the State Military Academy, under direction of Mr. Clement H. Stevens, cashier of one of our Charleston banks, not clerk as Mr. Hayne has it, who, as Brigadier-General, fell in one of the battles in the West.

Having unslung our knapsacks and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we were called upon for reliefs of ten men each to assist the cadets at the battery. This battery, if I mistake not the first built in the war, was a simple earth-work with two 24-pounders as armament, and, as Fort Morris, signally interfered with the reinforcement of Fort Sumter, commanded the "Ship Channel," the main entrance to Charleston Harbor, its object being to prevent any communication with Fort Sumter from outside, reports from Washington having informed our authorities of an intended attempt to reinforce Major Robert Anderson. News having been received of the departure of the expedition, we were ordered to be on the alert; so, with the cadets as gunners and our two companies as support, we awaited the coming of the same.

About sunrise on the morning of the 9th of January, the writer, just relieved from post opposite Fort Sumter, was looking around from one of the sand-hills that skirted the island, when in the distance appeared a steamship making its way into the harbor; when abreast of Fort Morris, a shot across her bow made an emphatic request to show her colors, which she did, raising the stars and stripes; this was all that was wanting to insure her a "warm" welcome, and she soon received it, Fort Morris opening on her with her 24-pounders, while Fort Moultrie joined in the chorus, her shots falling far short though. After a number of shots from the two, she hauled down her colors, turned about, and, like a whipped spaniel, made her way out again.

Those of us who were at Cumming's Point divided our attention between Forts Morris and Sumter, expecting every moment to see the latter enter her protest to the act, and to hear the balls whizzing over our heads, if not in closer proximity, but, with the exception of the opening of a number of port-holes nearest Morris Island, Fort Sumter remained a passive spectator to the firing on the flag she was to protect.

These were the first shots that were fired in the war, but they did not create much excitement; it took the attack on Fort Sumter a few months later to awaken the two sections to the fact that the war had indeed begun, and arouse both to active preparations.

EX-CONFEDERATE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 15, 1886.

### A Captured Letter.

The postmaster at Resaca, Georgia, neglected to forward the letters deposited in his office on the 12th and 13th of May, 1864. On the morning of May 16th, the Union troops who first entered the town visited the post-office and took the letters. Most of them were handed to General McPherson; one is still in my possession. It was written by an officer in Polk's corps, and is signed J. D. B.—g. If the writer is still living, reads the BIVOUAC, and recognizes his initials, the original is at his disposal. The following is an extract from it:

"LINE OF BATTLE, RESACA, GA., May 12, '64.

"... We are in line of battle at this place, or rather in our fortification. Loring's division is here, and Canty's brigade from Mobile, and Vaughn from Cheatham's division. This place is fifteen miles from Dalton, where the railroad crosses the Coosa River, very important post. The enemy came in sight, five thousand strong, on Monday, skirmished with Canty, but Vaughn coming down on the train the enemy seem to have taken a scare and left that night, about five miles toward a gap in the hills, where I understand they are intrenched. . . . Canty lost eight killed and seventy-six wounded."

This letter refers to the first advance on Resaca on the 9th of May. Can any reader of the BIVOUAC, who served under General Vaughn, tell if his brigade did arrive at Resaca by cars from Dalton on the 9th of May, while McPherson's advance was skirmishing with Canty? If it did, General McPherson must have known it, and the criticisms on his action in not pushing vigorously forward, should be at least modified.

### Prisoners at Camp Morton.

In the May number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, page 719, it is said by the author of the article that the prisoners at Camp Chase "had reasons to believe" that prisoners at Camp Morton were shot down while escaping from a tunnel. As I was there at the time, I beg to correct the impression that our officers gave orders to shoot men under such circumstances instead of stopping the work in time to prevent escape. There was a tunnel begun on the west side of the camp, but I do not think it was completed, or indeed made any considerable progress. I think one man was shot while attempting to scale the wall, but I do not remember that more than one was so killed. I may some other time send you some particulars of life in Camp Morton, which was certainly not a very hard one for the prisoners during the time our command was there (Sixtieth Indiana). The Colonel of the Sixtieth, Richard Owen, was in command of the Camp, and the rules were as lenient and humane as a conscientious discharge of this duty would permit.

Yours very truly, JAMES B. HUNTER,  
*Late Surgeon Sixtieth Indiana Volunteers.*

### At Fort Wagner.

The graphic description of the "Defense of Fort Wagner," so ably written in the BIVOUAC for March, will recall emotions of sadness among the surviving members of the old Tenth Army Corps, who participated in that ill-timed and fatal assault, for many of its bravest and best saw the last of earth on that fatal midsummer night. A few hours preceding the attack, General Gilmore called up his brigade commanders and informed them of his decision to make the assault. Colonel Putnam opposed it, saying that the Fort could not be taken as proposed, but he was overruled by General Seymour, who was to command the column. Before the forces moved, Colonel Putnam remarked to one of his officers, "We are all going into Wagner like a flock of sheep." So the result proved.

The writer of the defense is mistaken in stating that Colonel Chatfield died within the lines, for he lived to be taken to his home, where he died in a few weeks.

R. O. GREENLEAF,  
JOLIET, ILL., March 23d. *Late Captain N. H. Vol.*

### War Poetry.

In the May number of your magazine, I find at the end of Mr. J. W. A. Wright's collection of Southern War Poetry, the "Prayer of the Martyred Patriot," an excellent version of Theodor Koerner's beautiful "Prayer before the Battle," "*Vater, ich rufe Dich*," from the German.

As it is certainly a beautiful and most impressive hymn, when well rendered, it may be of interest to some of your readers to know that the music can be procured at any German music store under the title, "Koerner's Prayer before the Battle," or "*Vater, ich rufe Dich*."

Yours truly,

CHARLES H. ALTHAUS, M. D.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

**P**UBLIC opinion in regard to the Knights of Labor, long divided or in doubt, is now rapidly taking form, and is manifestly against the order. It is apparent that the organization is of a character better adapted to produce a condition of disagreement than to preserve friendly relations between the employer and the laborer. Whatever may have been its original intent, it is now being used for mischief; and no aim or end of its founders can justify the means and methods employed by those who are now controlling it. So far as an accurate and impartial judgment of its capacity and work may be rendered from the facts now before the public, it must be held as fitted only to incite contention and foment prejudice, while impotent to suggest or induce really sincere and efficient adjustment of differences which require mutual concession. The power of its chiefs to inaugurate aggressive measures is well nigh limitless, yet their influence in behalf of any conservative or conciliatory policy is feeble than that of the humblest and most ignorant member of the order. Mr. Powderly is evidently a just, well-meaning man, and one of more than ordinary ability. He has recorded his condemnation of the disposition, too prevalent among those whom it is his duty to advise, to take umbrage when the offense or injury is merely imaginary, and resort to extreme and unnecessary modes of redress. He has not hesitated to declare his opinion that "strikes" are inadequate remedies for the grievances against which they are directed, and he has expressed his abhorrence of lawless violence in terms which admit no doubt of his sincerity, and with a candor and courage which compel admiration. But Mr. Powderly, autocratic when he commands aggression—when he wields the collective might of the organization for war—can obtain neither obedience nor hearing from his people when he counsels peace. It will be remembered how, in the recent troubles in the West, he contended in vain with the spirit which had taken possession of his followers, and found himself so helpless to control a movement inaugurated for slight and insufficient cause by less conscientious and more reckless subordinates, that he was finally forced into virtual self-contradiction, and floated with the tide which he was unable to stem or turn.

The testimony given before the Congressional committee by Mr. Powderly, and the gentlemen associated with him, has been frank, and in so far will be favorable to them individually, but it will not be regarded as a satisfactory explanation of the policy of the Order or Association of the Knights of Labor.

In the absence of the written constitution or declaration of its objects and aims, we may accept with more or less credence the statement made by men, in whose veracity we have faith, as to what a vast number of men bound together in a secret organization have undertaken to do.

After the largest credit has been given the witness for a wish to speak the truth, there still remains the doubt as to whether we would understand and construe the obligation as he has done; and when we see so wide a difference between Mr. Powderly's professions and the evident meaning and conduct of the parties who have been managing the strikes ordered by the Knights of Labor in so many departments, we would be stupid if we were not skeptical. Indeed,

Mr. Powderly himself has least right to complain if any one shall doubt, for he has announced in his admirably written circular, which every one has read and commended, that he has become wearied of saying one thing to the order and another to the public. If it be protested that, in its inception, the order was meant principally to cultivate kindly sentiment and social relations between its members, to facilitate the acquirement of educational advantages not otherwise easily obtained, and to urge by firm and concerted, but perfectly lawful and peaceable demands, the claims of labor to juster recognition and fairer compensation, then there has been a manifest perversion of or departure from its first purposes.

What may have been originally contemplated might be a difficult matter for some of the present members of the organization to explain. What its written articles and statutes contain the outside world can not, of course, know. But, while ignorant of what it is in theory, we have had abundant evidence of what it becomes in practice.

Practically the Knights of Labor claim the right, not only to unite and form associations for the purposes indicated by Mr. Powderly and Mr. McDowell in their testimony before the committee, not only to "strike" when they are not paid the wages which they may deem a just and adequate remuneration for labor, but they claim a great deal more. They assert in act, and are not slow to defend in argument, rights and privileges which the law denies to every other class of people, and which the State punishes in its other citizens as crimes. Mr. Powderly tells us that lawlessness and "strikes" constitute no part of his programme, but that he proposes to settle all differences and redress all wrongs by arbitration. Yet, when the scope and character of the arbitration comes to be examined, we find that it is to be partial, in that it shall consider only the grievances of the employee and never those of the employer; and it is impracticable in that it proposes to settle some questions which in the very nature of things—which if there is to be any discipline or subordination at all—the employer must alone determine.

It is manifest that labor unions of this character must either be disbanded, must abandon their pretensions, or that our civilization must be so modified as to entertain very different ideas of legal rights and wrongs from the present code, and permit acts to be done with impunity which we now menace with very severe penalties. If the Knights of Labor may, in the prosecution of their purposes, intimidate, coerce, or injure non-union laborers who accept work and attempt to perform it, and commit trespass and destruction upon the property of employers who will not obey the mandates of their order, and boycott every one who does not agree with them, or act with them, then all of us must be allowed the same delicious liberty of action. "Equal rights to all, exclusive privileges to none." Every other man in America has just as good right to violate the laws as a Knight of Labor. But it is the settled conviction of fifty millions of people in this country that no man has the right to benefit himself by trespassing on the rights of others; that no man may justly accomplish an object, however meritorious, by inflicting wrong and injury upon some other man.

The right of a non-union man to work for a small wage is as sacred as that of a Knight of Labor to demand a larger wage, and must be acknowledged and protected. Some highly intelligent foreigners may think differently, but the American idea is, and always will be, that a man can not acquire the right to beat and maim other citizens, commit trespass and destroy property, by simply joining an association with a high-sounding name. Even "scabs" have some rights, and must not be "attacked on sight," or "shot on the spot." Five hundred thousand men can not successfully oppose claims so unusual and unjust to the settled convictions of fifty millions of people.

**A** FEW weeks since the citizens of Montgomery, Alabama, assembled to witness and take part in a ceremony which, of all conceivable demonstrations, it might be thought would be least calculated to elicit criticism from just and generous men.

They met to dedicate a monument erected to the memory of friends and kinsmen who died more than twenty years ago. It is true that the dead, thus commemorated, had in life been Confederate soldiers, and had lost their lives in civil war, in the effort to establish a separate and independent government of Southern States. It is true that they fell fighting against the gallant soldiery who rushed to the field in maintenance of the Federal Union and its authority. It is true that they acknowledged an allegiance to Alabama which they denied to the whole country, of which, as citizens of Alabama, they were also citizens; and that, true to the teachings of three generations of their fathers, they obeyed without inquiry or hesitation the behests of their State, and resisted to the death the invasion of their soil.

It is quite possible that they were mistaken in the opinions upon which they acted, at least in the measure in which they were asserted. Human intelligence—the finite mind—will always be perplexed by questions of the nature which these men had to solve for themselves, aided only by their education, associations, and instincts. The great and allwise God, alone, knows who is in error and who is not in error about issues of this kind when they divide a people. But whether they were right or wrong, they are dead. The cause for which they fought was lost. The claims which they asserted in arms have long since been abandoned; not partially, but entirely, not with any reservation whatever, but absolutely. The armies of the Confederacy were not more completely overthrown by the host which combated them with equal courage and stronger battalions than have been the dogmas of secession and disunion and the institution of slavery by the event of the conflict and the experience of the years which have passed since its close. The survivors of the Southern ranks feel as far removed from that struggle, in all save respect and reverence for the motives of those who patriotically entered into it on both sides, honor for the Union dead and affectionate remembrance of their own, as if it belonged to the history of some former age.

The people of Montgomery, who were present and assisting on this occasion, as indeed nearly all of the people of Alabama, with the exception of those who were unborn or too young, had "participated in the rebellion" and borne arms under the Confederate flag. As a matter of course, these people felt sincerely and warmly the sentiment which had found

expression in the beautiful shaft around which they were gathered, and very naturally desired that it should have cordial and adequate utterance. Mr. Jefferson Davis was chosen as the orator of the occasion, and we can not help thinking his selection an eminently appropriate one. He is a man who belongs altogether to the past; he has no share in the present, none at least in its actualities, its active things. He is not a citizen of the United States, although still a resident of the South; and such citizenship as he can claim is of his dead Confederacy. The sleeping heroes above whom that marble pillar has been reared are his comrades rather than the living, and his country is the shadow land beyond the grave. The survivors of the Confederacy, who were assembled to hear his words, remembered that he had been its president, the representative man of the movement, in which they were as guilty, if guilt there was, as he. Yet they stood there amnestied, enfranchised, restored to all rights of citizenship in a re-established Union. According to the views of some Northern papers and politicians, it would seem that they ought to have expressed their appreciation of the political blessings they were enjoying and their gratitude that they had been permitted to survive, by a general and hysterical confession of the sins of slavery and secession, and some denunciation of the dead men over whom they have raised the monument.

That sort of thing, some of their critics seem to think, would have been peculiarly fit and graceful. But they thought and felt differently. They knew themselves to have been sincere and patriotic, however much they may have erred in judgment when they fought against the old flag; and they knew that no men were ever more justly entitled to that vindication than their comrades who had died. The past had been forgotten and condoned as to themselves. Did justice require, or decency permit that censure and contumely should be directed only against the dead? All that they expected Mr. Davis to say, all that they listened to from his lips, were merely expressions of affection for their slain brothers and a testimonial, perfectly true and amply deserved, to their valor, fidelity, and devotion. His most extreme utterance, put into plain English, was no more than that these dead men were not "traitors." The Southern born man who will not say the same is a coward, or worse. The Northern man who will say otherwise will find himself in sympathy with two thousand fools in Albany, New York, one in Ohio, and a few more scattered at large through the country.

The hearty support which the BIVOUAC has received in the North we attribute to the credence, which we think obtains among its Northern readers, that it is a true exponent of Southern thought. That, without acerbity of expression and not in any offensive form, it accurately represents the best and most general Southern sentiment and opinion. We have striven to deserve this confidence; and, careful not to encourage or aid in the publication of mere resentments, we have endeavored to express that which the Southern people really feel and believe.

The representative Southern man and ex-Confederate soldier does not mean to acknowledge now, nor does he believe, that he was guilty of treason. We propose to attempt no discussion of that question. The argument is over, and the issues are dead. Discussion is now "stale, flat, and unprofitable." We believe that every brave and honest Federal soldier—and we believe a vast majority of them are both—would have



little respect for Southern men if he thought they had risked their lives, sought the lives of others, and contributed to the evils of internecine warfare, without having been thoroughly convinced that they had right and reason for their action. He would and ought to feel profound contempt for them if they would now deny convictions they then entertained, and whine in defeat. If they refuse to make confessions humiliating to themselves, they can not be expected to calumniate their dead. Nor can they be expected to make the man they chose as their leader in the struggle the scape-goat in disaster, unless those who expect it are very base and judge them by their own standard.

They honor and love the memories of their slain comrades. They honor the heroes of the Union who fell in the battles where they stood against them, all fighting for the right as each understood it. They clasp every day in friendship and esteem the hand of some gallant Union soldier. They are unwilling to

turn upon one of their own people because he, only, has been the victim of vindictive remembrance, and condemn him because he says things which they repeat. But they are thoroughly convinced that the Confederacy is lost and gone, and that the "Union must and shall be maintained."

Surely the frothiest fanaticism can not make any man of ordinary intelligence fear a revival of the feeling and purpose of 1861, or believe that Mr. Davis could instigate another rebellion if he would. The rabid folly which sees or affects to see treason in sentimental words spoken on a proper occasion is, we believe, as despicable in the eyes of our Northern fellow-citizens as in our own. It is most fortunate that the men who indulge in that sort of hostility were a small and not a large element in the armies of the Union; for, if the Southern soldiers had been pitted against such material, the Confederate banner would have been borne to victory, and the Union would not have been preserved.

## SALMAGUNDI.



"SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"\*

**Dusky Story-Tellers.**—There had been a log-rolling on the plantation, a great cutting and clearing up of all the fallen dead timber in a field that had lain fallow for a year, with the important accompaniment of a barbecue and a keg of whisky. The creeping stiffness of age being a thing abhorred by old Uncle Tony and, if possible, concealed—for he dreaded the exhibition of any thing which might give license to a suspicion that he was, as his friends would have put it, "gwine ter seed"—he was naturally desirous of exciting admiring emulation among his male cronies in other lines than that of story-telling, his own peculiar forte.

The log-rolling was an opportunity which he could not neglect, and he failed not to attract attention, as well by deeds with the hand-stick as by boasts of

former distinction among his fellows; indeed, all agreed that he was still "much uv a man." Pleased and excited by this admiration, the old man exerted himself a little too far, and so got a strained back to remind him of his years. However, a profuse communion with the keg of spirits, the contents of which were dealt out with lavish hand, quickly afforded relief, and he went home in a very happy frame of mind—if his step was a little unsteady—and no one looked more "spry" than he, while the festivities were going on in his yard that evening.

Uncle Tony's big white yard was a sort of rendezvous for the whole negro quarter, and it was no uncommon thing for all his neighbors and friends, old and young, to gather there after supper—the young to play games and dance, and the elders to sit around

\*From a recent painting by J. C. Dollman.

the fires and gossip, relating quaint anecdotes and telling in all seriousness strange, incredible tales.

A banjoist had put in an appearance, and, after strumming for hours upon his instrument to rapid measures suited to the "double shuffle," the "back-step," etc., in which outlandish dances all indulged with that *abandon* and intensity of enjoyment characteristic of African festivities, yielding to persuasion, the musician sang in a pleasing voice, several old-time plantation songs, one about "Cotton-eye Joe;" another beginning:

"My ole mistis promis' me  
Wen she die she set me free,"

and many verses of "Ole Napper," the subjoined being the only two I can recall:

"Ole Napper come ter my house,  
I t'ought 'e wanh ter see me;  
But wen I come ter fine out,  
Done 'suade my wife ter leab me;  
Oh, weh's ole Napper, yoonkee, yoonkee?  
Weh's ole Napper?—gone away!

"Ef I could cotch dat nigger—  
Dat blasted cussed Napper,  
I'd fling 'im een a mortar  
An' poun' 'im up ter pepper!  
Oh, weh's ole Napper, yoonkee, yoonkee?  
Weh's ole Napper?—gone away!"

At one of the fires sat Uncle Tony and his wife, their friend, Aunt Ca'line, and others. And just now a young woman named Dilsey had the floor.

"I met dah taller-face' Buckra<sup>\*</sup> boy, Ben Mathis, down de road dis mawnin'," she said, addressing Aunt Ca'line, "an' 'e tole me a tale. 'E say one time a edicated nigger an' a *unedicated* nigger went a-fish-in', an' de *unedicated* nigger cotch a great big fish an' de edicated nigger ainh cotch nutt'n but a litly bitsy one. An' bimeby dey 'spute wid one 'nudder 'bout how dey gwine 'vyide de game—'caze bofe uv um claim dah big fish. De edicated nigger say, *co'se* dah big fish his'n, an' 'e 'splain it dis er way:

"Ought's a ought, an' figger's a figger,  
Dis yuh big fish b'long ter dis nigger.

"An' den de *unedicated* nigger say, 'Oh-y! is dat so, sho-nuf? Well, I reck'n dah big fish mus' be yo'n den. Oh-y! I wish I was edicated lak you is! An' de edicated nigger up'n tote de big fish off home."

They all laughed at this, but Aunt Ca'line was quick to say: "I donh b'lieve dass so now. Dah *unedicated* nigger master ainh had de sense 'e 'uz borned wid, ef dat de way 'e do. Shoo! Dah Buckra boy des say all dat ter mek out lak us black fokes is foolish."

"I know'd dat," Dilsey declared, "an' I up'n tote 'im—

"Shoo! oh, shoo! nigger daky—shoo!  
I don't drink tea an' I dont drink coffee,  
An I don't dilly-dally wid a black nigger daky!"

Which curious rigmarole no doubt effectually squelched the offending "taller-face' Buckra boy!" I am well aware this will strike the reader as incredible nonsense (which undoubtedly it is), but I am ready to assure him with all due solemnity that I have often heard the above recited with much vain-glory and satisfaction, by Dilsey, or Silvey, or Jinny

(as the case might be) when provoked by white children, who were of course covered with shame by the sweeping condemnation it involved. Why, when applying this remarkable piece of invective to representatives of the white race, they never substituted for the closing line something like, "I don't dilly-dally wid a taller-face' Buckra," and thus say what they mean, was ever a dark mystery, and as such we will have to leave it.

No dusky company of this sort could remain together long without some reference to "sperits," and in the course of the evening Uncle Tony was induced to repeat his remarkable and oft-told story of how he once treed a ghost, and to continue with some interesting remarks on the subject of "sperits" in general.

"You let Buckra people fool you, ter mek you tink der ainh no sich t'ing es sperits!" said the old man in solemn warning, when some one made reference to the prevailing unbelief on this subject in that quarter. "Dem sperits is *deh*, I tell yer—an' mo'n dat, people kin see um sometimes, speshly dese yuh people wut borned wid a caul."

"Unker Tony," said Dilsey, "'spose'n I'uz ter meet up wid a sperit—wut mus' I do?"

"Mek out lak yer ainh scared an' go right on—dass de way ter do. Tell 'im, 'Howdy!' an' gie 'im de road. An' lemme tell yer, be mighty partic'lar not ter run 'ginse 'im wutsomever you mer do."†

"People sees de sign er sperits heap er times wen dey donh know it," continued Uncle Tony. "You better look out wen yer gwine 'long de road een de night time, an' feel a warm bref tech yer on de back er yer neck—*dass a sperit*. You better look out wen yer gwine 'long on a moonshiny night an' see a rabbit jump up an' run 'cross de road right by yer—*don't* you run at it! Dass a sperit, suh. You better be partic'lar wen yer run upon a black cat een a dark place an' see 'e eyeballs shine same as balls er fire—*dass a sperit*!"

"I never know'd dey come-lak rabbits," said Aunt Ca'line; but I know'd 'bout dem 'ceitful-lookin' black cats. Laws-a-mussy! hit mek me so scared I dunno wut ter do, wen I run up on one dem cats 'way off fum de house."

"Dey comes lak rabbits, an' cats, an' dogs, an' I dunno wut all," said Uncle Tony. "Yes, suh—an' one time I yehd tell er one comin' lak a deer. Dey tell me nobody cud kill dat deer. Dey shoot at it an shoot at it—git right close upon it, an' shoot at it, but hit go right on des same es ef der wanh no bullets een de whole country. An' I yeh um say bimeby dey went ter a ole kunjun black man 'bout dat deer, an' 'e tole um ter moul' a *silver* bullet an' try dat. An' dey done dat; an' suh, nex' time dey shoot at dat creeter right deh een de open woods een de broad open day, hit wannish away!"

And I might add here, that it is just possible that some such legend as this was concerned with the origin of the prevailing custom, among negro slaves in the South, of wearing one or more punctured silver dimes about the neck as a sort of charm.

LOUIS PENDLETON.

†Suggests the reported belief of a wild African tribe, that spirits are so thickly surrounding them in the material atmosphere, that it is impossible to cast any thing into the air without hitting them—for which reason they always apologize to these unseen beings when about to throw any thing.

\*"Buckra"—white man.



## "OLD MAMMY CHLOE."

The carriage is waiting beside the door,  
 And Cæsar, the coachman, stands,  
 Sadly caressing the iron-grays,  
 Awaiting the mistress' commands.  
 He may well be proud of his noble steeds,  
 Champing their bits so gay,  
 And the coach with its harness glittering bright,  
 But his heart is sad to-day.  
 For he hears the sound of weeping within,  
 And he thinks of the dreadful news,  
 So lately brought to the loving heart  
 Now making its last adieux.  
 The master is wounded and dying perhaps,  
 And tears are now falling fast,  
 As the faithful slave stands sorrowing there,  
 And thinks of the happy past.  
 Ah! well he remembers the beautiful boy,  
 His playmate in childhood and youth,  
 Who had ever been to his simple faith  
 A model of goodness and truth.  
 Together they learned of a Savior's love,  
 As they stood by "ole mistis'" knee,  
 Together "ole mammy's" heart they shared  
 And frolicked in boyish glee.

Again he stands by the bed of death,  
 Where the dear "ole mistis'" lies,  
 Calmly awaiting the summons hence,  
 To her home beyond the skies,  
 "Cæsar," she said, "An' her voice was low  
 An' sweet as de birds in June;  
 An' I kno' dat in Heaven she's singin' now,  
 Wid her golden harp in tune—  
 Cæsar," she said, "I am going home,  
 My words mus' be faint an' few,  
 But I leave, to guide you, de bressed words,  
 To God an' your master be true."  
 And now, as he pats their flowing manes,  
 He thinks of those far-off days,  
 When first he mounted the carriage-box  
 And reined up the iron-grays.  
 Old Billy, the coachman, had feeble grown,  
 And Cæsar, in all his pride,  
 Must go, in his brand new livery,  
 To bring home the fair young bride.  
 And then he remembers the sorrowful time,  
 When grief filled his own young heart,  
 When told that from Phillis, the girl he loved,  
 He soon will be called to part.  
 But he goes, as of old, to "young Mars' Ned,"  
 And his trouble straightway confides;  
 The young lover's heart is soon made glad,  
 And Phillis becomes his bride.  
 "An' now dey tell me dis drefful war  
 Is to set all de niggers free;  
 No white folks in all de lan', I'm sho',  
 Are so happy as Phillis an' me."

Now Cæsar must mount and away once more;  
 "Ole gray, you mus' trappel fas',"  
 He hears the sound of his lady's voice,  
 "Mis Claire is comin' at las'."  
 The little ones cling round the mother still,  
 She kisses them o'er and o'er,  
 Then sadly enters the waiting coach,  
 While the footman opens the door.  
 Just then the shrill tones of a woman's voice  
 Was borne on the autumn wind,  
 "Stop, children, stop! it will never do

To leave Mammy Chloe behind;"  
 Hastening around the graveled walk  
 She comes in her Sunday dress,  
 A snow-white turban encircles her head,  
 And her 'kerchief is crossed on her breast,  
 With her sun-bonnet now in her tightened grasp,  
 A soft, warm shawl on her arm,  
 She is fully prepared all hardships to brave,  
 And shrinks from no danger or harm.  
 "Oh, mammy!" the sorrowing lady cries,  
 "You are too feeble and old  
 For such a journey—the way is long,  
 And the weather is growing cold.  
 I know your kind old heart, mammy,  
 Is beating warm and true,  
 But in the dreary hospital  
 There'll be no place for you."  
 "Oh honey," she gasps in a voice of woe,  
 "My place is by young Mars' Ned;  
 I've nussed 'em all, from ole Miss down,  
 I've watched by 'em livin' an' dead.  
 Dese arms was de fust dat ever held  
 My young Mars' Ned when a babe;  
 Brudders an' sisters, I've nussed 'em all,  
 From de cradle all down to de grabe,  
 An' now in de hospittle far away  
 He's moanin' an' pinin', I kno',  
 No matter who's dar, he'll be sure to fine  
 A place for Ole Mammy Chloe.  
 Well, honey, you has a good rite, I kno',  
 To say I mus' stay behine;  
 But, Mistis, 'fore God, I tells you now,  
 Somewhere on de rode you'll fine  
 Ole Mammy Chloe—she will go afoot—  
 You may fine her cole and dead,  
 But 'twill sho' to be only on de rode  
 Dat leads her to young Mars' Ned!"

LUCY WALTON FLETCHER.

## LOVE IN THE ORCHARD.

Under the apple trees when, in May,  
 Through fresh white blossoms a breeze was blowing,  
 I saw a pair of lovers stray—  
 A pretty picture well worth the showing.

All the earth seemed a song in tune,  
 Sweet were the grasses and lush young clover,  
 And down by the doorway that leads to June  
 The birds were flying hither and over,

The runnel ran on its shingly bed  
 With a gently rippling musical laughter,  
 And thick, soft clouds were white o'erhead,  
 And the sky was blue before and after.

A pretty maid pulls down a bough  
 To catch the orchard's sweetest favor—  
 To him who stands beside her now  
 Love joins to it its subtler flavor.

She is the *one* thought of his heart,  
 The sought-for crown to life's completeness;  
 He feels the glow these days impart,  
 But finds in her a rarer sweetness.

So hand in hand along they go,  
 With throbs of joy and fond elation,  
 Amidst the apple blooms they know  
 And feel love's great transfiguration!

JOEL BENTON.

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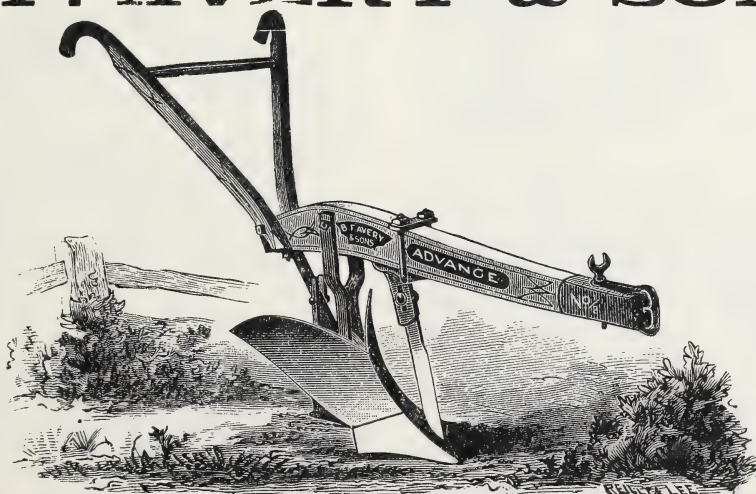
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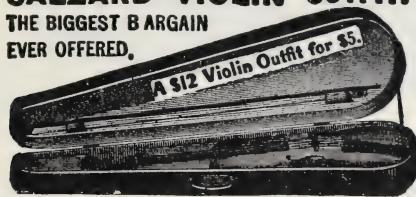
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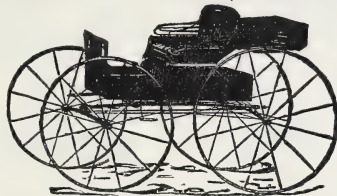
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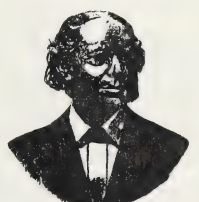
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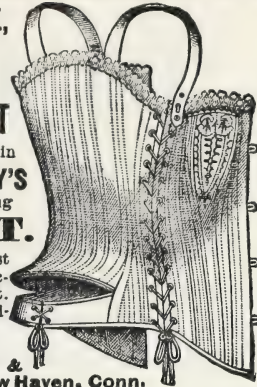
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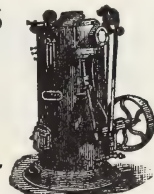
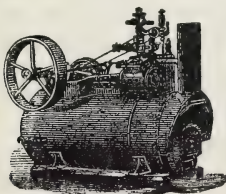
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In the July number will appear PAUL HAYNE's second paper on *Judge Charles Gayarré*, in which he will treat the literary career of Judge Gayarré.

In the same number JUDGE RICHARDS will conclude his sketch of *Gen. Turner Ashby*, and R. H. MUSSER will continue his account of *The War in Missouri*.

In July will be published a poem by ROBERT BURNS WILSON, "*A Heritage of Hope; an Address to the Bards of the South*," and a poem by CHARLES J. O'MALLEY, entitled "*Fra Benedict*."

In the same issue will appear "*Old-Time Service*," by MAJ. J. M. WRIGHT, which will describe life in the old army; its hardships and its pleasures; its dangers and discipline; its moral and social code, furnishing an altogether pleasant picture of military life.

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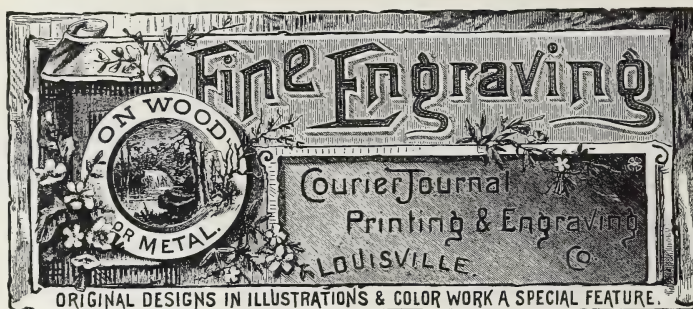
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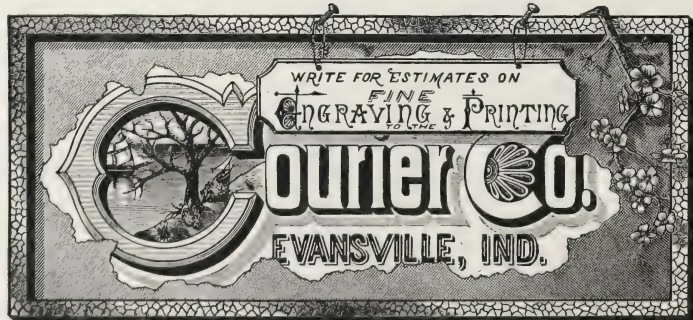
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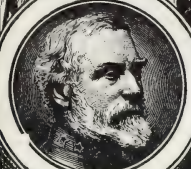


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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOLUME II.

JULY, 1886.

NUMBER 2.

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## THE FIRST DAY OF REAL WAR.

FORT MOULTRIE BEFORE THE WAR; SUMTER IN THE DISTANCE.

AMONG all her fields of historic interest America has no spot fraught with more suggestive memories than the city, harbor, and environs of Charleston. Here sounded the first key-note of civil war; here the storm clouds that had been gathering for forty years first discharged their thunder-bolts, and here began that exhibition of the skill, bravery, and endurance characteristic of the American race which became the wonder of the civilized world.

The month of April, 1861, witnessed the first clash of contending arms. Previous political events had succeeded each other rapidly. The election of Abraham Lincoln, the secession of South Carolina, the failure of the commissioners to obtain peaceable possession of the property claimed by the State, the midnight removal of Major Anderson and his garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, the endeavors of the General Government to provision that stronghold, the firing on the "Star of the West," the departure from the North of a fleet of armed vessels designed to menace Charleston, the pending negotiations between Anderson and the Confederate authorities, these and other incidents had stirred the blood

of the people to fever heat, and there existed all the premonitory symptoms of the tremendous struggle about to begin.

Charleston was thronged. Business, if not suspended, was unsettled. Anxious groups were congregated from morning until night to gather tidings from the telegrams flitting between Charleston and Montgomery, the Confederate capital. The prudent merchant had "set his house in order," and, with his clerks, prepared to take the field, and the commercial traveler from the North sadly turned his face toward home. The degree of military enthusiasm which prevailed can scarcely be conceived. Not to be a soldier or in some manner identified with the cause was to be an object of suspicion or scorn. The rank and file was represented by all pursuits and professions. From the pulpit, court, and school-room; from library and work-shop; from barren sand-hills and populated cities, hundreds poured forth who vied with each other in a desire to exhibit their patriotic virtues. Without uniformity of dress, wearing no insignia save the emblematic palmetto-tree crescent or cockade, marching with irregular steps that would have caused a smile but for the solemnity of the hour and the grave



purpose written in men's faces. Gray-beards and youth, grandsires and children, such were the people who dared to cross lances in mortal combat with the legions of the North.

Beauregard was in command. He came from New Orleans, a stranger as it were, and perhaps he little understood the scrutiny to which he would be subjected by the proud Carolinians who were disinclined at such a juncture to brook the control of any one whose passport to fame had not been written by themselves. But there was something in the well-defined physiognomy and compact physique, in the dark eye, firm lip, and massive chin of the great Creole that told of hidden power; something in the full brow and shapely head that spoke of resources yet to be developed; something in the stolid exterior, so calm, yet be-

dangerous "Merrimac" and other Confederate ironclads. This was confided to the construction of Clement H. Stevens, a bank officer of Charleston, who subsequently rose by gallantry in battle to the rank of brigadier-general, and was killed in front of Atlanta.

It is due to the late William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished Southern novelist, to state that this iron battery was suggested by him in a series of letters, first to Hon. William Porcher Miles, a member of the convention, and subsequently of the Confederate Congress. These letters were afterward, under his instructions, transferred to Hon. D. F. Jamison, president of the convention and secretary of war of South Carolina, in the cabinet of Governor Pickens. By General Jamison's written instructions to General Trapier, the work was undertaken in

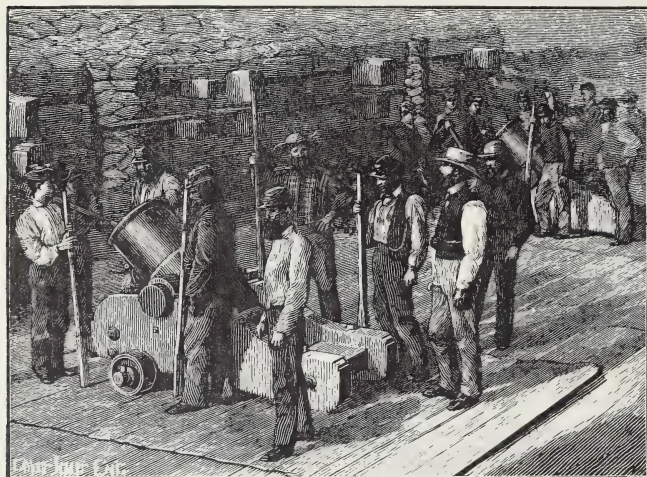
accordance with the views of Mr. Simms, the construction being confided to Mr. Stevens.

During the progress of the work, General Jamison, accompanied by ex-Governor Allston and Mr. Simms, visited the battery, when Allston took occasion to state that he would not care to trust himself behind such a curious defense, as it could not be safe.

"Well," was the reply of General Jamison, pointing to Mr. Simms, "here is the very man who is responsible for it."

The author quickly demonstrated the difference between the wooden walls of a frigate and the iron-plated incline of a wall at an angle of forty-three degrees and more than twelve inches thick.

The structure consisted of a roof of railroad iron, rising diagonally from the sand, supported by wooden beams and flanked by layers of sand bags. The muzzles of three eight-inch columbiads protruded from the iron sky-lights, which were made to rise and close automatically before and after each discharge. Close at hand was another battery of three ten-inch mortars, two forty-two pounders, and a small English rifle cannon presented to the State by Charles H. Prioleau, Esq., of the English branch of the house of John Fraser & Co. Both of these works were under the direct command of Major P. F. Stevens, superintendent of the Citadel



MORTAR BATTERY, CUMMING'S POINT, MORRIS ISLAND, APRIL 14, 1861.

speaking latent fire, and it was not long before the hero of Contreras and Churubusco sat enthroned in the hearts of the people as one of their most cherished idols.

The position of the several fortifications at this time may be briefly described: Looking from the city down the harbor might be seen, looming up from the water in bold relief against the sky, the then comely shape of Fort Sumter, the only resting place of the stars and stripes in South Carolina. Opposite to and on the right of the stronghold, Cumming's Point, the extremity of Morris Island, stretched away still further to the south until the curve of its white beach was lost to view. On this point were three batteries, mounting in all six guns. Among them was the nondescript fortification which afterwards became the pattern of the

Academy—the West Point of the South—and were occupied by the Palmetto Guards, Captain George Cuthbert, one of the old volunteer companies of Charleston. Nearer the city, but still on the right of the view, was Fort Johnson, where were two eleven-inch mortars and one twenty-four-pounder. From this position the first gun was fired.

On the left of the harbor, opposite and north of Fort Sumter, seventeen hundred yards distant, was Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, then mounting thirty-eight guns of various caliber, manned by the State regulars, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Roswell G. Ripley, formerly of the United States Army, subsequently a Confederate major-general, and now in New York. Four hundred yards nearer the city was a battery of two ten-inch mortars and an enfilade battery of two twenty-four and two thirty-two-pound guns, commanded by Lieutenant Jacob Valentine, one of the veterans of the Mexican war. Anchored a short distance still nearer was a floating battery, a mere mud flat, with a front wall of palmetto logs faced with iron and pierced for three guns. These were served under the direction of John Randolph Hamilton, an ex-officer of the United States Navy. Besides these, other batteries had been erected at various weak points along the coast. On the left of Fort Moultrie was a little cottage in which, by direction of Colonel Ripley, was erected a calcium light by two young students from the South Carolina College. One of these was I. M. Logan, who, leaving his studies, had joined the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston. Later he became famous as one of the best of skirmish leaders, and won his spurs as a general. Since the war his executive abilities have been recognized as the organizer and Vice-President of the Richmond and Danville Railway system, and as chief in engineering enterprises which have been largely developed in the South. This light was intended to cover the channel through which ships could enter. In fact, the entire coast of the neighborhood was lined with protective and defensive works, and the most adroit of enemies would have found it difficult to penetrate the stronghold.

While hundreds of busy slaves, not less enthusiastic than their masters, were engaged in strengthening these lines of defense, negotiations were in progress to prevent the arbitrament of battle, but they proved of no avail. On the 8th of April, an authorized messenger from Mr. Lincoln informed Governor Pickens

that provisions would be sent to Fort Sumter, "Peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary." General Beauregard was thereupon instructed to demand its evacuation, and in case of refusal to resort to arms. The formal request was made on the 11th of April; the expected negative was received, and then Beauregard notified Major Anderson that at 4:30 o'clock on the morning of 12th, he would "open fire!" The bloody line was drawn!

The intelligence that war was about to be inaugurated circulated like wildfire through the community. A few were flippant, and treated the coming encounter as if it were only a mere political episode. There were others, however, whose thoughts were full of the mighty issues of the hour, and whose faces grew dark with the solemn shadows of a portentous future.

The utmost activity prevailed; steamers industriously plied between the city and fortifications, bearing troops and dispatches; cannon rumbled through the streets; volunteers, singly and in squads, by companies and regiments, arrived from the interior on every train, and the promenade exhibited a commingling of citizens from nearly every State, who, having heard the war slogan, hurried hither to unite upon a common battle-field.

The first company to arrive from the country was "the minute men of Abbeville," under the command of Captain James Perrin, afterward a colonel and killed in Virginia. Such was the haste of preparation to leave home that their uniforms, consisting of red hunting shirts and black trowsers, were made by the ladies of the town in a single day, and that day the Sabbath. The students in the South Carolina College, at Columbia, came in a body under the command of Captain John H. Gary, who was afterward killed in Fort Wagner, on Morris Island. They had asked permission from the president of the institution to join the forces in Charleston, but this not being promptly accorded at the time, on the ground that their services were not needed, they threatened rebellion against the college authorities, and left Columbia in spite of the faculty.

As evening approached the restlessness of the community became almost painful. A call had been made for volunteers to perform patrol duty during the night. The young men were in camp, but the fathers and grandfathers responded, and with their private arms a thousand assembled at the rendezvous on the Cita-



del Green. Every one sought to have a place in the picture.

Charleston slumbered lightly during that eventful night. There was no noise, no confusion, no commotion. The machinery of battle had all been pre-arranged for the terrible work about to begin, and, save the slow, pattering footsteps of the mounted guard, or the tread of wakeful pedestrians, silence reigned. The gas-jets burned low in a thousand chambers, and many a pillow was wet with the tears of gentle women, praying in the still watches of the night for the safety of the loved ones sleeping at the guns.

"Go," said a noble wife to her husband, as she stood in the porch of their dwelling, with their infant child in her arms, to say farewell; "Go! God bless you! and when this fight is

vate in that circle of batteries is at his post. The curtains of the night are drawn aside, and as the bells of the distant city strike, one—two—three—four—a group of soldiers gather around a mortar in Fort Johnson. They little realize, however, that in those silvery notes rolling across the waters of the bay, they have heard the death-knell of eighty years of peace.

Among the officers are Colonel James H. Chesnut, ex-United States Senator, Colonel A. H. Chisholm, now the editor and proprietor of

SECTION OF PARAPET OF FORT SUMTER: SEA-FACE, SHOWING EFFECT OF  
RAKING FIRE FROM FORT MOULTRIE, APRIL 14, 1861.

FLAG-STAFF, CASEMATES, AND RUINS IN FORT SUMTER, APRIL 14, 1861.\*

over let this boy be not ashamed to call you father." Then the door closed, and overcome by emotion she fell insensible upon the floor. When restored to consciousness, her first inquiry was, "Did he see me faint?" Such was the Spartan-like heroism with which at that early day the women of the South prepared

"To walk the earth with bleeding feet, yet smile."

April 12th! The hour of action is at hand. It is not yet daylight, but every officer and pri-

recorded upon the dial-plate, there is a flash of light, the thunder of a gun, an eleven-inch shell traces its pathway toward Fort Sumter with a long thin line of fire. Another quickly follows, and the chorus of battle is fairly opened, the prelude to a mighty drama of revolution. The first of these shells was discharged by Captain George S. James, and the second by Lieutenant Hampton Gibbs.

The scenes of that April morning in the city of Charleston will never be fully portrayed. Nor

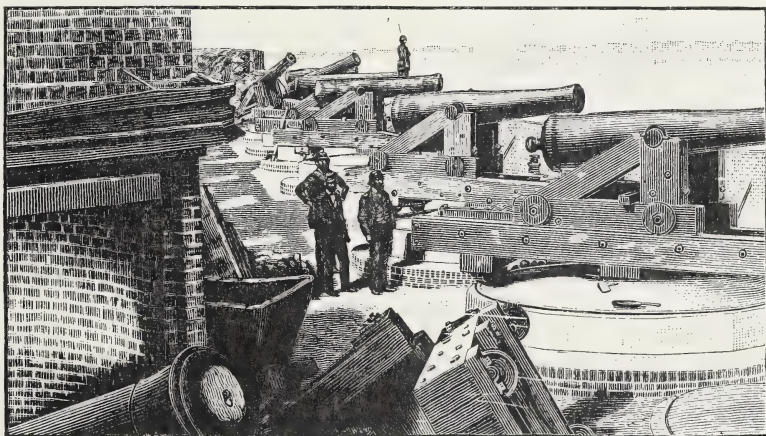
a mining journal in New York, and Major Stephen D. Lee, subsequently a lieutenant-general, the *aides* of Beauregard, by whom the final note was conveyed to Major Anderson. Watch in hand, they await the approach of the half hour when the signal gun is to sound the tocsin of civil war; and as the last second of the last minute is

\*All of these engravings were made by the Courier-Journal Engraving Company from photographs taken at the time by Osborne, Charleston, South Carolina.

tongue, nor pen, nor canvas can convey an idea of the reality in all of its details. Let the reader imagine a population startled from their slumbers by such an alarm. Lights flash as if by magic from the windows of every house, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, an agitated mass of people are rushing impetuously toward the water front of the city. Grave citizens, whose dignity under ordinary circumstances is unimpeachable, are at the top of their speed, dressing as they run, and sending up wild hurrahs as if they must have some such safety-valve for their enthusiasm or be suffocated. There are men *sans* coats, women *sans* crinoline, and children in their night-gowns. "The battery," or fashionable promenade, presents a scene of *deshabille* in every style, and the mysteries of the feminine toilet are revealed with a reckless disregard of all the formula of

battle now raged with fury, and the fiery messengers from both sides followed each other with spiteful haste. Short, sharp reports with spurts of flame told of bursting shells in and around the beleaguered fortress, while splashes of spray or clouds of crumbled brick marked the ugly force of round shot on its face. To the spectator, no display of pyrotechnic skill could have been more attractive.

At dawn a shower of rain dispersed the throng gathered on the "Battery," but at sunrise thousands again congregated who, with fever undiminished, watched the progress of the fight. The elegant mansions in the neighborhood were also filled with observers, while in the roadway of the broad plaza were hundreds of carriages, and the horsemen who had hurried to the scene from towns and villages miles away.



SEA-FACE OF FORT SUMTER: GUNS DISMOUNTED BY FORT MOULTRIE.

conventional attire. And so with faces pale, hair unkempt, and eyes sharpened by the strange fascination of the weird spectacle, the impassioned multitude stand by the hour peering into the darkness and reading the progress of the fight by the flashing of the guns.

Our batteries had all opened, or, to use the language of Colonel Ripley, "rung their breakfast bell for Major Anderson." For nearly two hours they pounded at the walls of Fort Sumter with desperate energy, but without eliciting response. Scarcely, however, had objects on the low coast become well defined amid the shadows of the morning when, as if wrathful from the enforced delay, there suddenly poured from parapet and casemate, a storm of iron hail. The murmur rang through the crowd and was caught up and carried into the city, "*Fort Sumter has opened fire!*" The

A single incident illustrates the enthusiastic sentiment which pervaded the entire community. Among the spectators was a decrepid old gentleman over seventy years of age. Long before daylight he had tottered to one of the wharves as a point of observation. I found him still there in the afternoon, on my return from the fortifications, and announced to him "that thus far no one was hurt." Taking me by the hand, he remarked, "Sir, I have five sons on Morris Island, and they are all that attach me to life, but I would not utter one murmur while standing over their graves if they died fighting to-day."

Dispatches were received by Beauregard almost hourly, and by bulletins communicated to the people. The following will convey an idea of the character of these first messages of the war:



SULLIVAN ISLAND, 9 A. M. The floating battery has been struck eleven times, but the balls failed to penetrate. Major Anderson is concentrating his fire on the floating battery and the Dahlgren battery of Captain J. R. Hamilton. No houses on fire. One of the barbette guns in Fort Sumter has been dismantled. A steamer, supposed to be the "Nashville," hove in sight, but upon hearing the firing put back to sea.

CAMP BOMAR, 11 A. M. No fleet in sight yet. Sumter badly damaged on the parapet and among the buildings. Fort Moultrie and the floating battery are receiving Anderson's special attention. No one injured on our side. Ripley is in his shirt sleeves working his guns himself. The work progresses finely.

MORRIS ISLAND, STEVENS' BATTERY, 12 A. M. The battery has been struck ten times. One gun disabled by an injury to a trap-door, but no one hurt.

LATER. We have repaired damages and resumed firing.

Major Anderson began to use his guns *en barbette* about half past six o'clock, but the rain of missiles from every side drove the men to the casemates, where they remained. In order to prevent any further attempt to fire from the parapet, both Fort Moultrie and the floating battery, in connection with a company of sharp-shooters armed with Enfield rifles, directed their attention chiefly to the guns there located. The result was that long before dark every *bouche de feu* was disabled, the carriages shattered, and the parapet rendered practically defenseless.

About seven o'clock in the evening the brisk firing of the day was succeeded by a comparative calm, and, agreeably to orders from headquarters, shells were thrown from the various fortifications during the remainder of the night only at intervals of twenty minutes. To this bombardment Major Anderson made no response, and his men, exhausted by their work and the smoky atmosphere of the casemates, sought rest in sleep.

Military enthusiasm in its first "do-or-die" stage, when patriotic electricity snapped and sparkled in the eyes of men, and the lust of battle glowed in their faces, might have best been seen among those who manned the Confederate fortifications.

It was a curious blending of humanity; yet you could not but be impressed that it was a humanity that represented the sentiment of South Carolina. In their shirt sleeves, with heads bare, and features smoke-begrimed, working heavy guns, were the gentlemen you met only a few days before at the Charleston Club, elegant types of wealth and leisure. Here was a clergyman, or some of his deacons; there a bank president, or a rich wholesale merchant; yonder, around a lunch basket, might be seen a group of planters discussing cold chicken, sar-

dines, and sweet cake, and washing the same down with aged Madeira, drunk from silver goblets. And so, scattered through the several commands, were members of all of the professions, journalists, judges, legislators, and public officials, citizens of town and country, all proud to serve as soldiers in the ranks. Many of these gentlemen had never heard a shotted gun before that day, yet with a mixture of chivalry and rashness they would spring to the crest of their earthwork after each fire to watch the effect of their aim, and then cheer for Major Anderson, as the responsive missiles came shrieking back. The aggregated wealth of several of the companies might have been counted by millions, and in them the Rutledges, Ravenels, Lowndeses, Pickenses, Laurenses, Hugers, Calhouns, Rhett, Middletons, Manigaults, Hampsons, Prestons, and others, the old historic names of the State, answered to the roll-call, "Here!"

Colonel Thomas Sumter, the grandson of "the Game-cock of the Revolution," after whom the fort was named in 1833, was a private in the Palmetto Guards. Ex-Governor John L. Manning, grandson of ex-Governor Laurence Manning, one of the conspicuous heroes of Eutaw, was also a private. The venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, likewise claimed a place in the picture. As a tribute to his patriotism and great age, he was elected an honorary member of one of the companies, and having traveled from Virginia for the purpose, he was permitted to fire the first shot against Fort Sumter from the iron battery. Hon. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, was present as an *aide-de-camp* of General Beauregard.

Among the many personal incidents that occurred during the day, the following may be related: During the heaviest of the firing from Fort Sumter, Colonel Lamar, who was making a tour of the batteries on Morris Island, saw a Confederate soldier much exposed, but stolidly maintaining his position at a gun which was pointed seaward and of no manner of immediate use. Knowing the man, he called out, "Hello, there, Lloyd! what in thunder are you doing by that gun in the midst of this fire? Jump into your rat-hole, man, quick!" But Lloyd remained immovable, and looking askance at the excavation thus considerably recommended to his attention, he slowly replied, "Not now, Colonel; the blamed thing might cave in you know. And then some day after the battle may be they'd dig me out, and be sure to say, 'Well, if here ain't Lloyd

Mitchell, who ran away from Major Anderson and stuck himself into a rat-hole! Served him right! No, sir-ee, Colonel, they put me by this gun, and I'll stand by it or bust. Durn your rat-holes, when there's plenty of daylight."

During the night fires were kept brightly

blazing in the harbor for the purpose of detecting the launches of the distant fleet, should they attempt to relieve the garrison. The yellow glare illumined the darkness for miles around; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled weird-like and drearily among the sand-hills of the islands. So ended the first day.

*F. G. de Fontaine.*

## OLD-TIME SERVICE.

IN military circles one occasionally hears something about "the old army," by which is meant the regular army before the war of the rebellion. The army still does hard and, for the most part, unappreciated work, but the conditions of military life in this country have almost wholly changed since 1860. Rapid transmission of news and comparatively easy transportation have made the frontier garrison accessible to outside civilization, and the present policy of concentrating troops at large stations has dissipated the isolated experience of the numerous small frontier posts at which most officers of the line passed the better part of their lives. It used to be that the commanding officer of a one-company post was a pretty well fixed and by no means unimportant man, and it was not uncommon for a lieutenant to be sent off with a small detachment to occupy some remote and lonely station for months at a time. An Indian expedition that brought a considerable number of troops together, not only furnished the excitement of active service, but was hailed as a season of social reunion.

The old army itself occupied an isolated position with reference to the rest of the people. The necessities of the Indian frontier made it almost a stranger to the older parts of the country, and as it was the pioneer of Western settlement and its interests were not identified with those of the new settlers, even on the frontier it was regarded as a stranger temporarily sojourning among those who were searching for or making permanent homes. In the strife that was continually arising between settlers and Indians, the army took neither side. It held itself aloof from all such controversy, and it acted only when necessity demanded and orders came, and then it made no inquiry and expressed no opinion as to the merits of the situation. Even where the law and length of residence permitted it, army men were not in

the habit of voting or taking any part in local politics, and the older officers strenuously discouraged and, when occasion demanded, positively disapproved any participation in such affairs. The officer who ventured into politics fell in the esteem of his associates, and the officer who was tempted by the opportunities for trading offered by a new country soon found it more agreeable to resign. The army supplied no new senators or representatives to Congress, and in the midst of thousands of chances for making rapid fortunes army men remained poor. Not a few enlisted men who served their time and were discharged at frontier posts settled in the neighborhood and became useful and wealthy citizens; but the commissioned officers considered themselves enlisted for life, and it was seldom any thing could tempt them to abandon their profession.

The popular manner of appointment to West Point brought poor men chiefly into the army, while hard service and the deprivations of the frontier were strong inducements to wealthy men to quit the service and seek more comfortable if not more congenial surroundings. In an organization where there were so few men of even independent private fortunes, it was esteemed no discredit to be poor; and as the sutler and commissary conducted a cash business, and the collection of their bills was enforced as a part of the good order and military discipline of the army, it came about that each officer was expected to live as his pay warranted. It has never been found in the best society of our country that the ladies and gentlemen of the army were out of place, yet their practice of the customs of refined society, especially in dress and entertainment, was at frontier posts under circumstances which nine tenths of their social class in more favored localities would be ashamed to reveal. This frank recognition of pecuniary inability was carried



by army people every where, and to this day it is matter for surprise, in fashionable circles in fashionable cities, that army men and women should admit a want of money as the reason for not doing something that seems desirable.

This condition of things had its drawbacks and sorrows. For a long time an officer could not insure his life, and when the actuaries finally reached his case it was rated extra hazardous and the premium was so high few could afford it. When the ordinary circumstances of death struck down the husband and father, too often the widow and children were penniless. When these things came it was not unusual for the officers of a post to contribute out of their own small store the means to return the bereaved family to the mother's friends. More than one young girl so situated has been educated through like means as a real daughter of the regiment. I have heard music lessons given on a piano that was a present to a soldier's daughter from young officers who were the comrades of her father. If death came in form of an Indian's arrow or bullet, the condition of the family was a trifle better. In the old time the public sentiment of the country was that an army officer enjoyed a soft place in life, and that when he died leaving no estate his family was no worse off than many families in civil life. If the officer was actually killed in battle, he was accounted to have taken that risk in his employment, and begrudgingly, and only because it was the custom of nations, a miserable pension was given to his widow and dependent children, and thereafter they were rated as enjoying an unearned bounty. The civil war brought home to all our people the extreme perils of a soldier's life, and the distressing consequences to dependent survivors of sudden and untimely death. The sentiment of the country changed. The ease with which any man, who can trace any slight physical infirmity to any possible cause arising in any service any where in the civil war, can now get a pension, proves, in comparison with these older times, how hard is sympathy until it is brought home, and how lavish it is when it gets there.

Railroad and telegraph have made army operations a daily item of news and the sensational enterprise of newspapers has exalted Indian fights to the dignity of highly displayed head-lines. Every one knows about the Modoc war, Custer's last rally, and Howard's march after the *Nez Percés*. But of the continual Indian warfare of the thirty preceding years the country knows very little, and at the time knew lit-

tle more. The visitor to West Point stands before the monument to Dade and his men, and wonders who they were. It is the history of a dreadful massacre in Florida, equaling in its tragic incidents the massacre of Custer's command. Howard had to fight but a fraction of the *Nez Percé* tribe, and he apprehended no trouble from the remainder of the tribe nor from the powerful tribes of the Spokanes and the Pend d'Oreilles. Twenty years before all these tribes were in a war that brought on most sanguinary battles and affairs, and left a lesson to these Indians they never forgot. That war was before the telegraph and the railroad, and when its news reached the East by way of the Isthmus of Panama it was old news, and would not have been exciting news if obtained six weeks earlier. I often think of generally unknown incidents, of which I have knowledge, and wonder how they would look now in startling head-lines and with thrilling description. There is Steptoe's hard fight and desperate retreat with his wounded men, and that brave young chevalier, Gaston, his pistol flung to the ground beside the six Indians it had killed, and he, in his wild valor, charging single-handed into a group of savages, his long saber flashing in circles and laying six more foes in as many strokes, and then flying straight out from his hand as his tall form reeled for a moment and plunged headlong into the group of dead men beneath him. On the other hand, there was Slaughter, in a dense wood, with his pickets out, his camp apparently secure, his men taking their supper, and he reading a letter by the camp-fire. In the dark, not many yards distant, there was a sudden flash of light, and, without a word, Slaughter fell dead among his men, and beyond a momentary glimpse of a flying form no one knew how the stealthy savage came so near and escaped so easily. And so there are many unpainted pictures in my mind worthy of pen and pencil, that, coming now, would be heralded over the world, but, occurring when they did, were passed unnoticed, and their heroes are yet unsung.

Among many good people the impression formerly prevailed that army men were a hard-drinking, card-playing, reckless, Godless set. The opinion was entirely unjust. The army was made up of men of all ages, and with the usual variety of disposition. There were men who drank hard and played hard, but the majority of officers—a majority sufficient to give character to the army—were a temperate, prudent, and self-respecting class, who recognized

their obligations to society and their duty to family. The army woman had not an easy lot, measuring ease by the standard of civil life; but it has always been remarked that army wives are happy and contented, and surely no wives can be in this condition when their husbands are dissipated, reckless, and wickedly profane men. As a rule, army women were religious. It was a point of faith with them to be religious under all circumstances. If there was a billiard-room at the post, it was closed on Sunday; and if any young officer turned a card on Sunday, he never let it be known among the women of the post. The deference to women, which seems always to have been a conspicuous feature of the soldier's character, exercised a powerful influence in the old army, and no doubt had a strong restraining effect. Nor was religion confined to the women. Some of the most conspicuously pious men I have ever known were officers of the old-time service. Indeed, this matter of religion was of a somewhat compulsory character. After the usual Sunday morning inspection the men were given their choice of going to church or remaining in barracks and listening to the reading of the Articles of War. The driest sermon ever preached by the dullest army chaplain was exciting compared to the monotonous reading of the dreary code of law provided for military life.

It might be supposed that all idea of the home-life would be destroyed by the almost nomadic life of the old army. But all the military posts were familiar places to army people, and if a new post was established, as was so often the case, the place might be new, but the associates were old. Absence from the old home is keenly felt only so long as the new home with its new people is strange. The only place where an old-line officer felt strange was in some city where he passed a tour of recruiting service. His real home was the army, and his quarters, wherever they might be, was a bright and cheerful home where, with his wife and little children, he led a contented and happy life, which was broken into only by the stern command that called him to the field.

Perhaps the shifting life of the old army can best be illustrated by some personal reminiscences, though they were of no uncommon character. In the first three years of my life I had changed my place of residence near a dozen times. Before I had reached the dignity of breeches I had gone pretty much every where the War Department could think of

sending us; and when the women and children of the army were left to themselves and clustered about the garrisons that seemed most like home, while the husbands and fathers were far off in Mexico, I compared notes with other lads as to how our anxious mothers received the intelligence of a fight, a wound, or perhaps, alas! an untimely and brave death that occasioned a line of mention in the bulletins. The women of the army had lived in stockades they dare not leave; they had seen their own houses barricaded and turned into strongholds, and had heard the Indian war-whoop, and seen the flaming torch, and faced unutterable possibilities; but this thing of a foreign war was new to them, and they gathered their little ones about them and sat trembling in anticipation of the next direful news.

Before that time, I can remember the frequent relation of quickly succeeding occurrences beyond my memory: at Sackett's Harbor and Baton Rouge; Green Bay and Key West; on rough sea trips along the coast; toiling trips up rivers, and a swampy march across the peninsula of Florida. I have vague recollections of current army comments which left, however, a definite impression of the public sentiment of at least that part of the army then familiar to me: General Jackson was the greatest man in the world; General Worth was the best soldier ever born or made. The biggest giant of my story-books was not as big as that big General Scott I had never seen, and my impression of his small vanities has not been equaled yet. There were stories of General Taylor's careless dress and attitude, and of the sarcasm of General Twiggs, who advised his astonished orderly, in the presence of some boastful young lieutenants, not to be too gallant, because it was becoming too common and vulgar for a gentleman. And there was O'Brien, who wrote and sang "Benny Havens," and men who "went out" themselves, or went out with a friend, all unmindful of the edict of the Articles of War, but secure in the difficulty of obtaining evidence from those who must criminate themselves in telling what they knew.

And there were romances, too; and one in part I saw, and many years later, a thousand miles away, I heard the end:

I have stood by great rows of soldiers' graves, and have seen many a poor fellow laid away without even the parting farewell shot. But these familiar sights have not obliterated the memory of the first military funeral I ever saw, when I gazed in awe upon the soldiers



carrying the draped coffin on their shoulders, the reversed arms, the old army chaplain trembling through the burial service, the three volleys over the new grave, the quick march—"Carry the Dead Man Home to His Grave"—and the dispersion of the men on reaching barracks. I wondered what had become of the handsome, brave, but always melancholy man I heard was dead, and with no very clear idea I thought of the lovely young lady who, but a short time since, so often walked by his side. I knew she had gone away while he was there, but I did not know whither. Was it yesterday? No; it was further back I met a handsome matron, and mention of some of these same old things here written revealed to me the lovely young lady. And naturally this dead soldier's name was mentioned, and my dim memory falling into accord with her reality, "Who was that melancholy man?" I asked, "and why did you go away, and he grow more melancholy?" The answer was an untold romance. When the time for parting came he told her what she had herself learned of his feelings, but he said he could ask no woman to be his wife, because he could give no wife his father's name, which the law denied him. The name he could not claim was one of the most distinguished in American history, but it fell like a blight upon the desires of these two lives, and so they parted, and before long he carried his life, his love, and his shame to the grave.

My knowledge of the service of the period of which I write was obtained when I was a boy. But my recollections of the old times are quite distinct, and are easily warmed into vivid pictures of a past that can never be entirely repeated under the new conditions of our country.

Some thirty years ago I was unexpectedly summoned from a school in the North to start upon a long and interesting journey. I arrived at Old Point Comfort just in time. The "St. Louis" was anchored in Hampton Roads; the transfer steamers were at the wharf, and the regiment was formed on the parade ground of Fortress Monroe. The regimental band struck up "The Girl I Left behind Me;" there were hurried embraces of parting friends, and tears that told of a dangerous journey and long separation; the command stepped out with a forced cheerfulness; there was a general fluttering of female spectators all around the old fort; the Chief Justice of the United States, standing in a prominent position, waved his hand in fare-

well, and the troops were off to the Oregon war, which I believe still figures as an item in the public debt statement. It was a brave and gallant spectacle. There were white-haired veterans, a score or more of dashing young subalterns, and eight hundred picked men, all full of life and energy, proudly marching off to a war that might bring death, but was sure to bring no reward. As "The Girl I Left behind Me" faded from view the spirits of the soldiers rose, and soon they were singing their accustomed songs on the transfer boats, and nimbly climbing the sides of the great black steamer and stowing themselves away in every nook and corner. When the bustle of embarkation had subsided the companies were formed on deck, the band hailed "The Star Spangled Banner" as it was run up, the signal gun fired, and the "St. Louis" moved off to sea.

Unhappily a terrific storm came up to greet the brave and merry warriors. It grew worse and worse, and Cape Hatteras was at its best when the steamer passed that unruly point. A couple of officers and a dozen men were all that were left of about nine hundred. Gray-haired veterans, dashing subs, picked men, wives, mothers, children, nurses, camp women, and canary birds were piled in an undistinguishable heap of sea-sickness. After two or three days it was pitiable to see collapsed warriors meekly crawling about the deck in the vain hope of being revived by the fresh sea-breeze. For my part, I vowed that when my time came to enter the army list I would join a regiment under orders for a two years' march across the plains.

But such ills do not last. There came a sniff of the aroma of the West Indies. The Caribbean Sea opened before us. The broken billows smoothed down into long glassy waves that hardly lifted our steamer. The clouds floated away, and the moon came out round and full and poured a great flood of yellow light upon the sea. Flying fish dropped upon our forward deck, swooping sea-gulls flew over us, a long river of foam ran off in our wake, and on each side a beautiful phosphorescent light broke away from the great paddle-wheels. Then all our people gathered on the moonlit deck in the soft tropical air, and the regimental band played the old familiar tunes and that dreadful period of prostration and sickness was forgotten. But it was not all play—roll-calls, inspections, guard mounts, sentinels, and other incidents of military life kept up their continual routine, and the steamship took on the customs and appearance of a garrison.

The railroad trip across the Isthmus of Panama was notable only to those who had never before penetrated a tropical forest, but it suggested reminiscences illustrative of the vicissitudes of old army life. One officer recalled how, six years before, his former regiment had marched over the same route, and in unwilling camps, necessitated by the difficulties of the way, had lost near a third of its men by cholera. Another, remarking that almost half the journey to Oregon was over, recalled how, some years before, he had made the same destination in an eight-months' voyage round Cape Horn, and had been becalmed for something like a month south of the equator. And on this, another had something to relate of the wreck of the steamship "San Francisco," three years before, when that unseaworthy vessel started on the same long voyage crowded with troops. In the matter of sea transportation of its troops the government used to be rather recklessly economical. The steamship on which we sailed from Panama had been out of service for a long time and was not deemed good enough for passenger travel. It was literally packed from stem to stern and was most uncomfortable. The important task of scouring the water-tanks had been neglected, and the first toss of the sea converted the drinking-water into a very disagreeable fluid to eye, nostril, and taste.

Up the coast of Mexico, rolling across the Gulf of Tehuantepec, coaling at Acapulco, through the Golden Gate and out again, we went on to the north until the gigantic breakers on the bar of the Columbia caught us up and tossed us inside the mouth of the great river to calmly pursue our way, with dense forests on each bank and towering snow peaks always in sight, until the regiment disembarked at Fort Vancouver, and old friends met again and compared views on the route to Oregon across the plains and across the Isthmus, entirely agreed as to the trip "round the Horn." Thus the army people of the old time traveled and fared.

When we finally reached our destination the Oregon Indian war was at its worst. The regular troops had been defeated and a mounted regiment of volunteers, who went out to prove that drill and discipline were impediments to successful Indian fighting, lost all their horses in one night, walked home, and leaving only the record of vouchers for horses lost in service, disappeared from history. The new troops were hurried off into a seven-months' campaign and the women and chil-

dren were left at Vancouver to lead a very disturbed life. There were army matrons, brides who were just learning army ways, young ladies just from school in "The States," and any number of children. One night they were all huddled into a stockade. Then the large house of the commanding officer was barricaded and they all slept there guarded by a detachment of soldiers. They certainly did not lead a happy life, and except for the vigilant scouting of a slender lieutenant, who is now the stout commander of the army, they would have been in greater danger.

I went with the troops, and can furnish from observation some examples of the old-time method of Indian wars. Mounted on a lively horse that had been ridden by a trumpeter, obeyed all the calls and insisted on being near the captain, I started off with the troop of cavalry forming the advance. Seated in a dragoon saddle, my head protected by a broad-brimmed hat, my lower limbs protected by leather leggins, below which protruded a rather extensive pair of Mexican spurs, with their jingling attachments, with a big navy revolver in my belt, and one of the absurd dragoon musketoons of that day over my arm, I was not clearly distinguishable from the dragoons with whom I rode. Later in life, when I had counted more than fifteen summers, I started on other marches, but never with the buoyancy and freedom from care of that morning. It was a bright and beautiful day. Only here and there on the rocky hill-side were there patches of verdure, and no trees, save at long intervals a stunted oak, could be seen on any side. A cool breeze came sweeping up the valley of the Columbia from the glowing snow summit of Mt. Hood. Profound desolation and quiet seemed to reign every where over the broad expanses opening to our view. While we marched into this solitude that gave no sign of war beyond our own column, not far from us one of the most thrilling tragedies in the history of the frontier was being enacted.

We went into camp with the usual precautions against surprise. I was enjoying a sound sleep after the fatigue of the day, when I was suddenly awakened by the distant clattering of a horse's hoofs. A moment later the clear voice of a sentinel rang out the challenge, and the response came that it was a courier from Fort Dalles. The sword of the officer of the guard clanked down through the camp to the fly-tent of the commander, and I heard the officer present the messenger with the an-



nouncement that there was bad news from the rear. The story was a short one. The friendly Cascade Indians had revolted, and, assisted by a fresh arrival of Yakima Indians, had massacred the settlers, driven the detachment of troops at the lower landing into the stockade, and were holding the portage that was the gateway to all the region of the upper Columbia. Several of the older officers were called up, and a short consultation was held, and then they all separated and every thing became quiet. Only the courier seemed to have work before him. He quietly walked away toward the pickets, and soon the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard receding in the distance. When the morning came and the troops were formed, there were many looks of surprise when the column was started back over the march of the previous day. But the exciting news soon spread along the line, and the lengthened stride and the eager look told that our men were ready for the coming fray.

It is not my purpose to describe Indian battles, but merely to furnish illustrative incidents of the ways of old-fashioned army service. Our people attacked the Indians, and killed a number and captured the leading chief and one hundred and twenty warriors, the capture being the most important circumstance for my purpose.

An examination of the neighborhood revealed a horrid spectacle, shocking enough in its details to steel the heart against mercy to the captives. Some twenty houses were heaps of smoldering ruin, and in every direction were the bodies of men, women, and children, ruthlessly butchered and treated with every indignity that savage ingenuity could devise. Only three days before I had accompanied a dragoon in a ride across this portage, and we had rested in a house which became the scene of a desperate and successful resistance. Some thirty persons had gathered there, and though famishing from thirst, had held out until the arrival of the troops. From the neighboring bluff the Indians had tossed fire-brands on the roof, but the brave frontiersmen within cut through the roof and extinguished the fire, while others picked off any Indian who ventured to peer over the rocks. Nor were the women less determined, for they stood by and loaded the guns, and took their turn at the loop-holes watching the enemy. It was a glad moment for them when they saw the troops approaching, and ran up their white flag through the shattered roof.

Our troops had marched back to Fort Dalles, and floated down the Columbia to the Cascades, knowing of this uprising and massacre, knowing that these savages were between them and Fort Vancouver, and not knowing the condition or fate of their wives and children, who had been left at the last-named post. At Vancouver they knew that our expedition had started for the Upper Columbia, they heard of the revolt at the Cascades, and they did not know at what moment the Indians might move down on them. This was the kind of life led in the army in the Indian country.

But here is another phase of the old-time customs and methods of dealing with treacherous Indians. A military commission was assembled on the battle-field and lost no time in considering what disposition should be made of the captives. The leading chief was tried and sentenced to death. His one hundred and twenty captive followers were marched out, and one hundred and twenty slips of paper, with twelve of the slips bearing a fatal mark, were placed in a hat. In perfect silence they drew lots for life or death. The twelve unlucky savages were summarily tried and sentenced. As the sun sank down behind the Cascade Mountains the thirteen men stood before thirteen open graves. The chief went first and mounted a barrel, round which a rope was tied and passed into the hands of more than a hundred men—for the soldier, though he does not object to shooting in battle, does not like to feel the personal responsibility of the hangman. With the noose from the tree about his neck, the chief made his farewell address. He invoked the wrath of the Great Father on the heads of the white men, and wished he could kill and insult them all. He bade farewell to the sun, the trees, the birds—to all nature—and told his companions to die like warriors. Then, as the word was given, and two hundred strong arms jerked the support from under him, he gave a wild war-whoop that echoed through the mountains and across the noisy waters of the Cascades. He was a brutal miscreant, but his last speech was pathetic and almost heroic, and he died like the Indian brave of fiction. The next savage mounted the scaffold in fine style, but he broke down at the outset of his brave speech and piteously begged for life. He died like a coward, as did all the rest. While the executions were progressing, I saw a white woman standing just outside the square of troops holding aloft a child that he might better witness the tragedy. To remonstrance she replied that so she

had stood in water nearly to her neck holding up her boy while these same savages murdered his father, and she wished him to witness and remember the vengeance that had overtaken them. Her rude lesson to her boy was at least not out of harmony with the vigorous lesson given the Indians in the scene before her.

It was difficult to restrain the vengeance of the white settlers after these occurrences. A faithful Indian guide one morning found his wife, sister, and child strangled by the wayside. His grief and wrath were uncontrollable, but were mollified when the commission reconvened and, selecting one of the captives who was his particular enemy, tried and condemned him, and turned him over to the guide for execution. It was the most remarkable incident I ever witnessed. The condemned man might have faltered like his companions before an ordinary execution, but when he found himself consigned to the merciless hands of his personal enemy he exhibited the most approved stoical indifference. The guide, in the presence of his victim, went about his preparations in the most deliberate manner. He carefully selected a good piece of rope, made a slip-noose and tested it, and coiled the rope on his arm. He discriminatingly chose a good spade with which to dig the grave, and with conventional Indian courtesy declined to pinion his prisoner himself, but he superintended the operation done by one of the guards. Without a word and alone they walked off together into the deep woods and were lost to view. In less than half an hour the Indian guide returned alone, and without a word replaced the rope and spade, and then went off to the graves of his family to mourn in his own savage way, and tell the spirits of the departed that they were avenged.

Some reader may ask if this is legitimate warfare. Only he can answer who has become familiar with the treachery of the Indian. After this episode of the Cascades we went into the Yakima country. The Indians met us in friendly council one day, and I took a whiff at a most distasteful pipe of peace myself. That night they crawled down upon us, fired the prairie all about our camp, shot at us from every direction, and tried to stampede all our horses. In the council I saw the splendid looking and famous chief Qualshun, who was the war spirit of all our Northern Pacific territory. Later on he again unfurled his white flag, and having gained admission to the camp through the dull comprehension of a picket, endeavored

to kill the commander of the troops. Frustrated in this design, he endeavored to kill every one who approached him, until he was secured, and in half an hour was swinging from a tree. The Spokane tribe surrendered, and suddenly attacked their guards and attempted to run off their horses. Their chief men were hung and their eight hundred horses were shot. The combined tribes of Indians fought a battle on a field designated The Four Lakes, surrendered, and on being freed commenced the butchery of settlers, and then their houses and fields were laid waste, all their property destroyed and they reduced to beggary.

Is this legitimate warfare, and what good came of it all? The good is here. These events were near thirty years ago. The tribes which I mention were the most powerful on the Pacific coast. Since that time there have been innumerable Indian troubles over and over again with the same Indians. But in that section the powerful tribes of which I write have given no trouble. Dead Horse Camp has become familiar to travelers on the northern route, but to the Indians the great piles of bleaching bones still there are the warning record of past Indian treachery. The tourist lingers amid the beautiful scenery of the Cascades, now surrounded by all the evidences of civilization, but the Indian, turning from the railway station, hurries past the spot that recalls the story of the decimation of the captives of the Cascades. All along the Upper Columbia the name of the great warrior Qualshun is handed down in Indian tradition, but his name is coupled with the swift vengeance that punished his treachery. And so these harsh and relentless incidents I relate have given nearly thirty years of absolute peace to a section of our country that continues to offer inducement to Indian disturbance.

The old army, from its isolation and from its separation from the sympathies of the people and the undiscovered item of the "soldier vote," was driven to clanishness. The sons of officers for the most part went into the army, and daughters married army officers. I can count fifteen of my family in the army and navy, and there were other families with probably as large an army and navy connection. Occasionally in the old time some patriot in Congress, who had never been on the frontier, had never seen an Indian, and had no conception of what the army had to do, would rise up and declaim on army families, and the establishment of an army class. But in truth



the country had nothing to fear from the old army, because it was an accepted doctrine of the army that soldiers had nothing to do with any thing but military matters. The proof came with the war. The conditions were highly favorable to both Lee and Grant making themselves dictators, but the teaching of the old army was that it was best for the army man to steer clear of civil affairs. The effect of their early training has manifested itself in the inaptitude for civil affairs exhibited by those who have ventured out of the military sphere.

It is possible that certain moral requirements of the "public sentiment" of the old army were somewhat conventional, but after many years' observation of various phases of public sentiment I am disposed to believe that the system of moral ethics maintained in the army was the best calculated to give character to men. The army code was that a man must be honest and brave, and the code was enforced by social ostracism. The old army idea of honesty, was that a man must not steal, and no distinction was made between a straight steal and a breach of trust. A man who promised to do a thing, and did it not because he was not liable at law unless the promise was in writing, or because some technical omission let him out, would be classed under the old army code as a liar. I think no one was tolerated who lied unless the

lie was for the protection of a woman, and if a man did not lie then he was accounted a coward. No man could have remained in any regiment twenty-four hours who **cheated at cards**. Of course it was all up with a man who exhibited any want of courage. I do not mean that a man who did any stealing in any manner or form, or who lied, or who was not brave, or who cheated at cards was simply severely disapproved, I mean he was socially cut, was rated an outcast from the society of gentlemen, and was crowded out of the army if he could be forced out. I can appreciate the difficulty in general society of managing this sort of thing, and I am, of course, aware that the sentiment against these things is as strong in civil as in military life, and all my association tells me that the honorable men are as many in civil as in army life. I am writing merely of the methods of a system, and I can not help feeling that the social outcasting of the liar, the cheat, and the coward would make more truthful, honest, and brave men.

This sketch presents the impression that remains to me of a life in which my boyhood was passed. It does not seem to me that the army in its present circumstances can be the old army which I remember, nor the present military service the old-time service of which I write.

*J. M. Wright.*

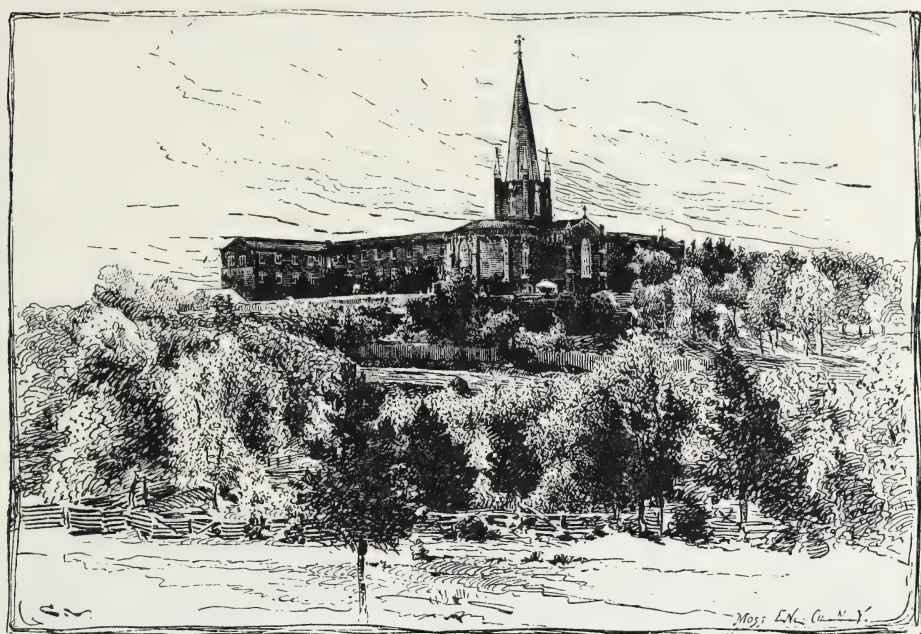
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## GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

I stand upon the spot where his life's flame  
 Was quenched in death's still darkness evermore.  
 In blue infinity the heavens arch o'er  
 The scene all peaceful now; and still the same  
 Serene, sad Smoky Mountain that did claim  
 His dying gaze, doth grandly heavenward soar  
 To the high confines of th' Elysian shore,  
 Whence spirits pure view life's weird melodrame!  
 In life his flashing steel like lightning fell  
 On whom he fought for his beloved cause,  
 And at his name blanched many a stalwart foe.  
 Calm history's page and poet's song shall tell,  
 In after ages, to the world's applause,  
 The Southland chieftain's fame in verse of epic flow!

*W. G. McAdoo.*

## THE TRAPPIST ABBEY OF GETHSEMANE.



GETHSEMANE ABBEY, NORTH VIEW.

*"Tis death! and peace, indeed, is here,  
And ease from shame, and rest from fear.  
There's nothing can dismarble now  
The smoothness of that limpid brow.  
But is a calm like this, in truth,*

*The crowning end of life and youth,  
And when this boon rewards the dead,  
Are all debts paid, has all been said?*

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

RECENTLY I found myself within the walls of the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemane, in Nelson County, Ky., a few short hours by rail from Louisville. Transported at once from the busy American world of the nineteenth century, I stood in what might well have been taken for a Belgian monastery of two hundred years ago. Here they did not know that the Republican party had surrendered power. Some Frenchmen in those walls did not know that there was no longer an Emperor in France. They knew only that there was a religion to which they had devoted themselves; that they called it the religion of Christ; that there had been holy men called martyrs; that this religion bid them emulate the men who had died in its cause, and that they themselves had come here to die in the flesh, as nearly as they might, before the soul finally took its flight. To hide from the world and devote themselves to a spiritual life is the end

of their existence. To dehumanize themselves is the means selected for accomplishing their ideal.

The monastic life grew in favor until the close of the third century, after which worldly pleasures, with the invasions of Huns and Vandals, relaxed discipline, and other causes weakened the institution, until St. Benedict, in the fifth century, fled from the licentiousness of Rome and preached in the wilderness. Then he founded twelve monasteries, converted the people of the wicked Monte Casino from their idolatry to faith, and induced them to throw down the image of their sensuous Apollo. Here was the cradle of the Benedictine order, of which the Trappists consider themselves a part, the rule of St. Benedict being still their law.

The monastic life was not maintained in its purity, and toward the close of the eleventh century a great reform was made. The Benedictines had grown rich and corrupt. They

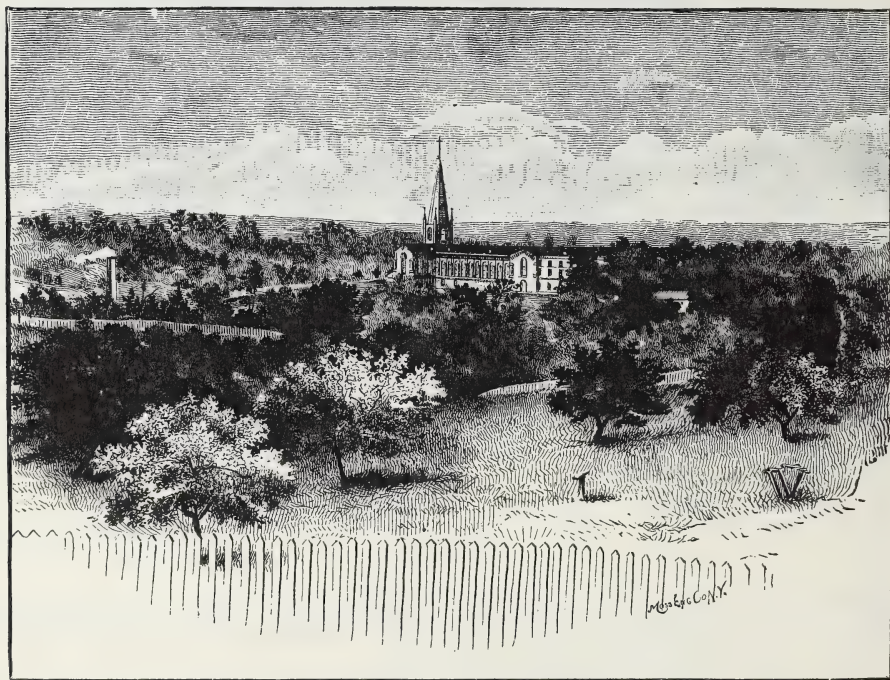


were practically a part of the feudal system. Robert, Abbot of Molesme, undertook to restore the original rule of St. Benedict, and his monks promptly drove him from the walls of the monastery. A few followed him to his retreat in the forest of Langres, Burgundy, which was a wild, marshy country. At a spot called Citeaux, from the great number of springs which bubbled forth there, was founded the first monastery of the Cistercians, who strictly observed the Benedictine rule.

The first three Cistercian abbots are canon-

In a valley in the North of France, called La Trappe, Bernard of Clairvaux, who was then preaching Europe into its second crusade, founded a monastery called *Monasterium Beatae Mariæ de Domo Dei*. Here, then, was the origin of the house. That of the order came later.

It seems always to have been a difficult thing to keep the monks in a proper state of holiness. They would get wicked in spite of St. John and St. Paul, St. Stephen and St. Benedict, St. Robert and all the other saints in the long calendar.



GETHSEMANE ABBEY, SOUTH VIEW.

ized saints. They are St. Robert, St. Alberick, and St. Stephen. We will find their names figuring in the Abbey at Gethsemane. St. Alberick was distinguished for his devotion to the Virgin, and the old books very quaintly tell of his somewhat human, though entirely ideal, worship. He won her favor, at least, for she appeared to him and presented the white cowl now worn by the Trappists, who had hitherto dressed in black. Says one writer, "This fact, reported by grave authors, and which judicious critics have not dared to call in question, has now-a-days received historic sanction." So the Virgin became, as another of the books says, the "special protectress and tender mother" of the Cistercian order.

Now, the wickedest of wicked monks were those who lived at La Trappe about the middle of the seventeenth century. The Norman peasantry graphically described them when they called them "the banditti of La Trappe." In those good days the devil did not have to become ill before he wished to be a monk. In fact, the poor people who were constantly murdered and plundered by the Trappists conceived an idea that a monk was himself the devil. The system of petty wars had gradually built up an abuse, one of the most outrageous in the church of France. This was the "commendams." If an ecclesiastical property was threatened, it was "recommended" to some nobleman for protection. The commendatory drew the revenues.

Thus a commendatory abbot need not be a priest, though he was considered "in orders," having been elected the titular. If a commendatory abbot wished to marry he had to surrender his commande. Consequently he remained single, there being no restriction on the crimes he pleased to commit involving ladies who were married to less fortunate men. The Abbé Jean Armand Bouthillier de Rancé was endowed with his Abbey of La Trappe at the baptismal font by his sponsor, the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu. His other sponsor was the Marquise d'Effiat. The abbey was, of course, held in command. De Rancé was a wonderful lad. He was the heir to a great house, and his wit and learning soon made him one of the marvels of Paris. At twelve years of age he published an edition of Anacreon. Richelieu gave him church preferments, and Marie de Medicis heaped titles upon him. He was a priest, but he preached little and made love always. When he did preach, he was listened to by willing ears; and so he was when he did the other thing. He drank hard; he swore brilliantly; ran his dress sword through a lackey, or met any gentleman with a rapier. He was the center of fashion, and he cared not a pinch of snuff for the monks at La Trappe.

This brilliant *roué* was born in 1625. In 1651 he received his full ordination. They wanted to make him a bishop, but he declined an honor that would take him from Paris, where he had an affair with the Duchess de Montbazou. This lasted ten years, and then the Duchess died of measles. There are many stories of de Rancé's conversion. One is that he suddenly beheld his dead mistress, and was crazed at sight of her. He bewailed her and his lost delights. He neglected his dress, roamed up and down the woods and fields, and, it is said, tried to raise the Duchess from the dead. He had always had a belief in astrology and was superstitious. In exploring occult books for the purpose of restoring his love to life, he fell in with the Bible. He read that and it converted him. He went into the solitude of La Trappe.

All of this is more or less legendary, but what is certain is that the brilliant young Abbé reformed La Trappe. He found seven monks there, and they absolutely declined his reformatory offices, and made several attempts on his life. He got rid of them by pensioning them with four hundred livres each, and instituted the discipline of that monastery which has given the patronymic to the strictest order of monks in the world. He died a simple

brother in the year 1700. He was seventy-four years of age, having spent half of them in the wickedest kind of life, and the other half in the cloister. He wrote many controversial works, and was an eminent thinker as well as a religious fanatic. He was a rival of the great Bossuet, and, as all the members of his order have since, he died on a bed of ashes.

During the French Revolution the Abbey of La Trappe was confiscated, and its inmates were scattered. Dom. Augustin, known in the world as Louis Henry de Lestrange, accompanied by some others, came to America and undertook to found a monastery in Kentucky, but gave up this plan, returned to France, and succeeded in regaining the abbey to the order.

The foundation of the Abbey of La Trappe of Gethsemane, of the diocese of Louisville, was by a colony from the Abbey of Melleray, of the diocese of Nantes, France. The good Father Abbot of the latter had arranged with Louis Phillippe to found a colony on the island of Martinique, but the king was overthrown and the design abandoned. Melleray was crowded, and there were no Trappists in America; consequently two Fathers were sent here to look for a site for a monastery. The Papal Nuncio at Paris gave them letters to Mgr. Flaget, Bishop of Louisville. At Havre de Grace they met a colony sent out by the Abbé Moreau, founder of the Society of the Holy Cross at Mans, who came to aid the colony the founder had recently established in Indiana. The two Trappists reached Louisville on July 22, 1848. The bishop offered as a location for the monastery a farm that had formerly been occupied by the Trappist refugees during the French Revolution. But this farm was not suitable, and Gethsemane received attention. Here were some buildings—rude log structures that still remain—which belonged to the Sisters of Loretto, who conducted there a boarding-school. The ground was purchased, and on October 24, 1848, the colony set out for Melleray. There were forty-eight in the party, thirty-four being religious, the others lay brothers, five of whom left the colony as soon as it arrived at its destination.

There was a great religious procession through the little town of Melleray. The colonists walked in two ranks, Dom. Maximus, the Abbot of Melleray, and the Rev. Father Eutropius, the Superior of the new foundation, bringing up the rear. They sang their famous *Salve Regina* as they marched. On November 2d they sailed. Forty-two days later the Trap-





GROUP OF MONKS.

pists arrived in Louisville, and were received by Bishop Flaget and his coadjutor, Mgr. Spalding. Here the weary men rested for a day; then they walked to Gethsemane, a distance of fifty-six miles. At Bardstown the Jesuits, who then had an institution there, met them and walked with them for some distance.

The religious entered their new home at 6 o'clock in the evening, all of which the present writer finds most faithfully set down in the monkish library. Their home was not inviting. It was a number of log huts in more or less decay. The huts and the decay remain to vouch for the particulars. There was one house of rough stone. Here Father Eutropius established his colony, and then became ill. His life was despaired of, and he would certainly have died, says the chronicler of those events, had not the good Bishop of Louisville ordered a *novena* of masses, which saved his life to further usefulness. The colony was too small to be effective for the work in hand, and Eu-

tropius went back to France in the summer of 1849. He got thirteen more colonists from Melleray, and then went about having the institution at Gethsemane erected to the dignity of an abbey. He returned a mitred abbot after an absence of eighteen months. He made another journey to France, and procured six more converts. Again, in 1860, he went back to Europe, resigning his position in the abbey, and being succeeded by Father Benedict. He died in Rome, and is buried there.

Let us now see the abbey as it is to-day.

Down in Nelson County, famous as the home of that Belle of Nelson who smiles on all with a truly Faustian smile, between the towns of New Hope and New Haven, at each of which the only fulfillment of the promise of their names is in the large distilleries, is situated the railroad station bearing the not over cheerful appellation of Gethsemane. Here the traveler finds a railroad station and country store combined, whereabouts lounge some long-legged,

thin-visaged men, clad in brown jeans and a cotton shirt. A few boys, given over mostly to mouths and suspenders, show the men in an early stage of development. There are near by a freight car and two small distilleries, while a few cottages stand aloof from the station and are ornamented in front by pigs. It is not inviting, this gate to the garden of Gethsemane. As you came down on the train you observed, a mile back, a tall, graceful spire mounted with a cross. The cross and tip of the spire were just visible over a range of hills that concealed from view the fundamental reason for their existence; but you have come to see the Trappist monks, and already you feel that that lonely spire, pointing heavenward from out the basin shut in by the hills, is the guide-post to the only road by which those imprisoned men may hope to find release.

At the station you find a small boy and a wagon. They are going to the abbey, and you take your seat beside the juvenile Jehu, while a meek-faced, unintelligent looking young priest, who has refused your offer of the place by the driver, disposes of himself as comfortably as may be among some boxes and bundles in the rear of the springless vehicle. The boy gathers the lines over the broad back of the horse, who ambles off at a pace suggesting that he belongs to a breed of horses especially adapted to the use of monasteries. You drive over a "dirt road," through a country that is undulating, but not otherwise beautiful; for the soil is yellow clay, the grass is thin, and the trees are few and weather-beaten. A last year's cornfield or two shows that that crop made no one rich. You try to talk to the young priest, who seems oppressed. You find that he is from a Western city, and is coming here to "make his retreat;" and you record a mental note that he has probably offended some law of the church and has been sent here to do penance. Then you let him alone and devote yourself to the more companionable youth by your side, who speaks a queer jargon of English, French, and Flemish.

Presently a sharp turn in the road, the brow of a hill is passed, and you behold the Abbey of Gethsemane. There is something stately in the massive buildings, from the center of which seems to rise the spire. On the side nearest to you are discernable the gothic outlines of a church. The rest is only a mass of buildings. The road is smooth and straight now and an extra shake of the lines brings the old horse to a nimbler trot, and you are before an iron gate

from which leads a broad, straight road, some three hundred yards long, and flanked on each side by a double row of stately English elms. While the lad is opening the gate you see in a field to your right some half dozen figures clad in long brown gowns. They are the lay brothers at work, and, to facilitate their efforts, their cloaks are tucked up to their knees. They are scattering manure and are working tediously. You can not see their faces, for the brown cloaks have peaked hoods that are drawn over their heads. The slow-swinging gates are opened, and you enter the grounds of the abbey.

At the far end of the avenue of elms is a long, low brick house, with nothing remarkable in its appearance except its length and its plainness. It looks like a wall, or barrier: and, in fact, such it is, for it marks the inclosure of the more private grounds of the monks. Behind it is the monastery; this is merely the outer fortress. In it are offices for the transaction of business, a reception room, a woman's eating apartment—for no woman is allowed beyond this building—a room where are kept for sale religious books, strings of beads, relics, photographs of the abbey, etc. But I have anticipated, for this is also the porter's lodge, and we have not yet faced that functionary. In the center of the wall there is an arched gateway with solid wooden gates filling the space. A small door opens in one of the large ones, and outside this door a rude wooden cross hangs to a wire. Pull this and a hoarse bell calls attention to the fact that a stranger is without. A lugubrious man, old and much bent, not a monk, but a very tired-looking man, answers the summons and inquires your business. He does this politely, and does not hesitate to admit you to the abbey when you have told him that you have come to ask its hospitality. The man bows low as he directs you to the house, which is just beyond a small garden wherein is much shrubbery.

This garden is suggestive of the place; it is "walled round with rocks as an inland island." I do not know whether there was something in the inanimate nature that, taking shape from the minds of those who directed its growth, showed a slight and chill, or whether it was only the season of the year, aided by my own imagination. But the garden impressed me sadly, and spoke only of desolation. Even the warren of tame rabbits off at one side gave little life to the spot, and the poor pink-eyed things seemed, like the monks, to have come into the



world only to await death as the ultimate aim of their existence. In the center of the garden is a painted wooden image of the Virgin, with her heel on the head of a serpent. In a trellis that surrounds the image are carved in large letters: "DULCIS VIRGO MARIA SALVE." There are well-kept walks in the little spot, but the shrubbery is wild. Some cedars, a line of them by each side-wall, and some elms and a few other trees ornament the place. Behind all this rises the front wall of the main building which is of

who admitted me was not handsome, his smile was the kindest thing I saw in the abbey. It was a complete expression of the Trappist law of hospitality, and it took some of the chill off of the cheerless hall and the dreary reception room, where was no carpet, and where hung only a few maps and a lugubrious saint or two on the walls for ornament. I asked for the abbot, and was told that he would see me soon. Presently I was conducted from the room through a door that led into a passage-



brick, three stories high, unpainted, and without ornament, except that under the cornice, midway of the front, is a niche in which stands an image of St. Joseph, the patron of Gethsemane. Around the niche are the words, "S. JOSEPH PATRONE NOSTER DILECTISSIME ORA PRO NOBIS."

The plainest of stone steps lead to the plain door, and in answer to the ring at the bell there appears the plainest of young men clad in the brown gown of the lay brothers. It is his duty to attend the guests and see to their wants, though he is not the guest master, who is a person of higher dignity. If the good brother

way, a door that is kept locked and that separates the quarters of the community from the guests. At the end of a narrow passage I found myself in a little room, rather barren of furniture and with the general air of an office. Here the Father Abbot was seated at his desk. His reception was cordial, though I was shortly dismissed. In the prior's office next door I found more desks, the books and accounts of the establishment, and a remarkably good painting, evidently old and very fine, both in drawing and color. I could learn nothing of its history, but the religious subject was treated with much strength.

I had been assigned to a room on the second floor in the front of the house, the second and third floors there being given up to boarders and visitors. My room contained an empty book-case, an iron bedstead, a basin and pitcher of water—scant—two hard chairs, a little mirror, no carpet, and a religious book. Some cheap prints of religious subjects hung on the walls. A crucifix and a receptacle for holy water completed the furnishing. It was cold. Over the door to each room was painted the name of a saint. The guests are not numbered as in hotels; they are sainted. In the long hall into which the rooms opened were pictures of monks and religious men of all times. Some of them were good engravings of celebrated paintings. In the hall was posted a notice telling of the fixed rate of charge for board, and announcing that the abbey was not a place of resort for pleasure and not a hotel. I am prepared to assert that the notice was correct in each particular. There were historical documents in frames about the walls, and they were carefully hung so high that one could not have read them even if they had not been written in church Latin, of which the reader has already had one or two specimens.

Having put me in St. Alberick, my guide, the good brown-brother, left me, saying that Father Joseph would come soon to see me.

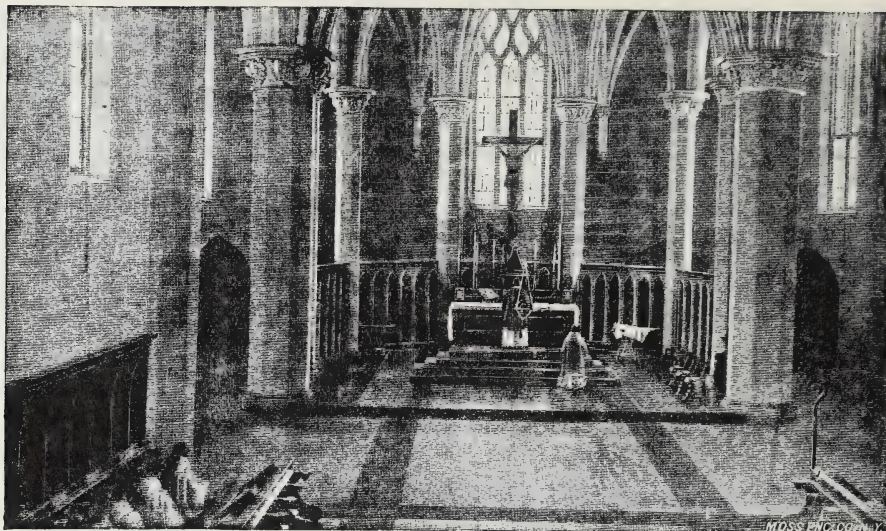
The abbey lies on rising ground in the center of an undulating valley, surrounded at some distance by a range of high hills. The house faces the south. The ground plan is square, the church only making a deviation in the lines. At the side there is a stone wall, which is on the brow of a hill, at the bottom of which is a ravine. Here is situated the saw-mill. There are two churches, one for the community and one for the neighbors, called the secular church. The latter fronts the south, and really forms the western section of the quadrangle. There is nothing remarkable about it. The community church is more distinctly shown in the first illustration. The projecting wing and the circular chancel are seen here, the latter being built out toward the north. The northern side of the square contains, on the ground floor, the chapter or community room. The upper floor contains the dormitory. On the east, on the lower floor, are the refectory, kitchen, and work rooms. Above is the old dormitory, now used as a storage room. The lower floor of the front is given up to offices, reception rooms, guests' refectory, and a closet or two. On the upper floors are sleeping apart-

ments for guests. These rooms all have windows looking to the south. The building incloses a quadrangular court, around the sides of which runs the cloister, a low-roofed structure, which is the walk for the monks as they go about from place to place, or take their meditation. They meet here and bow reverently to each other, or to a stranger; but no word escapes them. In this bow there is great courtesy, and even more, for it is a solemn reverential salutation. It is at once dignified and humble. Inclosed by the cloister is the court, laid out as a garden and planted with peach, pear, and plum trees, besides some flowers and vines. There is a well in the center. The old abbot told me that they raised fine fruit in "the monks' garden," and eat it freely. I am glad if they do, poor fellows; but I think a good ripe peach eaten with gusto would endanger the soul of the monk who partook of it. I have a suspicion that the abbot tried to impress me with the idea that life in a Trappist monastery was rather enjoyable than otherwise.

Except in the two churches there has been no attempt at ornamenting the building, either within or without. Such pictures as are there, like the books, are on the utilitarian and not the esthetic idea. They all tell their moral story. The church is another matter. That is built in the usual Gothic style of Roman Catholic architecture, and its proportions are most graceful. The cornice of the structure is a very pretty feature and finishes the building with a little touch of the Spanish. The interior is certainly imposing. The roof is lofty, and there are tall fluted columns that support it over the chancel. The altar is made of plaster of paris, and on its face is a copy in relief of Da Vinci's Last Supper. On the altar are wooden figures representing the Crucifixion, with the two Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross. These figures were carved by Father Timothy, who also inlaid the floor of the chancel with various religious emblems in wood. He was a skilled carver, and his mosaic work is unusually good. He carved the abbot's crozier, the crook of which contains the figures of a number of saints with some decorative work. This is done in mosaic and is very perfect. Father Timothy also turned the wooden candle-sticks and the altar vessels. The good man is dead now.

In front of the altar burns a swinging censer that gives out a small blue flame. Very little light falls into the church at any time,





COMMUNITY CHURCH.

and a number of the offices are performed by the light of that single lamp, which is only a point in the darkness. Behind the main altar are seven shrines arranged in a semi-circle. In each shrine is an altar. On the extreme right of the semi-circle is the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary; on the left is that of St. Joseph, and in the center is the chapel of St. Benedict. The other shrines are dedicated to St. Robert, St. Stephen, St. Alberick, and St. Bernard. At these chapels certain devotional exercises are held by the priests.

Outside of the nave and in the small body of the church are stalls where the "choir monks," that is, those who have taken all the vows and are Fathers, stand and chant the offices. On the desks are large vellum-bound volumes containing the Psalms and Offices in illuminated text. The brothers, who are not in the choir and do not attend all the offices, whose lives are not altogether devotional and who are not of the "religious," properly speaking, stand in a slightly elevated space back of the stalls. Over this space is a small gallery for strangers and the non-religious in the house, who attend regularly some of the offices. This gallery is entered from the public church up a narrow, dark, and winding stairway. Those who occupy it are expected to kneel during the entire service.

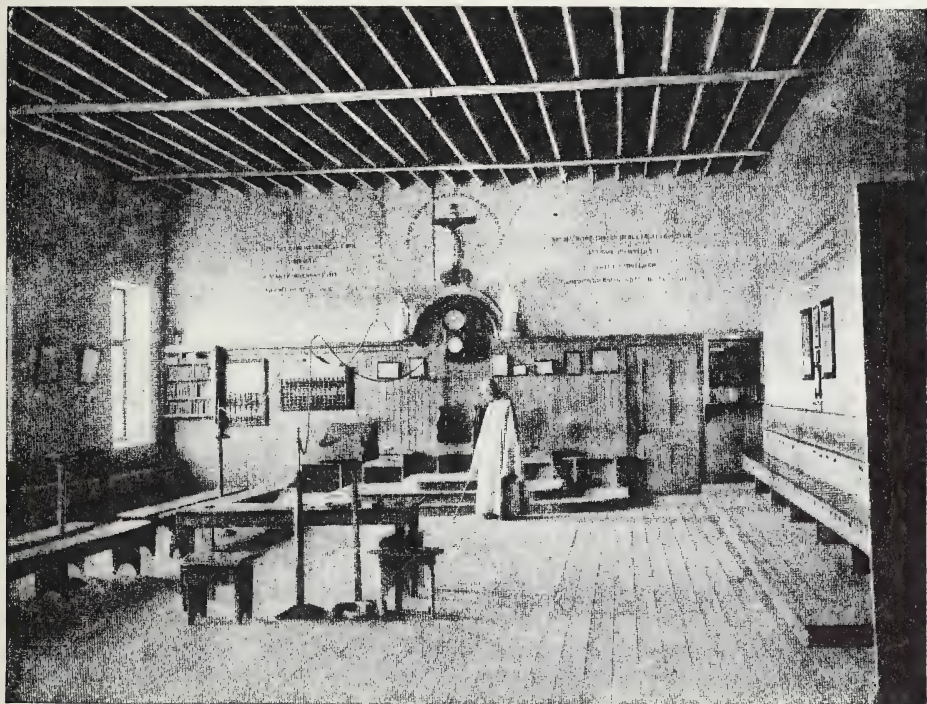
Let us look now at the daily routine of the life in this place. The monks rise at 2 o'clock A. M. The sound of a bell, seemingly distant,

like the sound of church bells on the still country air, announces the hour for Matins. There was a knock at my door, and I followed at once down the long passage and into the dark chapel. The noise made by the heavily-shod feet of my guide told me the way. But for this noise I should have thought I was following the ghost of some old monk. Up the dark staircase I went, and into the gallery. I was its only occupant, and knelt at the rail overlooking the church. Just then a noiseless procession entered, all in white. Their forms were scarcely discernible. The bent figure of the abbot could be seen in the little circle of half light thrown out by the censer. "*Deus in meum adjutorium intende*," he said, or cried, and then from the ghostly forms came the response, deep-voiced and heavy with feeling, "*Deus ad adiuvandum me festina*." Then they sang of the glory of God, His might, His wrath, His long-suffering, and His forgiveness.

It was cold and damp and chill; yet this was the highest enjoyment of the men who stood beneath me. This was their sacred hour of the day. There was a feeling of mystery about it all. The voices sounded empty and far away, and rose up from out the blackness like voices from the tomb. Surely, I felt, here is the very invocation to the spirit of religion. This stillness must be the home of the Holy Ghost. A sense of awe came over me there in the night, and there was something uncanny about it. Those silent men, speechless except when addressing God, raised their weakened voices in

almost a cry. It seemed as though the voices carried out into the stillness of the church the longing of spirits to break away from bodies that were prison-houses where was only misery. There was no note of praise or joy. Neither was there of sorrow. They were the cries of dead men, and they were awful. To me the whole scene is only an impression. I have tried in vain to recall words and tones, and I have only the vivid feeling left. The hour, the darkness, the unaccustomed spot, the solemnity

a platform reached by three low steps. On the platform are three wooden seats. The abbot sits in the center; the prior and sub-prior sit on his right and left. The monks sit on benches arranged on each side of the room parallel to the walls. They seat themselves according to seniority in the order, those who have been longest in the service occupying the places nearest the abbot. The invitor reads from the lives of the martyrs, and the abbot reads a selection from the rules of St. Benedict, after



CHAPTER-ROOM.

of all incident and detail in the monastery, aided in producing this impression.

After the office of Matins immediately followed that of Laudes, during which I was summoned away by my guide. After Laudes, the priests say their masses, while the choir monks remain in the church to study and meditate. At 5:30 the office of Prime is celebrated. This is attended by the entire community, and not by the holy men alone. After Prime the community goes into the chapter or, properly, community room. This room is an important feature in the Trappist's life, for here his secret thoughts are made open. At the end of the room where you enter are a number of confessionals. At the other end is

which he extemporizes a lesson. The monks confess their faults and their penance is assigned. When they confess they throw themselves prone upon the floor, and Father Joseph, who told me all this, said there were often as many as ten monks at once prostrate. I asked the Father what sins could require such humility. He said an ordinary fault was that a monk had forgotten to close a door, or had not closed it gently. He might have forgotten to wear his cowl, when the rules prescribed that it should be worn. Occasionally there were more grievous sins, such as having spoken.

The walls of the community room are adorned with mottoes in Latin, texts of Scripture in Latin, pictures of the martyrs, etc. On



a little board are posted the orders for the priests and brothers. This indicates who has been appointed to say special masses, who shall serve as acolytes, who shall cook, who shall wait at table, who shall milk the cows, wash the dishes, and perform such other duties as are required. The community room is used also as a place of meditation, both morning and evening. After the meditations are finished there is an interval of leisure, but at 7 o'clock the office of Tierce is said, and there is community mass for the choir monks, the brothers having gone to work. From 9 o'clock until 11:30 the monks work in the field or elsewhere. At 11:30 there is the office of Sexte, and at 12 m. the angelus sounds. This is a signal for a prayer. Work is suspended, and the monks raise their faces in silent devotion. Then work is resumed until 2 o'clock, when the bell announces the office of None. Then comes dinner. From 4:15 till 5 o'clock Vespers are said. At 6 the community go to the chapter-room to read and pray for twenty minutes, and then go to Compline. On Sunday there is high mass at 9 o'clock in the morning.

It is at Compline that the monks sing the celebrated chant of the order, the *Salve Regina*. All the inmates of the house attended Compline, and consequently I heard this famous song. It is entirely in unison, and is begun by a single voice, the other voices taking up the strain and rising higher and higher. There is a grand rhythm in the music, and it is a noble address to the Queen of Heaven; but little art was exercised in the singing of it. It is a relic of the early form of religious music, and, like the whole monastic institution, belongs to the dead ages.

The routine of one monastery is a repetition of the life at every other house belonging to the order. Probably the most trying part of it is the perpetual silence. The monks may speak to the abbot when absolute necessity requires it. The abbot, the prior, the guest-master, and the man who serves the guests are, of course, at liberty to speak. Otherwise perpetual silence is laid upon the order. In certain parts of the house even those officers do not speak except in devotional exercise. When Father Joseph, the guest-master, was describing to me the business of the chapter-room he stood outside the door, not being permitted to speak in the room, though we were alone there. The same thing is true of the church and of the dormitory. I noticed that when Father Joseph took me into those places he always put

up his cowl. He would not speak even in the old and abandoned dormitory, where are now only some piles of grain and two unused beds.

The dormitory is an additional hardship. The beds consist of slats covered by thin, hard mattresses, over which are coarse covers. The beds are really bunks. They are placed in a long double line down the room, and each one is inclosed in a little box-like closet, the partitions of which do not reach the floor. In each room there are a crucifix and a scourge. I saw no other article of furniture. A curtain hangs before each doorway. The scourge, or discipline, as it is called, consists of five stout cords, each knotted in five places, fixed to a wooden handle. Every Friday morning, after the offices of the night, the community repairs to the dormitory. Every monk enters his cell, and, at a signal given by the abbot, by stamping on the floor, every monk, including the abbot himself, whips his bare shoulders with the discipline. The abbot also gives the signal to stop the punishment. The abbot is subject, in general terms, to the same rules as those by which the others live. His bed is the first, he sits at the head of the table; but in all respects he lives like the meanest of the order, except that he may talk.

I have spoken several times of dinner. It is, for half the year, the only meal of the twenty-four hours, and it is not fattening. The community eats in a large room, in which are two tables. The tables are bare of cloth and the service is of the plainest. Wooden goblets hold the cider, beer, or wine that is allowed to be served. At Gethsemane cider is the drink, and very good cider too. The monks may not eat meat, fish, eggs, or butter. They are permitted to have two cooked portions, including soup. They can not drink milk during the advent or lenten seasons. They never eat pastry or cakes. The day I entered the dining-room the dinner consisted of a bowl of weak broth, plenty of coarse brown bread, and potatoes. I believe it is a creditable thing in a monk not to eat all his dinner. On Sundays there is supper, and from Easter till September 14th supper is served every day. It is even less substantial than the dinner. Notwithstanding this severity, the monks live to an old age. The abbot is an old man, but is not thinking of dying, he told me. He said, "We do not die till we have to," implying in his tone and words that he found life quite enjoyable.

The penances are numerous. For a serious fault the offender takes the discipline in the chapter-room, or confines himself in a room

and leaves it only for mass and the offices, sitting low down among the novices. Humility is a cardinal doctrine. If he has been very wicked, the sinner may be directed to kneel at the door of the church, and he eats only when special permission is given. Then his food is not blessed. He comes to the chapter-room when the term of penance has expired and there prostrates himself before his superiors. Other forms of punishment are, eating on the floor, begging food from the members of the community, kissing the feet of the abbot and the others, or washing their feet.

At Gethsemane the work of the monks consists chiefly in cultivating the ground and attending to the business of cheese-making. The farm contains sixteen hundred acres of poor land, not over one third of which is under cultivation. The remainder consists of large hills and small mountains. Within sight is a building formerly occupied by the Sisters of the Order of St. Francis. It is not used now, and the house and farm belong to the abbey.

The dress of the monks is a coarse flannel shirt, a white gown of coarse wool, a strip of black, called a scapular, to which is attached a hood, coarse drawers and socks, and heavy shoes. In church the dress is covered with a white cloak, called a *coule* or *chappe*. The latter is the dress of the novices. A leather belt fastens the gown, but the abbot wears a purple cord around his waist. Beads are carried in the pocket, not hung to the girdle. The brothers wear gowns cut like the others, but brown in color.

Father Benedict, the Abbot, is a man whom one would notice in any assemblage of men, notwithstanding the fact that he is small. He has a strong face, and his features are large and well made. His nose is beak-like, and his eyes, when he opens them—for he keeps them closed a great deal—are blue, but with a steel tint and a very keen expression. I think that he knows he looks like the first Napoleon, for I observed that in walking about the grounds he put his hands behind his back and made his figure look like the familiar picture of Napoleon as the Little Corporal. He knows the world, does the reverend abbot, though he does not care to have you see he does. He has traveled much, and used his eyes well. He is something of a martinet, I suspect; for the Fathers seemed to stand in awe of him, and a glance of his eye two or three times seemed to give those on whom it fell some trouble. The abbot does not hesitate to laugh at a good

joke, and affects no superior air of piety. His religion is a very genuine, unaffected thing, and he defined it to me in matter-of-fact terms. He was born in Montoir de Bretagne in 1820, and studied theology at Nantes. He was a novice of two months when he accompanied Eutropius to America, and attended to the business of the house before he became a monk. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Spalding, in 1851, in the Cathedral in Louisville. At New Haven, in 1861, he was consecrated a bishop and made abbot. His family name was Berger.

Father Edward, the Prior, is also a Frenchman, and is the exact opposite of his superior. He is gentle, nervous, timid, ill at ease in company, but anxious to be polite and kind. He is, I think, the most gentle man I ever saw, and his face is a very sermon. He is almost translated.

The man I learned to know best is the Guest Master, Father Joseph. In the world he was Mr. Colliere. He was once a famous musician. I had often heard of him before I saw him at Gethsemane, but his old friends supposed he was dead. I asked the abbot if Mr. Colliere was dead, and was surprised to learn that he was the old man I had met. Then I told him of those he had left. He wept when he recalled the men and women who had once been dear to him, and at each mention of some one who had died he sighed. I thought it was because he was not with them. This man, in 1848, wrote and sang a song for which he was exiled from France. He was a Revolutionist. He came to America, and was an opera singer here. Then he used his grand bass voice in oratorio, and was a great *Elijah*, his long white beard and tall figure helping him in the character. He taught music in Washington, Cincinnati, and Louisville. His only daughter, indeed, his only relative in America, became a Sister of Charity. Finally she died, and for relief from the world Mr. Colliere went to Gethsemane. He expected only to make a visit there and console himself with devotional exercises, but he lingered and at last became a monk. He had been at the place before, and as he left its gates Father Benedict had said to him, "Not good-bye; you will return to us some day."

This man must have always been an enthusiast. He was my only companion during my stay at the abbey, and he talked constantly of the life. It was all rhapsody with him. He took me from the chapter-room out around the



church, where there are forty-six graves. At the head of each stands a black cross, telling only the religious name of the man who lies there, with the date of his death. There is an open grave, not finished yet. Standing by it, Father Joseph said: "I hope I will be the one to fill it—the next to go." Then he told me how beautiful was his life of praise of God and the saints. It was so peaceful; the world was so full of unrest. Here was no sorrow. It was the exaltation of the spirit beyond the flesh and into the very home of God. The grave was the end of life. The religious anticipated the death of the body, and put his soul into the joys of Paradise before it had left this earth. Death could only complete the union with God. "How beautiful! how beautiful!" he repeated again and again. He wept as he spoke of the world and its sorrows, and there was deep reverence in his manner of speaking of every subject connected with the Trappist life. What would have been superstition in another, was with him pure symbolism. He spoke of the Virgin as a man might speak or, rather, think of his mother. He spoke of the songs of praise, the prayers, the lives of the martyrs, the mortification of the flesh. He said he knew he was a grievous sinner. That was human frailty; but his life was a penance for sin, and in the goodness of God he looked for forgiveness. This he told me after he had knelt before the shrine of Calvary, which is a little grotto built on the top of one of the hills. In the grotto and behind a large piece of glass are figures representing the descent from the cross, Christ's figure being a fearful object to look upon. In the shrine are a number of holy relics, among them a scourge.

It will not be very long before Father Joseph will be unable to leave the hospital, where he now lives, and where no stranger is ever permitted to enter, and then they will put him on a bed of ashes formed in the shape of a cross, and the myrtle will grow over another little mound in the graveyard. The monks will come there to meditate sometimes, and perhaps each one will envy the brother who has gone.

One of the interesting spots about the abbey is the grave of Baron de Hudiamont. It is built in an angle of the church, and is shown in the little white spot against the church wall seen in the engraving. A marble slab records

that here lies John Lambert Emmanuel Amor Constant, Baron de Hudiamont, who was born in Belgium, April 28, 1789, and died at Gethsemane, October 22, 1879. In the grotto built around the grave is an image of St. Joseph. The Baron came to this country, and settled in St. Louis when it was a small town. His descendants live there now. He was one of the early benefactors of the abbey, and spent the last ten years of his life within its walls, but never took any of the vows. He continued to devote much of his large means to the institution, helping to build the present house. Near his grave, in another angle in the church, is the grotto of the Blessed Virgin.

In the United States there is only one other Trappist monastery. It is called New Melleray, and is located near Dubuque, Iowa. It was founded in 1849 by colonists from Mont Melleray in Ireland, which was established by seventy-five Englishmen and Irishmen who had been expelled from France.

It is difficult to exaggerate the austerity of the life of the Trappist monks. With the exception of a very small percentage of the order, the seclusion from the world is complete. A touching story is told of a monk who died at Gethsemane, which shows how absolutely apart is the life of these men. The Father had come from France with Eutropius. He was dying, and the abbot asked him if there was any request he wished to make before his lips were sealed forever. He feebly asked to be told the fate of the Emperor. He meant Napoleon Bonaparte, under whom he had been a soldier. Learning that he was dead, he breathed his last.

Notwithstanding all this severity, the monks at Gethsemane have an expression of calm on their faces that I have never seen elsewhere. Little light shines in their countenances, and they all look sad, but not restless. They impress one by the dignity of their bearing, the reverential courtesy of their manner, and their benignity. There is nothing austere in their faces, nor is there a trace of Jesuitical craft. Their welcome to strangers is cordial, but those who come to board live on very hard and unwholesome fare, and have besides to listen to a brown brother read in a halting manner during meal-times. The place is much used by priests and strict members of the Romish Church as a place of religious retreat.

*Morton M. Casseday.*

## FRA BENEDICT.

The world's heart is not God's heart, nor His will;  
His paths are humbler—in the dust of pain.  
Ah, may his feet, erewhile he sought the world,  
His human feet that walked in human sin  
And trod straight through the gates of pain to health,  
May they have rest beside the brooks of peace—  
The broken spear best suits the Master's use.

He gives His gifts, and none know whence they come.  
He works our good against our baser selves;  
For we, we struggle in our ignorance,  
Not knowing 'tis His hand that's shaping us.  
Half our brief life is spent in choosing ways  
Whereby to thrive in profit or in fame,  
Regardless that the Master hath last choice,  
And chooseth best, although we know it not.

Just here a legend comes across my mind  
Which showeth how it stands 'twixt God and man.  
There was a potter once who, while he worked,  
Said to the clay he kneaded, half in jest,  
“What wouldst thou, jug or mug?” “Jug,” quoth the clay,  
“So shall I bear cool water unto Toil.”  
“Nay, mug,” its fellow near, upon a board,  
“So shalt thou kiss joy's lips, and hold her wine;  
Such shall my choice when I have leave to choose.”  
“Yea,” then the potter, “joy is very good, •  
But humbleness is noble.” Then forthwith  
He set the knead upon a simple shelf,  
And turned the wheel, and shaped it with his hand,  
So swift it shrieked in pain of being made;  
Shrieked—and fell finished at his feet, a vase.  
Thereat he filled it full of rarest flowers  
And placed it, white, upon a sacred shrine  
Unto God consecrate in worthiness.

Thus the Great Potter makes us mugs or jugs,  
Not as we strive, but as He willeth us—  
Although, mayhap, we shriek of being made.  
And he had striven before he came to us  
(Fra Benedict, who wrote that hymn you heard),  
Although, oftentimes, while in the world he heard  
(Or thought he heard) God call him in the crowd;  
And often in the strife was he beat down  
Where others failed not—yet he failed in all.  
Where'er he turned he walked on Failure's thorns,



And beat his face against the Actual's cliffs,  
 Until the last great failure drove him here.  
 Whoso loves calm has ever least of it;  
 Whoso seeks rest, God plagues him with unrest  
 Until such time as he fulfills His will.  
 His life was one great search for rest; he prayed  
 Ofttimes for it with all his soul. Myself  
 Once saw him weep in speaking of the same;  
 And once, when "*Agnus Dei*" was sung low  
 With "*Dona Nobis Pacem*," during mass,  
 He wept again. "It was *my prayer*," he said,  
 "I saw the Master through the clouds of song."

*Song* was his curse; his very soul was song,  
 And unto this he toiled for wealth and fame,  
 Three dragons tearing at the souls of men.  
 This in the world; with us he sat for days  
 Like one who bleedeth inly of a wound,  
 And over him God hung his curse, unrest.  
 "Brother Aloysius," spake he sad one day,  
 "Dost thou believe our Lord can save a soul  
 Divided in itself which way to turn?  
 God help me, brother, I am torn by fiends,  
 Even 'mong you, although you know it not!  
 Who will cast out these devils from my soul?  
 They drive me mad; they tear me in the night—  
 And day or night they feed upon my mind!  
 Ah, God! dear God! I am accursed by Thee!  
 Thou gavest me mind and heart and soul too much—  
 They tear each other, gnashing gory teeth  
 So sharp I feel their whiteness in the dark!"  
 And then his lids grew heavy, speaking on:  
 "Rather, O Lord, I was Thy instrument,  
 Tuned with Thy hand to sing Thy melodies,  
 Even to the voice of simplest outcast wind—  
 But the world touched me, and my song is not.  
 It is gone out; the light hath touched the dark,  
 Dank-foul and poison with the charnel damps;  
 There is a flaw somewhere; the music jars;  
 God pity me! the world hath played too long."

And one day in the garden thus he spake:  
 "Brother, I wish my heart a tuft of grass,  
 One humble tuft that lay beside His way  
 That night He entered in Gethsemane,  
 So His dear feet might tread upon it there,  
 And crush those devils that afflict it so.  
 In humble homes when embers are thrown back  
 Behind the back-log, ere they go to bed,

Ofttimes one ember on the hindmost log  
 Alights, and, if it hath sufficient strength,  
 Kindleth anew, or weak feeds on itself  
 Till perishing in silence desolate.  
 That little coal am I; I could not burn;  
 What heat I had touched not the sodden wood,  
 So lo! my heart is ashes, and in vain!

"He is a fool who giveth wheat for chaff;  
 And yet I gave my soul unto the world  
 And asked its chaff of fame, which it withheld,  
 And then, in famine, tried to sell my soul,  
 So that, O God! I might have bread to live!  
 And buyers came and stared and passed it by,  
 Or mocked me that I offered worthless wares.  
 My God! my God! Our human souls are cheap  
 When buyers mock them in the market place  
 Because, most-like, they're clad in flesh and rags!"

One day the abbot took him by the hand  
 And talked with him, and bade him trust in God.  
 "You have sung much for fame, now sing for Him,"  
 The abbot said, "and cast those devils hence,  
 For since His passing, each is his own Christ,  
 Casting out devils by his truth of soul;  
 Cast first the world and then appeal to Him.  
 Who sings *one truth* our Lord remembereth;  
 And, though his heart be dust, his soul shall live."

With this it seemed his mind grew quieter;  
 He went about in silence more content,  
 Even pluckt the grapes that in October hung  
 Blue as the mist upon the convent wall.  
 "I think I could grow calm here doing such  
 Heart-easing, lowly, simple, earnest toil  
 Day after day," he said to me one eve,  
 "Saving His gifts which He hath loaned to man;  
 It brings me closer to Him in His works,  
 It gives me back my simple morn of youth;  
 Perhaps I shall tend garden here next year."

Naught more. Yet he stayed on and worked with us,  
 And gathered sheaves, and tended our few kine  
 For years thereafter, with a simple care.  
 He seemed awaiting something, and at last  
 Our Lord let down His quiet unto him,  
 And he went hence to glean eternal sheaves.  
 That was his hymn you heard them chanting late  
 At sundown; hear it! 'Tis a prayer for rest.  
 God grant him rest. *Oremus*—let us pray.

*Charles J. O'Malley.*



## THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

LET us look for a while into the dispositions made by General Fremont at St. Louis. When that officer took command of the Department of the West, with headquarters in St. Louis, he established himself in the Brant mansion, on Chouteau Avenue, and organized his staff for effective work. He found little material, and the department was disorganized. Every thing had to be created; camp and garrison equipage, arms and munitions to be collected and distributed, and little aid either in money or supplies was furnished him from Washington. General Lyon was in the field, at Springfield, and in answer to his requisitions for supplies and reinforcements, which he could not send him, Fremont was compelled to order him to retreat upon Rolla. Lyon disobeyed, and was crushingly defeated. A howl of complaint went up from all quarters, especially from the civilian and political officers who had hastened and controlled Lyon's promotion. I can have no personal feeling in the matter and, as between the parties, I do not know General Fremont. I have long known and highly esteemed some of the gentlemen who at that time composed the Committee of Safety, which brought General Lyon into command, and have known some of the gentlemen who were most opposed to Fremont; but at this day, with our experience as soldiers, we can have no hesitation in believing that a military officer who allows himself to be controlled or unduly influenced by civilians and politicians will necessarily fail in his mission as a commander. The men who make revolutions never control them. It was competent for the Committee of Safety and their coadjutors, by precipitating the Camp Jackson disaster, to precipitate the war in Missouri, but there their functions ended. They could no more have governed the elements of strife they engendered than the man who set fire to the temple at Ephesus could have controlled the raging flames which consumed what he could not build.

Fremont had done his best to reinforce Lyon. He had ordered General John D. Stephenson to move from Rolla to his assistance, but General Stephenson could not march for lack of transportation. Besides, Lyon's troops were entitled to their discharge by expiration of time; and all troops can not be handled, as experience teaches, when they are constrained

to remain in the service against their will and are clamorous for arrears of pay. This, to Fremont's mind, left only one course to pursue, to wit, to recall Lyon's forces, discharge them, and enlist a new army while the necessary equipments and supplies for the field, and the arms and transportation required were being provided. The retreat upon Rolla, effected under command of Sturgis after defeat, was certainly more demoralizing than it would have been before. Price was armed with the panoply of victory. Fremont seems to have followed his own instincts and convictions as an experienced and educated soldier, regardless of the clamor of enemies and opponents. He was indifferent to the ridicule which the almost regal state in which he is said to have lived at his headquarters, and the pomp and circumstance with which he was surrounded, excited, and to the clamors over the defeat of Lyon. He knew little of politicians, and dealt only with soldiers; to them he was always accessible, as one instance will prove, which I am tempted to relate on the authority of General McKinstry's unpublished memoirs.

One evening, shortly after the defeat of General Lyon, General McKinstry, coming out of the *adytum* of Fremont's headquarters, found waiting in the ante-room, receiving little consideration from the dime-novel-reading orderlies and clerks, a person whom he thought he had known in former years. Upon closer examination he recognized U. S. Grant, who had been known to him in the Mexican war, and had resigned years before from the regular army. Grant was then a Colonel of Illinois volunteers, and had been assigned to duty with some general officer, then his superior in rank, but now a comparatively obscure general. For some reason Grant had not given satisfaction to this martinet, and he had retired him with instructions to report to General Fremont for further orders, and with no very complimentary recommendation. Grant stated his situation to McKinstry, who immediately returned to the commanding General, reminding him of their former association in Mexico, for they had both lost sight of Grant after his resignation. Fremont was looking for a suitable officer to take command of some troops he was sending as a reinforcement to Bird's Point. He at once agreed to assign Grant to that duty. In October, and very shortly after the fall of

Lexington, the results of the battle of Belmont marked Grant as a soldier of unconquerable pluck and ability.

Fremont went to work to recruit and organize an army under the most discouraging circumstances. He formed and matured his plans, and carried them out in their details so that, within a week after the fall of Lexington, he was ready to take the field with a well-appointed army of thirty-five thousand men. Price did not remain in ignorance of Fremont's diligence, nor of the extent of his preparations. With two rounds of caps, on the 2d of October, he left Lexington on his retreat, having advised McCulloch of his purpose, who had promised to move to his support at the earliest moment. He was strong enough to take all his baggage, and carry with him a much recruited army, with all the captured arms and stores. He was prompt in his retreat, but not precipitate, and, being known as the best wagon-master in his army, left little behind him, except the Coehorn mortars and some obsolete ordnance captured by the enemy at Camp Jackson, and recaptured at Lexington.

We ought now to understand what were Fremont's plans of campaign. His troops were assigned to several commanders. General Hunter, with several thousand, concentrated at Tip-ton on the Pacific Railroad; McKinsty, commanding the regulars at Syracuse, on the same railroad, and General Pope, with about ten thousand men at Sedalia, then the terminus of the railroad, and about sixty miles southeast of Lexington, while Sigel was a few miles beyond Sedalia with another corps, and General Sturges at Leavenworth; Mulligan had just been captured at Lexington, and General Jeff. C. Davis was at Jefferson City. These columns, co-operating with a strong force from Rolla, under Fremont, were to move upon Springfield. They hoped to come up with Price and bring him to action before his junction with McCulloch, by cutting off his retreat; or, if he succeeded in joining McCulloch, to be able to defeat their combined forces. They knew Price's troops were raw and comparatively untrained, but they knew likewise that they were in the main commanded by trained and regular soldiers. Price was too wary for them, and got out of their reach before they could press him, and McCulloch had at last moved up into Missouri in supporting distance before the tardy generals of Fremont had gotten on the war-path. Hunter was dilatory about starting, and was supposed to be in sym-

pathy with the enemies of Fremont, through whose influence he was afterward placed in command; indeed, he had in his pocket an order from the Secretary of War to supplant Fremont, provided it was not in the presence of the enemy, or on the eve of battle. McKinsty had to pass the Osage River at a point that presented many difficulties, which occasioned him a vexatious delay. Pope and Sigel advanced, but were held back by the tardy progress of Hunter, so that Fremont's column arrived and occupied Springfield on the 27th day of October, 1861, the first of any of them. Price had already been joined by McCulloch, and had taken position at Neosho, where the legislature had assembled.

Price sent orders, before Fremont's arrival, to the commander of McBride's division, then garrisoning Springfield, to load the stores and fall back and join him at Neosho. This was barely effected on the 25th of October, when Fremont's advance guards entered the city. The rearguard of McBride, commanded by Colonel Campbell, had just gotten fairly out of the way, after loitering awhile at leave-taking and seeing that every thing was gone.

Captain Zagonyi, a Hungarian who was in command of Fremont's body guard, learned there was a bunch of State Guard troops and recruits encamping in Foxbright's pasture, about two miles southwest of Springfield. They were about eight hundred strong, but less than a third of them were armed, and those only with shotguns and rifles. They were commanded by Colonel Michael Johnson, of Maries County, Colonel Snabel, of Crawford, and Colonel Frazier, of Greene, and were encamped without order or method and were entirely without experience. Zagonyi determined to bag or disperse them. He had about two hundred and fifty well-armed, well-appointed cavalry, which he immediately ordered to mount and put on the trot-march in pursuit. Having marched around them, he approached their encampment from the west, and charged down a narrow lane upon them. The raw recruits, under their steady and gallant officers, did not disperse as Zagonyi anticipated, but stood to their arms, which they had only used previously against deer and squirrels, and deploying along the fence-corners took deliberate aim. The result was that they killed about fifty of his horses and some of his troopers. Zagonyi threw down the fences and rallied, but in the mean time Frazier and Snabel and Johnson took position in the sumach and crab-apple thickets, formed



their line in good order and delivered another fire. After making ineffective efforts to dislodge them, Zagonyi sounded the retreat and fell back upon Springfield with a loss of fourteen killed and many horses and equipments that fell into the hands of the recruits.

This affair was said, at the time, to have given occasion to a very dramatic funeral in which the dead troopers did duty as corpses, and an equal number of riderless horses, duly caparisoned and draped in mourning, were led in the procession among the mourners. The public clamor of the Federals, then hungry for something in the shape of victory, was so great that they were wont to exaggerate this fatal charge into a great exploit, which was compared to Lord Cardigan's blunder at Balaklava, sung into fame by Tennyson. *Harper's Weekly* and the illustrated newspapers in the North were blazoned with splendid pictures, representing the brave cavalry in the midst of a victorious melee, and of the funeral honors paid the heroic dead. Copies of these papers strayed occasionally into our camps, and furnished much amusement. The State troops had six men wounded, one by a severe saber cut, the scar of which he carried to his grave.

Fremont was soon joined by Sigel and McKinsty, but Pope and Hunter complained of insufficient transportation and were dilatory. They were supposed to be unfriendly to Fremont, and under the influence of his enemies. McKinsty was constrained to advise Fremont to order Hunter under arrest and have him court-martialed. Sturgis came up in time from Fort Leavenworth, and a party of Kansas militia, under Jim Lane, the then United States Senator from Kansas, who had shortly before pillaged Cass County, moved down into the country south of Lexington, uncovered and left defenseless by Price's retreat, and burned and sacked the town of Osceola. It was a case of wanton outrage and pillage. The town was left a mass of smoking ruins, with chimneys and bare blackened walls alone standing, with the exception of the house occupied by Lane for his headquarters and a few others out of the reach of the flames. The lawless Kansans robbed every body they could find, principally women and children. One lady, the widow of Mr. Vaughan, whose husband had been killed a few weeks before, was detected in trying to bury some valuables and was robbed of ten thousand five hundred dollars in gold. This incident would have disgraced Mexican or Calabrian banditti.

But Hunter and Pope at last joined the impatient Fremont. He began to realize some apprehensions that his enemies were thwarting his plans. But he called a council of war and unfolded his plan of campaign. His purpose was to press General Price and force him to battle at Neosho, or wherever he could find him, and to force the fight, if necessary, with Price and McCulloch combined, any where north of the Arkansas River. If victorious, press upon Memphis, Tennessee, and get into the rear of Sydney Johnson and Hardee; turn their flanks and rear, fight them in detail, possess himself of the Mississippi, and cut the Confederacy in two by capturing New Orleans. He explained the disposition of each corps in this council, and announced his instructions to each commander, and his purpose to move at daybreak the following morning. At this moment General Hunter stepped forward and presented an order from the War Department for him to take command, and relieving General Fremont on the eve of the intended battle.

Fremont, of course, left for St. Louis the next morning, and General Hunter, having assumed the command, convened a council of war the next day, to whom he read a letter from the President, advising that no battle be offered to Price's forces, but that the army fall back in two divisions upon Rolla and Sedalia, and draw their supplies from St. Louis till further orders. He did not command, only advised the abandonment of the campaign, but left it to the discretion and judgment of the commander to pursue or not the plans already determined on, or to adopt others, putting the sole responsibility on him. After the letter was finished, Hunter addressed himself to General McKinsty, who was neither the junior nor senior officer in rank and date of commission in the council, and said:

"General McKinsty, you have heard the letter from the President of the United States read. I desire you to make known your views to me."

McKinsty replied: "I have listened attentively to the reading of the President's letter, and it is simply advisory and not mandatory. I presume to discuss it. No one knows better than I what an amount of toil and treasure has been expended in raising this army. We have come forth, in my opinion, to do what the people are expecting of us. Fight! It is necessary that we should fight, even if we are defeated, and satisfy our countrymen that we intend to do our duty. Price and his army are

before us, and my opinion is that we should fight, notwithstanding the President's letter, which is simply advisory."

Pope, Sigel, and Sturgis were in this council, with a large number of other officers of rank, but Hunter, without calling for any other, asked General McKinstry if he had a plan of battle. The latter stepped to a center-table, on which was spread out a map of the State of Missouri. He pointed out the supposed position of Price's forces, and made known a plan of attack and immediate forward movement. In the course of McKinstry's remarks, General Sigel interposed objections to that part of the plan that held his corps in reserve. General Pope came to the support of General McKinstry, and made a speech in support of his views. The council then adjourned, with these words from General Hunter:

"Gentlemen, return to your commands, and hold them in readiness for a forward movement at daylight."

On his way back to his camp on the Neosho road, McKinstry, who had left immediately, was met by General Jim Lane, who had just come in with his gang of marauders from the scene of their disgraceful exploit at Osceola. He stated he had heard they were going to move on Price the next day and offer him battle, and asked to be permitted to join his forces for the fight. McKinstry politely declined to have his regulars joined by a body of men disgraced and infamous for pillage and every species of crime, and whose route was marked by fire and desolation. Lane went with his command into Springfield. The next morning, while getting ready to march upon Neosho, McKinstry was relieved from duty and ordered to report to St. Louis. Hunter then, on the 2d of November, fell back, according to the advice of the President, with the army, which he continued to command for the space of sixteen days. McKinstry, on his road to St. Louis, was placed in arrest.

I have mentioned that General Price moved out of Lexington early in October. It required but a few days to reach, without accident and only an occasional skirmish of scouts, the waters of the Osage. Once behind that stream he could safely watch the enemy on the Pacific Railroad and keep in check the Jayhawkers on the Kansas border. He occupied the line of the Pomme-de-terre River, which is south of and tributary to the Osage, and began to lay in supplies of flour at the numerous mills run by the water power furnished by the Sac, the Pomme-

de-terre, and Marais des Cygnes. The mills were kept going night and day by details from each division, each accompanied by suitable pickets and escorts. His scouts and pickets occupied and watched the whole line of the Osage, and guarded the fords and passes.

McCulloch had at last moved up into Missouri and taken a position south of the Missouri army, but in easy reach by a day's march, and the forces could combine if necessary, and retreat into a favorable position before Fremont could reach Springfield, or the forces from Leavenworth, Sedalia, and other points could combine in a movement against them.

From his position behind the Osage, Price, on the 15th of October, fell back upon Neosho, where the legislature was expected to assemble on the 21st. Many officers serving in his army were members of that body, and it was convenient to them. A large number of civilians attended in obedience to the call of the Governor, and these were deemed sufficient for a quorum on the first day. The journal of that body, which was captured by the Federal troops some where in Alabama during the war and published by the United States Government, does not show a list of those present. There never seemed to be any occasion for calling the ayes and noes, and we are not able now, from any accessible authority to find out all the names, or their exact number.

In the Senate, the venerable Miles Vernon was called to the chair on motion of Mr. Goodlet, and the body organized, Lieutenant-Governor Hon. Thomas C. Reynolds being absent in Richmond.

The Governor's proclamation calling them together was read. It was dated September 26, 1861.

After reciting that the constitution empowered him, on extraordinary occasions to convene them, he proceeds to state his reasons as follows:

The present condition of things in the State makes it eminently proper that I shall now exercise that power. The Federal authorities have, for months past, in violation of the Constitution of the United States, waged a ruthless war upon the State of Missouri, murdering our citizens as far as in their power lay, and desolating our land. I have in vain endeavored to secure your constitutional rights by peaceful means, and have only resorted to war when it becomes necessary to repel the most cruel and long-continued aggression. War now exists between the State of Missouri and the Federal government, and a state of war is incompatible with the continuance of our union with that government.

Therefore, for the purpose of giving to the representatives of the people of Missouri an opportunity



of determining whether it be proper now to dissolve the constitutional bond which binds us to the United States when all other bonds are broken, I, Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor of the State of Missouri, by authority in me vested, do proclaim that the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Missouri shall convene at the Masonic Hall in the town of Neosho, in the county of Newton, on the 21st day of October, 1861.

The House, having been organized by Mr. Murray, the clerk, the two branches of the legislature being ready, received a message from the Governor, which was duly read and considered on the 28th day of October, in which, alluding to the war then raging in Missouri, waged by the Federal government, the Governor says:

Our citizen soldiers were arrested and imprisoned, our State property was seized and confiscated without warrant of law, private citizens were insecure in their persons and property, the writ of *habeas corpus* had been nullified, and the brave judges who had attempted to protect by it the liberties of the citizens had been insulted and threatened, and a tyrant President, reveling in unbounded powers, had crowned all these acts of unconstitutional aggression by declaring war against a number of States composing the former Union. Since your last adjournment these wrongs and injuries have ripened into war against our people, waged with unusual and unrelenting ferocity on the largest scale.

It is in vain to hope for restorations of amicable relations between Missouri and the United States of America under the same government, and it is not desirable if it could be accomplished.

The Governor, therefore, begs leave to recommend,

1. An ordinance dissolving all connection between the State of Missouri and the United States of America.

2. An act of provisional union with the Confederate States of America.

3. The appointment of three commissioners to the provisional Congress of the Confederate States.

4. The passage of a law authorizing the executive of the State to cause an election to be held for the election of senators and representatives to Congress of the Confederate States of America, as early as practicable after the State of Missouri shall be admitted a member of said Confederate States, and providing in the same law the mode and manner that the citizens of the State, who may belong to the army at the time of such election, may cast their votes for representatives.

5. The passage of an act authorizing the executive to cause to be engraved, and from time to time to issue, over his signature as Governor, bonds of the State of Missouri in such sums and of such denominations as may be required by the welfare of Missouri.

The two Houses proceeded to the consideration of the Governor's message, and under suspension of the rules, in the Senate, a bill was read three times and passed, Hon. Charles Hardin, of Audrian, alone voting in the negative, "*An act to dissolve the political connection*

*of the State of Missouri with the United States of America,"* which had been introduced by Mr. Goodlett. In the mean time the House had passed an ordinance of substantially the same purport, and the two bills were referred to a Committee of Conference. The committee having agreed, the following law was enacted, Mr. Hardin alone voting in the negative. This was done on the 28th day of October, 1861, and it was signed by the Governor as soon as engrossed and passed.

*An act declaring the political ties heretofore existing between the State of Missouri and the United States of America dissolved :*

That all political ties of every character now existing between the government of the United States and the people and government of the State of Missouri are hereby dissolved, and the State of Missouri, resuming the sovereignty granted by compact to the United States upon the admission of that State into the Federal Union, does again take its place as a free and independent Republic among the nations of the earth.

The further ordinance suggested by the Governor for the adhesion to the Confederacy was also passed about the same time.

The law providing for the elections of senators and representatives to the Confederate Congress was not passed in the manner and shape recommended by the executive.

They proceeded to elect two senators, Hon. John B. Clark and Hon. R. L. Y. Peyton.

They also elected all the representatives in the lower House, and provided that in future the soldiers in the field should hold elections for their several districts and vote for their congressmen.

This act Governor Jackson objected to in quite an elaborate message, but signed it, as he said, owing to the emergency of the case.

Provisions were also made by law for the public credit, and authorized the issue of bonds of particular denominations to pass as money. William Shields and Henry W. Lyday were appointed commissioners to take control of the issuance and sale of the bonds.

By the time Missouri had seceded and all the acts of the legislature had been engrossed and signed, Hunter had retired from Springfield, and there was no organized body of the enemy nearer than Rolla and Sedalia. Ben. McCulloch had retired into Arkansas, where he went into winter-quarters at and near Cross Hollows.

Missouri was admitted into the Confederate States by act of the Richmond Congress on the 28th day of November, 1861, and her delega-

tions in the Senate and House duly admitted to their seats as they arrived.

This campaign from its inception was marked by triumphant success; that success which is always the best fruits of good generalship, and the good luck that the world recognizes as the the highest mark of a true military chieftain. Every step was marked by the evidences of well-anticipated risk, a risk computed beforehand and met and compensated for by some corresponding advantage. And the march forward to Bolivar, and then westward to Cedar and Vernon to strike Montgomery at Fort Scott, was of a strategic value that enabled General Price to estimate the strength of any enemy he might leave behind him. His information, obtained at and after the battles of Dry Wood, satisfied him of the condition of the foe on his flank and justified his immediate movement forward. The estimate he put upon the valor and devotion of his raw troops was justified in every event of the campaign. He established the highest discipline without any acts of severity, and passed through, advancing and retreating, a rich and abundant country without any complaints of marauding, or any known deeds of violence perpetrated on those of the inhabitants who were known to adhere to our enemies. His soldiers were devoted to him, and his consciousness of being beloved by them was a source of infinite enjoyment. He became ambitious of their devotion, and with a pardonable vanity delighted to hear their adulations. That he should have measured himself by the extravagant meed of praise bestowed on him was justified by his phenomenal success, but it only endeared the soldier the more to him, and enabled him to infuse his great heart, full of devotion to his State, into his followers,

as he impressed into them his own magnetic and exalted courage in battle.

Price knew little of tactics and the details of military administration, but he applied to his offensive and defensive operations an exhaustless fund of practical common sense and his own sound judgment, in which he implicitly relied. Never was he known to hesitate at the most unforeseen difficulties, nor did his soldiers ever falter at any command. His forte was action, prompt, effective, and aggressive, and his proper sphere was the field. Being accompanied with brave and efficient officers, who executed all his commands in their details, he gave to his raw troops the steadiness of veterans combined with the *elan* of the high-spirited volunteer. He was, perhaps, at the time, the only officer of either army who fully estimated the American citizen-soldier at his full worth.

From the battle of Wilson Creek to the fall of Lexington was just forty-one days; till the enemy's retreat from Springfield opened all Southwest Missouri to him in November, 1861, was barely three months; and, considering his means, material, and supplies, he conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns of the war against a well-appointed, superior force.

It was the only campaign for which he had the sole responsibility, or the sole undivided command, and it was, from its inception till its close, both on the advance and retreat, a series of triumphs and successes.

We must leave it to the candid and dispassionate judgment of the historian to pass upon the policy of the Richmond government in yielding so faint and desultory a support to Missouri, with the armies and means in reach lying idly in Arkansas and Kentucky.

*Richard H. Musser.*

## TO TOCCOA FALL.

Borne swiftly from your lofty ledge,  
 Impetuous o'er the rock's rough edge,  
 You seemed, from that long gorge below,  
 A vision wrought of mist and snow.  
 But now I hear your soft refrain  
 Of rhythmic kinship to the rain,  
 As if a summer shower had found  
 An immortality of sound.

*William H. Hayne.*



## CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

### PART II.—THE AUTHOR.

THAT flying Couch of the Arabian Nights, which carried the Princess Mary and Aladdin Abu-sha-mét in the twinkling of an eye from the "Valley of Refreshment" to the streets of Alexandria, must long ago have been consigned, with Prospero's magic wand and all such instruments of "gramarie," to the bottom of an unknown ocean.

Nevertheless, reader! you have at your command a power more marvelous than the Genoese Princesses, and capable of subtler feats than any Puck, or Ariel, or Genie of Oriental fable ever accomplished.

Summon your "fantastic Familiar," therefore—the winged Sprite of Fancy—and she will, if you so desire, waft you safely and swiftly to this tiny nest of mine among the Georgian hills. Presto! no sooner said than done! Here you are, sound as a roach and cheerful as a cricket! Enter by all means, and warm yourself awhile, before this fragrant pine-knot fire. Deep as we are in March, observe how cold and frozen is the landscape still! There is but one point of color formed by the scarlet blossoms of the pear-japonica against the background of rugged scrub-oaks, the tag-rag and bob-tail, the beggarly tatterdemalions of a once famous, but long decimated sylvan regiment. The clouds hang low, and from the more distant pine wood comes a long, melancholy moaning, like the unintermitted roll of waves across a level beach.

Without, all is gloom, but within (*laus Deo!*), certain brightness prevails. . . What! my kind guest, you are warmed and comfortable already, and you would now like to see my library?

The wish is easily gratified. I lift the latch of this papered pine door, and *voilà!* Was there ever packed before in a space thus limited so heterogeneous a collection of volumes? The upper shelves are filled with English editions; some of invaluable books, for example, Johnne's Froissart, Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Spenser's "Arcadia," and those rare publications of the Hakluyt and Shakespeare societies.

Yet are they only the forlorn remnant of a "noble army of martyrs," destroyed by fire a quarter of a century since, in the luckless capitol of South Carolina. Martyrs? assuredly! For may not great and good books possess a consciousness of their own, and be liable to

suffer if cruelly entreated? Who can vow that the breathing thoughts and burning words embodied therein, nay, that their very material investitures, through some occult sympathy, have not a species of personality with undreamed of sensibilities and subtle nerves? In which case, imagine the agony inflicted, when the torch of the immortal Bummer enveloped them in flames hot as Cranmer's at the stake!

You perceive that the rest of my volumes are chiefly modern and miscellaneous, constituting a perfect literary *mistura*. Here stand the poets from Byron and Keats to Philip Bourke Marston, Dobson, and O'Shaunessey, in the line with those essayists who most keenly appreciated poetical genius, such as Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb.

The small alcove which has caught your attention is devoted to historical and semi-historical works, with an occasional rare political pamphlet squeezed in, and looking rather discontented for want of room.

Among these are the works of Charles Gayarré, upward of two score volumes, if we count the unbound *brochures* and various literary and political addresses.

I have been studying them of late with deep interest, and have composed some careful notes of the impression made upon my mind by the extraordinary combination of powers exhibited in them.

"Lend me your ears," as Mark Antony used to say, and perhaps I may be enabled to convince you of what seems to me an unquestionable truth; namely, that Gayarré is an author of unique talents, of characteristics of thought and style in strong contrast with the methods of this day, when, as in the time of the Athenian Sophists, convulsive efforts are being made after merely new forms of intellectual expression which often render more lamentably apparent the fundamental barrenness of the conception beneath!

Let us adjourn, however, to the parlor while I read, and stationed under the "golden shadow" of the Lares, by the exhilarating hearth, the conditions may be propitious to the creation of that receptive and appreciative mood,

"Which waves a wand above the soothèd brain,  
Yet makes intenser all our faculties."

First in importance among Gayarré's works is doubtless his "History of Louisiana," the

third edition of which appeared in 1885, from the press of Armand Hawkins, New Orleans. It fills four large and handsome volumes, and combines, in a remarkable degree, exhaustive research and a logical arrangement of multifarious details (many of these absolutely original, and obtained at great cost and pains from the archives of the Spanish and French governments), with a pictorial power of imagination, a skillful grouping of personages and events, a graphic, picturesque, scholarly style, which, as the occasion demands, is now as splendid in amplitude of diction as Sir Thomas Browne's "*Hydriotaphia*,"\* and again as keen and epigrammatic as Scarron, and lastly, that peculiar force of dramatic comprehensiveness and finality which, to *vraisemblance* of parts, adds the harmony of an artistic whole!

Writing to Gayarré of this production, George Bancroft says: "You give at once to your State an authentic history *such as scarce any other in the Union possesses*. I have for many years been making manuscript and other collections, and all the best that I have found appears in your volumes."

The venerable annalist may have gone even further, and instead of qualifying his commendation of the history in question, as one which "*scarce any other State possessed*," might, *me judice*, have boldly proclaimed it as the ablest and most satisfactory *work of the kind* in all American literature!

The plan of this history is particularly attractive. It takes into due account the taste and requisitions of the ordinary reader, and, at the same time, is invaluable to scholars and antiquarians.

The first volume, of 500 pages, treating of Louisiana "under the French Domination," opens with a series of lectures on "the poetry and romance of the history" of that State, which is fundamentally authentic, thoroughly trustworthy as to facts; but around the central truths there is an atmosphere of fancy, which may magnify, but in no way distorts them. On the contrary, they seem only the clearer, the more *prononcé*! "To relate events," says the

author in his preface, "and to point out the hidden sources of romance which spring from them, to show what materials they contain for the dramatist, the novelist, the poet, the painter is not without its utility." And he justly adds, "When history is not disfigured by inappropriate invention, but merely embellished by being set in a glittering frame, this artful preparation honeys the cup of useful knowledge."

Certainly his initial "Lectures" contain a wonderful mine of material, full of the most passionate human interest. When the American Walter Scott shall at last arise, he will find therein the richest ore ready for the shaping hand of his imagination.

The only difficulty is "an embarrassment of riches." Turning these papers at random, one encounters picture after picture of extraordinary adventures, of heroic endeavor, of saintly martyrdoms by land and sea, of the novel customs and warlike achievements of barbarian tribes, of the growth of vast communities from germs strangely feeble and scattered, of momentous dramas enacted in the wilderness, the remote effects of which were to change the courses of governments, to unsettle dynasties, to uproot empires, almost to *create* the world anew!

From Chaos to Cosmos are we led through innumerable by-paths of incident and thickets of colonial progression and retrogression.

Of separate and striking descriptions, let me mention the superb account of the sea-fight in lecture second, where a single French vessel, under the command of Iberville, conquers *three* English ships of superior force;† of the thrilling experiences of La Salle, Marquette, Joliet, and Bienville; of Tonti of "the iron hand," and still more, the iron *will*, whose toils, sufferings, and triumphs appear incredible, and yet are proved to have been sober matter-of-fact; of the great Indian king, Quiqualtanqui, the Agamemnon of a savage confederacy, who, in his fleet of one thousand canoes, pursued the remnant of De Soto's expedition for seventeen days with incessant fury, and who, when his chase was stopped by the roughened and stormy sea, rose in his own war-boat, hurling these last words of scornful hate at the baffled invaders:

"Tell your countrymen that you have been pursued by Quiqualtanqui alone; if he had

\*Browne's "*Hydriotaphia*," or "Urn Burial," seems scarcely known to modern readers. Yet is it a grand prose-poem, as rhythmical in its periods as Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living, etc.," and abounding in passages of quaint originality. For example, commenting upon the craze of erecting lofty monuments, etc., he says, "All is vanity, feeding the wind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambryses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth: *mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds; and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!*"

†This fact is related by Father Charlevoix, and manuscripts copied from the archives of the Department of Marine in France, and now deposited in the office of the Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, will convince the incredulous that the author has not drawn upon his imagination.



been better assisted by his peers, none of you would have survived to tell the tale."

The regular history commences with the *second* series of lectures, and presents us, almost upon the threshold of events, with a particularly graphic and satisfactory life of that magnificent mountebank, that immortal charlatan in the realm of bubble-speculations, John Law, originally of Edinburgh, but afterward the champion cosmopolitan rogue and swindler of the eighteenth century.

Never, in the countless biographies of this phenomenal financier, English or French, has the portrait of the man been so minutely and clearly drawn. He stands before us as in actual existence, a personage to be abhorred and repudiated, yet by no means altogether despised, since there is something in *power*, even when allied with unbounded and scampish audacity, which wins from us a species of—we can not say respect, but of unwilling admiration. Precisely such a characteristic was it of our common human nature (although in *his* case much exaggerated) which caused Thomas Carlyle to consider Cromwell not only a hero, but a saint, Danton a patriot, Von Goethe, or the old sensualist, a philosopher and moralist (!) no less than artistic genius, and which forced from him those half-hysterical expressions of sorrow when he heard of the death of Byron!

The second volume of the "History of Louisiana" continues the narrative of French domination; the third treats of the Spanish, and the fourth of the American possession, the animated story having, by a supplemental chapter, been brought down to the close of the war of secession.

In completing his important task, and taking farewell of a subject especially dear to his mind and heart, our author says, referring to secession:

"Louisiana did not hesitate to stake her all on the cast of a die, at what she conceived to be the call of honor and duty. Four years have since elapsed, and she is now the seat of desolation; the hoof of the conqueror's horse has withered her opulent fields in the land which was once a fit residence for the brave, free population of the Caucasian race, and an Elysium for her African bondsmen.

"Another pen than mine must relate her sufferings, sacrifices, heroism in battle, fortitude in defeat, and humiliation after prodigies of resistance against overwhelming numbers on land and water.

"Farewell! sainted and martyred mother!

"My work as historian is done; but my love as thy son shall cling to thee in poverty and sorrow, and nestle in thy scarred bosom with more constancy than when thy face was radiant with joy and hope."

Next in importance to his Louisiana history is Gayarré's "History of Philip II," of Spain. The character, policy, peculiar ambition, and achievements of a monarch, who, in subtlety of brain, far-reaching Machiavellian cunning of diplomacy, cold satanic ruthlessness of soul, and a monstrous habit of self-deception, which seems to have made him regard his worst cruelties as mere matters of duty, towers in black loneliness among his fellow-sovereigns of comparatively modern times, have all been studied by Gayarré so closely and philosophically, that here again, as in the instance of John Law, we look upon a photograph rather than an ordinary likeness—a photograph with every line keenly defined, every minutest trait of expression, contour, and feature brought conspicuously out and unerringly perpetuated.

His account of Philip's decease, its slow, terrible, and ghastly tortures, is an example of weirdly picturesque delineation, unsurpassed by any thing of a kindred nature, in Richter De Quincey, or Froude.

We are introduced to the enfeebled and doomed king just after he has retired to the somber walls of the Escorial.

In that gigantic structure, uniting a palace, monastery, and mausoleum, among bands of Hieronymite monks, he suffered for two years the tortures of the damned. Long-standing gout had become complicated with an exhausting tertian fever, succeeded by dropsy. The dropsy almost maddened him with thirst, which, nevertheless, it was fatal to indulge. His whole body broke out into sores and humors. One especially malignant tumor manifested itself in his right knee. As it prodigiously increased the pain was agonizing, and the physicians resolved to open it.

Juan de Vergara, the most skillful of the Spanish surgeons of his time, performed this operation. Painful as it was, the patient scarcely winced. No improvement followed. Above the gash made by the knife two sores appeared. From their hideous lips issued an incredible quantity of matter.†

Thence rose a stench insupportable to the by-standers. So sensitive was the wretched

†The mere outline I have given of Gayarré's tremendous picture of Philip's sufferings and death may, I trust, induce my readers to seek the original.

creature (Sovereign of Spain and the Indies) that his body could be turned neither to the right nor left, nor was it possible to change his clothes or his bedding.

Immersed in a sink of corruption, smitten in a loathsome fashion from the "sole of his foot unto his crown," no increase to his affliction seemed practicable, when a chicken broth, sweetened with sugar, was administered to him, and "gave rise," says the chronicler, "to other accidents which are represented as being of an extraordinary and horrible character." His ulcers teemed with worms, which reproduced themselves in such abundance that they defied all attempts to remove their indestructible swarms. For fifty-three (!) days he remained in this state, taking little if any nourishment. And yet with a frame thus tormented, with every nerve on the rack, and his veins filled with fire, Philip endured his unspeakable pangs with a heroism unparalleled in the history of mankind, and finally died "in the fragrance of sanctity," as calmly and hopefully as any saint in the long bead-roll of the pious martyrs of Christendom!

How are we to account for so extraordinary a phenomenon? Was the will of this "Christian Tiberius" of such iron quality that the specters of his evil deeds were forced to crouch at its bidding? or, sustained to the last by the fanaticism of king-craft and the fanaticism of religion, did he regard his atrocities as absolute duties—as legitimate means to proper ends, the ends of governmental and spiritual absolutism?

"Surely," exclaims Gayarré, "here is a moral phenomenon which requires explanation, a psychological mystery demanding a solution!" "They can be found," he adds, "only in the hypothesis that Philip remained persuaded to the last hour of his existence that he was right when he committed those acts which struck with horror his contemporaries and are still execrated by posterity!"

It seems an odd reversal of the usual methods to begin a man's life with an account of his death; but, as touching the present "history," nothing more judicious could have been done; since at once we have attention riveted by the kingly hero's abnormal character and qualities, no less than by the narrator's extraordinary power of portraying them, invincible as they were almost *in articulo mortis*!

Nor does the body of this history fail to sustain the dark fascination of its opening chapter. It is a romance of imperial crime, of a huge net-

work of tortuous, bloody policies which involved Europe, the Indies, South America, and fettered a large portion of the world, Christian and heathen, as by the influences of a spell subtle as the threads of the Parcæ, implacable as the spirit of Moloch!

A strict equity is apparent in all details. Nowhere has the writer yielded to a natural abhorrence of Philip's plans and practices so far as to warp his own judgment or modify his regard for truth.

The final chapter is an elaborate and instructive discussion of literature, the arts and sciences in Philip's reign. Quickly, but in a clear, vivid light, the men of artistic genius of that age pass before us; we learn their idiosyncrasies, we mark the sources alike of their successes and their failures.\*

From Lope de Vega, the indefatigable, to Morales, "the divine," we make the acquaintance of the entire radiant army of those who may well be termed "*illuminati*," the only beneficent stars of a brutal, ferocious epoch.

Philip, as might have been readily conjectured, was a cold, esthetic patron. "There was something," says Gayarré, "freezing in his very encouragement." And thereupon he relates the following incident, a very significant one:

"In 1581 his Majesty, on his way to Lisbon, passed through Badajoz, where the illustrious painter, Morales, was living. He sent for the artist, examined him with cold, gray, supercilious eyes, pondered a moment or two, and then found nothing better to observe than, 'You are very old, Morales!'

"'Aye! and very poor, sire,' was the emphatic and no doubt disgusted reply."

Even Philip must have felt a tingle of shame in his arctic veins, and some little heat, eyanescent as feeble, about the "cockles of his heart," presuming him to have had such an organ. At least he took the hint he had himself provoked, and granted the artist—this Spanish Titian—an annual pension of three hundred ducats. The sorry compliment, the

\*I must state a characteristic circumstance concerning the Northern publishers of Philip II. Gayarré had remarked in the course of his narrative that Lincoln's famous proclamation against the Southern rebels (so-called) was, by a strange coincidence, almost a *fac simile* of Philip's proclamation against the Moors of Granada; and he had proved his assertion. Without consulting the author his publishers deliberately omitted this passage, having a shrewd eye upon the Northern market. A beautiful example of that boasted reverence for liberty of thinking and writing, which is being continually enunciated in certain hyperborean regions!



poor remuneration, came too late. It merely furnished the means of smoothing a few fur-longs of the pathway of a sublime genius to his already half-opened grave. It merely bathed with a little *aqua d'oro* the aching forehead of death.

I come next to Gayarré's "*Fernando de Lemos*." Upon the title page it is called "A Novel." I can not but regard this as a misnomer, since the work is rather a collection of sketches, anecdotes, narratives, and character portraits, combined by a principle of unity, so frail often, and wavering, as to be compared (if I may employ an image of Goethe's) to that red cord which runs, sometimes seen and sometimes hidden, through each of the royal marine ropes.

It contains sufficient matter to furnish forth a dozen books of ordinary cleverness and brilliancy, only the material is now and then carelessly arranged, while subjects interesting in themselves are treated with unwonted diffuseness. Such errors, however, are *more* than atoned for by a frequent startling originality, both of characterization and description, also by a fervor of spiritual eloquence, which in turn elevates and subdues.

One personage introduced and drawn to the life, if not actually *from* it, has a Poe-esque impressiveness.

An Italian—Tintin Calandro by name; he had beheld the worst horrors of the French revolution, and, crazed thereby, had emigrated to New Orleans and become the sexton of the St. Louis cemetery in that city. A man of genius, and genius fired by madness, but "madness with a method," his speculations, soliloquies, and disquisitions among the tombs are singularly suggestive, vivid, and daring. He is a spiritualist to the core of his being, and a master musician whose violin discourses the most consummate and enchanting harmonies. His concerts are chiefly poured forth for the benefit of the dead, whom he by no means considers really dead. On such occasions, De Lemos, his friend, describes the man and his instrument as verily inspired. The violin assumes a soul, becomes a living thing. One could almost have fancied hearing a shout like the Sybil's in Virgil, "*Ecce Deus! ecce Deus!*" ("The god comes; behold the god!")

There is a particular scene illustrative of the author's skill in depicting the weird, allied in some measure to the terrible, which I am tempted to quote. The place is a "city of the departed," covered by monuments of every

size, shape, and design; the time, a gloomy, tempestuous day; and the persons, Calandro and De Lemos:

We were suddenly, says the latter, overtaken by a thunder-storm. We took refuge under the portico of a Gothic sepulchral chapel. The darkness became intense, the rain descended in torrents, peals after peals of our magnificent Southern thunder came thick upon each other, and the lightning seemed to leap from tomb to tomb.

At each flash I gazed around, and expected to see some strange, supernatural sight.

Tintin Calandro guessed at the undefinable feeling of awe which had crept over me, for he said:

"You will not see any spirit abroad in such weather as this. Disembodied spirits are as luxurious as when in the flesh.

"They are all at home now, enjoying themselves in their snug, small houses. They listen with delight to the hubbub of the elements, to this roaring wind, and bespattering rain. Each one rakes up his dry bones, hugs himself in his shelter, stretches his skeleton limbs with a keen sense of the enjoyment of complete repose, like an Epicurean in his soft and rose-perfumed bed, and, rubbing his bony hands, says to himself, 'How comfortable I am. Let me sleep; this is the weather to sleep in.'

"Pit-pat, pit-pat comes down the rain on our nice, tight roof. How sweet! Rain on; and thou, O wind, crack thy jaws; fire all thy guns, and throw out all thy bomb-shells, O thunder! and thou, lightning, shoot forth thy forked tongue like the arrow of Jehovah! We enjoy our repose the more from its contrast with this war of the elements.'

"You see, my friend," continued Calandro, "the dead still live after their own way. In such a night as this they relish their beds as much as you do. They also, like us, love to pull the coverlets over their nakedness, and to doze away. No bills to pay to-morrow; no illusions to part with; no treachery to counteract; no disappointments to encounter; no brains racked; no heart bleeding; no tears shed. The battle of life has been fought; their cares are over. Hurrah! what a luxury to be dead!"

This wild burst of enthusiasm was expressed in a manner to which no description can do justice. While he spoke the thunder roared with increased fury, the lightning flashed more vividly, and the mad wind, grasping the floods of rain, dashed them upon the roof of our white marble sepulcher.

Calandro, always fantastic and elfish in appearance, looked now, by the lurid light of the evanescent flashes of electricity, so unearthly that I felt a creeping of the flesh, as if there stood near me something uncanny.

"Are you not tired of this storm?" he asked, after a long, brooding silence. "It is magnificent to be sure, but there may be too much of a good thing. To escape from it I have been trying a diversion to my mind, and I have been thinking how glorious my cemetery looks by moonlight. There is nothing then to equal it. What a scene worthy of the angels! When it is thus one sea of serene radiance, I love to perform on my violin for the dead. Beginning, I see at first a haze or vapor settling on each tomb, then shadowy forms glide upward through brick, marble, or granite.

"An immense assembly gathers for my concert. Some stand up, some sit down, others recline on

their own tombs, as on sofas. The little children, how daintily they look, God bless them! Sometimes they dance before me, moving their tiny feet in harmony with my music. When they are weary they trip up to me, they courtesy, they kiss their fairy hands, and thank me so prettily that, to please them, I could play the whole night. They sing in chorus, "Good-night, Tintin Calandro; good-night, dear Tintin Calandro," and they vanish. Ah! if you could only see such a sight, you would like to dwell forever in my cemetery.

How charmed would the German Grimm and La Molte Fouqué have been by the preceding inimitable picture!

Lack of space alone prevents my quoting more from "*Fernando de Lemos*." There is an episode in chapter x, portraying the character of an old priest among the Pyrenean Mountains, which is quite worthy of Goldsmith at his best. The serious chapters on religion and Christian evidences are compact of logic, power, and spiritual insight; while, in a wholly different vein, we have in chapter xxxix a description of what may be called practical retribution, which must assuredly stir the blood of the "natural man."

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

## THE SCOUT.

1864.

As I ride with a keen lookout through the town,  
 In the wind of the autumn blowing free,  
 You lean from your open window down,  
 And I raise my face to your own, chérie!  
 I press my lips to the rose in your hair,  
 And wish it was one of the two on your face;  
 If I were up in the window there,  
 Would you give me a last embrace?

I have been rather sad. I dreamed of a day  
 (How the wind of the autumn is blowing free!)  
 When the rattle of sabers would pass away,  
 And the winds would whisper to you and me  
 That love is the best, whatever betide,  
 And the journey of life, made hand in hand,  
 Is a path of flowers; but the dream soon died  
 In the air of this war-curst land.

This very moment I catch the beat,  
 On the wind of the autumn blowing free,  
 Of a squadron passing with muffled feet  
 By the mill, who are hunting me.  
 If they find me—a shot!—I am wounded, sweet!  
 One touch of the roses so fair to see;  
 If they drag me in to die at your feet,  
 You must kiss me again, chérie!

*J. Esten Cooke.*



## THE PRICE HE PAID.

"SHRIMPS—shrimps!" The shrill, but not unmusical cry of the vender broke the stillness of the early morning in the street.

Slowly she canvassed its length, her "fannin-basket" poised skillfully upon her head; when she had reached a time-worn, weather-beaten old house that stood on the corner, she paused, and with mild and patient insistence gave utterance once more to her cry:

"Shrimps—shrimps!"



"GEE! IS THAT ME, MARSE JACK?"

A head appeared at an upper window in response: "Come up," said its owner. The shrimp vender mounted the stairs and approached an open door-way; there she paused, no inharmonious figure in the *entourage* it disclosed.

A heavy, carved old bedstead stood in one corner, a modern screen tried in vain to hide it from view, a chest of drawers as old-fashioned as the bedstead served as a receptacle for pipes, books, palettes, and a Venus without a nose. Every where there was a mingling of the old and the new; pieces of modern tapestry tacked up against the walls, serving for backgrounds

for finished and unfinished pictures, gave a curious yet pleasing effect.

On the round, polished mahogany table a great bowl of Devonensis roses were steeping the room in fragrance.

The artist stepped back from the picture he had been working on and turned his eyes critically first upon the woman then upon the easel.

It was as though a magic-mirror had thrown suddenly a reflection from the doorway upon the canvas. There was the same fine poise of figure, the same half-savage grace, the well-rounded arms akimbo, the lazy, sleepy, dark eyes in the dusky face, the basket piled high with its pink load, the careless garb he had lent color to, and an added grace in its folds.

The woman stood transfixed: "Gee!" she cried, softly, "is that me, Marse Jack?"

"Yes," he answered; "how do you like yourself?"

"Like myself?" she answered. "I never thot a nigger like me 'ud a made sech a picter. Does yer spec' ter git money fer it?"

"I do; money and fame," he cried in a joyous voice, turning the picture so that it caught a better light.

The woman had lowered her basket, and was measuring in a little tin cup the usual quantity of shrimps that he took from her twice a week. She was one of the models that the rice-fields and the sea-islands had furnished him; a ragged, shiftless set of hangers-on they were for the most part, but full of picturesqueness.

"I recon yer don' want me no more?" she queried, as she lifted her basket and prepared to start.

"Not at present," he answered; "I shall finish this to-day."

Scarcely had she gotten down the stairs when the sound of high-heels filled the uncarpeted hall, and Jack Erskin turned again from his picture to see in the door-way the smiling face of a friend.

"I am so glad that you have come, Mrs. Romain," he cried, hastening forward and drawing her into the room. "My picture is almost finished, and you shall be its first critic."

"Let me see it at once," she said, with a little imperative air that was charming.

He led her up to it and stood back with a conscious pride, which, had it been less unconsciously conscious, would have provoked criticism.

"Again?" she said, reproachfully, "I thought this was to be *the great picture*, and it is like all the others, clever, but not great."

He flushed painfully.

"You are hard to please," he said, with some restraint. "My last picture had 'no force,' 'no virility.' I painted that to please you. Only the *technique* got it hung. I tell you I have no ideality, I can paint only what I see. These darkies here strike my sense of humor, appeal to my eye; and, say what you please, *I do* paint them well."

It was all true; he had no ideality, but he did paint darkies well. A Canadian by birth, he had drifted down into an old town on the Southern sea-coast where the novelty of the surroundings and the freshness of the negro type had been borne in upon him in so happy a way that he had created a school; the magazines had sought him out to illustrate the stories and sketches of Southern life that had begun to form a regular part of their make-up; several of his pictures had been hung on the line in the Academy and, though criticised, had brought him some little fame. He had many admirers who hoped great things for him in the future, for as yet he had made no distinctive mark as a painter.

A small, dark, thick-set man, he was as unlike the usual artist type as possible; his dark eyes burned with an eager fire, his whole bearing was filled with a restless activity and an overflowing enthusiasm; versatile, clever, as light of heart as he was of purse, he possessed the sensitiveness and the simplicity of a little child.

His lip quivered a little as he finished speaking, and the disappointment that Mrs. Romain's criticism had brought him was plainly visible in his attitude—all the buoyancy was gone from his face and manner.

She broke the silence that had fallen upon them by exclaiming:

"Tell me about your heart. Is it whole? Have you ever been in love?"

He ran his hand through the heavy black locks that fell over his brow, bowed mockingly, and answered:

"Heart whole and fancy free."

"Then I have hopes of you," she cried. "Go away; go somewhere—any where. Break your heart; smash it all to pieces! Then come back and paint me a picture."

She laughed a low, ringing laugh, that was somehow full of sadness.

"Happy people can do nothing well," she

added, by way of explanation, "but be happy. One must have been miserable—to paint, to write; one must understand—. You say you paint what you see! My poor boy, you are blind. Look at that picture there of the marsh at sun-set. It's all very well in its way—the lush, green grass, with the insidious creep of the waves, the background of dull red, and the one faint star; but does it say any thing of the long day of weary waiting for the returning waves? of the ecstasy of renewed life? No! You should be more than a copyist. You should interpret; you should suggest."

"Your ladyship is right," he answered, with quizzical gravity. "I shall go away, break my heart, and paint you a picture. By the way, I am going away. I have an order for some sketches of North Georgia, and as soon as I send that off," pointing to his picture, "I shall go. Shall I write you a weekly bulletin, and report progress toward a broken heart and a picture?"

The emphasis that he put on the last word showed a little resentment that she had failed to appreciate the merit of the picture upon which he had been expending all his forces. It was characteristic of him to think the picture he had in hand the best thing that he had ever done; to gloat over it, and glory in it, until some fresh conception should wean him from it. He drew out his note-book and began to write.

"I am making a note," he said, seriously. "Receipt for a great artist—paint, brushes, canvas, and a broken heart."

"You may laugh," she said; "it is a price to pay, but the only one. Ah! I do not know that I wish it, with all my ambition for you. What shall I do, if you lose your light-heartedness?—you, who make me forget that there is such a thing as time."

She spoke with a regretful tenderness, this woman who was no longer young; who had befriended the young fellow when he had come a stranger among strange people. Nobody knew what she had been to him, with her ready sympathy, her quick appreciation of every thing that was beautiful, and, above all, her honest, unsparing criticism.

"Do you know what Archer says of me?" asked the young man. "He says that you are ruining me; that you are making me effeminate—that my last picture showed it."

"I will not stay to listen," she answered, rising. "If you are ever great, it will be because you took my advice and broke your heart."

A few days after this conversation in the



studio, the artist was speeding away to the upper part of the State. His work lay mainly in putting into black and white the wondrous loveliness of the almost unknown mountain regions of Georgia. For days he lingered about the falls of Tallulah, fascinated by the grandeur and beauty that met him at every step.

The laurel and rhododendron were in blossom, covering the mountain sides, and springing bravely from the deep crevices in the huge bowlders that winds and storms and overflowing waters had tried vainly to dash from their positions. Down in the cañon that made the bed of the Tugalo, a quiet mountain stream that hastens suddenly and then dashes in maddest glee into five falls of wildest, turbulent, silver water, a roar as of the sea deadened even the song of a bird. Above, the torn rocks met the blue sky. The overhanging crags, poised in mid air, the great platforms of rocks, rich in the precarious growth of pine and cedar and ash, brooded silently over the ecstasy of the rushing water.

All through the perilous paths, glad with the fresh glory of ferns and curious, beautiful fungi and delicate orchids, he wandered; from fall to fall he traced the seething, boiling water that leapt the rocks that barred its passage to the sea, until, in a grand chasm, whose topmost outlines cut clear against the sky, it suddenly grew calm and stilled its impetuous longing to take up the quiet flow of an exhausted passion. As the days passed his sketch book grew full to bursting. Many a quaint mountaineer, met in his wanderings; many a little tow-headed aborigine, shy and untamable; many a lank mountain woman, tired and sun-tanned, thrust themselves across the pages, giving a human side to the voiceless beauties of rock and cataract.

From a little cabin on the bank of the river his first letter to Mrs. Romain was written:

*Buono voyage* you wished me, my friend, when I said good-bye to you almost a month ago, and a *buono voyage* it has been, indeed. I have never been so happy in my life. After I left the railroad, as I told you I should, I took to tramping, and have dawdled and sketched all through this lovely country. When night comes I manage to be near a settlement or an isolated farm-house. I beg shelter for the night, and get the warmest hospitality. A pone of corn-bread, a bit of fried bacon, and a glass of buttermilk is a palatable supper to a hungry man; and, tired as I am, the feather-bed and the yarn blanket under me seems to me the couch of an emperor. Every thing that I set out in search of I have found, beautiful scenery and a people charmingly primitive and simple. "At it again!" you will say, of course. How can I help myself? I set out to paint scenery;

my fate overtakes me, and I become a character sketcher.

I have made two studies that I think will develop into good pictures, if not the *great one*. I found an old man in a cabin, who seemed to me to have the ideal head of a moonshiner; the bold, fearless eyes, the square jaw, seemed to me to belong to one who would maintain to the death his right to do what he pleased with his own.

The other study will please you more. "A Mountain Maid," I think I shall call it, if it is ever finished. At a loom in a corner of a cabin a girl, in a majenta-colored skirt, stands shifting the bobbins. The rafters, dark brown with time and smoke, are hung with pepper-pods strung together, while sunbonnets without number adorn the sides of the walls. I found it, ready grouped at a half-way house, where, by the way, I met with a pleasing surprise. I stopped there for dinner, and found that my host had been a member of the legislature, and was a man of great shrewdness and considerable information. Clad in the customary garb of the mountaineers—jeans breeches, homespun shirt and "galluses"—he received me with a grace that would have done credit to a drawing room. It seems almost strange that in these mountain fastnesses that mind can rise superior to the clogging influences of isolation.

Innate politeness, shrewdness, silence, and an aptitude for artistic attitudes seems to me the main characteristics of these people. I hope to do much good work this summer; if I do not paint the *picture*, I shall be the prophet of these glorious mountains and their quaint inhabitants.

With every desire to please you, I fear that I shall not find among them the materials of "*une grande passion*." Alas! I feel like the boy in the fairy tale, who cried, "Oh! if I could but shiver!"

To-morrow I am going over to a little village on the other side of the mountains, then from there I shall write to you again.

Adieu, my best of friends.

JACK ERSKIN.

While this letter was making its way southward, Jack was pushing on over the mountains to the village that lay on "yan side." The way led upward, and many a steep climb brought him out upon a knoll that commanded vast stretches of mountains, that seemed to beckon and lead him. The river, with its swaying tree-lovers, kept him company for miles, and the noisy Tiger Creek alternately laughed at and cheered him.

Shadows were settling in the valley when he reached the village; a mere handful of dilapidated frame- and log-houses, that had been thrown together without regard for symmetry or future development, shut in by the hills that stultified its growth, it nestled contentedly, the outlying farms making for it the only commerce that it knew, a fair barter and sale. After stowing away his traps in the rambling old house, dignified as the Blue Ridge Hotel, Jack joined a group of loungers that were standing around the post-office waiting for the mail-cart.

The stranger was greeted civilly, and soon found himself talking away with the freedom of old acquaintanceship.

A light buggy drove up, and a tall man, with iron-gray hair, got out, handing the reins to the girl who sat beside him.

"Thet's Englehart," whispered one of the natives to the artist, "him as owns Ukulah. Thet's what he calls his place; says its Injun fer 'lifted up.' Thar's his house."

He pointed to the side of a mountain some five or six hundred feet above the valley where a brilliant spot of color broke the green glory of the hill-side. The house on the mountain was a revelation to the quiet mountaineers who lived down in the village, and it was with a kind of proprietary pride that they pointed it out to the young artist.

"Yes, thet thar's Englehart's," chimed in another; "an' 'pears ter me like it's kind o' unholy a-settin' thar so blazin' red in the sunshine. An' sech folks as they is; they never so much as does a lick o' work. Three able-bodies they keeps ter fetch an' carry, besides a boy to dodge 'round. An' sech goins on, a-playin' the pianna, an' a-dansin' an' a-drivin' horses down that steep mounting same as if the very devil was after 'em! An' thet gal o' Englehart's with her quiet ways, they do say, makes it very inconvenient ter the men. Two on 'em has rid down slower than they went up this very summer. She's mighty nice to we uns, but I reckon she's what mought be called a secret-bosom devil."

The speaker, a tall, lank specimen of the hills, pulled himself together with a hitch, and "lowed he'd go ter the store an' git somethin' ter chaw!"

One by one the loungers dropped off, until there only remained the post-master, Mr. Englehart, and the stranger.

"Dockins is late to-night," said Mr. Englehart, as he took a turn on the narrow piazza. "You came over with him yesterday, I suppose," he added, turning courteously toward young Erskin.

"No, I came over on foot; I wanted to sketch as I came along. I've been three days on the road," he answered.

"An artist then, sir?" said Mr. Englehart, with polite inquiry.

"Yes," said the young man, simply. "Allow me to offer you my card, Mr. Englehart."

He handed him a bit of card-board, and the two gentlemen shook hands, and at once began to discuss the beautiful and varied scenery of

the vast chain of the Blue Ridge that lay around them.

The coming of the mail and its distribution interrupted their conversation, but at parting Mr. Englehart said:

"You must come up and see my view. Any day will suit me, we are always glad to receive visitors. My daughter," with a wave of the hand toward the buggy where Placid sat in the growing dusk, "will help me to make you welcome."

The young man bowed respectfully at this unceremonious introduction, thanked Mr. Englehart, and promised to accept his invitation at an early day.

About a week later, he remembered the invitation to Ukulah, and set out on foot to find it. At a little distance from the village he struck a narrow trail that promised steeper climbing, but a more speedy way of reaching the mountain than that offered by the road. An ambitious little stream sang down a rocky bed; as he climbed higher he found the banks growing steeper and the rocks wilder and more aggressive; finally he reached a point where, looking up, he saw the same little stream make a bold leap of more than a hundred feet. He paused from exhaustion, as well as from a desire to lose nothing of the pretty scene before him.

A fresh voice rang out, and echoed down the glen:

"Come up, Mr. Erskin," it called. "I'm Placid Englehart, and not a spirit."

Somewhat mystified, his eyes searched the rocks until he saw standing above him a slender, girlish figure. One hand held on to a swaying branch of laurel that grew over the bank; a wildness of ferns sprang up about her feet. As quickly as he could, climbing on hands and knees, he reached her.

"You are going to Ukulah, I hope," she said. "You will let me be your guide the rest of the way," she added, with graceful courtesy. "Papa has been expecting you for days, and has been quite disappointed that *his view* should not have brought you sooner."

"I have been sketching over in the valley," he explained, "and could not come until to-day. I find these people wonderfully suggestive. If I could only put on canvas their characteristics, as well as their quaintness of appearance and dress!"

He had seated himself beside her on the bank, and was absently pulling a blade of grass between his fingers. A rustling in the bushes behind him made him turn his head. A boy was



struggling out from among them with his arms full of ferns.

"It is the Dodger," said Placid, noting his look of surprise. "When he came to offer his services, I asked him what he was good for, and he answered 'he was first rate ter dodge round.'"

The unconscious mimicry of her tones made the young fellow laugh heartily.



PLACID ENGLEHART.

"Since he has been with us he has had no other name."

"I think those are enough," she said, when the boy had scrambled down the bank. "He has been gathering ferns for mother," she explained.

"If you are rested, Mr. Erskin, suppose we start. The climb up the hill is no jesting mat-

ter. This way," she cried, jumping lightly over the rocks.

Erskin followed, and the Dodger brought up the rear. When they reached the brow of the hill they came out upon the road, and the artist had time to take in the house that seemed to one of the villagers at least *unholy*.

Low it was, and squat; a hurricane house built to duck the fierce winds that swept over the ridge at times; shingled all over, it was painted a vivid red, the roof and trimmings being dull slate. A broad piazza faced the mountains, over one end a climbing rose festooned itself, broad stone steps led up to it, and wide, deep terraces overlooked the winding road. The trees had been apparently untouched; the house was set almost in a forest. A sudden turn brought them in sight of the occupants of the piazza.

Mr. Englehart rose, and came forward to greet his guest.

"My aunt, Mrs. Peyton," he said, introducing the young man to an old lady who sat rocking in the sunshine that fell over one corner of the piazza. The old lady welcomed him with old-fashioned politeness, and the party soon settled themselves in the deep splint-bottomed chairs that were grouped invitingly about. The Dodger disappeared at a sign from Placid, taking his green burthen with him.

"Is your view much finer than this?" asked Erskin, pointing to the chain of mountains, blue and purple and misty, that lay before him. "This is nothing," answered Mr. Englehart. "Just wait until you are rested, and I'll show you the finest

view in the country. My neighbor over yonder thinks he has it."

"They quarrel over it every time they meet," interrupted Placid, laughing. "I wish the vexed question could be settled."

"Make Mr. Erskin umpire, George. Show him your ridge, and some day take him to 'Screamer,'" said Mrs. Peyton.

"That is a good idea, aunty," said Placid. "We'll make up a party and go on horseback."

"Here are the horses now," said Mr. Englehart, as the Dodger appeared leading two pretty brown mares. "Shall we try the ridge now, or later?"

"Now, by all means," said Erskin, rising promptly, disdaining the idea of fatigue.

"Come out, first, and get a drink of water fresh from the spring," cried Mr. Englehart, with boyish enthusiasm.

In passing through the house they met a lady with her hands full of ferns. Mr. Englehart stopped her, and said to the young man, "This is my wife." She held out her hand to the young fellow and smiled sweetly upon him.

"I am just filling my flower-pots, you see," she said. "Do not let me detain you; you are going up on the ridge, I believe?"

Mr. Englehart hurried him away, for he said the sun was getting high, and the way lay through the fields.

"Where did you meet Placid?" asked his host, as they were riding up the hill.

"At the waterfall, perched on the rocks—and I should like to paint her as I saw her there," he said, impulsively. "I beg your pardon," he added, quickly. "Your cordiality has made me forget that I am a stranger to you, and that such a speech is a liberty."

"Don't apologize," said the older man; "I am very proud of her beauty, and you can't help having eyes." After a moment's thought he said: "You shall paint her; I have often wanted to have a picture of her. Could you manage to come up and stay?"

Erskin assented eagerly, and before the top of the ridge was reached the two men had made an agreement, by which the artist was to come up and stay at the house on the mountain and paint its owner's beautiful daughter.

When they emerged upon the mountain-top, Erskin was almost dazzled by the view that met his gaze. He felt as if he had reached the very summit of the world. Climbing a great rock, that made a division in the backbone of the mountain, he shaded his eyes with his hands and let his gaze rove at will.

Beneath him were mountains, around him were mountains, far below the village was bathed in the sunlight; in the distance the purple peak of Currihu swam in the translucent atmosphere; the outlines of the nearer hills seemed to make a shore-line, and beyond them the outlines of other mountains swelled and surged like the waves of some vast inland

sea. Bald Screamer rose to eastward, and rock-marked mountains sought the sky. Behind him Nature repeated herself. The Tennessee Valley, with its waving corn-fields, was guarded by the same great line of hills, a tiny stream ran timidly to earth, the smoke curled upward from the straggling houses, and "belted" oaks lifted up mute arms of protest against the desecrating hand of man. The atmosphere was so clear that the sound of an ax was heard as it cut the bark of a tree a thousand feet below.

"Is it not glorious?" cried Mr. Englehart. "Is not the world well lost for such a sight as this?"

The young man's answer was a silence that was eloquent.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next letter that reached Mrs. Romain was not written from the village, as he had promised her, but from the house on the mountain. He said:

From the very top of the world I am writing to you to-day. I look down upon a smiling valley; I look *into* mountains that breathe and glow with beauty. Glorious thoughts of God! I look up, and a cloudless summer sky smiles down upon me. "Am I happy?" Deliriously so. I have lost my heart to the most beautiful woman in the world, and the chances are that you will be gratified, and that I shall break my heart. "Reckless, am I?" Perhaps so; but I am content to bask to-day in the joy of her presence, and "to-morrow's tangle to the winds resign." "Does she love me?" I have not even told her that I love her. "Who is she?" The daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair. A lover's rhapsody, if you will, but true. Look at her. She has bronze-gold hair that gleams and glows, tawny eyes that are as soft as night, features that are perfect, and over all an air of reserve, of sadness, that to me is more attractive even than her beauty. A thing made up of sunshine, and yet like one "serenely wandering in a trance of sober thought." "Where did I find her?" Here in these blue hills. Her father is a mysterious waif from civilization; whether blown hither by fair or adverse winds nobody knows, and nobody asks. It is enough that he has a beautiful place, upon which he has been lavish of taste and money. This makes him the *grande seigneur* of this mountain country. His interests in life seem to have narrowed down to his daughter and his vineyards. I do not believe that the hills of Italy produce more beautiful grapes than those grown under the mild skies of these Georgia mountains. But to return to the Engleharts. The wife is an invalid and is seldom seen. The only other member of the household is an old aunt, a cut and dried specimen of the old school, who wears stiff silk skirts and spotless caps, and bestows all of her affection upon Placid. Did you ever hear a more beautiful name, Placid Englehart? This is the name of the lady of my love. "What am I doing here?" Painting my lady's picture. If I only dared to paint her as I saw her first I know it would be *the picture*. I am paint-



ing her in some soft, old stuff that belonged to her grandmother. How I love the lines that grow into her image. When I finish it I shall know my fate. As Will Shakespeare puts it, "I'll stake all upon a single die, to win or lose." Wish me luck, my friend.

Your unhappy, happy friend,

JACK.

Upon the mountains the wind sang joyfully, the trees waved green banners of loveliness, and the sun was sinking in crimson splendor, the very air pulsated beauty; the low twanging of a banjo came and went, the sad, half-mournful cadences rising and falling with rhythmic regularity. Presently a low, rich baritone trolled out the pleading words of an old Scotch song:

"Oh! ye sall walk in silk attire, an' siller hae to spare,

Gin ye'll consent to be my bride; ithers can na mair."

Low and sweet, the song of the singer gave the twilight voice.

"Miss Placid," he said, interrupting himself, "would the siller count with you?"

She was lying in a hammock, with a crimson shawl thrown over her feet, listening to Erskin as he sang. She raised herself to answer quickly:

"No. I dare say that I am oversentimental, but love only would count with me. How is it the song goes?"

"Ah! who would wear a silken gown  
With puir, sad, broken heart?"

he sang softly.

"What if one has the puir sad, broken heart, and is without the siller, too?"

He spoke with so much feeling that Placid looked at him interrogatively.

"I would sing that song to the woman I love, but I have no siller to spare, nothing to offer her but myself and my few poor talents," he got up and walked restlessly to the other end of the piazza and came back.

"Take heart of grace," said Placid, "she may prize just what you have to give more than all the siller of the song—"

"Do you think so?" he cried, joyously.

"You can but ask her," answered the girl.

"I will some day," he said.

"Tell me about her, this woman you love," said Placid, softly.

"Not now," he answered. "Some day I'll show you her picture; but now I can not talk about her."

After a little silence he said, abruptly:

"Do you expect to live here always?"

"Always," she answered briefly and conclusively.

The next morning he started off upon one of the sketching expeditions for which he stipulated in accepting Mr. Englehart's invitation to stay at Ukulah.

He was gone for three days, and when he came back had little to show in the way of sketches. He looked worn-out, and worked upon the portrait of Placid with feverish energy.

"I shall finish my picture to-morrow," he said one evening to Placid, "and then I must go."

They were standing on the piazza, watching the white mist that lay over the valley like a downy covering, the moon had broken through a cloud that curled and wrinkled about her and was touching the white fog into weird, mysterious beauty.

It was the breaking up of a spell of dreary weather; for days the village had been lost to sight, a mist, dun, gray, and impenetrable, had crept down the mountain-side and enveloped it, the view was shut out, and the house on the mountain seemed to float in vapor. Shut in from all the world, without interruption, the young artist had progressed with his picture beyond his hopes.

Never had work been so pleasing to him, the days passed almost magically. The crackle and glow of the huge wood-fires, kept burning all the time, seemed to warm Placid out of all her reserve, and as for Erskin he literally expanded; he raked up quaint stories from his past history that had about them the piquant flavoring of Bohemianism; he sang negro ditties learned from the rice-field hands on the Southern coast; he talked spiritualism with Mrs. Peyton, and planned numberless household decorations with Mr. Englehart.

What wonder that Placid should have said regretfully when he spoke of going:

"We shall miss you. I am sorry that the picture will be finished so soon."

When he said good-night he held her hand a moment in a close, warm grasp, and his eyes were full of an unspoken tenderness.

True to his word, he finished the picture next day. Mr. Englehart was quite delighted, and Mrs. Peyton said that the flesh tints were almost equal to Huntington's.

"Will you not bring your mother to see it?" he asked Placid, as they stood around the easel.

"Not now," she said, hurriedly; "I will bring her later."

Just before the twilight set in Erskin found himself alone with Placid in the room where the picture stood. She was filling a vase with great yellow daisies and leaves burned yellow and red by the sunshine.

"I told you one night that I would show you the picture of the woman I love," he said, addressing her abruptly. "Will you turn round?"

He took her hands and drew her gently toward the picture. She shook off his touch with some resentment, then his meaning dawned upon her. A dazed bewilderment overspread her face, an unconscious yearning looked out of her eyes. She put out her hands and cried pitiouly:

"Not that! Tell me that you surely do not mean it."

"But I do mean it," he cried passionately. "I love you. I should not have told you so, perhaps, if you had not told me to take courage. I am not worthy of you, and I am poor, but I love you."

His voice was hoarse with the pleading of the last few words.

"But you must not. You must not!" cried Placid, sharply.

"Why not?" he said, fiercely. "By your own confession siller would not count, and I will work for you. I will make myself worthy of you. I will make you happy."

"Oh! hush, I pray you," she said, entreatingly.

"My love speaks, not I," he answered.

"It will be silent, then," she said, with effort, "if it meets with no response. I do not love you!"

She stood like a criminal, with her pretty head bowed upon her breast. After a moment she looked up.

"Go away," she said, softly, "and forget me."

"I can not forget you," he said. "I am a better man than I have known and loved you. If my life bears good fruit, it will be because of you. Dear heart, must I go?"

She bowed her head meekly, and he left the room. She did not see him again.

As he was leaving, next day, he looked back to wave an adieu to the group that had gathered to watch him out of sight. On the lower terrace, Mrs. Englehart, a silhouette against the rocks, looked up from planting ferns and shook her handkerchief at him. Somehow the picture lingered in his mind.

"It is all over," he wrote Mrs. Romain. "The smash-up has come. I've staked all and lost. And yet I can not believe that she does not love me. My

own love is so great, surely she must give me something in return. I suppose I ought to go away from here. It is not heroic to linger about the place of a defeat. But somehow it comforts me to breathe the same air that she does, and to catch an occasional glimpse of her. When I recover my senses I'll write you again, but not before. I will not weary you with my love-sick misery. JACK."

When he left the Engleharts it was with the avowed intention of going over to the Nantihali, but he got no further than the Tennessee Valley. There he staid for three weeks, tramping from "whip-will ter whip-will," as his host expressed it, filling his sketch-book, and trying by dint of hard work and an exhausted body to still the sadness and restless longing of his heart.

One morning, after an unusually long tramp, he felt too languid to get up, and when Miss Linchy, old Zachary's antiquated daughter, brought him his breakfast, she divined at once that he had the fever.

"It's been a perfec' epidemic this side o' the mounting all this month," she said. "You uns 'ill jist have ter lie still and be took care of. Typhoid ain't ter be fooled with."

She straightened the cover, and pulled back the cotton curtains from the narrow window.

"It's a smart chance o' luck that the doctor boards here, now ain't it?" she asked, as she deftly gathered up the untouched breakfast and left the room.

The Dodger carried the news of Erskin's illness to Ukulah. He had been sent to the little mill on the valley road to have corn ground, and there had met Miss Linchy.

"He's powerful sick, Miss Placid," he said. "Miss Linchy told me herself, an' he's plum outten his head; an' he keeps a askin' for you uns."

"We'll go and bring him over here at once," said Mr. Englehart, when Placid went to him with the news that the Dodger had brought.

But when they drove over to the little frame house, where he was staying, they found him so comfortable and so kindly cared for that it was thought expedient that he should remain where he was. The doctor was on the spot, and Miss Linchy was the kindest and most thoughtful of nurses. Placid and her father drove over every day to make inquiries, and as his illness became protracted, she and Mrs. Peyton took turns in relieving Miss Linchy of the day nursing, in order that the faithful and indefatigable little mountain woman might snatch the rest of which she stood so sadly in need.



Hour after hour Placid would sit listening to his labored breathing, her gaze wandering off to the sharply-outlined "Gap," with its foreground of waving corn-fields and the vague, misty billows that were the mountains beyond.

Within all was hushed. The low ceiling upholstered in cheese-cloth, the walls covered with newspaper cuts, the tall, unpainted mantel-shelf, the little square of glass, the shelf, with its tin basin, water-bucket, and convenient dipper, the rough table with its array of bottles and glasses, the splint-bottomed chairs, brown with age and use, the white cotton-curtain, blowing idly in and out, impressed themselves upon her indelibly. Sometimes he would stir uneasily, mutter brokenly, then she was at his side, holding cooling drink to his parched lips. Again a ray of consciousness would make him turn upon her eyes full of grateful recognition. It was in one of these lucid moments that he put out his hand to her and said, with quiet confidence, "You do love me?" and she answered, "Yes." He closed his eyes like a tired child and slept.

From that day on he mended so rapidly that it was almost incredible.

Placid's vigils ceased, and in her stead Mr. Englehart came and took him for short drives. The bracing wind and the gentle exercise soon brought the color to his pale cheeks. When he was able it was understood that he should go back to the house on the mountain.

One afternoon a great longing came over him to see Placid, and, in spite of Miss Linchy's vehement protest, he hired a horse and started for the mountain.

He found her in the library alone. A little fire crackled on the hearth, and reflected itself in the bright fender, upon which she rested one slender foot. His entrance startled her. She cried out, "You!" and started forward, impulsively, to meet him, then paused half way. He paused, too, and held out his arms.

"Yes, I!" he cried. "Dear heart," impatiently, "I am waiting for you."

But she did not stir, only looked at him with sad, wild eyes.

"What does this mean?" he asked sternly. "One day you tell me you love me; when we meet again you shrink from me."

"It means this," she said, solemnly: "That I do love you, but that my love for you and yours for me means nothing but misery. When you were ill and they thought that you would die, I was reckless and spared neither you nor

myself. Now it is different; you must go your way, and, if possible, forgive me."

"You have cheated me with a fool's dream," he cried, fiercely. "You do not love me."

"Think so," she said, wearily; "it is better that you should."

"But why?" he questioned; "there must be some reason. Why is it that you treat me so?"

"I can not tell you, I must not tell you," she answered.

"I will know; it is my right!" he cried. "If you will not tell me, I will ask him," pointing to the figure of her father as he stood on the piazza looking down the valley.

"No! no! you must not," cried the girl. "I will tell you myself—any thing to spare him," she added softly, under her breath.

She took his arm and led him to the bay-window that commanded the mountains.

"Look down on the terrace," she said.

He saw Mrs. Englehart planting ferns; the attitude, he remembers, it was as he had seen her last; a slight figure, clad in black, bending over the mass of feathery green. He looked at Placid.

"My mother is mad," she said, with an effort, "melancholy mad with a passion for ferns."

He understood now. It all came back to him, the vagueness of Mrs. Englehart's answers when he had met her about the house, her seclusion. The air of sadness about the girl he loved was explained, a great shadow rested upon her.

"My darling," he cried in infinite pity, "come to me! This shall not part you and me!"

But she drew back when he would have put his arms around her.

"Do not make it harder for me to bear," she pleaded.

With sudden resolve she came forward and put her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me just once, and go," she said.

He kissed her reverently; he knew that it was useless to plead further with her, she had thrown her woman's will upon the side of right and duty.

Mr. Englehart pressed him to stay when he came out on the piazza, but he plead a borrowed horse and rode away.

"Come back to-morrow," called after him the old gentleman. He looked back to make response, and between him and the house, the black-robed figure of Mrs. Englehart was outlined against the rocks. He would carry that picture with him until he died.

Some two years later, a gentleman and lady stood beneath a picture in the Academy of Design—it was the notable picture of the exhibition.

Against a background of somber rocks was outlined the figure of a woman, a wilderness of ferns sprang up about her feet; the face was beautiful beyond description, but there was a vagueness about the expression, and the smile upon the perfect lips was the smile of a vacant

mind. One perfect hand toyed lovingly with the delicate fronds of a fern.

A look of startled recognition passed over the upturned faces of father and daughter.

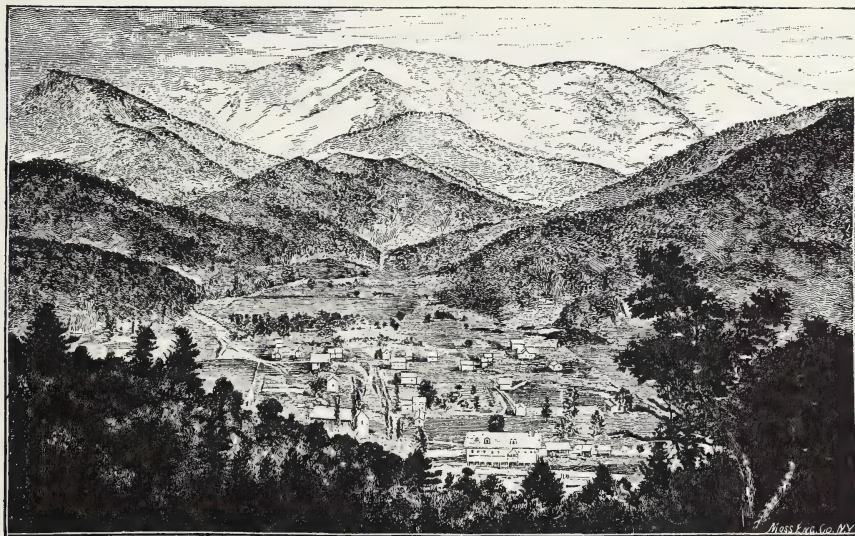
"How could he do it!" was the bitter cry that went up from Placid's heart as she and her father turned away in silence.

Mrs. Romain was gratified, for Erskin had painted a great picture, but he had paid the price.

*L. T. Cunningham.*

## SOUTHERN SUMMER RESORTS.

### FIRST PAPER.



VIEW OF ROANE MOUNTAINS, NORTH CAROLINA.

### CLOUDLAND AND WHITE CLIFF SPRINGS.

THERE is poetry in power as well as in beauty, and the Ruskinites who bewail the prosaic tendencies of this age of steam and iron seem to base their inferences on rather one-sided premises. In a country like England railways may have deprived the sylvan deities of their few remaining retreats, by making every corner of the little island as "grievously accessible" as the coal-pits of Newcastle; but on a vast continent like ours they have charmingly helped to break the still more grievous monotony of interminable distances. A hundred years ago the first set-

tlers of our gulf-coast may often have cast wistful glances to the North, that sent them the greetings of the far-off Alleghanies in breezes "sweetly tormenting them with invitations to their own inaccessible home." By the extant methods of locomotion they could not hope to reach the mouth of the Tennessee River in less than a fortnight, nor its source in the highlands in less than a month, and many a refugee from the perils of the coast climate must have wished that some miracle or other would shorten the tedious pilgrimage by a week or two.

Steam has accomplished that miracle. Travelers taking the cars at New Orleans can reach the mountain-gates of Chattanooga in twenty-



four hours, pass the thousand hills of the Tennessee Valley in a single night, reach Roane Mountain station soon afternoon, and eat their supper at the Cloudland House, on the summit of the Appalachian mountain system. Comfortable hacks meet passengers at the Roane Mountain depot, and make the up-hill trip of twelve miles in less than three hours, closely followed by a luggage omnibus for the safe conveyance of the travelers' trunks, hunting outfits, and other appurtenances—with one exception. The stage company can not undertake to deliver an unbroken case of hay-fever. Climatic diseases decline to accompany their proprietors to the top of the mountain. I have often wondered why in the name of common sense such cities as New Orleans and Vera Cruz do not construct ice-cooled hospitals for the cure of their fever patients, for there seems not the slightest doubt that a low temperature is both the safest and the most infallible febrifuge. But swamp doctors stick to their quinine; the ideal ice-sanitarium has failed to materialize, and the best fever patients can do under the circumstances is to start at once for the mountains. Their relief can be guaranteed if they go high enough. Near Wartburg, Tennessee, some twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, I have seen the mercury at ninety-two degrees in the shade, and with the aid of an ill-ventilated boarding-house a first-class ague might at that elevation be kept in working order for a couple of months. Even at greater altitudes a good deal depends on luck, the caprices of winds and seasons, which may in one summer keep the temperature a dozen degrees below the maximum of the preceding year. But the proprietors of Cloudland Hotel have left chance no option in the matter. The last doubt is left behind at Laurel Gap, which is some four thousand feet above the valley of the Tennessee, and travelers need not take their quinine boxes any further, for the plateau here, crowned by the buildings of Cloudland, is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Clingman's altimetrical tables make the highest point of the Roane Mountain 6,470 feet. Subsequent surveys have reduced that estimate by about one per cent, but there is no doubt that 6,400 feet can be considered a safe minimum, and one viewing the sunset from the piazza of Cloudland Hotel stands 4,200 feet above the highest cliffs of Lookout Mountain, 4,400 above the Catskill House, 1,200 above the Court-house Square, of Denver, Colorado, 5,400 above the old Capitol Hill, of Knoxville, Ten-

nessee, and 200 feet even above the summit of Mount Washington. And yet the basis of that supramundane hostelry is not a jagged cliff, swept by "blood-freezing highland storms in fitful fury," but a broad, sunny plateau, connecting with a number of nearly equally broad-backed ridges. It is worth while following one of those high-level roads in the direction of the Grandfather group. It feels like promenading on the roof of a continent. The view is panoramic and unobstructed. Mountain systems, screening their secrets from the eyes of the lowlands, stand revealed in all their topographical details; lofty peaks dwindle to candidates for second-prize honors, rivers turn to river systems, the "silvery lines of our favorite stream" becoming a net-work of such lines. The view to the west presents a map, rather than a picture, of the Tennessee lowlands. On clear days the panorama includes a hundred mountain peaks, all sadly dwarfed by the bird's-eye view, but still serving as land-marks to attest the marvelous fact that the prospect from Cloudland extends into *seven* different States.

The hotel itself, with its triple stories and broad verandas, presents an imposing front. Fever patients in quest of highland air, dyspeptics in quest of highland water and exercise, sight-seers, naturalists, sportsmen, and novelty-hunters have all enjoyed this summit of the East American Highlands. On the promenades of the sunny plateau invalids fraternize with athletes, clergymen with worshippers of nature, "Rebel Comfort" smoking mountaineers from the neighboring coves with perfumed exquisites from Boston and Baltimore. Sidney Smith's prediction has again been verified, that "Cribbage shall be played in caverns and ten-penny whist in the howling wilderness." Many tourists arrange excursions back to Johnson City in order to re-enjoy the trip through the romantic Doe River Valley, a perfect cañon, that has been described as the "wildest, steepest, and most picturesque gorge in the world," with a certain redundancy of superlatives, though there is no reason to doubt that it is the wildest glen ever tamed by the skill of railway engineering. The cañon is nearly four miles long and from twelve to sixteen hundred feet deep.

In some places the way ahead looks so completely barred by massive cliffs that it seems a marvel how the water could ever force its way to the valley. But the iron horse, too, has found that way, though only through a series of tun-

nels and viaducts, now nearly a hundred feet above the surface of the main stream, now almost touching the spray of a cascade bringing down the drainage of some lateral valley. From the average North American business railway, the Cranberry narrow-gauge differs about as much as an Alpine bridle-path from the tow-path of a Dutch canal.

But tourists still oftener start in the opposite direction, where the rivals of the Roane Mountain groups rear their heads above the clouds. Across gaps of moderate depth, joining ridges lead like natural viaducts from peak to peak, and one of these ridges connects the lower level of the Roane plateau with the Yellow Mountains, and hence with the midway slopes of the culminating group, the Black Mountains, where the apex of the Appalachians soars to a height of six thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Guides can be procured to any accessible point, and it is a curious fact that ladies and non-scientific tourists seem to enjoy themselves on such excursions quite as much as professors of geology on their treasure-trove days. There is a charm in highland rambles quite distinct from the bravado sense of risk inspired by ocean cruises. Is it the sense of elevation which phenologists connect with the organ of ideality? Is it the stimulus of the mountain air or the luxury of basking in sunshine unobstructed? A few days before his death, Frederick the Great, having limped out to his balcony to "see the sun once more," was heard to utter, "Perhaps I shall be nearer to thee soon."

The guide, though, is apt to carry the means of inspiration in the form of a pocket-flask. He has learned to value the elevation of his mountains as the medium of various advantages, and faces their cliffs like a man and a Christian; but it is doubtful if in the abstract he views them with any thing but disapprobation. The roots of that antipathy have a hereditary basis. With hardly a single exception the population of Western North Carolina is the purest English stock of our continent, a race descended by Yorkshire Puritans from Slesvick Holstein marsh-dwellers, and inheriting the ancestral love of low lands. The nomenclature of a mountain country indicates, by a pretty reliable test, if the romance of the scene is in harmony with the instincts of the inhabitants. Witness such names as the Blümlis, the Col d'Argent, or Tengris Khan (the Specter Prince) compared with Jenkinson's

Bald and the Chunky Girl Knobs, at the sources of the Little Tennessee, and similar names not easy to redeem by any grandeur of scenery. But the magic of association has overcome that difficulty, and the poets of our North Carolina mountain resorts apostrophize the genius of the Great Hogback Mountain as Percy Shelley invoked the spirit of Mount Atlas.

"*Wer Vicles bringt, wird Manchem etwas bringen*," but if merits so manifold admit of any specialized appreciation, I recommend the Cloudland House for a yearly rendezvous of American naturalists. If the baldheaded eagle should cross the Rio Grande, we will change our venue to the Highlands of Oaxaca, but in the meantime the fittest place would be the Roane Mountain plateau, and the fittest time the month of July, when the rhododendrons and azaleas are still in full bloom and the mountain butterflies in the prime of their beauty. The botanists might discuss the origin of certain plants (the lily of the valley, for instance) that are found both in Northern Europe and in the mountain regions of the Southern Alleghanies, but nowhere in the higher latitudes of our own continent, while the geological committee might try to explain the fact that a hundred square miles in the central chain of the Appalachians contain about four times as many different minerals as any equal area in the Rocky Mountains or South American Sierras. Zoologists could arrange experiments in acclimatization. There is no reason why the chamois, the great black cock, and the roe should not thrive in our highland forests. The beautiful red squirrel of Western Europe would luxuriate in our hickory woods, the English finch, the black-thrush (*Turdus merula*), and the heather-lark could be induced to enrich the repertoire of our mocking-bird, and we might even succeed in acclimatizing the hardier varieties of the Alpine nightingale. Physiologists might appoint a committee to investigate a problem which a learned friend of mine commends to their attention, viz., the moral tendency of mountain air in its influence on the organ of disinterestedness. The researches of competent scholars have revealed the remarkable fact that certain philanthropists of the "wildcat counties" sell whisky at fifteen cents a quart, with financial results which only motives of the purest benevolence can induce them to disregard, since the Government tax alone is said to amount to seventy-five cents a gallon.



## WHITE CLIFF SPRINGS.

That observing traveler, Lady Mary Montague, records the remark that "Scenery hunters should not waste their time on Mount Blancs any more than on Russian steppes, but look about in the regions where lowlands and highlands join." She writes from the Southern Balkans, where, even a hundred years ago, vegetation contributed but little to the charm of the landscape; but her verdict is not less strikingly confirmed on many a foot-hill range of our Southern Alleghanies. If we had to match some mountain prospect of our own continent against the famous panoramas of the Alps, I should not invite the committee of connoisseurs to the top of Mount Shasta, nor to the summit of the Black Mountains, but to White Cliff Springs, on a promontory of the Chilhowees, a Tennessee foot-hill chain of rather moderate elevation. For nearly a hundred miles that chain runs parallel to the main range of the Western Alleghanies till the "Great Smokies" make a sharp bend to the east, thus concentrating their drainage in a stream of sufficient force to break the barrier of the foot-hills. In the summit cliffs, overlooking the southwestern escarpment of that gap, stands the hotel, accessible from the foot of the ridge by a well-graded road of hardly two English miles. I have crossed the Swiss Alps and the Mexican Sierras in all directions, and I venture the assertion that among the prospect points of their grandest scenery, the promontory of the lowly Chilhowees has but a single rival, the plateau of the Riffelberg, near Zermatt, in the Canton of Wallis, where the panorama of the Southern highlands range from the precipice of the Gornergrat to the seven summits of Monte Rosa and the airy peaks of the Lepontine Alps.

If the structure of the entire mountain system of Tennessee and Western North Carolina had been contrived for the special purpose of contributing to the charms of a single view, the effect could not be more striking. The chief characteristic of the Appalachians is the softness of their general outline, the long-stretched unbroken ridges of their principal chains. But to the spectator, from the piazza of the Cliff House, the summits of some thirty different mountain groups seem to culminate in peaks; by some unexplained, and probably unparalleled coincidence, the sharper profiles of some hundred different escarpments north, east, and southeast, appearing to face toward

a common center. And the marvels of that prospect are offset by the effects of contrast. Looking in the opposite direction the outline of Walden's Ridge and Sand Mountain, the southern branches of the Cumberlands can be traced for hundreds of miles, looming like an unbroken Cyclopean wall through the mists of the western horizon. In the interspace the terrace lands of the Tennessee Valley rise from the shores of the great river that winds its glittering bends from the hills of Loudon to the defiles of the Chattanooga mountain walls. Nearer by the Hiawassee foams in the gorges of the Southern Chilhowees, where here and there the blue summits of its birthland gleam through a mountain-gap like memories of childhood through the gates of the past. The impressions of the scene change with the shadows of every floating cloud, blending mountain ranges with the haze of the sky, or darting sunbeams revealing the glitter of a distant waterfall. The prospect from a supreme summit like Mount Mitchell may be more extensive, but the bird's-eye view flattens the landscape, and for sight-seeing purposes one might as well try to study the architecture of a palace by straddling the roof-ridge.

And while the ascent of the Riffelberg can be achieved only by trained mountaineers, the plateau of White Cliff Springs may be reached by easy stages from half a dozen stations of the East Tennessee Railroad. Travelers generally leave the cars at the depot of Athens, the county seat of McMinn County, where passengers arriving by late trains can pass the night at the Bridges House. The road to the Springs leads through the "knobs," a strange aggregation of rounded hillocks, some four hundred of them, all of the same shape and nearly exactly the same height, about three hundred and fifty feet above the valley of the Connasauga. After crossing that stream the up-grades become gradually steeper, and at the foot of the mountains proper the traveler stands already some one thousand four hundred feet above the level of the Tennessee at Chattanooga. Half way up hill, at Weyer's Bend, the marvel of the eastern panorama bursts suddenly in view, but the road winds back to a point where a mineral spring has been housed in a little pavilion, often visited by health-seekers of the lowlands. But the hotel itself is still several hundred feet higher, and the traveler emerging from the shade of the mountain glens into the sunshine of the open plateau may be surprised at finding that change

to involve a *decrease* of temperature. At White Cliff Springs the summers are indeed considerably cooler than those of many a famed health resort, not only of the higher latitudes, but of a greater elevation under the same parallel, the latter paradox being explained by the narrowness of the plateau, tapering to a promontory of hardly eighty feet across, and the consequent exposed situation of the hotel. The mean annual temperature is a little less than 52°F. In 1875 the mercury only once reached 78°, and during the subsequent decade it has never risen above 82°, while in Montreal, Canada, 98°, and even 100° is nothing abnormal. Summer visitors run, therefore, no thermal risks, and the only break in the series of atmospheric holidays is an occasional mountain rain, generally exceeding the duration of the valley showers by eight or ten hours.

But the architect of the hotel has planned its structure with allowance for that very kind of emergencies; galleries above galleries front the long row of rooms on all sides, the aggregate of the entire building thus affording not less than one thousand three hundred feet of roofed, open-air promenades. There is a large ball-room in the basement, and bowling-alleys, billiard-table, and reading-rooms make it easy enough to while away the leisure of a few indoor days. A telegraph line connects the plateau with the wires of the Western Union, and letters or express packages can be sent directly from the hotel office. There are bath-houses and livery-stables, and a number of sequestered cottages for those who prefer privacy of domestic comfort.

There are in the immediate neighborhood of the hotel not less than three different kinds of mineral springs, but the great specific of the health resort is its bracing atmosphere. For eight months in the year the air is neither too warm nor too cold to be decidedly pleasant, and the plateau is just high enough to be above the dew-point. On mornings when the grass of the lower slopes looked as wet as after a heavy shower, I have found the herbage of the plateau as dry as an Alpine pasture on a sunny September day. Gnats do not thrive on such pastures, and as a refuge from the insect plague of the lower latitudes White Cliff Springs ranks with the parks of the Colorado Sierras. That inviting cleanliness of soil and vegetation is, indeed, a distinctive charm of our Southern highland forests. The woodlands of Canada, Western New York, New England, and even of Pennsylvania, are as luxuriant as ours, but

low and high, summer and winter, they are festering in a grievous excess of moisture. Ascend the fine highlands north of Collingwood, on Georgian Bay: ferns, rank grass, boggy soil, mildew, and swarms of mosquitoes. Try the Adirondacs, the forest hills of the Upper Susquehanna, the Jersey picnic groves, the uplands of Maine, the mountains feeding the twin sources of the Ohio: damp ferns, boggy soil, and omnipresent mosquitoes. The grievance begins to mend in the Cumberlands of Eastern Kentucky, but only south of the thirty-seventh parallel do the woodlands get a decided claim to the praise of a "park-like appearance," open glades, without ferns or tangle of underbrush, dry gravel, natural lawns of short, dry grass, butterflies superseding gnats and gadflies, aromatic herbs and huckleberries instead of festering reeds.

In the winter of 1879, Surgeon Rengger, of the United States Army, found a dying Indian in the sand-hills of the Upper Red River, and desired his attendants to cover him with a saddle-blanket and turn his face to the evening sun. "Thanks, Señor, I am a hunter and feel no cold," said the old Cherokee, "but let me look to the east; on clear evenings, I sometimes think I might get a glimpse of the Alleghanies." That hunter had probably passed his youth in the forests of the Chilhowees. From no other region of their lost Eden the poor exiles parted with heavier hearts. I know an old farmer who remembers the parting scene at the rendezvous of Cleveland, Tennessee, where old squaws kissed the dusty earth a sobbing farewell, while their sons sustained their stoicism only by a rivalry of blasphemies and cynical jokes. The Chilhowees, or deer-hills, as they called their favorite hunting-grounds, still preserve their memory in manifold relics, stone axes, scraping knives, and arrow heads of all shapes and sizes, which the explorers of the plateau continue to find, year after year, especially on the southwestern ranges, where the Chilhowees unite with the spurs of the Unakas.

The table-lands abound with points of scenic interest; Bullet Creek Falls can vie with the charms of Minnehaha; "White Cliff" and "Black Cliff" command a complete panorama of the eastern highlands, and the plateau has a Stonehenge of its own, the "City of Rocks," where a number of curious, obelisk-like boulders stand erect among the forest trees. Geologists may visit the cliffs of "North Point" and ponder on the eons dividing our present



age from the time when the Chilhowees and the Southern Cumberlands (Walden's Ridge) formed a single plateau, now intersected by the vast trough of the Tennessee Valley. For athwart a distance of forty-five miles the prospect from the cliffs of the Chilhowees reveals a parallel range, an Anti-Taurus, copying its Taurus in all its bends and salient points, maintaining the same general direction and the same average height, the same even plateau and the same geological formations. Barring the greater marvel of an accidental analogy, the only explanation would be Dean Kirchner's theory that rivers have made their own valleys, and that here, in the course of ages, the former contents of that vast trough have actually been transported from the slopes of the Unakas to the delta of the Mississippi. Sportsmen can visit the fishing grounds of the Tellico, or the mountain labyrinth at the head of that stream, an unbroken wilderness of some sixty square miles of rocks, spruce pines, and laurel thickets, still harboring a variety of carnivorous tenants. Amateur trappers may pursue their sport on the Hiawassee, where beaver skins still form a regular article of export. At Hia-

wassee Gap, some fourteen miles southwest of the springs, the lover of the romantic can find a precipice that would have put the pluck of Sam Patch to a steep test; a sheer mountain-wall of fourteen hundred feet overlooking, and frequently overhanging, the waters of an eddying river forcing its way through the last mountain barrier of its lower valley. In the summit cliffs of that precipice there is a cavern which an Indian tradition makes the scene of a bloody vendetta, the massacre of an entire tribe, which, for some reason or other, had been outlawed by its neighbors and sought refuge in the rocky fastnesses of the Stars Mountains. The cave now harbors only bats, which frequently leave their dormitory before dark and cruise up and down the shadows of the deep river gorge. Excursion parties may visit the still wilder gorge of the Ocoee River, some seven miles further south, or the "Land of the Sky," the blue highlands bordering the eastern horizon for hundreds of miles.

The season at White Cliff Springs opens on the 1st of June, and travelers leaving Louisville at 6 o'clock P. M. can reach the hotel before sunset of the following day.

*Felix L. Oswald.*

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## FROM THE SUMMIT OF CHILHOWEE.

Wide ranging o'er a thousand heights that rise,  
 Green-shadowing a thousand hidden dells,  
 The untrammelled vision leaps afar, where dwells  
 The mightiest range of all whereon the skies  
 Lean in imperial blue, and distance dies  
 Exhausted on a cloud-capped bed and tells  
 The dazed, enfeebled eye, "Pass thou not here."  
 Blue-hazed, rock-scarred, the pillar and the bier  
 Of sight, emotion, and the wider sweep  
 Of inspiration and of faith, they lower,  
 Shouldering the heavens while the centuries creep  
 Clamoring beneath their silence and their power,  
 Hearing, through space, the changeless ocean's scorn—  
 Like theirs, though all unvoiced—of all things born.

*William Perry Brown.*

## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

### Mr. Davis at Montgomery.

From time immemorial those who have led bloody revolutions that have failed have either paid the forfeit by a speedy death, usually violent, or have prolonged life in some slavish condition through a few years of disgrace and wretchedness.

It has been reserved for our American Union to permit the acknowledged leader of the greatest of all "lost causes" to survive its failure for nearly a quarter of a century and to be highly honored by at least the masses of his own section. Let this ever be remembered as one of the crowning achievements of American liberty and American civilization.

How changed is the Montgomery of to-day from the Montgomery of a quarter of a century ago, when, under the leadership of William L. Yancy, Ben Hill, Robert Toombs, Henry A. Wise, and other less fiery, but not less determined leaders, the Confederacy, doomed to a brief but brilliant career of four years, here found its cradle in February, 1861. Then Montgomery was a quiet and rather unprogressive Southern town of the olden, *ante-bellum* type, with a population of 10,000, the capital of a State whose population was less than a million, and nearly half of these slaves; now it is a stirring, modernized, enterprising, excitable, and beautiful city of the "New South." It has its new city hall and post-office, its handsome public fountains, its electric lights, its long lines of street-cars, including an electric railway, with a wide-awake population of 25,000, the capital of a Southern commonwealth that yields to none in true fealty to our Union of States, and is now a mining and manufacturing, as well as an agricultural State, of more than a million and a half of freemen.

Its people recently decided to erect, a few yards north of the State Capitol, on the high ridge overlooking the business streets, a monument of Alabama marble, eighty feet high, costing \$50,000, in honor of their Confederate dead.

The right to erect such monuments to all the brave men who, in our late civil strife, sacrificed their lives for a cause they honestly deemed just, is conceded by all right-thinking people, even to the vanquished.

Citizens of the North and West raise monuments in memory of their braves who fought for the Union cause. Why should not citizens of the South, animated by the same reverence and gratitude for the dead heroes of a "lost cause," commemorate likewise their self-sacrificing soldiers? We can all alike do this mere justice to our dead, and to the dead past and its lessons, and yet all alike be true in our fealty to our General Government.

The gathering in Montgomery on the 28th and 29th of April, twenty-one years after Lee's surrender, was planned merely to aid in raising funds to build the projected monument.

To attract a crowd to the laying of the corner-stone of this monument—that their contributions might add to the fund—two of the South's most prominent survivors, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, were invited to attend the ceremonies. The presence of these leaders drew large numbers of surviving soldiers from Alabama and adjoining States, some even from Florida and Virginia, to witness the ceremonies, and to

once more shake hands with men whom they and their children have learned to honor.

The ovation in its various scenes was an ovation to both Mr. Davis and General Gordon; but to ex-President Davis especially, as the one who has suffered most for his devotion to his people and the cause they espoused. In all this demonstration I neither saw nor heard a remnant, in word or deed, public or private, of the spirit of secession or of sectional hatred, or of what some of our Northern friends still prefer, in spite of Southern protests, to call "rebellion."

Nothing but most earnest patriotism toward our whole country was evident at any time, except grief and reverence for our honored dead, and enthusiastic admiration and friendship for the two chiefs who have ever been most true to their convictions and faithful to their duties.

The first rays of the morning sun showed the "Stars and Stripes" floating in all their glory from the dome of Alabama's State Capitol, on its grounds some eighty feet above the general level of Montgomery's business streets, an entire elevation of only two hundred and sixty feet above sea-level.

All the city thoroughfares were elaborately decorated with national flags and bunting. All Montgomery was in its gala-dress, presenting, with its fine buildings, a brilliant appearance, not unlike that witnessed when San Francisco gave its ovation, in September, 1879, to General Grant on his return from his tour around the world, when an extemporized "ex-Confederate Legion," as we called it, vied with the comrades of the various Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in according a hearty welcome to a great and generous soldier.

When the trains bearing Mr. Davis and General Gordon reached Montgomery, Tuesday evening, April 27th, they were welcomed with the booming of one hundred guns. Companies of citizen soldiery—among them "The Grays" and "The Blues," the two prize companies of the Southern States—escorted them to the Exchange Hotel through streets illuminated with Chinese lanterns, bon-fires, and fire-works. A prolonged shout of the people arose along the densely crowded side-walks as the carriages passed with the visitors. True, the stirring strains of Dixie were heard from the bands and an occasional "rebel yell" arose; but how peaceful they were now, merely the memorial cadences and dying echoes of a dead and buried past!

The programme of the ceremonies of the two days was: First, introductory addresses on the 28th by Mr. Davis and General Gordon; second, on the 29th, the Masonic ceremonies, under the Grand Master of Alabama, Gideon Harris, of laying the corner-stone, in which Mr. Davis was to take part; and, third, the same afternoon, the annual decoration of the graves of all soldiers.

The addresses of the 28th were to have been delivered in Clisby's Park, handsomely improved grounds a mile from the city's center, where the immense crowd assembled could be best provided for, but heavy rains during the night and early morning changed the programme on account of the flooded condition of the park, and made it necessary to have the ceremonies on the high and well-drained grounds of the State Capitol.



This led to what was certainly an odd coincidence. Mr. Davis, in delivering his very short address of that day, scarcely occupying five minutes, stood on the porch of the State Capitol, upon the same stone, where he stood February 18, 1861, when inaugurated President of the Confederacy. It was a remarkable historical incident that this man should survive all the shocks of such a conflict, and, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, return to the same spot where a revolutionary commonwealth was created, and there take an active part in erecting a monument at what may be called its tomb.

As the speeches of ex-President Davis and General Gordon have been widely published, it is proposed here only to refer in general to some of their sentiments and to some of the incidents accompanying their delivery.

Mr. Davis is unusually well preserved for a man of seventy-eight years (born June 3, 1808), when we consider the intense trials of mind and body through which he has passed. Except that his hair and beard are now white, and his face is more wrinkled, he looks but little older than he did twenty-five years ago. He then shaved closely, wearing only a small beard under the chin. Now he wears a full beard, which, like his hair, is trimmed closely. In his longer speech of the second day he read his notes. Though they were written in a small hand, he read them without glasses. He has the same erect and soldierly bearing as of old. His voice is strong and sonorous, and he speaks with little or no effort. Dressed in a plain black suit, he had a plain gold chain on his vest, three small, round, gold studs in his shirt bosom, and in his hand carried a light hickory stick, varnished, and with a netted head. On the left lapel of his coat he wore a single white rose-bud.

Mr. Davis bore all the hand-shaking, speaking, and riding without exhaustion apparently. Indeed, some said he appeared in more vigorous health now than when he was inaugurated in Montgomery twenty-five years ago.

His few words the first day were little more than an earnest expression of a gratification most natural at the warm reception accorded him as the chief martyr, or as some of his own people now call him, the "Scape-goat of the Lost Cause."

He declared that the present demonstration of affection exceeded his welcome to Montgomery in 1861. This is no doubt true. Then he was not so well known to his own people. Now he has become an historical character of the first prominence, and none can truthfully deny that Jefferson Davis has borne all his bitter disappointments and extreme trials of the past twenty-five years with the utmost dignity.

He said: "The spirit of Southern liberty is not dead." True; and who would have the spirit of republican liberty die in the hearts of any of our people? He said he now finds the Southern people "wrapped in the mantle of regret." In this, he surely did not mean regret that the Union is restored, as it now is, and in greater strength than ever; but he meant regret at the losses, sacrifices, and sufferings of a conflict that we lament.

In his longer speech of the 29th, most of which was carefully written and read from his notes, he stated expressly, that in all he said and did he was animated by bitterness toward none, but by love and tender memories for his people of the South.

He truly stated for himself and the South, that "we

have no desire to feed the fires of sectional hate, while we do not seek to avoid whatever responsibility attached to the belief in the righteousness of our cause, and the virtue of those who risked their lives to defend it." He protested against naming the gigantic struggle a "rebellion," as in itself a "solecism;" but surely, in all that he uttered, none can justly find a trace of treason, a want of true patriotism, or bitterness toward any of his opponents.

What nobler words than the following, with which he closed? and they were received with loud and prolonged cheering:

"Though the memory of our glorious past must ever be dear to us, duty points to the present and the future. Alabama having resumed her place in the Union, be it yours to fulfill all the obligations devolving upon all good citizens, seeking to restore the general government to its pristine purity, and, as best you may, to promote the welfare and happiness of your common country."

This sketch has sought to give a brief and true account of Mr. Davis' reception by his Southern friends, who gathered to meet him at Montgomery after twenty-one years of thought and discussion on the death and the eternal sleep of the Southern Confederacy. The impressions are those of a Southern soldier who sincerely desires a cordial reconciliation in these days of prosperous peace between all our discordant elements of the past; and of one who, as a resident of California for sixteen years after the war, cheerfully took part, in 1879, with comrades of the "Confederate Legion," and with other comrades of the Grand Army Posts in San Francisco, in a cordial, unsectional, and non-political reception of General Grant.

As Southern soldiers were encouraged with enthusiasm then to take part in that resurrection of good feeling in the welcome to the hero of the Northern armies, so we now trust that our comrades of the Union army, and our Northern people generally, will recognize the right of our Southern soldiers and citizens to welcome, on such occasions, with grateful shouts and tears, our heroes of that bitter but manly struggle, especially when it is known that such gathering and such welcome look only to the decent burial of the past, and have no political significance whatever for the present or the future.

GREENSBORO, ALA.

JAMES W. A. WRIGHT.

### Some Results of "Lilitha."

The opinion expressed to me by the editors of the *Southern Bivouac*, some months ago, that my "Lilitha" article would attract some attention, even if it did not succeed in making many converts, appears to be justified rather strongly from day to day. And one of its issues is rather interesting, not to say amusing, and worthy to be ranked among the curiosities of literature. I allude to its calling forth the poem "Leonainie" as another Poe-chrysolite. In the year 1882, both these claimants of illustrious origin were sent to me by a Virginia lady, who knew I had devoted much time to a study of Poe. She wrote me substantially the same story about "Leonainie" which Mr. Edgar Brenner gives in the *Critic* of April 10th, to be quoted presently. I came to the conclusion, after some minute analysis, that "Leonainie" was a humbug, while "Lilitha" was possibly genuine, or, at least, had considerable internal evidence in its favor. The main points of this evidence and

the history of "Lilitha," as far as I had been able to gather it, I presented in a brief article for the *BIVOUAC*.

The New York *Critic* of April 3d called attention to it in the following non-committal, yet candid and courteous manner:

"In the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* for April, Mr. Henry W. Austin attempts to prove Poe's authorship of a poem entitled 'Lilitha, Princess of Ghouls,' which he reprints from 'an obscure Washington paper' in which it appeared seven or eight years ago. It has a certain weirdness, and runs into the ground Poe's familiar trick of repetition; his 'foible of self-plagiarism' is here, too; and Mr. Austin is of the opinion that 'nice ears' will detect in 'Lilitha' that 'unique melodic structure which was the base of Poe's fame as a poet.' It touches, to his thinking, 'the last point between highly volatile poetry and the driving density of a drunkenness not far from insanity,' or 'inherited cerebral epilepsy.' The first stanza—there are eight, not all of the same length—runs in this way:

"The night, it was misty and phantasmagorial,  
For the sun had set ashen as lead—  
Of his beams shorn and ashen as lead;  
And many a shadow of ancient memorial  
Came up from the tombs of the dead—  
Came up on its mission phantasmagorial  
From the tombs of the legended dead."

Then came forth in the next issue of the *Critic* this communication from an appreciative gentleman in New Haven:

*To the Editors of the Critic:*

Mr. H. W. Austin's championship of Edgar Poe as the author of 'Lilitha, Princess of Ghouls,' in the April number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*, calls to mind a poem published some years ago by the Kokomo (Indiana) *Dispatch*, which has not received the recognition it deserves, as being almost conclusively from the pen of Poe. It is entitled "Leonainie," and is as follows:

Leonainie, angels named her,  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars, and framed her  
In a smile of white;  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In a solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer  
Like a rose in bloom;  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as joy caressed me,  
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me  
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper  
In the angel tongue;  
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,  
'Songs are only sung  
Here below that they may grieve you—  
Tales are told you to deceive you—  
So must Leonainie leave you  
While her love is young.'

Then God smiled and it was morning,  
Matchless and supreme;  
Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
Earth with its esteem;  
Every heart but mine seemed gifted  
With the voice of prayer, and lifted  
Where my Leonainie drifted  
From me like a dream.

The poem is—or was—in the possession of an inhabitant of Kokomo whose grandfather kept an inn in Chesterfield, a little village near Richmond, Virginia. One night a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, appeared at the door and requested a room, if one could be given him. He retired, and the inn people saw no more of him; for the following morning when they went to call him to breakfast he had disappeared, leaving only a book, on the fly-leaf of which was the above poem, 'written in Roman characters and almost as legible as print itself.' The manuscript contains not an erasure or a single interlineated word, and is signed 'E.A.P.' The peculiarity of the writing, the description of the young man, and the characteristics of the poem point to Poe as the author. The evidence—external and internal—seems to be more than probable, almost certain.

EDGAR BRENNER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Whereupon I wrote to the editors of the *Critic* a letter, in which I gave certain reasons why "Leonainie," though far more perfect in metrical form than "Lilitha," seemed to me unlikely, if not impossible, to have been written by Poe. But Mr. Foote, a Poe enthusiast of New York, and a gentleman who happily possesses the means necessary to gratify his elegant literary tastes, obtained a MS. copy of "Leonainie," and even got from such an authority as that fine poet, E. C. Stedman, an almost unqualified opinion of its genuineness.

When I read this expression I was a little "fazed," I admit, but I still held to my original belief about "Leonainie," based on a Poe study of many years; and therefore it was with some pardonable degree of pride that I read the following paragraph, relating to the poem, from the *Chicago News*:

"The poem entitled 'Leonainie' was written by James Whitcomb Riley about ten years ago, when he was employed as local editor of the *Weekly Democrat*, at Anderson, Indiana. At that time Riley was struggling hard for recognition, and because he did not succeed at once he fell into a fit of great disgust, and inveighed bitterly against the public for refusing to recognize good work done by unknown writers. He had the theory that, while good work might go begging so long as its author was obscure, the veriest trash would circulate with *eclat* if it appeared over the name of a popular writer. To prove this theory he wrote "Leonainie" in imitation of Poe, attached Poe's name to it, and printed the verses in the Kokomo *Dispatch*, a neighboring paper. As soon as the poem appeared, Riley, in order to cover up his own tracks, denounced it as a base forgery, declared that Poe never could have written it, etc. At that time the appearance of the poem created a sensation in Indiana, but did not circulate to any considerable extent outside that State.

This unfortunate princess (against whose ghoulish jurisdiction, "rights of search and eminent domain,"



the cremation societies are slowly but surely conspiring) seems to have "kicked up quite a bobbery," if I may quote a slang phrase which Poe was fond of using to describe a thing he was especially fond of doing. And some of the same sort of newspaper critics who abuse Mr. Howells (not that I would compare my slender literary rushlight with his great electric lamp) have pitched into me a little for championing so ragged a poem as "Lilitha," as possibly written by so great a man as Poe. The *Critic*, of New York, to be sure, courteously admits that "Lilitha" has "a certain weirdness" about it, and restates the accumulative points I made in the *BIVOUAC* about Poe's habits of mannerism and foibles of self-plagiarism. But several Aristarchuses of the daily press have shown themselves neither courteous nor fair. One, for example, finds "Lilitha" absurd, and accuses me of "cruelty to the memory of the author of 'Ulalume'" in trying to fasten it on him. Now, there happens to be a large tribe of Poe-fanatics in this world (I was once almost sachem of this tribe, myself), and their shibboleth is not the "Raven," because that, though fantastic and powerful, is a sensible, sober poem with a *raison d'être*, but "Ulalume." "Ulalume" is their mystic password, admitting one to the innermost *séance* at the Poe chamber of horrors. Now, the fact is, if one will apply to "Ulalume" the same scientific methods of criticism Poe was so fond of applying to others, "Ulalume" will be found twice as absurd as "Lilitha," because, for one reason, it is twice as long. What, with its "sober skies, scoriac rivers, Mount Yaanecks, alleys Titanic, boreal poles, crescents with duplicate horns, senescent nights, liquescent lusters, sybillic splendors, cheeks where worms never die," and such "hasheesh" hash *ad nauseam*, "Ulalume" is really nothing but an exquisitely musical piece of word-juggling, and its best excuse for being is that it gave Bret Harte a chance to write his delicious parody. Now pray do not take me as sneering at Poe. I admire his prose immensely, and I admire all of his poetry that will stand his own critical methods, but it seems to me, with my Lord Tennyson's leave and poetic license, that Poe is not "America's greatest poet, and all others pigmies beside him."<sup>8</sup> It seems to me that his poetry, like his character, is paradoxical, sensuously musical, but intellectually monotonous.

Such criticism I do not mind, but I do mind having my statements of fact drawn in question or "corrected," even when done as courteously as Colonel Hinton does in the Comment and Criticism department of the June *BIVOUAC*. I aim to be accurate, though absolute accuracy at all times is beyond human achievement. Of course every man is liable to err, but, when attempting to "correct" another, a minimum of accuracy, even in so slight a matter as dates, is possibly desirable, not to say indispensable. I do not believe Colonel Hinton would intentionally

state what is not true; but when he says that I knew when he received Mr. Kent's article for publication, or that I was "about the *Gazette* office at the time," he perpetrates a very large-sized misstatement, as I can prove. In the year 1882 I was not in Washington City at all, or any where near it. I spent that period in Louisiana and Arkansas, and there are hundreds in Little Rock who will testify that for nine months of 1882 (in which year Colonel Hinton fancies I was in Washington, "anxious to earn some of his paper's income"), I never slept outside of Garland County. The other three months of the year I was in New Orleans all the time, as many friends there will gladly bear witness.

So much for Colonel Hinton's dates. As for his other *data*, let me say a little more, though it may hardly seem necessary after such a rebuttal. Colonel Hinton speaks of printing Mr. Kent's article with "an editorial reservation." Possibly he did; but, in the copy of his *Gazette* sent to me in Arkansas, it was printed under the rather strong, unreserved headline, "*Unpublished Treasure of Poe*!"

In some talks with Colonel Hinton, held in 1881, he told me about his intentions anent Realf, whom I admired; and I understood the Colonel to say, among many other highly interesting things, for he is a "pow'ful fine talker," that he was joint executor with Mr. Kent of Realf's literary effects.

As for the spicy, spidery sarcasms which the gallant Colonel tries to spin about me personally, perhaps they deserve some slight reply. I remember that I was occasionally, though scarce frequently, in Colonel Hinton's office the summer of Garfield's assassination, and Colonel Hinton both spoke and printed warm praises of some of "the flimsy cobwebs of my brain" which that sad event called forth. It is possible that I was "anxious to earn some of his paper's income," though it is hardly probable, since the last payment I received from the *Gazette* just before it passed into Colonel Hinton's hands was a lot of meal-tickets on an up-town cheap restaurant, which had been taken as cash for some advertising. After using two of these and getting simply wretched fare, I was forced to return them to the office, and the then business-manager, Mr. Ball, an exceeding pleasant and kindly gentleman, had hard work to redeem those tickets from me at their face-value.

As I knew the incoming administration of the *Gazette* to be equally poor, it is hardly likely that I, impecunious also, should have manifested any large amount of "anxiety" to work on tick or to earn a share of a moribund paper's non-income. I trust Colonel Hinton will pardon me, if, with the broom of fact, I brush away too harshly "the flimsy cobwebs" which he ascribes to my brain, but which really at present are troubling him. I trust also, most sincerely, that his purse will permit him some time to publish the poems of the brave, ill-starred Realf, but among the fruits of Colonel Hinton's next labors, I hope his dates may be the best—or, at least, better than in his *BIVOUAC* statement.

HENRY W. AUSTIN.

<sup>8</sup> Tennyson's words, according to Eugene Didier in *Literary Life*.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN England Mr. Gladstone's propositions for the government of Ireland have been rejected by the House of Commons, Parliament will be dissolved, and Mr. Gladstone will appeal to the country.

Mr. Gladstone closed the debate on his bill in an appeal of remarkable eloquence and power. The speaker went behind the mere matter contained in the bill, and set forth in a most striking manner the only correct principle of representative government, and one does not have to be an Englishman to appreciate the cogency of the argument for local self-government. Mr. Gladstone put plainly before his auditors, in his historical review, the case of Ireland against England; and, taking this address in connection with his lucid and luminous explanation of his bill, with which the debate opened, one gets a new sense of the intellectual power and political sagacity of Mr. Gladstone. The course of this debate has been followed with the keenest interest every where, but America, especially, has read and pondered the utterances of all the speakers. No debate in Congress has so aroused popular interest as this in Parliament, and the newspapers have reported no other political event so fully. The morning after the debate and the vote the leading newspapers in all the large cities of America gave verbal reports of the speeches of Mr. Parnell and of Mr. Gladstone, and full reports of three or four others. It was a great achievement, and presents in a striking manner the energy and enterprise of the American press; but it does more than this. It shows how complex are the relations of human society; it shows how interdependent are the great nations of the world; it shows how emigration and immigration, how education and religion, how steam and electricity are drawing the nations closer and closer together, how they are breaking down the barriers which have so long separated them, hastening the day when the poets dream of "a parliament of man" will be a living reality. In questions such as this of Ireland, England has to-day to consider not merely local prejudices, but international interests, and her appeal is at last to the judgment of mankind. It is so, not because of the presence in America of a turbulent element of expatriated Ireland, not because the Irish vote here is an important force in politics, but it is because of the intellectual and moral as well as the material progress of the race; because there is an international conscience by which she must be judged. Here is another triumph for the doctrine of Cobden and of Bright, another triumph for the principles of peace as contrasted with those slowly fading superstitions that the hand of each nation must be raised against all other nations, and that all international relations must rest on a war basis, with at best only a temporary armistice. The first victory of these principles was the repeal of the corn laws in England; the second was the settlement of the Alabama claims by arbitration, and the next will be, undoubtedly, the settlement of the Irish difficulty in accordance with the principles announced by Mr. Gladstone.

ONE of the most interesting, as well as unquestionably one of the most valuable historical contributions which has yet been furnished from any source is "The Fight for Missouri," by Colonel Thomas L. Snead. The author resided for years, before the breaking out of the civil war, in St. Louis, and, taking al-

ways an active interest in political questions, was a close and intelligent observer of the development of antagonistic ideas and sentiments, which, even had a postponement of the general sectional conflict been possible, might sooner or later have had expression in Missouri in the prevalence of violence like that which had already convulsed the Kansas border.

He was well acquainted with the public men of Missouri, and himself identified with the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party, in whose councils he exerted a leading and decided influence at the period of which his book treats; he knew, as thoroughly, perhaps, as any one could, the views and purposes of those who controlled the action of the various political organizations which were struggling for power and seeking to shape the policy of the State. His recital, therefore, of the political events which immediately preceded the inauguration of actual warfare in Missouri may be received with the confidence due the statements of a chronicler at once sincere and well-informed, while he may well be accredited with an accurate knowledge of the military operations to the narration of which the latter half of the volume is devoted, inasmuch as he served for the greater part of the civil war as chief of staff to General Sterling Price.

The importance which Colonel Snead assigns to the action of Missouri, at the inception of the movement which sought consummation in the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, is not exaggerated. When her geographical position and the extent and character of her population and resources are considered, the immense aid the cotton States, already committed to secession and the attempt at separate and independent government, would have received from her prompt declaration in their favor and the employment of the men and material she would have been able to furnish, if launched in a positive and practically unanimous effort to prevent the Federal government from asserting armed authority over the States west of the Mississippi, is apparent. Not only would her own fertile territory and that of Arkansas, in such case, have provided constant and abundant supplies to the Confederate commissariat, and effective reinforcements of hardy and dashing troops—neither needed for defense at home nor discouraged by hostile occupation of their own soil—to the Confederate armies operating in Virginia and Kentucky, but such attitude of Missouri would have crippled and perhaps have rendered altogether abortive offensive movements by the forces of the Union along the line of invasion through Kentucky and Tennessee, subsequently prosecuted so successfully. The rapidity with which the Federal arms were carried to the Tennessee River, after Missouri, no longer suggestive of menace to the flank and rear of the invading columns, had fallen completely into the military grasp of the United States Government, is proof of the valuable service she could have rendered the Confederate cause under more favorable conditions.

And, conceding that he justly attributes to the action of Missouri a decisive influence upon the conduct and event of the great struggle, it must be admitted that he does not overestimate the importance of the possession and control of the city of St.



Louis at the beginning of hostilities, when the first blows—so valuable in war—were about to be struck. It was quite certain that the side which controlled St. Louis would dominate the State. The financial and commercial influence of the city was very great, and felt with especial potency at a time when men were making up their minds upon questions whose settlement involved pecuniary and property interests of such magnitude. But of more moment was the fact that the possession of St. Louis would place at the disposal of those having the city in their power immense and most valuable stores and munitions of all kinds, a large shipping, the control of which was enough of itself to guarantee the complete command of the Upper Mississippi, and, above all, the arsenal, in which were collected many thousand stands of Springfield muskets—the best then manufactured—thirty or forty pieces of field-artillery, and a vast quantity of ammunition. It is not surprising, therefore, that both sides worked with desperate energy to secure these advantages, and that the efforts of both to obtain them resulted finally in armed collision and bloodshed. Colonel Snead tells this part of the story graphically, and invests it with almost romantic interest. He relates how the secessionists planned to seize the arsenal, and the Union men were vigilant to keep it; how the “wide-awakes” and the “minute men” were organized; and how, finally, the triumph of audacious and decisive leadership over daring and determined men, whose efforts were wasted under timid and inefficient direction, culminated in the capture of the State troops at Camp Jackson and the slaughter of unarmed citizens in the streets of St. Louis. His vindication of the conduct of men who, like himself, had been educated to believe that the States were sovereign, and that the citizen's allegiance and duty to the State were paramount, is presented in strong, manly, and sincere utterances; and his exposition of the frequent and yet perfectly honest modifications of public sentiment in that period of intense excitement, when so much depended upon every man's decision, and yet men might conscientiously doubt as to how they should decide, is remarkably clear and interesting.

The military events, which he has described most minutely and vividly, are the siege of Lexington and the battle of Oak Hill, or Wilson's Creek, in which latter Price and McCulloch were completely victorious, and Lyon, the most astute and enterprising representative of the cause of the Union who at any time appeared in Missouri, lost his life. The account of this battle, given in Colonel Snead's book, is the best we have ever seen.

Altogether it is an extremely attractive work, and the success with which the first volume has met should be extremely encouraging to the author in the preparation of the second and concluding one.

THE facility with which swollen and expansive reputations are manufactured nowadays for a certain class of small public men, by another class of small newspaper men, is one of the evils of the period. We are kept in perennial amazement by the discoveries constantly made of great men, where we, who had thought we knew the gentlemen well, could previously recognize only conspicuous examples of well-balanced mediocrity. We see them suddenly elevated upon pedestals hitherto reserved for

real intellectual excellence and accorded the distinction that should be given only to the actual unusual merit or attainment which have heretofore been supposed to mean fame in the forum of statesmanship. Of course this sort of factitious reputation is presently rated at its true value by the expert, and in due course of time every body gets to appreciate it, and consequently to feel more or less contempt for it. It is impossible that the qualities and performances falsely assigned candidates for honors undeserved can permanently aid deception. The spurious can not long pass muster for the true, and every imposture is sooner or later detected. But with the multitude this notoriety, while it continues, is a very good substitute for fame, and is perhaps quite as good for the purposes of the beneficiary as the genuine article.

The evil comes from the latitude allowed small correspondents. Some youth, with no knowledge of public affairs, and with an exaggerated idea of his own importance, is taken upon the staff of a big daily to write up country fairs and, perhaps, run the precinct politics department. By some accident he drifts to Washington, is employed to furnish society notes, which, although in *falsetto*, can not do much harm, and it is made his especial business to find out on what particular business all other people may happen to visit Washington.

So far is well enough. He often develops a peculiar aptitude for that sort of work; like a weasel in a hen-house, or a rat in a pantry, he takes to it naturally and does it well. But when such a person is allowed to ventilate his little opinions on really important matters in the columns of a great journal which is supposed to lead or shape public thought, his babble becomes a nuisance. A vast number of very excellent and fairly intelligent people get their opinions and views of public men and public affairs from the leading newspapers of the country. Not only do they seek for information upon such subjects in the columns of the daily press, but they receive as facts many utterances in the special correspondence which are the sheerest and most baseless speculations, or worse. The toadyism of the correspondent has, therefore, ample opportunity to magnify the small talk and petty policies of a maneuvering patron into something of importance, as, exercised in the same way, his malice may and often does villify and injure a superior man. It is safe to say that the whole public opinion of the country is colored, if not molded, by the influence of the press, and that as much or more of falsehood than of truth is injected into the material on which that opinion is formed by the agencies of which we speak. Now, surely, the press is under obligations to the public to do better than this; and when the corrective is so easy, consisting simply in substituting for the simian intellects now employed a class of really intelligent and conscientious young fellows, of which the general staff of the American press can furnish an adequate supply, the failure to apply it is unpardonable.

Complaint has been heard from time to time of the sharp criticisms by the press upon public men. It may be that this practice has been carried too far; but in no case is it as bad, and never so disgusting, as the habit of puffing up inferior merit with unfair and fulsome laudation. Indeed, the credit obtained by virtue of such false representations is generally at the expense of the better men, and is practically a libel in itself.

## SALMAGUNDI.

**Dusky Story Tellers.**—A mild winter night on a plantation in South Georgia, the moonbeams scintillating on the grainy sands of a large white yard, adjacent to which were several negro cabins. The great China trees, whose yellowed leaves had detached themselves and floated desolately away before the moaning fall winds, cast forlorn ethereal shadows. Two large pine-knot fires were burning at some distance apart in the yard, the glare of the leaping, red-glowing flames quite annihilating, immediately around, the soft light from the moon.

Between these two fires a crowd of dusky young women and men were playing a strange sort of game, or perhaps it were better called a dance, for they moved in and out among each other with measured steps, as they uttered in chorus a curiously monotonous chant of these words:

“Cha'm dat rabbit—  
Ah-ho-ho!  
Cha'm dat rabbit—  
Ah-ho-ho!

This was the burden of their song, and they went on repeating it over and over again a thousand times. What could it mean? The words were absolutely without idea, but the chant—that continuous, measured intoning—seemed full of weird suggestion, like the lonesome dreary sound of the wind through leafless woods in the fall. But, whatever it meant and howsoever it sounded, they appeared to be getting a healthy enjoyment out of it, for every now and then a shout of laughter echoed across the yard.

Evidently it was a festal night—what they called a “festible,” perhaps; or it may have been a “quilt-in,” and if so, the women were now industriously plying their needles in the cabins, while the young bloods shouted and played in the yard, and the old men sat around one of the fires telling tales as they smoked their pipes and took an occasional dram from a big flask which was passed from hand to hand in a very friendly fashion.

One of this group had been in the woods with torch and dogs the night before, and had had some success, the recital of which provoked some remarkable yarns from old Uncle Jack about 'possum hunting in his younger days, which were eagerly listened to by his companions. As soon as the old man paused, a rival story-teller on the opposite side of the fire, Uncle Tony by name, took up the cue and went on:

“Talkin' 'bout 'possum huntin',” said he, with signs of laughter, “mose allers put me een mine er de tale 'bout dat fool big nigger an' dat cunnin' lil nigger. Dey tell me de big nigger went out one night an' cotch a 'possum, an' atter 'e done brung dat 'possum home an' put 'im on de fier fer ter cook 'im, 'e lay down an' drap off ter sleep. An' dey say, while dat big nigger layin' deh sno'in' so dey kin yeh 'im mose 'way out een de fiel', yeh come de lil nigger an' sneaked een deh by de fier bidout makin' no fuss. An' den, sah, dreckly wen dat 'possum done dat lil nigger tu'n een an' gobble up de ve'y las' piece, so der wauh none lef'. An' den wut yer reck'n 'e done? Laws-a-mussy! dat lil nigger beat all I ever hearn tell uv! 'E up'n tuck de leavins an' grease de big nigger's hans an' fingers an' all 'roun' 'e mouf, while 'e layin' deh sleep dater way. But bimeby big nigger wake up an' bounce up

off'n dat flo' een a hurry, an' w'en 'e see de 'possum meat all done gone 'e holler out:

“‘Weh my 'possum! Weh my 'possum!’

“Den de lil nigger say: ‘Gone down yer t'roat, enty! I des come long time nuf ter see yer fling 'way de leavins an' sprawl yerse'f off deh on de flo'.’

“‘Who—me?’ de big nigger say. ‘I ainh bin eat no 'possum. Look yuh, nigger! I b'lieve you eat my 'possum! Don't yer 'ny it. I haul back an' bust you wide open ef you fool wid me. Wut gone wid my 'possum? say!’

“Den de lil nigger des swo' 'e ainh bin tech dat 'possum; 'e say: ‘Yer eat it yerse'f, I tell yer. Looker de grease on dem fingers, look at deh all 'roun' yer mouf. Anh-hanh! wut'd I tell yer?’

“Big nigger hole up 'e han' an' look mighty 'ston-ish'. Dreckly 'e set down an' look all 'roun' an' look back at dem greasy finger an' study an' study. 'E stick out 'e tongue an' tase dat grease 'roun' 'e mouf, an' bimeby 'e say:

“‘My finger sesso, my mouf sesso, but dam 'f my belly sesso!’

“Lil nigger kin hardly keep from bustin' a-lafin'; 'e say: ‘Dat's mighty cuyus. Sump'n mus' be ail yo' eensides, enty?’ An' den dat lil nigger slip out an' come 'way fum deh, an' bless grashus! 'e bin so full 'e kin hardly walk, an' 'e mose ready ter bust a-laf-in'.”

“I-yi!” cried out one of the listeners, enthusiastically. “Cunnin' mo'n strong, I tell yer. Lil nigger got de bes' er big nigger dat pop, sho'.”

A young woman who had deserted the “Cha'm-dat-rabbit” game, and came forward to listen to the talk around the fire, now spoke of something which had happened under her eye in a neighboring cotton-patch the foregoing August, and was thus the means of provoking a tale from old Uncle Jack. A chicken-snake, it seems, had been about to prey upon a hen and her brood in the cotton patch, but a guardian rooster had gallantly interposed to check the assault, and showed such a bold front and made so much noise, that the snake was for the moment intimidated and the hen and her lucky chicks were enabled to make their retreat in safety.

“Chicken-snake look pine-blank lak rattlesnake,” said old Uncle Jack, “but dey ainh got de same spunk, no, sur-ee! Had er been rattlesnake, dat mannish rooster would n'er crowed no mo' atter dat day. Rattlesnake donh put up wid no sich—you yeh my horn! Dat put me een mine uv dat tale 'bout de rattlesnake an' de tuckey-gobbler.”

“Wut tale dish yuh!” And Uncle Jack had the floor undisturbed as long as his tale might last.

“I yeh um say one time, 'way back yawnder w'en de tuckey useter be de mose proudes' bird een de swamp, one time a big ole tuckey-gobbler 'uz comin' 'long thoo de woods, an' fuss t'ing 'e knows 'e run upon a rattlesnake. Tuckey strut 'long so bigity wid 'e tail spread out an' 'e head rear back so high 'e donh hardly see de rattlesnake, an' look lak 'e gwine walk right straight on over 'im.

“Rattlesnake shake 'e rattle, z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z! an' 'e say: ‘Don't yer walk on me, don't yer walk on me!’

“Tuckey-gobbler look down at 'im out de cayner 'e eye an' say: ‘Eh? was you speakin' ter me?’ Den 'e look hard at de rattlesnake an' mek out lak 'e so



little 'e donh know 'im, an' den 'e tu'n up 'e nose an' smile ter 'ese'f an' come a-walkin' right on.

"Rattlesnake bristle up an' squirm 'roun'; 'e say: 'Don't yer walk on me. Bet'ner walk on me, I tell yer now, z-z-z-z-z-z!'"

"Tuckey say, 'Humph! ef sich a triflin' lil wurrum lak you so partic'lar, I tink yer better git out de road.'"

"Rattlesnake shake 'e rattle wuss. 'E say: 'You mus' be crazy, enty? I have you ter un'erstan' I donh git out de road fer nobody, let 'lone sich a no-count, stuck-up fool, lak you!'"

"Ole tuckey rear back an' say, 'Who is you, I lak ter know, ter be talkin' yuh so bigity? You little 'significant 'bug! is you got de onshoance ter fling sass atter me? You donh know me, duz yer? You dunno no better 'n ter lay und' dat bush an' shake yo' tail atter ME?—wen—my—gran'daddy—swallowed—a ALLERGATER!'"

"De tuckey stretch 'ese'f up mighty big an' look lak 'e b'lieve 'e could mose swaller a bellyfunt, but de rattlesnake des bust out een a big laugh, an' dreckly 'e up 'n say: 'Dass you, is it? I said ter merse'f you 'uz a fool wen I fust seen yer comin'. Den 'e laf fitten ter bust.

"Ole tuckey-gobbler fightin' mad, you see 'im so. 'E say: 'Shet up dat, suh. I'll mek you laf on tother cider yo' mouf turreckly. I aim ter mek you eat dem words fo' I quit, an' 'e up 'n everlas'nly cust de rattlesnake out.

"Rattlesnake shake 'e tail fas'es lightnin', z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z! 'E say: 'I dare yer ter walk on me! I des dare yer—double-dog dare yer—ter walk on me!'"

"An', sah, de ole tuckey so mad 'e des up 'n pounced right on de rattlesnake an' tried ter pop 'e spurs een 'im; but bless yer life! de rattlesnake done bit 'im—*dat quick!* [snapping his fingers]. An' little mo', an' dat bigity tuckey-gobbler done drap down dead. An' dey tell me," continued Uhcle Jack, "ever sense dat tuckies bin fweared es def er rattlesnake. Oh! I tell yer, wen dey meet up wid dat creetur dey lef' off dey bigity ways, dey drap dey tail mighty quick, you see um so, an' gie de road. Dey donh stop ter 'member wut dey gran'daddy done; dey holler, *put—put—put—put—put!* an' gie ole man rattlesnake plenty room."

LOUIS PENDLETON.

## THE DROUTH AND THE RAIN.

### THE DROUTH.

Oh, good Lawd, de earf is mighty dry,  
An' de dust is er-followin' o' de plow,  
An' de thirsty jaybirds hop erbout an cry—  
'Peers like da's allus in er row.

Oh, de co'n is twistin' up an' de cotton looks bad,  
An' de truck patch is parchod till it's brown,  
An' de sight o' ever' thing makes us feel so bad  
Dat we's 'gusted wid de country an' de town.  
We had laid off fur to lib mighty high  
As we hulled out de watermelon rine,  
But de vines da am yaller an' twisted an' dry—  
Tough-lookin' ez er piece er hemp twine.

Oh, good Lawd, is yer gwine ter let us die  
Un'er dis hot an' blastin' sky!  
An' oh, say, good Lawd, kain't yer 'leabe  
our pain

By sendin' us down er shower o' rain?

An' we 'll praise Mars Jesus,  
An' we 'll praise Mars Paul,  
We 'll praise Mars Aaron,  
An' we 'll praise Mars Saul.

### THE RAIN.

Oh, de rain hab fell wid er hallelujah soun',  
An' de glad co'n lif's its head,  
An' my foot sinks inter de 'joycin' groun',  
Ez I walks o'er de ingion bed.

De watermelon vine, since de comin' o' de shower,  
Is er humpin' o' itse'f right er long—  
'Peers like it grows erbout er foot ebery hour—  
Jis' lissun at de jaybird's song.

De triflin' ole raskil, he is mighty happy now,  
Since de water is er runnin' in de branch;  
He's stealin' o' de shelled co'n way from Tildy's cow—  
Thinks hisse'f de boss o' dis ole ranche.

Oh, good Lawd, yer did n't let us die  
Un'er er hot an' blastin' sky:  
An' oh, yas, good Lawd, yer hab 'leabed our  
pain

By sendin' us down er shower o' rain.

An' we praise Mars Jesus,  
An' we praise Mars Paul,  
We praise Mars Aaron,  
An' we praise Mars Saul.

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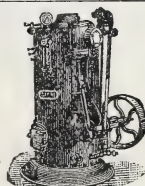
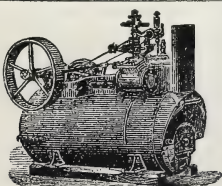
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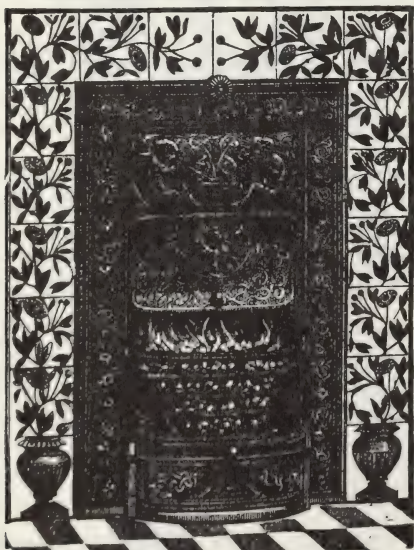
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The first volume, twelve numbers, of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, under its new management, closed with the issue for May. It contains 772 pages, with numerous illustrations, and is a valuable collection of literary and historical papers. This volume contains the twelve monthly parts from June, 1885, to May, 1886, inclusive, and is bound in cloth. The price of the volume is \$3.00, or it will be sent, postage paid, as a premium for six annual subscriptions to SOUTHERN BIVOUAC (\$12.00). Address SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, LOUISVILLE, KY.

## PRESS NOTICES.

"Can by No Means Be Neglected."—*The Nation*, New York:

Our readers have already made the acquaintance of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC by our occasional comments upon its monthly bill of fare. It is a literary and historical magazine, published at Louisville (B. F. Avery & Sons), and if on its literary side it is relatively weak, its historical articles (principally in connection with our civil war) have had and still have a very considerable value, and can by no means be neglected in the mass of military reminiscence now so much in vogue in our Northern periodicals. Maps, portraits, and other illustrations of good quality have been liberally employed by the editors. These remarks have been suggested by the completed and bound volume, No. 1 of the new series, now before us. The page is comely and the print excellent. We speak under correction, which we do not anticipate, when we say that the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC represents the high-water mark of Southern periodical literature in our day. This volume was worth a fuller index.

"Grows Stronger and Better."—*Boston Transcript*:

With each succeeding number this representative Southern magazine grows stronger and better, and we sincerely trust it has now gained a foothold which will prove at once permanent and prosperous. Its scope has gradually grown broader, and now embraces all those features which may be looked for in a standard literary periodical. The June number opens with an illustrated paper on "The Sugar-Fields of Louisiana," by R. A. Wilkinson, of New Orleans, which gives a history, in brief, of the various processes of sugar culture in the South. The war articles of the issue are two in number: "The War in Missouri," by R. H. Musser, and the second paper on "Turner Ashby," the noted Confederate cavalryman, by Judge A. E. Richards. Paul H. Hayne has a graphic paper on "Charles Gay-

arré," and there is a fancifully written article on the "Destruction of Louisville" by Anarchists and Socialists. Dr. Felix L. Oswald concludes his valuable series of articles on "Our Last Hunting Grounds" with a paper devoted to the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Edward Atkinson contributes a timely article on "Postal or Local Savings Banks," in which is described the system established in Massachusetts, and objections against the proposed national system clearly stated. The editorial department contains a strong, manly article, written with reference to the late gathering at Montgomery, Alabama, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead of that State. Some few Northern papers and people became hysterical over the utterances of Mr. Jefferson Davis on that occasion. The writer of the present article not unnaturally resents some of the criticisms made, and answers them in what every fair man will call a proper spirit.

Justifies Its Success.—*The Churchman*, New York:

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, a literary and historical magazine, begins a new volume with the June number. The "Sugar-Fields of Louisiana" is the opening article. There are several papers upon the late war, and they should be none the less welcome because they view the subject from a Southern standpoint. The engravings are good, and the character of the magazine justifies its success.

Has Made Rapid Strides.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*:

B. F. Avery & Sons, publishers, Louisville, Kentucky, have sent us Volume I, new series, of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC. This magazine has made rapid strides under its new management, and the bound volume makes a valuable contribution to the literature of the late war. It is illustrated with portraits, battle pieces, and carefully executed maps.



**Worthy of Commendation.**—*The Critic*, New York:

We welcome the first volume of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* for its promise rather than its performance, though taken simply for what it is, it would still be worthy of commendation. It is better than any thing of its kind the South has found the time, the means, or the disposition to produce since the conclusion of the war; and it is, we believe, destined to grow in grace as it grows in years. Its most valuable papers thus far have been those relating to the war. On the literary side it has enlisted the services of some of the ablest and best-known Southern writers. Others, who have not yet contributed to its neatly printed columns, should be induced to do so. There is a plenty of well-trained pens in the sunnier half of the United States, and upon these the Southern editor must for the most part depend. Yet he need not depend upon them exclusively, nor would it be well to do so—a fact of which the management of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* is apparently aware. The magazine is edited by General Basil Duke and R. W. Knott, and published at Louisville, Kentucky, by B. F. Avery & Sons. We shall hope in due time to record the appearance of its fiftieth, as we now do of its first, bound volume.

**Judicious and Intelligent Editing.**—*The Christian Union*:

The first volume of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC*, just received, handsomely bound in cloth, decidedly increases our respect and regard for this Southern magazine. We are pleased to learn that it is receiving that measure of success and popularity to which its merits entitle it. It contains, besides many war papers, reminiscences, and military biographical sketches, a great quantity of miscellaneous entertaining matter, poems, and stories. In its table of contents appear such names as Paul Hamilton Hayne, Felix L. Oswald, Maurice Thompson, W. H. Hayne, W. W. Harney, Clinton Scollard, and other favorites in the South. The illustrations, while they make no attempt to compete in execution with the work of the great Northern magazines, are in subject well selected, and are fairly well engraved. As a whole, this volume gives indubitable evidence of judicious and intelligent editing.

**Handsomely Printed.**—*St. Louis Republican*:

The first year of the new series of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* was completed with the May number, and the publishers have brought out a neatly bound volume containing the twelve-months' issues. The magazine is handsomely printed, and gives a variety of Southern literature not found in any other publication. Perhaps its strongest feature is the series of military papers furnished by prominent officers of both the Federal and Confederate service, and freely illustrated with portraits and maps. The publishers are B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Kentucky.

**Worth Buying and Reading.**—*The Courier-Journal*:

The bound volume of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC*, from June, 1885, to May, 1886, inclusive, is a large octavo of nearly eight hundred pages of original literary and historical matter, consisting of original war papers, poetry, articles on Southern development and life, etc. The work is handsomely printed on good paper, and is well illustrated. Altogether, this first volume of the *BIVOUC* under its new management is not only highly promising, but full of excellence in itself. The success of this magazine is not difficult to understand. It simply set out to compel success, not to beg it. Southern periodicals have generally banked upon the mere fact that they were published in the South. They have appealed for Southern support on merely sectional considerations, promising that when such support was given them they would then be able to make such improvement as to deserve it. Failure always attends an enterprise which has no capital but promises. The *BIVOUC* has

followed an entirely different policy. Intelligently edited, its publishers recognize the fact that the publication of a magazine is a matter of business, and not of sentiment. From the first they accordingly made the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* worth buying and reading. A continuation of the same liberal policy must result in giving the magazine that high and fixed place in our periodical literature which it is intended to occupy.

**Excellent and Interesting.**—*The Chicago Inter-Ocean*:

Volume One of this excellent and interesting literary and historical magazine has just been issued. It makes up 772 pages. The miscellany is in good variety and excellent in quality. The sketches and historical reminiscences of the war are from a Southern stand-point, and generally clear of every thing that would make them objectionable to Northern readers. There are few magazines of the kind more carefully and skillfully edited than the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC*.

**Its Success Assured.**—*New York Graphic*:

The *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* begins with its June issue a new volume. The number opens with an excellent article by R. A. Wilkinson on the "Sugar-Fields of Louisiana," in which he gives a historical sketch of the growth of the sugar interest and describes the various methods of culture. Edwin Atkinson's article on "Postal or Local Savings Banks" is one of timely interest, and the grounds of those who oppose the proposed national system are clearly stated. Paul Hamilton Hayne contributes an extremely interesting article on "Charles Gayarré." Fiction and poetry are not neglected, and the number contains several valuable contributions in the way of war papers. The publication gives every indication that its continued success and prosperity are assured.

**Articles of Absorbing Interest**—*Christian Observer*, Louisville:

The February number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* is before us, and it is filled with articles of absorbing interest. Before opening it the reader's eye is caught by the entire appropriateness of its outside covers. There is the camp-fire, the soldiers gathered around it, the inevitable story-teller in their midst, and the stacked arms in the distance, all giving a life-picture that many will recognize as a familiar scene. On each side of this picture is the well-known face of our beloved Lee and Jackson. This covering alone tells what the magazine is, and what we are to expect in its pages, namely, the literature, history, stories, etc., of the South and its people, and of the war. It ought to have a wide circulation in the South especially, although its contents will interest the general reader as well. It is ably edited, and is published by B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Kentucky. Price, \$2 per annum.

**Not Offensive.**—*St. Paul Dispatch*:

The *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* alone is the name of an illustrated magazine published in Louisville by B. F. Avery & Sons. Basil W. Duke and Richard W. Knott are its editors. As its name would indicate, it is largely devoted to sketches and scenes of the civil war, written from the Southern stand-point. It is by no means offensively sectional in tone, however, and those articles which we have read are certainly ably and clearly written, and interesting. The illustrations are good. The subscription price is \$2 a year.

**Always Entertaining.**—*Indianapolis Journal*:

The *SOUTHERN BIVOUC* contains the usual number of readable war articles, written by men who were on the nether millstone of the fight. It is always entertaining.

**"A Picture Gallery of Southern Leaders."**—San Francisco *Chronicle*:

The first bound volume of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, which is conducted by Basil W. Duke and R. W. Knott, forms a handsome imperial octavo of nearly eight hundred pages. It contains a large amount of valuable matter of more than merely ephemeral interest, and the historical articles on the battles of the rebellion alone render it of special interest. Some of these papers are written in exaggerated style, but in the main they are interesting, because they are the record of the personal experiences of the men on the Confederate side. These war papers are illustrated by a large number of portraits, which form a picture gallery of Southern leaders. Aside from these are many special articles, short stories, and biographical sketches, which will appeal to any one who has ever lived south of Mason and Dixon's line. The magazine, in a word, is distinctively Southern, and as such has a field of its own upon which no one can encroach. The book is very well printed, and is a credit to the publishers.

**The South Ought to Be Justly Proud.**—Galveston *News*:

This volume constitutes the first bound number of the magazine, and is gotten up in all respects with as much excellence and true literary enterprise as the Century and other similar publications. The present volume exhibits the utmost care and system in the arrangement of all details of interest. Thrilling war episodes form a conspicuous and entertaining feature throughout the book, while humorous sketches, incidental tales and legends, ghost stories of the South, poems from the most talented versifiers of the country, brief but graphic personal memoirs of distinguished Confederate officers, together with a host of other literary miscellany, combine in forming a volume of unusually attractive features. Besides all this, the numerous illustrations of prominent Southern generals and other military notables are drawn faithfully to life, and are not the least interesting of the book's contents. Then there are other illustrations of battle scenes during the war, selections from American art exhibitions, maps of battle-fields, and minor etchings. It would be an almost fruitless task to mention the name of every article and its author in the book, but a few of the most popular may be given. Prominent among the poetical contributors are Paul Hamilton Hayne—an imaginative and expressive writer—and Charles J. O'Malley, Robert Burns Wilson, Clinton Scollard, and many others of more or less popularity. "Wild Life in the 'Seventies," a story of Florida, by Will Wallace Harney; "Carriston's Gift," by Hugh Conway; "Custer at the Surrender," by a Confederate soldier; "At West Point Before the War," by J. M. Wright; "Lilitha, Princess of Ghouls," Poe's last poem, by Henry W. Austin; Liddell's "Record of the Civil War," "My Impressions of General Robert E. Lee," by Alex. H. Stephens; "The Pocahontas of the South," by Alpheus Baker; "Southern Dialect in Life and Literature," by Charles Foster Smith; "The Tragedy of the Black Mountain," by Winthrop Burroughs, etc., are the more prominent and interesting prose contributions. The volume is very neatly and substantially bound in brown cloth, and contains nearly eight hundred pages of printed matter. It is published at Louisville, Kentucky, by B. F. Avery & Sons, and is a publication of which the South ought to feel justly proud.

The June number is also at hand, and contains the usual quantum of instructive literary miscellany.

**A Well Managed Business Concern.**—Augusta (Ga.) *Evening News*:

The *Evening News* hailed the first number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC as the inauguration of a literary enterprise which would honor the Southern magazine-reading public, and each succeeding number has been welcomed as an evidence of the

success of the venture in a popular sense, and as a well-managed business concern. The BIVOUAC has taken front rank among the magazines of the United States, and the publishers, Messrs. B. F. Avery & Sons, of Louisville, Kentucky, and the editors, General Basil Duke and Mr. R. W. Knott, deserve their well-earned success and the thanks of the people of the whole South.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC completed its first year with the May number, and the publishers have taken another step toward popularizing the magazine and giving it a permanent home in the libraries of the land. The numbers have been bound in elegant and enduring style, and the *Evening News* has received the volume with compliments of the publishers. We have all along given our cheerful testimony to the literary value and the interesting nature of the BIVOUAC, and we again heartily commend it to every Southern reader. The bound volumes are especially convenient and attractive for home use and for libraries.

**A Welcome Visitor.**—Toledo (Ohio) *Herald*:

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is becoming more and more a welcome visitor, and deals with current topics, as well as with military history, with a firm hand. The June number first takes its reader to the "Sugar-Fields of Louisiana," and then to "Our Last Hunting Grounds in the Rocky Mountains," followed with a peep at "Postal or Local Savings Banks." "The War in Missouri and the Battle of Lexington" constitutes the military contribution, and Clinton Scollard and Margaret Preston are the poets of the number.

**Has Rapidly Developed Literary Strength.**—Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*:

The revival of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC monthly in June, 1885, at Louisville, has proved to be well advised. The magazine has increased in interest with each issue, and has rapidly developed literary strength. The first volume, containing all the numbers of the first year, has just been issued. It has, with other features, a great variety of articles on the late war, written by soldiers of the Confederate army from personal recollections. While a distinctively Southern magazine, it has kept its pages free from sectional feeling, and has cultivated a spirit of kindly moderation. It has observed its promise to appeal to the lovers of good literature, while dealing chiefly with the aspects of Southern life, thought, action, history, scenery, traditions, and prejudices, in accordance with the accepted rules of literary art. The magazine is freely illustrated. The first volume has war articles that will be indispensable to the historian. The first number of the second volume has contributions from Edward Atkinson, Felix L. Oswald, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Clinton Scollard, R. A. Wilkinson, Daniel E. O'Sullivan, W. R. Belknap, Richard H. Musser, Caleb Ross, Margaret J. Preston, and A. E. Richards, besides the various critical and editorial departments. In short, the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC has every appearance of good editing and vigorous growth.

**Quite a Handsome Book.**—The Philadelphia *Times*:

The bound volume of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, including the monthly parts from June, 1885, to May, 1886, has been published by B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Kentucky, and makes quite a handsome book.

**Representative of Southern Life and Literature.**—Philadelphia *Record*:

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC (B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Ky.) promises during the year a series of historical papers, biographical sketches of well-known men of the South, articles on Southern industries, war papers, short stories, sketches, poems and reviews. The BIVOUAC has already shown itself to be a periodical representative of Southern life and literature.



**Southern but not Sectional.**—*Memphis Avalanche*:

Since De Bow's Review there has been no distinctively Southern magazine of any kind until the SOUTHERN BIVOUC attained its present degree of success and popularity. For many years it was an often repeated question, "Why is there no American Punch?" Puck won its way so slowly and imperceptibly to public favor that it was not until the Blaine campaign that Americans began to realize the possession of a humorous publication, superior in many respects to the English weekly, and in every way thoroughly adapted to our national life and in keeping with our social and political institutions and peculiarities. In like manner the genesis of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC has gone on unperceived until we have at last awakened to the realization of the fact that we have a magazine which is Southern without being sectional.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUC is, in the first place, a literary publication, but it is pervaded with the essence of Southern ideas. It is an exponent of Southern society, literary and social, in just the same manner as the Atlantic is Bostonese and Lippincott's Quakerish. It has caught the delicate aroma of Dixie, the beautiful flavor of this section, which is characteristic rather than provincial. The Century, of all the magazines, is most nearly American, in the sense of not being local. It embraces without being dependent upon the provinces. The other magazines depend upon various constituencies, and the SOUTHERN BIVOUC depends upon the South, though, on account of this very element, it is meeting with an enthusiastic reception up North.

First designed as a kind of storehouse for the historical data of the Southern side during the late war, it has, under a new and a better management, gradually extended its scope until it has become a magazine. The war articles predominate, but this is apparently the result of earlier engagements by the former management than design.

The *Avalanche* is especially pleased to see that a proper literary standard, generally pure, without being purist, is maintained. Most that is done is well done, and the maps, portraits, and illustrations are of the highest order of merit.

**A Distinct Southern Flavor.**—*N. Y. Independent*:

We have before us, bound in a well-made and handsome volume, the monthly numbers for the past year of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC, a monthly literary and historical magazine conducted by Basil W. Duke and Richard W. Knott (B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Ky.); an enterprising, interesting, and valuable publication, all the more so for the distinct Southern flavor of its contributions. This volume is rich in battle literature bearing on the late war, and contributed of course by authors who were in the Confederate service. It contains a large amount of interesting detail and description of what went on under the personal observation of the authors. The papers are still, we observe, lame in comparative statistics. It is too late in the day, for example, to keep up the old fiction that Lee fought Meade at Gettysburg with one man against two, or to conceal the facts as to Franklin and Nashville. The papers are, however, good in tone, preserve many valuable incidents that would otherwise be lost, and are well worth reading in connection with the reports so plentifully published in the Northern magazines, which, by the way, have opened their columns to the Confederate commanders quite as freely as to the Federal. It is gratifying to find a monthly magazine conducted with so much literary merit and spirit in the South. May it thrive and not lose a touch of its local interest or color.

**Always down the Ochlawaha.**—*Puck*:

Clinton Scollard has a poem in the SOUTHERN BIVOUC for June called "Down the Ochlawaha." We do, Mr. Scollard, we do; we always down the Ochlawaha, that delicious German soup, which is in every respect the peer of Mulligatawny.

**Surpasses the Reading World.**—*N. O. Times-Democrat*:

It is the exception that stands proof for the rule when a full-blown enterprise comes suddenly into existence and endures without faltering the wear and strain of time and close investigation. The slow, healthy growth and gradual development of a magazine is the best surety of a long, useful, as well as profitable life. It begins, holding between modest covers a slim volume that is divided into but four departments, well edited. As the months go by, one distinguished name after another is added to its list of contributors; criticism, keen but just, becomes a feature of its literary work; clever people write anonymously scraps of wit, science, or gossip for the last pages, until with surprise the reading world wakes to the fact that another mouthful has fallen in close behind the three leading magazines of this country. All this has been the history of the SOUTHERN BIVOUC, which comes to the table this month more entertaining and readable than ever before. The wants and requirements of its subscribers have been carefully heeded, and from the first wood-cut, where Moses has persuaded a big, gleaming bass to get on the outside of his tempting toad, to the last joke of the Salmagundi Club, it shows a marked improvement throughout. Fish stories hold the same subtle fascination that has made marvelous tales of snakes and dogs so beguiling to the credulous newspaper man. They seem never to lose a certain charm, when enough is told of the brilliant fly falling light as a snowflake just above the spot selected by weak-minded fish to breakfast, the rod bent to a crescent, the line singing and spinning far out after the wretched plunging catch, followed by the slow, delightful winding of the reel, that brings a bright silvery streak through the water, and the tame yielding of an unlucky fish to fate and fisherman's skill. This is told by A. E. Richards, in "Bass Fishing in the Shenandoah," a Kentucky Walton whipping a Virginia stream and refreshing our memories on the way with stories of Stuart's daring and Pelham's pluck.

**Art Combined with Enterprise.**—*Memphis Appeal*:

It is a real pleasure to be able to state that the BIVOUC is a success, and above all that it deserves success. Well printed, indeed an excellent specimen of the art of printing, and illustrated with some approach to the standard of the engraver's art in the East, it is worthy the increasing support and help, especially of the Southern people for whom it caters. The first volume, handsomely bound in dark green cloth, is one of the most creditable products of the Southern press, and is proof that art combined with enterprise will pay, and pay well. Of the contents of this volume it is not necessary for us to say any thing, as we have noticed each of the recurring numbers that comprise it at the dates of their publication. They will be recalled by the readers, many of whom have found in their pages well told stories of the war, of the early history of the United States, and of the families and individual men and women who have impressed themselves upon our history. The BIVOUC, worthy of all praise, is eminently worthy of the support of the South.

**Doing its Work Admirably.**—*Boston Herald*:

The BIVOUC finds its subjects very largely in the late civil war. It is the natural outlet for reminiscences of the contest on the Southern side. But this is not its only claim to notice. It is in some sense a record of the rising spirit of the people in the South. Two stories will be read with interest in this number, "Among the Hills of Allen" and "City Building in the South," by Mr. Will Wallace Harney. Mr. Richard H. Musser sketches "The War in Missouri," and Mr. A. E. Richards gives a biographical account of Gen. Ashby. Mr. Durrett concludes his papers on "The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799." It is a good thing to keep up the historical interest at the South, and this monthly is admirably doing this sort of work.

*Has increased in interest with each issue.*—CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-GAZETTE.

*Embraces all those features which may be looked for in a standard literary periodical.*—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

*Represents the high-water mark of Southern periodical literature in our day.*—THE NATION.

*Has a field of its own upon which no one can encroach.*—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

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# The Southern Bivouac

## FOR AUGUST.

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In the August Bivouac will be published an article, by E. POLK JOHNSON, relating to "*The Life of Mr. Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir.*" The article will be accompanied by an excellent portrait of Mr. Davis, recently taken, a view of his residence facing the Gulf, and a picture of the house in which Mr. Davis was born.

In the same issue of the magazine will appear an article entitled "*After the Fall of Richmond,*" by B. W. DUKE. This paper describes the movements of Mr. Davis from Charlotte, North Carolina, to Washington, Georgia, and the events immediately preceding the capture of Mr. Davis. In this paper will be told the story of the last council of war, and the guarding of the treasure train.

In the same issue of the magazine, YOUNG E. ALLISON will give an account of "*The Last Days of Father Ryan.*" Mr. Allison's article will be accompanied by two portraits of the poet and some sketches of the house in which he died.

In the August number will appear a poem, by ROBERT BURNS WILSON, "*The Heritage of Hope,*" addressed to Southern Bards. This poem is the most striking of the recent productions of Mr. Wilson, and because of spirit and treatment is of more than usual interest.

PAUL H. HAYNE will, in the same issue, conclude his sketch of *Charles Gayarré*, and JUDGE RICHARDS will publish the third and last of his papers on *General Turner Ashby*.

Among papers prepared for early publication, is a series of "*Biographical Sketches of Early Pioneers,*" by Col. R. T. DURRETT, containing much original matter. There are also in hand, awaiting publication, sketches of *John Brown*, of *Stonewall Jackson*, *John C. Breckinridge*, and other men prominent in the civil or military history of America.

JAMES W. A. WRIGHT, whose article on War Prisons and War Poetry was so widely read, will have, in an early issue of the magazine, a paper on "*Bragg's Campaigns around Chattanooga.*"

In August will be given a paper on "*The Battle of Fredericksburg,*" accompanied by a map; and in the same issue will be published the second paper, fully illustrated, by F. G. DE FONTAINE, "*The Second Day of Real War,*" concluding his account of the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

In the series of articles describing the peculiar industries of the South, the Bivouac has published one on the invention of the Cotton Gin, and another devoted to the Cotton Harvester, written by HUGH N. STARNES, of Georgia. In an early issue will be published a paper, by WILL WALLACE HARNEY, devoted to "*Orange Culture,*" to be followed by an illustrated article on "*The Rice Fields of Carolina,*" written by Mr. Starnes.

These announcements, with the usual number of literary articles, short stories, character sketches, poetry, etc., are sufficient to indicate that the interest awakened by this new Southern magazine will be fully justified by its future issues.

One year's subscription, \$2.00; five copies for \$8.00; six months, \$1.00. A bound copy of Volume I, new series, \$3.00, postage paid.

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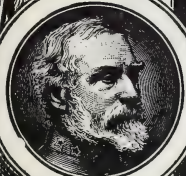
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# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC



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THE

# Southern Bivouac.

AUGUST, 1886.

—CONDUCTED BY—

BASIL W. DUKE and RICHARD W. KNOTT.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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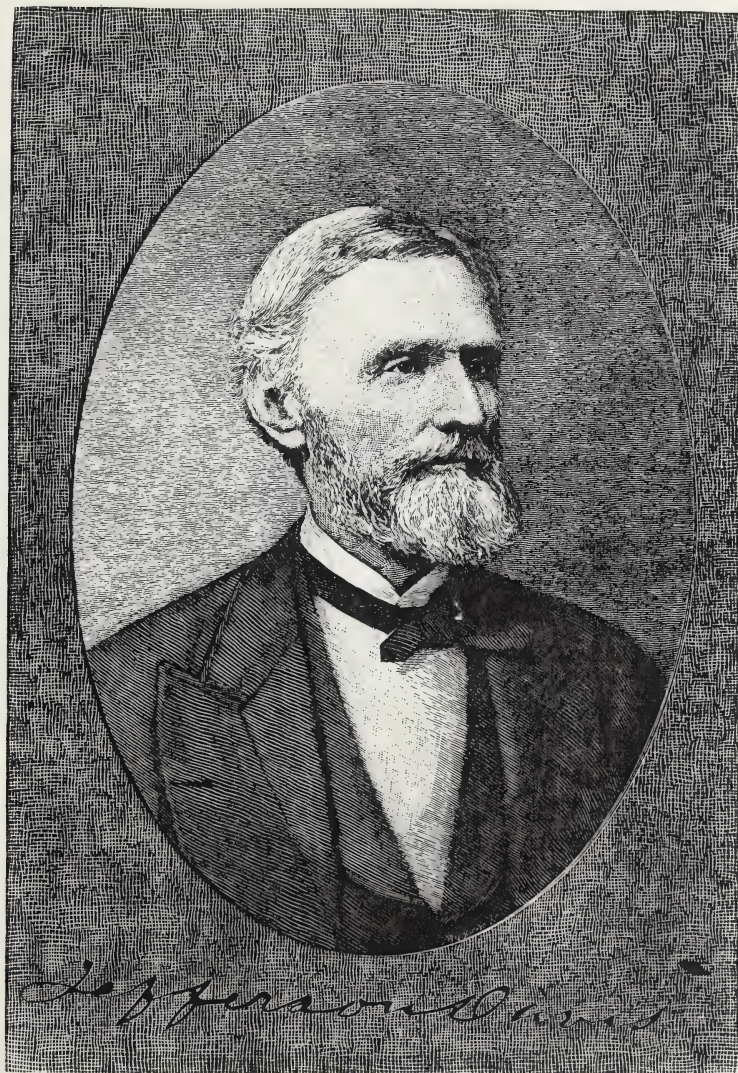
# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOLUME II.

AUGUST, 1886.

NUMBER 3.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS AT HOME.



"YES, this is Beauvoir," said the tall station master. It was a little red box-house that rested under the shadows of the Spanish oaks, within easy hearing of the moaning winds sweeping through the tall pines which formed

the background of a not wholly inviting picture. A few steps across the creamy white sand, and on the Beauvoir estate, a thrifty vineyard of the Scuppernong grape perfumed the air and gave a grateful welcome to the



traveler worn by the annoyances of a long journey.

"Yes, Mr. Davis is at home," said the station master, in response to another inquiry, "and I am sorry to tell you that he is not looking strong. The fatigue of his recent tour to Montgomery, Atlanta, and Savannah has proven almost too much for him. I saw him when he left home, and he looked as he did when he used to ride in front of our columns in Virginia when he would come out from Richmond to review the army. When he came home again, he looked ten years older than when he left."

"Take that road to the right; it leads to the mansion, and a ten-minutes' walk will bring you to the door."

Around the Scuppernongs, amid the live-oak forest and the pines, the road winds lazily, and always through the sand, to the Gulf, which is hidden from view only by a gentle eminence and the foliage of the closely growing trees. An aged man toiled slowly along this road under the rays of a sun already beginning to assume its summer throne. Pointing to a low building, almost hidden from view by the trees about it, he said: "That is Beauvoir. Just go through the gate at the side entrance. They will not expect you to walk in the heat to the front gate. There is the cottage; go past that and you will find the big house beyond. Mr. Davis will be pleased to know that you have come so far to see him. Good morning, sir," and the white-haired man, older than he of whom he spoke with every evidence of high respect, turned away toward the beach where the restless waves were musically sweeping back and forth across the sands.

In the grounds, which are large, and nearest to the public way, there stands the cottage, a feature of nearly every Southern country gentleman's home. It is usually near to, but always detached from the residence, and was formerly—in the days that are dead—sacred to the master and those whom he invited within its precincts. There were billiard-tables, sideboards, cut-glass, rare wines, some of them of the pure old-fashioned Kentucky brand, in these cottages in the days when our fathers and theirs ruled this land. To-day the cottage is a memory of that time rather than a luxurious addition to the comforts of a Southern home. Passing the neat cottage at Beauvoir, where two sweet-faced children tumbling over its broad front gallery paused a moment in their play to glance at the stranger who had unbidden

walked within their gates, a few steps brought me to the residence, a purely Southern home, low-built and broad, with galleries sweeping around it, and a wide hall, with its double doors standing hospitably open to receive the generous and grateful Gulf-breeze and to invite within the wanderer whose feet may have led him to the home of the master of Beauvoir. A hundred yards or more, and toward the front, is the beach of Mississippi Sound, as it is called here, though, of course, every one knows that this is but a local name for a portion of the Gulf of Mexico. In the spacious grounds about the mansion the prevailing tree is the live-oak, festooned with the weird, funereal Spanish moss which, however attractive it may be to one accustomed to it, has a depressing effect upon those to whom its weeping-willow ways are not familiar.

At the door of the mansion a lady met me with the stately grace of our Virginia grandparents, and, after receiving my letters of introduction, gave a gentle welcome to Beauvoir, presenting me to her young daughter and another lady of the family, then going away to find her husband, Mr. Davis not having yet made his appearance to the family.

After a while, a step was heard upon the gallery, then an erect, though aged gentleman, clad in the neat garb of the old-time Southerner, appeared at the open doors of the hall, bearing in his right hand a stout cane and the inevitable slouched hat, which no other man than a Southerner ever did nor ever will know how to wear. He advanced with that easy, courtly grace which can only be fully understood and appreciated by those who have known the gentlemen of the old *régime*. Kindly words of welcome were spoken, and the stranger speedily forgot that he had ever been a stranger. These greetings over, Mr. Davis turned to his wife and daughter, whom he met then for the first time during the day, saluting each and inquiring after their health with a gentle solicitude entirely unaffected. Then followed rapid inquiries after the health and welfare of old friends in Kentucky, during which the marvelous memory of the man was shown. Calling them by their baptismal names, he would ask after the children of his former friends whom he had not seen for years. These same boys and girls whose names he so readily recalled are now the parents of the grandchildren of those whom Mr. Davis knew in the years when he was most familiar with Kentucky. He appears to have a remarkable

memory for names. Relating an incident connected with his not very remote visit to his birthplace, at Fairview, in Christian County, Kentucky, he gave a happy illustration of this faculty. He said that at the old-fashioned barbecue given in his honor during the visit, much attention was shown him by certain elderly ladies of the neighborhood which he had left when a boy of eight years. One lady was especially attentive and anxious that no one of the viands should fail to reach the guest. As the dinner progressed, his mind reverted to his boyhood days, and he recalled a sunny-faced little girl whom he had called his sweetheart at the mature age of eight years, she being, perhaps, a

her distinguished sons. He replied that it was an honor which he cherished, though he had been a resident of the State only during his early boyhood. "My father was a Georgian," said he; "I was born in Kentucky and have spent the greater portion of my life in Mississippi, and suppose I should be called a Mississippian."

"What should I be called, father?" laughingly asked the young daughter of the house. "I was born in Richmond during the war, educated abroad, and live in Mississippi. Now, what am I?"

"We will call you 'The Child of the Confederacy,'" suggested the visitor, and her hand-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.\*

year younger. So he asked the lady, "What became of Patty Bell?" A flush of gratified pride swept over the dear old lady's face as she responded, "Why, Mr. Davis, I am Patty Bell." Not the honors won on the field in Mexico, the civic crown earned in the Senate, nor the high duties of a proud presidency had driven from his mind the name of the little loved one, though Time with a merciless hand had carved strange lines upon her face when they two met again upon the declining slope of life.

The relation of this incident led the conversation toward the question of his nativity, and marked pleasure was shown at the suggestion that Kentucky was glad to number him among

some face flushed with genuine pride as she responded, earnestly, "It is a title I would like best of all."

There was little of politics in the conversation at Beauvoir, either with reference to the period before the war or that which followed it. Mr. Davis delights to speak of events occurring in his early life, and a term which he frequently employs is, "When I was in the army," or "After I left the army," referring to the days, many years ago, when he was an officer in the regular army. His always vigorous mind is alive to every important incident of to-day and shows no mark of his advanced age, yet with all the fondness of elderly persons for



the memories of their past, he dwells upon the incidents of his early life and his face lights up finely as he recalls and recounts them. Of Mr. Clay he several times spoke warmly and with sentiments of the highest esteem. Despite the disparity in their years, there existed a strong bond of sympathy between the two, growing out of the warm friendship that made Mr. Davis so fond of young Henry Clay, his comrade in the war with Mexico, who fell at Buena Vista while gallantly leading his Kentuckians to victory. He regarded Mr. Clay as one of the remarkable men of his era. "Without educational advantages, by sheer force of character and native ability, he made a great name and a lasting place in the history of his country," was his summing up of the Great Commoner's character.

Finally the name of Sydney Johnston was mentioned—we had talked but little of the war—and Mr. Davis said: "He was the master spirit of his day. I knew him as perhaps no other man did. We were friends in our youth; had lived together in the same barracks as young officers of the army; we marched through Mexico in the same column, and rode together into Monterey to receive the surrender of Ampudia. When I heard that he had resigned from the army in April, 1861, and had left California and was making his way to Richmond, I felt that a great thing had happened for the South, and I waited his coming with anxious impatience. Finally, one afternoon, I had gone home worn with the arduous duties of my position, and was resting on a lounge while my wife ran over a mass of official documents, selecting those which required my signature. Suddenly I heard footsteps in the hall, and I exclaimed, 'There's Sydney Johnston.' The door opened and he came into the room, handsome, soldierly, modest as he had always been. I was overjoyed at his arrival. I hoped and believed that there were other officers in the army who would make generals, but I knew there was *one*, and that was Sydney Johnston.

"At another meeting, when he had related the stirring incidents of his overland journey from California, we began to talk of the important issues in which we were so much interested. 'Where do you wish me to go?' was his question, and I saw from his manner that he expected nothing more than to be given permission to recruit a regiment of which he should be commissioned Colonel. I told him that I wanted him to go to the West; that I believed him better suited to command in that

department than any other man; that the people there and the officers of the army wished him to come."

"But I have no men; where am I to recruit a command?" he modestly asked.

"Then for the first time I told him that, while he was journeying from California to the South, he had been commissioned, with four others, a General in the Armies of the Confederate States, and that next to General Cooper, the Adjutant-General of the Army, he was first in rank. Soon he was *en route* to the post of his new duty, and how faithfully he served his country to the moment of his death is known to all who have read the history of his day.

"His plans at Shiloh were perfect. In a telegram received by me on the day before the battle began, he detailed his proposed movements, and up to the moment of his death every step in that plan of battle had been successfully taken. Had he lived, Buell would never have crossed the Tennessee River; Grant would have been driven into the river, and that portion of his army not falling into our hands would have crossed over, met, and destroyed the *morale* of Buell's column by the completeness of their own demoralization, and Sydney Johnston would have marched to the Ohio."

As he spoke these words, Mr. Davis was no longer the venerable statesman awaiting calmly in the midst of his family the final summons. He was a soldier again, and his fine face was aglow, his eyes flashing, his voice clear and ringing, and one could readily fancy that it was thus he looked and spoke when under the blazing sun of Mexico he led his Mississippians to victory, and saved the day at Buena Vista.

"But he died," and as he spoke these words in mournful tones, the fires of battle left his splendid eyes and across his face came the shadows of a painful sorrow. There were tears in his voice as he tenderly spoke the next few sentences. His words were sacred to the memory of a lost and trusted friend, and though they take no semblance upon this printed page they will linger forever in the recollection of the little circle that heard them spoken.

Of the war elsewhere, but little was said, there being no effort to obtain from Mr. Davis expressions of his views upon the operations of the armies of the Confederate States or of the opposing forces. In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," he has exhaustively treated this subject. When I met him he had just returned from his now celebrated tour through

Alabama and Georgia, the daily newspaper reports of which had been too full to require that his views should be restated at this early day.

He referred at one time to his presence at Washington, Georgia, just before his capture by the Federal troops, and was reminded that his visitor had ridden in the column which had served as his escort from Charlotte, North Carolina, to Washington. "I can never forget those soldiers," he replied. "I found them true as steel. There were too many in the column for my purposes; not enough to fight the opposing forces and too many to move with that expedition which was necessary. So I sent one of my staff to the officer in command, requesting that he send me twenty good men, who would obey any order without question, fight any number of the enemy whom we should meet, and go wherever I directed them. After a time the officer returned without the detail, and when I inquired why the men had not accompanied him, he answered: 'Why, sir; they all want to go with you, and the entire command has volunteered for any service you may ask of them.'"

This is true; and not until a peremptory detail was made by those in authority, and General Breckinridge had addressed the Kentucky troops, would they consent that either Mr. Davis or himself should be permitted to attempt an escape without their assistance.

I wish to put on record here, and in the strongest terms, the gentleness of Mr. Davis' expressions toward those by whom he was opposed in the struggle of the South for an independent existence. In the long conversations which we had, I heard no word of bitterness toward any man. In a tone of somewhat contemptuous pity, he referred to a recent intemperate utterance by the young governor of one of the States of the North, who based his remarks upon the maudlin statements of an inebriated sleeping-car conductor who was incarcerated in a police-station cell in Montgomery, Alabama, at the very moment when he falsely stated that he had heard Mr. Davis use expressions of pleasure at the death of Mr. Lincoln and General Grant.

Of Mr. Lincoln he spoke several times, instancing his fine capacity for illustrating his meaning with apt anecdotes, an accomplishment in which he thought few public men had excelled him. When asked if he knew Mr. Lincoln, he responded, "No; I can not recall him. He was in Congress but one term, I believe, and if I met him then he passed from

my mind. Stephens (Hon. A. H.) always insisted that I knew him, but I could not agree with him. It is possible that he impressed himself more forcibly upon Stephens than upon myself, which accounted for his better recollection of him."

Not by word or tone did this chief of the greatest of civil wars express other than respect for the memory of that other great Kentuckian who, like himself, sat in a presidential chair, and held in his hands the destinies of a great people during that struggle between the two finest armies of volunteers the world has ever known.

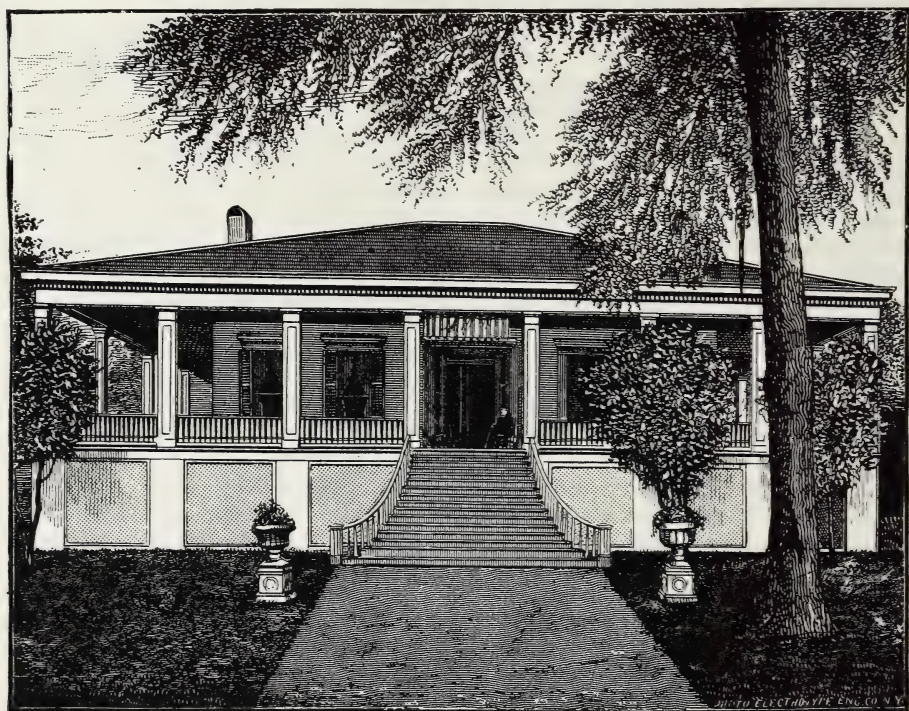
As he spoke of Mr. Lincoln, a little fair-haired girl, less than three years old, came timidly into the room. "My granddaughter," said the courtly gentleman, with a bow as the visitor was presented to the little lady. As he held out his hands toward her, I saw his face grow very gentle as he fondly asked, "Are you not coming to sit with grandpa?" The little one clambered to his knee and his hand rested upon her head and stroked the golden curls gently as though a benediction fell with each touch. As the child put up her rosebud mouth for a kiss, Mr. Davis was telling me how he received very many anonymous letters couched in vile terms and inclosing harsh expressions in regard to himself, clipped from the columns of newspapers unfriendly to him. "Formerly," he said, "these annoyed me, but I no longer care for them. Let them alone," he said, as he dismissed the subject to answer the prattle of the grandchild on his knee. As this byplay went on, I wished that those who have spoken and written harshly of Mr. Davis could see that "dreadful old man" as he really is, and not as they have imagined him. The master of Beauvoir, always strong-willed, has lost none of his nature as the years have swept by, and is today, as he was in the army, in the Senate, in the Presidency of the Confederacy, firm and unyielding in his adherence to a policy or a principle which he believes to be right, but there is a steady undercurrent of gentleness which tones his character and actions and relieves each from harshness. He has a heart susceptible of the finest emotions and gentle as a woman's when the true chord is touched. It is this which makes him what one who is not altogether his friend has called him, "The first gentleman in the South." Could those who dread him as the incarnation of disloyalty, or who imagine that they do, cross the threshold of his home and know him as he is, they would



learn a lesson of value, and leaving Beauvoir would carry away a pleasant picture in both mind and heart.

It will be a surprise to many that Mr. Davis, the representative of the Cavaliers, should be an apologist for the ascetic Puritans. Of their life and influence on the institutions of America, he said that the Puritans dominated affairs in England while the protecting influence of Cromwell shielded them. This gone, they fled to Holland, which afforded them a refuge but gave scanty opportunities for the assertion of those prerogatives of which they seemed to imagine

dies applied to them than justice or mercy could indorse, but they were disturbing elements and had to be gotten rid of. The Puritans worked out their destiny as best they could and in accordance with the lights before them. The bad men who came after threw upon them an odium and blame to which they were not justly entitled. They were harsh and intolerant, but entirely honest. Not so were those whose sins were saddled upon them. "The Puritan was a very good pioneer," said Mr. Davis, as he concluded this unexpected defense of the Plymouth Rock people, and then he laughed



"BEAUVOIR," THE HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

themselves possessed almost by Divine right. In other words, he said, "As they could not rule in Holland, they came to America to enjoy the privilege of doing as they pleased. The bleak coast of Massachusetts was cold and uninviting, but after they had accepted it as an abiding place it was necessary that they should dominate all who came within the limits of the territory they had occupied. Roger Williams, in the very nature of things, could not be permitted to assert his independent views among them. To do so meant the disintegration of the colony. So Williams had to go, as did the witches. Of course, there were harsher reme-

very heartily as the story was told of the Kentuckian who said that "the two greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen the human race were the affair in the Garden of Eden and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

When I was at Beauvoir Mr. Gladstone was making his struggle for a second reading of the Irish Home-Rule Bill, and it appeared that Mr. Davis had been a careful observer of political movements in England, but there was no expression of his views either for or against Home-Rule. However, one need not search far in his record to correctly define his position on this question, vital alike to England and to

Ireland. In fact, it would not be wide of the mark to call Mr. Davis the greatest living American exponent of the principles of home rule, which is but another name for State Rights as applied in the United States. He spoke of the parliamentary usages that obtain in England, and the steps necessary to properly bring a measure before Parliament. This led to a comparison of the rules of the United States Congress with those of Parliament, upon which they were originally based, and the wide differences now existing were explained by the remark that Congress, by frequent changes of its rules, had drifted away from the original and made a system of its own, retaining a semblance rather than the substance of that upon which it was founded.

This brought up some of the proceedings of the present Congress, which led Mr. Davis to mention the tendency toward centralization now growing daily more apparent in governmental affairs. As an instance of this he cited the Blair Educational Bill as one of the important factors in a movement which he said "can have but one end, if continued—the obliteration of State lines and the formation of one great and powerful State instead of many co-equal commonwealths." "Mr. Madison," he continued, "feared, when the Constitution was being formulated, that young men under its provisions would not care to enter Congress, preferring the finer field opened to them by the legislatures of the sovereign States. What would he think now, could he return to earth and see what centralization has done and is doing? What would be his feelings when he saw one house of Congress passing the Blair Educational Bill, while the other was considering and finally passing a bill in regard to bogus butter?"

This was his only approach to a discussion of current politics. Those who believe in the Constitution as it was written, and as it was intended to be construed, will find a fair warning in these few words. That those who go beyond that instrument, when it stands as a bar to their ambitions or desires, will profit by either hint or warning, is not expected by those who have observed the onward march of centralization, even among men in office professing a political faith in direct antagonism to that idea.

Frequently during my stay Mr. Davis referred to his then quite recent tour, and it was apparent that it had been most pleasing to him. If there had been a doubt in his mind as to his position among the people he had served so long and faithfully, that doubt is gone. Whatever his enemies may say of him, the Southern people of Mr. Davis' day and generation will ever hold him in esteem; nor can they be induced to believe that he ever had an aspiration which did not include their welfare as its chiefest feature. This is as true of those who opposed the doctrine of secession as a remedy for evils complained of, as of those who indorsed every jot and tittle of the doctrine of State Rights, and fought for it on the fields which they enriched with their blood. Whatever his faults or failures, he was and is an honest man, devoted to his section and its people, and they return that devotion without stint or doubt.

The most remarkable man of his day in many respects, the chief of the greatest civil war the world has known, the head of a government and an army which, considering their resources or the lack of them, put on record the greatest military achievements of the age, the unfaltering advocate of an idea which he refuses to abandon in the face of defeat, and which idea represents the opinions of the founders of the government and the spirit of the Constitution, he sits by the side of the sea, a citizen of no land under the sun, proscribed, misrepresented, and derided, yet accepting it all without a murmur, and calmly resting his case for those who will come after all of us to decide, conscious of the uprightness of his public and private career, his faithful devotion to his State and section, and the honesty of his purposes. Surrounded by his family, he as calmly and bravely awaits the end—which can not be far away—as he faced the storm of Santa Anna's bullets in Mexico, or bore the indignity of chains and the horrors of a dungeon in later years.

Kindly, gentle old man! when "that good gray head" is pillowed upon the bosom of your beloved Mississippi, may there come one who will write upon the pages of history the fair record of your brave, upright, and honored life, for it has been and is all of these, deny it as your bitterest adversary may.

*E. Polk Johnson.*



## A HERITAGE OF HOPE.

A POEM ADDRESSED TO THE BARDS OF THE SOUTH.

Because no soul filled with celestial rage  
Strikes loud the slumbering harp of minstrelsy  
A curse hath fallen upon us—who will be  
The first to wake from sleep and shake it off?  
The first to tread the lists—throw down the gage,  
Accept the hard conditions of this age—  
So ever ready with the sneer and scoff—  
To break a lance for truth? Can ye not see  
Nor comprehend the patronizing smile  
That twists the wrinkled features of the time?  
We, mincing down life's flowering road the while,  
Plaiting of bridles with soft strings of rhyme  
To catch the winged horse when he thunders by,  
Chasing his shadows, while that brute sublime  
Leaps on the wind's floor through the arching sky.  
Hear ye no muffled laughter of the gods?  
Far more appalling than the frightful roar,  
Which jars agape their cloudy temple's door,  
When in consenting wrath the Thunderer nods.

To be the cause of anger—to call down  
A blazing stream of lightning that should burn  
The soul to sudden ashes while the frown  
Of Jove's fierce knitted brow showed some concern  
For what was being done—this were a fate,  
Not to be envied say, but one indeed  
Which could not be despised; destroying hate,  
Love being lost, would be more grateful meed  
Than mild indifference and smiling scorn,  
Which, like the mildew on the tasseled corn,  
But blasts the swelling ear it seems to bless;  
Which sends an answer ere the wish be born,  
Choking the mouth of prayer with emptiness.

Or if we, piping with an oaten reed,  
Could lull these spirits to complete repose,  
And with the music of a hollow weed  
Piece out the moments till our day should close,  
This would be well. But O, to sing and be  
The cause of tittering mirth in those that hear!  
No shape of death, that ever torturing fear  
Might conjure from the womb of night, could be  
So tricked in terrors as that thought which rings  
The brow with writhing adders fanged with fire  
And shrinks the heart up that the very springs  
Of life and hope run poison. O that we  
Might wake to see how meanly we aspire,  
How much we need the gift of stronger wings,  
How much we need to dare for loftier things.

And now, to strike the path which leads us home:  
Leave we these pagan fancies, they have served,

And still may serve, for those who are content  
 To be called rich in what the past hath lent;  
 Such juggling's not for us—the time is come  
 When we must give, not borrow, have, not buy.  
 Cry not in fear, "Let beauty be preserved,"  
 There's no preserving that which can not die.  
 How quick we catch the fool's soft blandishment,  
 And praise old wisdom which we will not learn.

From infant Egypt down to vanished Rome  
 The lesson is the same, yet are we blind.  
 They that attained looked onward, set the mind  
 To pierce the darkness; each one in his turn  
 Made his own land his spirit's battle-floor,  
 Each, at the last, set up his torch to burn  
 A little farther on the unknown shore.  
 Still did they leave the debt we owe unpaid;  
 Strains waited yet when Virgil's hand was stayed.  
 There is a higher heaven than Tasso dreamed,  
 A deeper hell than that which Dante made  
 To put his neighbors in, broad, rich, ungleaned,  
 New fields await and heights still unassayed  
 Rise from a brighter world than ever beamed  
 For Milton's darkened eyes: are we bereft  
 Of every attribute for conquest here?  
 Have we no hands, no heart, no hope held dear?  
 Or hath the prospect left our souls dismayed,  
 And all ambition dead, with no shame left  
 To drag a blush up to the cheek of fear?

Shall nature woo us, and we will not hear?  
 Not when the great trees sigh, nor when the streams  
 Which clasp the far sky's image in their clear,  
 Cool depths shall lightly toss the beams  
 Back from a dimpled mirror, or shall pass  
 With song and laughter down some sloping ledge,  
 Heaving a snowy shoulder on the edge  
 Of some dark rock—far sprinkling all the grass  
 And moss with gems, where, if a flower be near,  
 It will be nodding in the glittering rain,  
 Quick lifting its small cup each time in vain;

Nor when the breathing fields keep whispering  
 Through each small blossom's lip, which meekly seems  
 To counsel us to truth; shall we not choose  
 Some budding glade where messengers of spring  
 Each year remind us how, amidst the dreams,  
 Which come and pass away, the voice of song  
 Should cheer the dumb vale we are journeying?  
 And if some nameless longing of the soul  
 Should lead us to the hills, there to behold  
 Mayhap the gloaming, or the morning's birth,  
 The sun's rise or his setting, or the old  
 Recurring changes of the moon, now whole,  
 Now waned, now crescent, now a slender bow  
 Bent by some spirit in the evening sky,



Who sends his well-drawn shaft down through the glow,  
Night's signal to the stars that day must die.

Perhaps to see black terror's imagery  
Fill all the shining vault with shapes appalling,  
And watch the storm's majestic tragedy  
Enacted in the clouds; where, swiftly falling,  
A thousand gleaming spears flash and go down  
As though—their wars being done—the angels cast  
Their weapons to the earth, while from the crown  
Of some thick-crested mount, the twisting blast  
Roots up the cedars, strewing all the vast  
Gloom-purpled vale with desolating showers.  
Perchance, to feel each solid foot of ground  
Jarred by the jolting thunder-shocks that roll  
Resistless downward through the blinding rack  
And mad confusion of the wrestling powers,  
Striking the earth with such a crash of sound  
That for an instant's space life seems to lack  
Whereon to stand, all mortal sense being drowned.

If these things wake no passion in the breast,  
No quick light in the eyes, and do not fill  
Our souls with strange delights, nor serve to shake  
The cobwebs from our minds, nor send a thrill  
Out to our finger-tips which makes them ache  
To grasp a new-strung harp—then let us turn  
To that great ocean whose each separate wave  
Bears up a living soul; that loneliest sea  
Which knows no calm, but where one storm doth rave  
Incessantly forever. Where no bark  
May rest at anchor in secure repose,  
But outward, with life's drifting tide, which knows  
No wax nor wane of moons to set the mark  
For its swift ebbing—each frail vessel goes,  
With straining sail, all bound, they know not where:  
But tossed, and driven, hurrying to the close  
Of that unchosen journey; on they fare,  
And with each heart-beat downward to the dark  
Unfathomable gulf, a whole fleet sinks despairing.  
There, long uplifted by that sea's retreating,  
Great continents stretch, dead, stormless, and uncaring;  
Whereon the drowsing ages sit repeating  
With scornful withered lips, that have no breath,  
Their half-forgotten dreams: with dimmed eyes staring  
And garments turned to dust they smile at Death  
And hear unmoved the loud waves' distant beating.

There set your gaze. There shall the spirit's eye  
See wreck-strewn reefs and seething shoals that burn  
With fires of love and hate, and Time's long sands  
White with the grief of that sad surf, and there  
Pale Sorrow fills her cup with foolish tears;  
There Memory walks with garlands in her hands,  
And glancing back with many a wistful sigh  
Strews her dead flowers along oblivion's lea;  
There Joy, grown faint with mocking of her fears,

Leans on her dark browed sister, dumb Despair,  
 Who nods in silence as the years go by,  
 And formed by that dark coast-line ye shall see  
 This legend writ, "*What god-like fools men be.*"

All seems unsaid: alas! my burning theme,  
 For want of some more skillful hand, doth fall  
 Here like some stumbling charger; all the course  
 Still stretching onward to the distant goal;  
 But O, why seek to picture what each soul  
 Must vision out by inspiration's gleam,  
 Each for itself, or else not see at all.

This only more—all hope springs from one source,  
 The hidden well-spring of creating power.  
 All else is nothing if this be not found.  
 Let all take note, the poet must create,  
 And if he will not, then the hand of Fate  
 Shall dig his grave, where he must lie uncrowned.

There is an angel that doth walk unseen  
 The round of this huge earth each following year,  
 Halting by field and wood, with glances keen  
 He scans the world about him far and near,  
 Seeking if any note his presence here.

Seeking if haply some fond watchful soul,  
 Forsaking vainer things, be wandering there,  
 Half cheered by hope, half slain by fierce despair,  
 But praying light to read life's baffling scroll.

And few he finds, so few there be who seek  
 Through love alone, who watch with tireless eyes  
 Undazzled by the world's false glittering gold,  
 And wait some vision from the far off skies.  
 If one he find, then doth the angel speak;  
 And finding none, then sad he doth return;  
 For though the words upon his lips may burn,  
 If no soul be found waiting to be wise,  
 He must go hence, his message still untold.

Shall we, the heirs to this brave heritage  
 Which spreads about us like a world new born,  
 Mope dumbly here till God's hand shuts the page  
 Of His great book, and we be left forlorn?

Should no flame of aspiring hope be caught  
 From contemplation of these moving scenes,  
 To lift us from the world of pigmy thought  
 Whose Atlas is a dwarf; where fancy leans  
 To twittering rhymes by fashion's model wrought,  
 Then we are lost indeed:

Throw down the pen—  
 Tear off the harp-strings—let us seek the shore  
 Of some gray-shadowed land where never more  
 A gleam of light might wake the soul's endeavor;  
 There let us bide, and no song break again  
 The seal of silence on our lips forever.



## OKLAHOMA.

THE excited discussions which have lately arisen throughout the Union relative to the opening of Indian Territory to White settlement, and the report by its Committee on Territories to the present House of Congress, with its incident *pros* and *cons*, give to the subject prominent present importance, and readers devour greedily all apparently correct *data* bearing thereupon. Having been until recently editor of the *Oklahoma War-Chief*, then the official organ of the Payne Oklahoma Colony, and as such living upon the borders of and inside the territory, and having made every official act of the United States Government relating to the Indian Territory subject of careful investigation, besides the intimate intercourse with red and white denizens of the disputed ground necessary and incident to my then official connection, probably gives me opportunity for furnishing *BIVOUAC* readers reliable *data*, if not reasonable deductions, in the premises.

Several considerations involved give the matter especial importance to the South and Southwest. The productions of its soil—cotton, tobacco, fruits, grapes, hemp, grasses, cane, etc.—fit it eminently for the homes of natives of those sections. Its nutritious perennial grasses and its seasons make it one of the most favored cattle- and horse-raising countries on the continent. These facts have evolved from every experiment so far made in the territory. Its waters all flow into our own Mississippi and Gulf, naturally throwing into our laps the immense productions that our people are by nature and avocation so well adapted to bringing forth. Under its present *régime* it constitutes a barrier to our own commerce, from the fact that railroad building having been prohibited in the territory, that traffic has been deflected from Mississippi and Gulf marts and shipping ports to the Atlantic sea-board, thus prohibiting our successful competition with producers in the Middle, Eastern, and Northern sections; while under white (Southron) habitation and rule the intervening link of our great railroad systems would be at once constructed, and the immense cereal and other productions of the whole Mississippi Valley would float in their natural channel and seek outlet to European markets at the gates of our Gulf. From the Appalachian hills and vales the world's food should float in that direction, and would, as would that from the western sheds of the

Rockies, were it not for this one barrier, this one missing link in our railroad system, that has created this unnatural diversion and driven what should be our own traffic eastward and northward by long routes, the toll for which is added to the cost of our productions.

For these and other reasons the subject assumes vast importance to the South and Southwest.

But I promised you some facts in the history and *status* of Oklahoma.

The title is not a misnomer, the word meaning "Beautiful Land," and it is assuredly as beautiful a portion of our continent as White Progress has ever coveted. Oklahoma proper is in the very heart of Indian Territory, but the term has come to apply to all the other unoccupied lands in the territory, including government Oklahoma running north to the Kansas State line, and the strip east and west from the Cherokee Reservation line to the Colorado State line, including, on the west, the public land strip as laid down on government maps, and known as "No-Man's Land." This division has three local and legal cognomens:

1. Oklahoma, containing 1,887,100 acres.
2. Cherokee Strip, containing about 6,000,000 acres.
3. Public Land Strip, containing 3,672,640 acres.

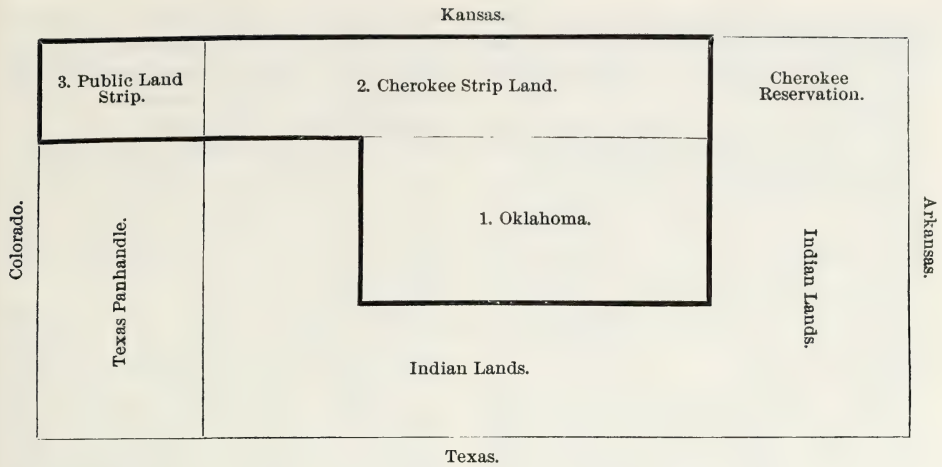
The accompanying diagram will better describe what is now termed Oklahoma.

The heavy lines bound the proposed new territory.

Those portions numbered 1, 2, 3 comprise what the bill reported to the present House of Representatives, by its Committee on Territories, proposes to create into "The Territory of Oklahoma."

The first was originally part of the Creek and Seminole purchase, and was by them ceded to the United States, and the Secretary of the Interior reports to Congress that they have been paid therefor.

The second was ceded by the Cherokees to the United States in 1866, and three hundred thousand dollars of the purchase-money has been paid to them. The United States, however, reserved to the Cherokees the right to use it as "an outlet" to the hunting grounds and salt fields lying westward. And it is on this specified "right" the Cherokees claim title to rent it to wealthy cattle syndicates, who are



now occupying every foot of it in sub-leases, for which occupancy the "Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association" pays the Cherokees one hundred thousand dollars per annum, about one-and-a-half cents per acre.

Besides occupying this strip, their cattle "drift" all over Oklahoma (1), and still remain there. "Drifting," in cowboy parlance, means driven by storms. When those fierce northerners—call "blizzards"—begin to blow in *sui generis* ferocity, the cattle, with eyes closed, heads lowered, and tails erect, run with it, for hundreds of miles sometimes. And the *regulation* is for the cowboys to follow after and turn the runaways back to their own range. But it is one of the remarkable effects of a blizzard, down there, that cattle and cowboys, teams and wagons, ranch houses and wire-fencing all *drift* together, and are as neatly and permanently fixed as if back on the rented range; even post-holes being dug by the whirlwinds and the fence fixed! Fact; I've seen the phenomenon often.

The third (Public Land Strip) adjoining Cherokee Strip on the west, was ceded by Texas to the United States in 1860, and is about the size of the State of Connecticut. Congress has failed to give it attention, leaving it without law or any authorized occupancy, although cattle barons utilize its nutritious grass and beautiful streams, rent free.

These three tracts contain 11,582,595 acres of the richest grass, perennial streams, health-giving atmosphere, and (in Oklahoma) some fine forest and mineral lands. Divided into 160-acre farms they would give homes to 72,391 families; or, averaging five to the family, 361,955 industrious, religious educationalists,

where now there is not a school-house, church, or farm.

Not an Indian lives on or uses it, nor even claims to own a foot of it further than the above-mentioned assumed title of the Cherokees to the Cherokee Strip. Not an Indian hunter traverses its prairies, forests, or streams; nay, a white hunter can not travel over it without a pass from the Live Stock Association who lease one of the strips.

Dave Payne originated the first colony, whose set purpose has been for a dozen years to have this vast idle garden opened to white settlement, which is still known as Payne's Oklahoma Colony, vulgarly ycleped "Boomers." David L. Payne was one of nature's noblemen, born in Indiana, taken West in boyhood, a natural frontiersman, reared on the prairies, plains and Rockies, for many years a scout for United States Western troops, and the trusted companion of all the most noted generals commanding those sections. He was necessarily self-educated, but of high native talents and remarkable force of character, a giant physically, tough as a pine-knot, courageous as a lion, with a perfect ignorance of fear. He was at one time a well-to-do farmer and grazier in Sedgwick County, near Wichita, Kansas. He was several times Kansas State Senator, besides filling various other public offices. But his genius and proclivities led him to spend the greater part of his years in the saddle, on the plains and mountains of the great West, most of the time as scout.

It was while scouting through the Indian Territory, and noticing the loneliness that silenced those vast solitudes, so well adapted for the busy hum of thriving whites, that he orig-



inated the plan of opening the country for settlement. He finally made this his life-work, and its now promised consummation will be his monument.

Payne died suddenly of heart disease at Wellington, Kansas, in November, 1884; and one of his most valued and trusted lieutenants, William L. Couch, has since filled his place as captain of the colony. Payne's better qualities are all reflected in the mental make-up of his successor, supplemented by his own native dignified manliness and shrewd apprehension of the politico-governmental workings of the present era.

Besides this Oklahoma colony, numbering about fifteen thousand members, there are similar colonies in Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Iowa, Indiana, with scattered membership from Maine to California. The writer's knowledge of these people and their plans leads to the assertion that there are over fifty thousand heads of families and sturdy young bachelors now ready to rush into the "Beautiful Land" and make of it the quickest grown State ever formed from a territory.

The Indian problem is rapidly approximating solution in the irresistible striding of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. And the moral features of the question have nothing to do with the case. The right or wrong of either party in the century-conflict on this continent is an insignificant factor in that problem. From the eastern to the western margin of the world the march of the Caucasian has been the "manifest destiny" which settled all proprietary discussions. And "Lo! the poor Indian" can neither stay nor stem the coming conquest. But as brothers in our family of man, for the Red man let philanthropy suggest how the white man can draw the hobs from the heels of Destiny's soldiery, that the crunch of their invading progress may not crush. Absorption instead of annihilation is the lesson necessary to be learned by fanatical sentimentalists and their deluded red victims. Whether the sons and daughters intermarry or not, the weaker must for salvation assimilate into the great citizenship of the stronger, for so has it ever been.

Chief Bushyhead, an educated Indian, Chief (President) of the Cherokees a year or so ago, "let the cat out of the bag" as to the opposition of the "head-men" to the whites entering these unoccupied lands. We had *pow-wowed* several hours and he had acknowledged having no claim to Oklahoma (proper), but made his main fight against any settlement by whites upon the

Cherokee Strip. "Then, Chief," I remarked, "if you do not own it, don't want it, and could n't use it, why do you oppose our settling down in Oklahoma, aside from the Cherokee Strip part of the dispute?"

His keen eye drew into a regular "sight-through-the-bead" on me, as he fixed his index finger-tips together, and, after the usual Indian pause, he said: "Once fix you there and you become the *wedge* that splits us open, and then you swallow us up."

Philosophically shrewd, wasn't he? Doubtless he sees the handwriting on the wall, and silently mourns the foreshadowed extinction of his people. With no more, and no less, ambition than his white brothers are swayed by, he is loth to give up his leadership as chief to sink to the level of an insignificant citizen. Sad; but we can not stop to weep over the anomalous truth in history that the path worn by advancing civilization is wet with tears, too oft with blood.

This man is chief of the Cherokees, one of the "Five Civilized Nations" in Indian Territory *treated with by our government as separate, distinct nations*. The Cherokees have their council, composed of an upper and lower house, similar to our Congress; have all the formulæ and courts that our jurisprudence recognizes. The head of their nation is elected by popular vote, and really occupies the position there that the President of the United States does here; with this addition, that his lately acquired toga of citizenship does not, can not free the Indian from his old superstitious, abject obedience to his once revered hereditary chief, his king; and Chief Bushyhead sways a more powerful scepter than inheres in the republican idea of President. His people are the most numerous and probably the most advanced in civilization of any of the Five Tribes. These five tribes, with several bands and remnants of other Indians, all told, number 79,469 souls. They hold 41,102,546 acres of land, by clear and clouded titles. But of the lands actually legally owned by the Indians, it is proposed, in the only plan I have seen to interfere with them at all, to divide their lands to them in severalty; that is, give to each family of four 160 acres, and pay them just what the government sells it at when opened for settlement, say \$1.25 per acre, less cost of survey and transfer. The calculation is, there would be left, after the division, in the neighborhood of forty millions of acres to be sold to settlers. The proceeds thus turned over

to the Indians would make them, in actual cash and fee-simple titled lands, the wealthiest people in the world, and insure to them and their descendants ease and plenty all their days. As it is, they can not possibly use a tithe of the lands they claim. What they "lease" to cat-

tle syndicates brings them only one-and-a-half cents per acre per annum, and much of this they are cheated out of.

Am I to blame for the deduction that absorption is better than extinction, and that extinction is rapidly coming upon them?

*William F. Gordon.*

## MISTRESS BETSEY SHEPPERD.

IT is one of the opening days of spring, when all her pretty whites and fresh greens are seen. The white horses, the cloud horses, are shaking out their tails, a sign of coming rain; the long light clouds wave across a blue, blue sky, and the gardens are beginning to send forth their fragrance.

"Hot days er comin' er zoonin' an' er hummin'," says the gardener, "fer heah dem little Stars er Bethlehem," says he, "dey's got out dere little independint tickets ev'ry whar."

"Blue-bottles," too, are freighting the light air with their odors. Little children know that summer's sweet warmth is not far off when those slender stems shoot up from their wee rushes, when they hold up their bunches of tiny blue jugs and shake out perfume therefrom.

In-doors a small chip fire crackles on the hearth, for it is yet too cool to be without a blaze.

The children of a certain happy household are coloring Easter eggs. One is tempted to go into the big brother's cabinet, while he is away at college, to take a nest of eggs from his precious collection. Those faintly blue-tinted of the bluebird; or the darker blue of the cat-bird; the mocking-bird's splotched and spotted with umber; or the delicate wee eggs of thrush, vireo, or oriole.

Old Aunt Hannah sits in the fire-corner of the play-room, drawn close to the blaze, for bones are hard to keep warm at ninety; they get to be an uncomfortable possession in course of time and push themselves too much into notice as years advance.

Aunt Hannah's "bones" enter very much into conversation in latter days, but it is not her own bones, it is the family's blood that draws forth her best efforts of speech.

Watching with dimming eyes the wholesome fresh-springing life of the present generation of a people whom she had long served and loved,

Aunt Hannah is moved to tell the stories of an old time, true stories that read like legends in these peaceful, progressive days.

Watching now the children busy with their paints and gildings, she speaks:

"Little Miss Maria, settin' dar wid her curls ruffled up, sorter puts me in mind ov de picter er Mistis Betsey up ter No'th Ca'lina. Oh, dem days, chillun, yo' grandma, Mistis Betsey Shepperd, wuz er trig little figger, ez neat en sweet ez yer'd keer ter see, howsome'er she wuz yer way-behin' grandma."

Brown and wrinkled, the old woman sits in the fire-corner; slow of speech she is, until fully wrought upon by the elixir of ancient excitement.

The stories she tells are of long ago; her voice out of the far past is like a voice from the dead; like a roll of old parchment her lips have opened to let out their story.

"De onlies' gal er de Shepperd fam'ly Mistis Betsey wuz den. Dar wuz seven boys hand-runnin', en den dis heah gal. 'Twas afo' my day, but I hearn my ole marster and my mammy, too, I hearn dem tell de tales er dem stirrin' times. I hearn my mammy tell how Mistis Betsey useter ride o'er de country er settin' on de hoss behin' one er her brothers. Dey be makin' dere journeys heah an' about o'er No'th Ca'lina ter visit dere kin; night fall, en dey go ridin' 'long; dey heah de panthers holler en message hit ter one 'nother in de trees o'er dere heads.

"Panthers hollerin' o'er dem, en Mistis Betsey she no mo' scart dan ef de hearth cat wuz er mewin'.

"Dar wa'n't no trimble bone in her, dar wa'n't.

"She seed fine times den wid dem seven brothers ter pet her; but whin she went ter live wid de oldest' one er her brothers, Colonel Shepperd dey calt him den, de seasin wa'n't s' good fer her.



"My mammy, what wuz des er strip uv er gal den, en some ole trunks packed wid trick-seys, wuz all dat Mistis Betsey hed ter ca'y ter her noo home. My ma wuz er mighty soon little nigger, en she wuz gave ter Mistis Betsey ter be her little maid.

"De 'oman Marse Colonel ma'yed wuz er caution, she wuz.

"She hed two sisters er livin' wid her, De-Thoms dey wuz, en er all de high-head folks dey wuz de highes'.

"Dey sot right down on little mistis, en dey treated her survigusly, but she kep' level wid 'em, same like er floatin' cork.

"De talk den wuz er wah, en freedom, en Gin'al Washin'ton, de times wuz des 'bout ez swellin' ez er pea-pod in June.

"Marse Colonel he leaded de Whigs in dat part er de country.

"Patton, he wuz head man er de Englishers. Dat Patton he wuz er bad man; dey tell me ez his ve'y soul 'ud rattle in de shell uv er mustard seed. Howsome'er dem two, Marse Colonel en Patton, ain't ne'er met face ter face, caze de Englishers dey follered Patton fer ter nab marster time Patton grab him.

"Marster did n't 'low ter let dat man ketch sight er him, but he done glimpsed Patton siversal times in er crowd, en he know'd de look ov him.

"Same time one er de fines' Whigs in er nigh country wuz young Marster Sam Standish.

"De whole er Orange County had done been deeded ter his pa, en 't wuz kinder winded round dat Sam Standish hed er place calt Stag Park, de same place wuz builtd fo' stories high, en builtd all er good hick'ry logs. En dey say to'ards summer he'd go er nigh de big water sea, whar he hed 'nother plantation what dey calt Windindale.

"Dey 'ported, too, dat his table-siller civered fo' buffets, en ef folks did n't tell de straight 'bout dem b'longins er his'n, hit wuz caze dey had n't seen 'em en could n't git er purchase on de whole truf.

"Marse Standish wuz comin' ter our town, we lived six miles ouden town, to heve er speakin' wid de Whigs dar.

"De ladies talked er hevin' er county ball time he come at de noo-built log court-house.

"Whin dey done make shore 'bout dis ball, Mistis Peggy Shepperd, wuz Marse Colonel's lady, goed er fo' days' journey ter de city, she did, her body-men wid dere blunderbusses ridin' side de coach, she goed, she did, ter buy de ball dresses.

"Mistis 'Liz'beth DeThom, she sez:

"'Member, Li' Peggy, dat I is tall en fair en light complected, en fotch fer me er frock wid tingin's er blue, en don't forgit de newes' make er stomacher en tippet.'

"Mammy say she talk des dat way. Mistis Rosamon' she speaks up:

"'Dear Li' Peggy,' sez she, 'I's feard you'll be s' set on triggin' up yer beauty sister dat yer'll clean forgit dat po' Rosamon' has a'most dark hair en a'most dark eyes, en needs er little red ter set off her looks.'

"She talkin' 'bout dark eyes caze er Mistis Betsey, what hed eyes des black ez de chinquapins er fall time, en hair des soft fallin' ez de pine shadders.

"'Sholy,' sez Mistis Peggy, 'Po' Betsey is fur too dark complected, but she gotter have some'at ter put on her back. What'll you heve me bring you, Mistis, ef yer please?'

"'Oh, sister,' sez Mistis Bet, flingin' back her throat, 'I'll look well in a'most any thing.'

"Atter Miss Peggy come home fum de big town en onroll dem dresses dar wuz palpations fer sho; Miss 'Liz'beth she onwrap a big bundle en dar wuz er white dress des crisp wid brocade blue flowers, en like'ise er plain blue color stomacher, en one er de highes' neck collars en de fines' kinder tippet.

"I hearn my mammy tell all about it.

"Miss Rosamon' she ondid her roll, en dar wuz er white frock look like des offen de same piece, 'ceptin' de time er de yeah done change, en de flowers gotter be des red ez red. She hed er mantilly, too, en mo' else dan I kin tell.

"Mistis Betsey hed her piece like'ise; she ontie de roll, de gown fall out 'long.

"Deary me!

"'Twuz des white. Dat wuz all; des plain white, douten no flowers 't all.

"Dat night Mistis Betsey went ter her room early, en she take mammy wid her.

"She went ter onpackin' one er dese little hair trunks what hed her ma's cloze laid by in it. She handle dem cloze all o'er. She put 'em back 'ceptin er little yaller buff silk shawl. She tuck en cut off de fringe er dat shawl, en den she set mammy ter onravelin' it. She sot down herse'f wid bobbin en shuttle ter wind. She went ter tellin' mammy tales, caze mammy wuz er mighty brief little nigger, en pooty low-some ter git wo' out quick.

"Mistis Betsey tole er tale dat night 'bout Sis'Riller, en how's Sis'Riller did n't heve no gown ter wear ter de party twel her ole mammy brung her some, en how she hatter git dar des

pulled 'long by er gourd-vine wid er holler gourd ter de een fer er coach. Den Mistis Betsey say ter my mam, 'I ain't got nobody ter play like grandma but you, en what you'll hatter do fer me'll be ter fotch up er lot er light 'ood fum de woods, dese heah fat knots what'll burn like er wax candle.'

"De beds dem days wuz dese ole fo'-posters, what yer hatter git inter by er pa'r sta'r steps, en dey hed vallances all 'round, fallin' ter de fo'. Under dat vallance wuz des chock full er pine knots.

"At night-time mammy'd crope under de bed en haul out dat light 'ood en fling hit 'tween de fir'-dogs, en dem blazes dey des talked sparklin'.

"Mistis Betsey she set dar wid de bobbins she done wrop, en she des take er needle en she des 'broidered dat dress wid de pooties' yaller flowers.

"Dar don't grow no kinder flowers ez yaller en ez beautiful ez dem what she made.

"En de days gotter be mo' 'cited; de cock-hats in our hall could n't be count fer de number uv 'em.

"Mericans fum fur, 'Mericans fum nigh, come ter de Colonel.

"Whin time come fer de county ball de whole place wuz full er bloods and Whigs.

"Ev'y body talkin' 'bout de ball; but nobody didn't know 'bout de yaller flowers er growin' en er bloomin' under de pine light in Mistis Betsey's room.

"De coaches come.

"De ladies go.

"Ev'y lady hed her maid wid her fer ter hole her mantilly en sech.

"Mistis Betsey wuz all wrop up in er long shawl.

"T wuz in de side room dat de ladies drap off dere cloaks en tippits, en my mammy tell me ef uvver folks did stare dey did at Mistis Betsey when she flung off her wrop.

"She wuz dat shiny ez yer mouth water ter look at her, same ez whin yer eyes light on er gole piece.

"Miss Peggy, she did n't make no loud 'mir-ation, but she look des 'bout ez tuck-aback ez ef you'd struck one er dese noo-fangled matches on her face.

"De ladies dey all gether 'bout Mistis Betsey des like swallers round de one bluebird dat follers de flock.

"Miss Bet, she say, 'Yes, hit's all done wid de needle; hit's not dyed in de woof en wove in de warp.'

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"Mistis 'Lizabeth en Mistis Rosamon', dey had flowers des weavin' in de clof.

"Hit's dat way wid de Shepperds. Yer can't stop 'em fum dere dues, no mo'n' yer kin dam de spring wid cole en fros; hit's dar, en hit's comin' soon er late, en de later de richer.

"Mistis Peggy, she sweeped ter de do' en she calt ter de gents, standin' 'round de dor, ter send de Colonel dar. Whin he come she calt fer salts en bottle, en make like she gwine ter faint.

"But she fix Marse Colonel wid one er dem DeThom gals on each yotter side, and she make dem go ter de ball-room.

"She ax Mistis Betsey des stay by her twel de spell pass.

"Mistis Betsey, she stay, en ev'y time she 'lows she sorter got her sister-an-law prop up, de faint comes back livelier dan befo'.

"Mammy, she crope ter de do' den, en she say what she seen helt her heart. Marse Sam Standish, what wuz de richest en finest 'Merican dar, wuz des cuttin' it off wid Miss 'Liz'beth.

"Miss 'Liz'beth wuz mincin' small, en de blue gown wuz doin' its best.

"Marse Standish wuz sech er buxom young man; he wo' de longes' en de yalleres' queue er hair, en he had de blues' eyes.

"Bout same time mammy was peepin', Mistis Peggy goed ter look out.

"Dat dance o'er, de music start up fer 'nother round, de folks 'gun ter look up fum dere talk.

"De night wuz half gone.

"Den Miss Peggy send fer de Colonel, en say she kin bar ter go now.

"But dat time er evenin' Marse Sam Standish hed done choosed his partners; but no sooner his eyes done fell on Mistis Betsey, frash, wid her cheeks er glowin'—she seemin' like er gay rose set in er bed er wiltin' lilies—dan his looks were des like tied ter her. His eyes kep' on her whether he go back'ard er whether he go for'ards.

"He manage des af' de evenin' close ter git 'em ter chune up fer er reel, en den he ax ter lead out Mistis Betsey Shepperd.

"Oh, chillun! ef yer'd seen dem two buoy down de middle, yer'd thro'd up hands den en dar.

"Hit wuz shimmer and glimmer. Whin de two went ter twirlin' ter each side, en whirlin' 'bout en meetin' in de middle, yer couldn't scurely see fer de shinin'.

"Mammy say she vurily do b'lieve dat dem light'ood blazes hed got dereseves on dat frock



ter stay dar. Yer mought des say dat de may'-age er dem two wuz settle en shore dat night.

"'T wa'n't much leisure den ter talk 'bout weddin's.

"Marse Colonel, he wuz set on by dem Englishers en red-coats, en de wah done been turn loose o'er de whole land.

"Marse Sam Standish, too, he done los' much 'long er de fightin', but all he los' wa'n't no mo' 'n er straw outer de broom ter him. But de Shepperds dey s' hot head en s' spendswif' dat dey wuz bodaciously clean out by dat wah, 't wuz few pounds en shillin's dey hed left.

"De day er Mistis Betsey's weddin' wuz nighin', en Marse Standish, what wuz alwa's runnin' throo de inimy ter git ter our house ter see Miss Betsey, he would n't heah er de may'-age bein' put off.

"De day afo' de weddin'-day Marse Colonel wuz off in t'other county gettin' up sodgers; but he left words ez he'd be up in time ter give de bride away at de oltar; he mighty lovin' er his little sister Betsey, he wuz.

"De bride en groom, his folks en her kin, wuz ter meet at de town chu'ch.

"Marse Colonel, he done 'script up er lot er sodgers in neighbor county whin he 'low 'bout harf way er de night ter start fer home. But dar come up er lot mo' men, en he hatter wait on dem hour er two mo', den he set out s' swif' en hasty.

"He hearn dat Patton wuz on de watch fer him some'ars; but he did n't take no notice.

"He wuz ridin' by hisse'f in de grayin' day, reck'nin' how he hatter put out his hoss to'ds de een er his trip ter get ter de weddin', case Miss Betsey hed choosed early hours fer de may'age, en 't was bad luck ter put off de weddin' er minute, 'specially when de seasin wuz full er strife en trouble.

"Er ridin' 'long, Marse Colonel hearn some un on de road comin' up behin' him.

"He hole up, Colonel did, ter listen. De rider kept er comin'; comin' up sorter like a man what's been on er fox-hunt, en de dogs done los' de trail, en de trail done got cole, en he er turnin' home 'dout his hoss hevin' hed no gallop.

"Comin' nigher.

"Comin' sorter worried like.

"De day wuz n't yit spread.

"Marster he 'ole up en go slow, but he feel 'round fer his belt, en by-de-georges he done left his weepins at Colonel Ashe's whar he met de men at early night hours, whar he hed done laid off en rest hisse'f er bit.

"He go 'long kinder keerless en fearless, he did, but he don't feel s' easy whin he seed thoo de nearness, ez 't wuz Patton spic en span bearin' down on him.

"Marster draw up en pass o'er compliments ter Patton, tell him howdy, en de rest.

"Patton look like he mought suspicion some'at; he trot 'long wid Marster, but he keep fur off ez de road 'll 'low.

"He ain't seed Marse Colonel, but Marse Colonel done seed him. Marster kept up er talkin' like ter while 'way de time, but he's er cogitatin' how he gwine ter git off.

"He feared come broad light, dat Patton mought know him by county talk er his slim build', en his black eye, en de scar on 's lef' cheek.

"He look up den, Marster did, en he sees er brightenin' in de sky; en he seen, too, er brightenin' er de sense er de situation in Patton's eye. Den he 'sclaim out loud en he say, 'What er fine hoss yer ridin'! I could n't see his gaits in de dark;' den he pint all de hoss's good pints; den he ride anigh en tech de hoss's neck, den he feel 's skin.

"Patton he s' pleased ter heve er man what knows s' much er hoss-flesh er talkin' praise er his nag dat he clean forgit what he's er lookin' fer.

"Colonel done ponder de miles afo' him, en de creek ter ford, en he knowed his time.

"Praisin' de hoss, he come nigh ez he could, he done wrop his bridle strong 'round his arm. He be ridin' er ole hoss what dey calt Eagle, en ole Eagle, dey tells me, wuz er joe-nailer uv er hoss.

"Colonel he done got nigh ez he could. Sudden he draw hisse'f up. He fling out his arms. He lop 'em 'round Patton! He gripted him.

"Patton he jerk hisse'f up en drive his spur inter his hoss, but de Colonel he done goed rowel deep in Eagle.

"Patton wuz big ez er ox, but de Shepperd holt wuz on him!

"Dem two hosses wuz match des like pea en pea fer swif' runnin'. Airy one could n't git er pace ahead.

"Colonel helt fast en hard, he did. Patton he can't guide his hoss, he done hatter drap his rein. His arms des pin ter his sides, his sword en pistil hangin' dar des harmless ez er pair er doves.

"Colonel he des can keep ole Eagle straight in de road. De creek gotter be ford. Patton he watch fer his chance ter come den.

"Eagle he shup on de nigh bank. Colonel he

spurred him up! Patton's hoss guve er slide on de fur bank, but he too good er beas' ter go down. Patton he cussed. Colonel he save 's breath. O'er broad fiel' dey go! O'er hill dey go! Thoo swamp dey go! Pass folks dey go, straight en soon, nobody dare n't stop dem two. Patton he mo' strong 'an er ox, but de Sheperd grip got him. Patton's hoss he mo' swif' 'an er swaller, but ole Eagle he pace ter him.

"Des de hour dat de weddin' bell wuz chun-in' up at de chu'ch, Mistis Betsey's folks geth-ered dar, Marse Standish's people dar too, some in de church, some out; all un 'em wid swords en Sunday cloze.

"Down de road dem two come, Marse Colo-nel en Patton, dere hosses flingin' foam.

"Mistis Betsey, spyin' out fer de Colonel

seed 'em fust. De young men runned out en stopped de steeds. Colonel he drap his arms. De men dey take Patton.

"Marse Colonel do feel sorter stiff dey say. But he en de rest went straight inter de chu'ch, en he guve his sister away standin' wid mud o'er him head ter heel, but yit he cut er shine 'mongst 'em all.

"Mistis Betsey wuz trig out again in de yal-ler buff gown. She look s' pretty en proud dat day dat mammy say ez de sight uv her would er shine e'en clear inter blin' eyes.

"Marse Colonel he say, sez he: 'Betsey, wench, you'll pardin me fer bringin' ter de weddin' er guest widout er invite!'

"Mistis Betsey she laff soft en putty. Pat-ton he 'pear kinder maze en mad."

*Eli Shepperd.*

## PHILOPŒNA.

(Chaplin Hills, October 8, 1863.)

The orchard lands of Perryville  
Were sweet with must of aftermath;  
The dust lay thick on Chaplin Hill,  
On country road and bridle path;

The streams were withered at their springs,  
And sapless as the falling leaves  
That spread their wan and fallow wings  
Through all the dry October eves.

She stood beside the old well curb,  
As sweet, in maiden innocence,  
As fragrant pennyroyal herb  
That filled the corners of the fence.

"Give me a drink." She lifted up  
One hand to shade an upward look,  
And one to hold the small tin cup  
That hung from its accustomed hook.

Her lips were red, her eyes were bright;  
Her look inspired a sweeter thirst—  
To make the wish I would, I might,  
Although the last should be the first.

Her eyes were bright, her lips were red;  
The gentle voice was soft and low:  
"Give me one kiss for love," I said,  
"Or one for luck, before I go."

"My comrade, tarry at the gate,  
The rolling drum; the bugle's bleat;  
On yonder hills the reapers wait  
To sheaf and bind life's ruddy wheat."

She did not speak; her downcast eyes  
Were steeped with dews of sudden pain,  
As gray as when the sunny skies  
Are shadowed by an April rain.

She kissed me once, she kissed me twice;  
She laid her fragrant lips to mine,  
And answered with a broken voice  
That thrilled me like the musk of wine.

To taste the fragrance of her breath,  
As low, she said, that it was given,  
One kiss to grace a soldier's death,  
Another was for Christ's in Heaven.

And all that day, through shot and shell,  
I seemed to feel its tender grace  
About me like a holy spell,  
Where Death and I stood face to face.

And when the day was done, I told  
My soldier comrade, where we lay,  
A woman's word had made me bold  
Through all that dark and dreadful day.

Life had no richer gifts to give,  
And no regrets to me had power,  
For in the grace that let me live  
Till then, life reached its perfect flower.

"It was not yours," our captain said;  
"The grace in her was sanctified.  
The kiss she gave was for the dead  
That fell that day on either side.

"To Honor and to Christ she prayed,  
And out on yonder battle plain  
Red Honor's lips kissed every blade,  
And Christ's dear lips have kissed the slain.

"And though war's sickle cleave the land,  
Yet when the ruddy harvest's done,  
The dead that fell at either hand  
In Christ's dear blood shall all be one."

*Will Wallace Harney.*



## AFTER THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

IT became apparent, early in the spring of 1865, that General Lee could no longer hold Richmond, which was about to be completely invested.

His withdrawal from the Confederate capital and retreat into the interior of Virginia necessitated the immediate abandonment of all territory where troops had been stationed to keep open communication with the beleaguered city, and obliged all Confederate forces, wherever posted, whose operations could have any strategic connection with those of the army of Northern Virginia, to follow its movements and be prepared to second its action.

It was obvious that, even if further armed resistance to the Federal forces in the East was possible, the policy, so long adhered to, of maintaining determinate positions, defending cities, and seeking to permanently occupy and protect particular territory, would have to be abandoned. Every one realized that the last and only hope of the Confederacy was in the prompt concentration of the armies commanded by Generals Lee and Johnston, reinforced by every available man and musket.

If an army strong enough to assume the offensive and win one or more pitched battles could be thus formed, Confederate independence—so the most sanguine dared hope—might yet be achieved. We can scarcely understand now how such a thought could have been seriously entertained; but the ideas which induced the contest and supported Southern men through the long struggle had tenacious hold and influence, and men were capable then of forming desperate resolves and of persisting very obstinately in efforts with which hope had but little to do.

Brigadier-General John Echols was then in command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia. Stationed at various points in the department were General Wharton's division and the brigades of Colonels Trigg and Preston, infantry, between four and five thousand strong, and four brigades of cavalry, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Vaughn and Cosby, Colonel Giltner, and myself. These brigades had an aggregate strength of about twenty-three hundred men. So depleted had they become by arduous service and casualties of all kinds that no one of them was as strong numerically as a full regiment at an earlier period of the war. There was also at-

tached to the departmental command a very fine and unusually well-equipped battalion of artillery. Its commander, Major Page, was one of the best and most gallant officers I ever knew.

On the 2d day of April General Echols issued orders looking to the evacuation of the department and a junction of its forces with those of General Lee. My brigade was at that time dismounted; that is to say, I had sent nearly all of my horses into North Carolina to be wintered, on account of the impossibility of procuring sufficient forage in the country where I was stationed, and I had not yet gotten them back. Just, too, as the movement commenced I was joined by a number of the men of Morgan's division, who had been captured during the Ohio raid and the last expedition of General Morgan into Kentucky. These men were not only "Web-feet"—as we used to style the infantry—in *præsentia*, but their hopes of horseflesh were scant indeed.

Marching almost constantly, by day and night, after the 3d of April, and employing the rail transportation at his disposal most judiciously for the movement of troops as well as supplies, General Echols reached Christiansburg on the 10th with the troops brought from the western end of his department, and concentrated his entire command there. He was confident that he would be able, within a few days, to effect a junction with General Lee somewhere to the southwest of Richmond, most probably in the vicinity of Danville, and was resolved to press on with the same celerity which had characterized his movements up to that date, so soon as he could learn definitely what direction to take.

Stoneman had sent raiding parties into that region a short time previously, which had so seriously damaged the telegraph lines that they could not be used for many miles to the east of Christiansburg. With our limited facilities for such work we had not been able to repair them. Two or three days before our arrival at Christiansburg, General Echols had sent Lieutenant James B. Clay, of his staff, eastward along the line of the railroad, with instructions to proceed as rapidly as possible and without stopping, except to change horses, until he had reached a point where he would be in telegraphic communication with General Lee. He was instructed to return, without delay, with

such information as he could procure. Lieutenant Clay was compelled to ride to Lynchburg before he could obtain any information whatever. He found General Lomax there, and, learning from him most important information, immediately returned with it. He was in the saddle almost constantly and riding rapidly more than eighty hours.

We had reached Christiansburg late in the evening of the 10th of April. The command had halted for the night, and the troops were about to go into camp, but the column was still closing up, and the larger part of it was yet on the road. I remember that General Echols and I were dismounted and standing upon the turnpike surrounded by the soldiers. We were talking about some ordinary matter to which I had called his attention. Just then Lieutenant Clay galloped up and asked where he could find the General. General Echols indicated his presence, and Clay approached and silently handed him a dispatch. General Echols opened and read it. I instantly perceived that it contained momentous and disastrous news. His face became intensely flushed, and then grew deadly pale. He quietly requested me to follow him out of the throng. I did so, and when we were a few paces away he read me the dispatch, which was from General Lomax, and in these words: "General Lee surrendered this morning at or near Appomattox Court-house. I am trying with my own division and the remnants of Fitz Lee's and Rosser's divisions to arrange to make a junction with you."

Although prepared to hear of disaster, I had not expected anything so dreadful as this, and the announcement almost stunned me. I can never forget the feeling of utter dismay and despair with which I heard it, or the impression it produced upon the troops when the information reached them.

General Echols had not intended to immediately divulge it. After a brief conference we agreed that the news should be concealed, if possible, from the men until the next day, and communicated that night only to the brigade and regimental commanders. We hoped that some plan might be devised which would enable us to hold the troops together until we could learn what policy would be pursued by Mr. Davis, and whether it would be our duty to endeavor to join General Johnston. But to conceal such a fact when even one man was aware of it was impossible. Before we had concluded our brief conversation, we knew from the hum and stir in the anxious, dark-browed

crowds nearest us, the restless oscillation of the long column as the whisper flew along it, the excitement which soon grew almost to tumult, that the terrible tidings had gotten abroad. That night no man slept. Strangely as the declaration may now sound, there was not one of the six or seven thousand then gathered at Christiansburg who had entertained the slightest thought that such an event could happen, and doubtless that feeling pervaded the ranks of the Confederacy.

We knew that Richmond had fallen. We knew that the heroic army which had so long defended Richmond was in retreat. We knew that it would be nomadic, that its operations could no longer be conducted upon the methods which support regular warfare, and that every thing necessary to maintain its efficiency was lost. We could hazard no conjecture as to what would be done; yet, that the army of Northern Virginia with Lee at its head would ever surrender had never entered our minds. Therefore, the indescribable consternation and amazement which spread like a conflagration through the ranks, when the thing was told, can scarcely be imagined by one who has not had a similar experience.

For four years the people of the Southern States had lived under a separate government of their own, and had looked upon themselves as constituting a distinct nationality.

The very fact that those four years had been years of struggle, danger, and sacrifice only the more intensified their aspirations for political separation and independent governmental existence.

What at first may have been with the mass of the population mere prejudice, as some have claimed, or at best but an ideal love of the freedom which, in its widest sense, means the right of the people of every sovereign community to control without interference or restriction their own affairs, had grown into an ardent wish for the maintenance of the Confederacy and a devotion to their Southern land which was limitless. Previous attachment to their native soil, all the ideas and traditions they had been reared to believe and cherish, all that contributes to make up what is wise and good, as well as what, in excess, may be wrong in patriotism, was connected in their minds with the contest in which they were engaged and the effort they were making. They were almost ready to believe that all future hope and life itself depended upon success.

To all who read this—save those who shared



the sentiment—it may seem incredible that the Southern people and soldiery can have really felt the blow so keenly. I will ask such skeptics to imagine the impression that would be produced upon them by the conviction that this country had been suddenly subjugated by some foreign power, and was about to be overrun and permanently occupied by its armies and governed by its agents. The South expected in defeat to be reduced to just such a condition. General Lee and his army had been so identified in our minds with the Confederate cause that to lose them was like taking the heart from the body.

During all that night officers and men were congregated in groups and crowds discussing the news, and it was curious to observe how the training and discipline of veteran soldiers were manifested even amid all this deep feeling and wild excitement. There was not one act of violence, not a harsh or insulting word spoken; the officers were treated with the same respect which they had previously received, and although many of the infantrymen who lived in that part of Virginia went off that night without leave and returned to their homes, none who remained were insubordinate or failed to obey orders with alacrity.

Great fires, larger and more numerous than ordinary camp-fires, were lighted and kept burning. Every group had its orators, who, succeeding each other, spoke continuously. The men rushed from one crowd to another, hundreds sometimes collecting about a peculiarly fervid speaker. Every conceivable suggestion was offered. Some advocated a guerrilla warfare; some proposed marching to the trans-Mississippi, and thence to Mexico. The more practical and reasonable, of course, proposed that an effort to join General Johnston should immediately be made. Many, doubtless, thought of surrender, but I do not remember to have heard it mentioned.

On the next day General Echols convened a council of war composed of his brigade commanders. He frankly stated that it would be impossible to carry the infantry commands out of Virginia, especially as the march to effect a junction with Johnston's army would be a long one, through a difficult country barren of supplies, and must necessarily be rapid. He proposed, therefore, that the men of these commands should be furloughed for sixty days, at the expiration of which time, if the Confederacy survived, they might possibly be returned to the service. The infantry commanders

approved of this policy, and it was adopted. General Echols then requested the officers commanding the cavalry brigades to give expression to their views. General Cosby and Colonel Giltner frankly declared their conviction that further resistance was impossible, and that it was their duty to lose no time in making the best terms possible for their men. They expressed a determination to march to Kentucky and immediately surrender. General Vaughn and I believed that we were allowed no option in such a matter, but that, notwithstanding the great disaster of which we had just learned, we were not absolved from our military allegiance. We thought it clearly our duty to attempt to join General Johnston, and to put off surrender so long as the Confederate government had an organized force in the field. We expressed ourselves ready to obey any order General Echols might issue. For my own part, I was convinced that all of the troops there would rather have their record protected than their safety consulted.

General Echols verbally notified each brigade commander (of cavalry) that he would be expected to take his brigade to General Johnston, and said that a written order to march that evening would be delivered to each. I received such an order. It is my impression that this order was handed me by Captain John Sanford, then serving on General Echols' staff, I believe, as inspecting officer. The infantry was ostensibly furloughed, virtually disbanded, in accordance with this programme. The guns of Page's batteries were spiked and the carriages burned. The artillery horses and several hundred mules taken from the large wagon-train, which was also abandoned, were turned over to my brigade that I might mount my men. I had been joined at Christiansburg by a fresh detachment of paroled prisoners of Morgan's old command. I permitted as many of them as I could mount to accompany me, and armed them with rifles left by the disbanded infantrymen. I was compelled to peremptorily order a very considerable number of these paroled men to remain in a camp established in the vicinity of Christiansburg. They were anxious to follow on foot, and were as reluctant to stay as I to part with them. Late on the evening of the 11th, General Echols, at the head of Vaughn's brigade and mine, the latter on muleback, began the march toward North Carolina, which was to close with the final surrender of the last Confederate organization east of the Mississippi River. The

rain was pouring in torrents. The sky was as dark and gloomy as our thoughts. The aspect of nature itself seemed ominous of disaster. The roads, rugged and difficult at all times, were rendered almost impassable by the stormy weather, and we struggled and groped along through the long, black night, with the feeling of men who were going blindfold, but voluntarily, to execution.

On the next day ninety men of Colonel Giltner's brigade, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel George Dimond, Captains J. T. Willis, John T. Scott, and Thomas F. Barrett, and Lieutenant Freeman, overtook us. They had learned, after our departure, of the result of the conference and of General Echols' determination to join General Johnston. Retracing their steps, they hastened to report to General Echols. At their own request they were assigned to my brigade, and I welcomed them gladly. A more gallant body of men never rode to battle, and their officers were among the best that Kentucky had furnished the Confederacy. They remained in the field until there was no longer a Confederacy to serve.

Two or three days of rapid movement, and the knowledge that their leaders were animated by a definite and positive purpose, confirmed the *morale* of the men, and partially restored the careless, buoyant humor with which the veteran soldier regards almost every vicissitude. As we approached the North Carolina border, we heard frequent rumors that a large force of Federal cavalry was in the immediate vicinity and prepared to contest our further progress. The point at which it was supposed we would encounter them, and where collision would be most dangerous to us, was "Fancy Gap," through which the road on which we were marching would conduct us. We were by no means desirous of battle at that time and in that region, but far more solicitous to reach our destination without any sort of delay. We were resolved, however, to get through that gap.

General Echols' chief of staff, Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, after communicating to General Vaughn and myself such instructions as were deemed necessary, supplemented them with a battle order which I have always thought incomparably superior to any thing of the kind that ever came to my notice. In it, not only were the dispositions and movements of the troops directed very explicitly, but also those of the commander-in-chief, and the "gallant

and efficient" officers, who served immediately about his person. It was not official, nor intended for publication, and I reproduce it without asking the consent of the author:

"Now, if the Yankees, d—n their eyes!

Shall strive to take us by surprise,  
And think to catch us in a nap,  
As we file through this Fancy Gap,  
Wycher will skirmish to the front,  
While Duke and Vaughn abide the brunt:  
To give the old Tycoon and staff  
A chance to climb a hill and laugh."

Very much to the satisfaction of all concerned, "Tycoon," staff, and troops, the Yankees were not in or near the gap when we reached it.

It would be difficult to discover or imagine a more uncomfortable place for battle than this same "Fancy Gap." Its entrance is in Virginia, about six miles from the North Carolina line, and it is a sort of natural gateway between the two States. Situated in one of the most rugged of the spurs of the Alleghany range, it rather skirts—"flanks," as we expressed it in the parlance of that period—than pierces the mountain; for it is near the extremity of the spur, and the ground for many miles west of it, while so broken as almost to forbid access, can scarcely be called mountainous. The scenery in the gap proper is exceedingly striking and picturesque. The road, scarcely wider at any point than is necessary to permit wagons approaching each other from different directions to pass conveniently, winds around the side of the mountain, whose bare, rocky cliffs upon the eastern side spring almost sheer upward to enormous and precipitous heights. On the other hand, the natural wall goes down, right down, in ghastly, dizzy descent, how many hundreds of feet I know not, but at some places the brain reels when the eye attempts to fathom the depth, and one might think it would tire a bird's wing to dive to the bottom.

The whole region, indeed, immediately to the west of the road, seems to be one immense abrupt depression in the spur, as if the backbone and interior of the range had there been dissolved or scooped out, leaving a cavity, the bottom of which is perhaps on a level with the plain country at the foot of the hills on either side, but which is rimmed like a crater by the rocky shell of the mountain. If there are breaks in this shell they can not be detected, from the road which we traversed, by one gazing over the wide expanse. The view, as thus



seen, comprises many square miles and is singularly attractive. The low-lying valley was, at the time of which I write, overspread with tracts of forest, in which the trees were evidently of noble growth, yet in the deep distance dwindled to the apparent dimensions of the smallest shrubs. This varied vegetation, just bursting into the rich foliage of spring, waved beneath us in every shade of green. At some points it undulated up the sides of the steep boundary, as if seeking to climb over it and escape, and at others it seemed to have fallen back from the tremendous, precipitous cliff after vain efforts to scale it. The western end of the valley—if, amid the deceptive mirage effects, we saw so far—was shrouded in low-hanging clouds, in the glimmering haze, where the midday sun burned on the bare rocks, in what seemed smoke arising in thin spires from cabins hidden among the thickets and crags and vapors whirled up along the bed of some plunging water-course.

On the second day after entering North Carolina we crossed the Yadkin River, and on the evening of the next day thereafter reached Statesville. Here General Echols left us in order to proceed more promptly to General Johnston, who was supposed to be at Salisbury. Vaughn marched in the direction of Morganton, and I set out for Lincolnton, where I expected to find my horses and the detail, under Colonel Napier, which I had sent in charge of them to their winter quarters in that vicinity. Crossing the Catawba River on the top of the covered railroad bridge—a tedious and not altogether safe method—I reached the southern bank about noon, and pushed on as rapidly as I could march. Lincolnton is distant from this point about twenty miles.

I had obtained credible information that the Federal cavalry, of whose proximity we had heard previous rumors, were now certainly very near, and also marching in the direction of Lincolnton. I was very anxious to get there first, for I feared that if the enemy anticipated me, the horses and guard would either be captured or driven so far away as to be entirely out of my reach. Early in the afternoon, I discovered unmistakable indications that the enemy was close at hand, and found that he was moving upon another main road to Lincolnton, nearly parallel with that which I was pursuing, and some three miles distant. My scouts began fighting with his upon every by-road which connected our respective routes; and I learned, to my great chagrin and discomfort,

that my men were not meeting with the success in that sort of combat to which they were accustomed, and which an unusual amount of experience in it might entitle them to expect. They were constantly driven in upon the column, and showed a reluctance to fight amounting almost to demoralization. Every man, whom I questioned, laid the blame in the most emphatic manner on his “d—d mule.” All declared that these animals were invincibly prejudiced against either advancing, retiring, or standing in any decent fashion.

Whenever the rider made ready to fire, the mule would turn tail and “buck.” If he dismounted, the mule would pull, kick, and otherwise demonstrate while he was essaying to take aim, and evince symptoms of insanity when the gun went off. To get on the creature’s back again was almost impossible. Few of the men had saddles, and they were not accustomed to mount without stirrups. An effort to lead the mule to a fence or stump, by the aid of which the man could climb upon his back, the brute seemed to regard with a suspicion and repugnance nothing could overcome. And the same mule, which, so long as his master was on the ground, had manifested the most unreasonable impatience to leave, showed, so soon as he was mounted, a stubborn disposition to remain. In short, it was the general verdict that they could n’t fight the mules and the Yankees at one and the same time. This was, of course, very discouraging. I sent a party of some twenty-five or thirty, mounted on horses and better equipped than the others, in advance, with instructions to get into Lincolnton before the enemy and communicate with Colonel Napier. However, when I had gotten within three miles of the place, about sunset, I met this party retiring before a very much larger body of Federals. They had reached Lincolnton, but found it occupied by the enemy in force. After a brisk skirmish, in which the detachment lost two men killed and several wounded, it had fallen back, pursued as I have stated.

After the evening’s experience just detailed, I was unwilling to fight, as I had reason to believe the enemy much my superior numerically.

To counter-march would have destroyed the *morale* of the men; and, if I had been attacked in rear, my column would have dissolved in utter route. Fortunately I had learned shortly before that a road, or rather trace, turned off to the left near this point, and led to other paths which conducted to the main road from Lin-

colinton to Charlotte. The head of the column was within fifty or a hundred yards at that time of a small road which answered the description given, and strengthening the detachment, which had faced about, with the advance guard and a select detail, I turned into this road. I knew that the boldest of the Federal cavalry were reluctant to pursue an enemy away from the more public roads and into the woods, not, as a rule, having such an acquaintance with the country as the Confederates or equal opportunity of obtaining information from the people. The advancing Federals were held in check until the entire command had taken the new direction. It proved to be the right one. Procuring guides, I marched some fifteen miles and reached the Charlotte road late in the night.

At Charlotte, where we arrived the same day, we found General Ferguson's brigade of cavalry; the town was also crowded with paroled soldiers of Lee's army and refugee officials from Richmond. On the next day Mr. Davis arrived, escorted by the cavalry brigades of General Debrill, of Tennessee, and Colonel William C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky.

In response to the greeting received from the citizens and soldiery, Mr. Davis made the speech which has been the subject of much comment then and since.

I heard it, and remember nothing said by him that could warrant much either of commendation or criticism. It was a simple, manly recognition of the welcome extended him, and a manly, courageous appeal to his auditors not to despair of their country. In the course of his remarks, a dispatch was handed him by some gentleman in the crowd, who, I have been told since, was the mayor of Charlotte. It announced the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Davis read it aloud, making scarcely any comment upon it at all. He certainly used no unkind language, nor did he display any feeling like exultation. The impression produced on my mind by his manner and few words was that he did not credit the story.

General John C. Breckinridge, who was then Secretary of War, did not accompany Mr. Davis to Charlotte, but had gone to General Johnston's headquarters at Greensboro, and was assisting in negotiations which were then pending between Generals Johnston and Sherman. Indeed, the celebrated armistice and treaty of surrender, signed by those two officers, which the Confederates found so favorable, but which was immediately rejected by the civil authorities of the United States, and by no one more

loudly repudiated, after all was over, than by General Sherman himself, was generally accredited then to the influence and suggestions of Breckinridge.

When General Breckinridge reached Charlotte, about two days after Mr. Davis' arrival, he was under the impression that the cartel he had helped to frame would be ratified by the Federal government and carried into effect. I saw and had a long conversation with him immediately upon his arrival. He was in cheerful spirits, and seemed to think the terms he had obtained from Sherman some mitigation of the sting of defeat and submission.

On the next morning he rode out to my camp, and the "boys," who, in common with nearly all Kentuckians, were devotedly attached to him, gave him an enthusiastic reception. He responded to their welcome with one of those brief, felicitous speeches, which were easier to him than to any one I have ever known. At its conclusion he seated himself at the foot of a large tree and began chatting with the men who assembled around him in crowds, and many of whom were personally known to him or sons of his old friends. All were anxious, of course, to learn something about the terms made with Sherman, and he explained them very frankly.

While this was going on, an incident happened, which I shall never forget as the strangest combination of the ludicrous and the heroic I ever witnessed. A soldier of my command, and who had not heard the speech, but had been informed of its purport, rode up on a saucy looking mule, and saluting the General, tucked his dilapidated hat under his left armpit, and begged leave to ask certain questions. He was a handsome, manly looking fellow, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age.

"General Breckinridge," he said, "is it true that you have made arrangements for a surrender which includes all Confederate troops on this side of the Mississippi?"

"It is true," was the response; "and I think the terms such as they all should accept."

"Do you really think, General, that *any* terms of surrender are honorable or should be accepted?"

"I do, or I certainly should not have assented to them."

"Well, I shall not accept or be bound by them," asserted the indomitable youth, drawing himself up still more stiffly, while the fire of a tameless spirit flashed from his gray eyes and gleamed in every lineament. At the same



time the mule, as if to indorse his master, stuck out his fore feet, threw up his head and snorted defiance. Mortal eyes never gazed on a more independent and irrepressible couple than mule and man then appeared to be.

"I regret that," said General Breckinridge; "and your comrades here, who are all true soldiers, do not agree with you."

"I can't help that," he retorted. "They can do as they please; but the sun shines as bright and the air is as pure on the far side of the Rio Grande as here, and I'll go there rather than give up to the Yankees."

A hearty and general laugh, as much, however, of admiration as amusement, greeted this spirited declaration. The young knight errant was not abashed.

"Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see,"

and tossing his arm in air, while the mule tossed its tail, he cantered off as if intent to reach the Rio Grande before night.

In the afternoon of that day General Johnston telegraphed that the authorities at Washington refused to recognize the terms upon which he and Sherman had agreed, that the armistice had been broken off, and that he would surrender, virtually, upon any terms offered him. Upon the receipt of this intelligence Mr. Davis resolved to at once leave Charlotte and attempt to march, with all the troops willing to follow him, to Generals Taylor and Forrest, who were somewhere in Alabama. He was accompanied by the members of his cabinet and his staff, in which General Bragg was included. The five brigades of Ferguson, Debrell, Breckinridge, and mine composed his escort, the whole force under the command of General Breckinridge. Marching very leisurely we made not more than twelve or fifteen miles daily. To cavalry accustomed, as all this force was, to move with much greater celerity, this slow progress was harassing, and a little demoralizing withal, as the men were inclined to construe such dilatoriness to mean irresolution and doubt on the part of their leaders. They were more especially of this opinion because a large body of Federal cavalry, the same which I had encountered at Lincolnton, were marching some ten or fifteen miles distant on our right flank, keeping pace with us, and evidently closely observing our movements. At Unionville I found Colonel Napier, with nearly all of the horses and some seventy or eighty men.

Mr. Davis, General Breckinridge, Mr. Benjamin, and the other cabinet and staff officers, mingled and talked freely with the men upon this march, and the effect was excellent, largely counteracting the feeling of uneasiness induced by our lack of activity. Those who know the rare conversational gifts of the three gentlemen I have mentioned, will understand the influence they must have exerted under circumstances so exceptional.

Speculation was rife among the soldiers in regard to the chances of the President and members of his cabinet to escape capture, and many guesses were hazarded as to who would get away and who would not.

It was the general opinion that Mr. Davis could escape if he would, but that was largely induced by the knowledge that extraordinary efforts would be made to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy. We all felt confident that General Breckinridge would not be made prisoner if duty permitted him to attempt escape. As Judge Reagan had been a frontiersman, and, as we understood, a "Texas Ranger," the men thought his chances good; but all believed that Benjamin would surely be caught, and all deplored it, for he had made himself exceedingly popular. For some days he kept on with us, as frequently riding in the midst of the men and at one or other part of the column as with his chief, and always smiling, talkative, and fascinating. One morning he had suddenly and strangely disappeared. No one seemed to know what had become of him.

His physical appearance indicated any thing rather than a capacity for nimble evasion. His handsome, pleasant face topped a fat, unwieldy body, as little adapted, one would have thought, to agile concealment and rapid transit as a bucket of butter. Yet all at once he mysteriously vanished, and when we heard of him again he was in London.

At Abbeville, South Carolina, Mr. Davis held a conference with the officers in command of the troops composing his escort, which he himself characterized as a council of war, and which I may be justified, therefore, in so designating. It was, perhaps, the last Confederate council of war held east of the Mississippi River, certainly the last in which Mr. Davis participated.

We had gone into camp in the vicinity of the little town, and, although becoming quite anxious to understand what was going to be done, we were expecting no immediate solution of the problem. We were all convinced that

the best we could hope and do was to get Mr. Davis safely out of the country, and then obtain such terms as had been given General Johnston's army, or, failing in that, make the best of our way to the trans-Mississippi.

The five brigade commanders each received an order notifying him to attend at the private residence in Abbeville where Mr. Davis had made his headquarters, about four o'clock of that afternoon. We assembled promptly at the hour indicated, and were shown into a room where we found Mr. Davis and Generals Breckinridge and Bragg. No one else was present. I had never seen Mr. Davis look better or show to better advantage. He seemed in excellent spirits and humor; and the union of dignity, graceful affability, and decision which made his manner usually so striking, was very marked in his reception of us. After some conversation of a general nature, he announced the purpose which had induced him to call us together.

"It is time," he said, "that we adopt some definite plan upon which the further prosecution of our struggle shall be conducted. I have summoned you for consultation. I feel that I ought to do nothing now without the advice of my military chiefs."

He smiled rather archly as he used this expression, and we could not help thinking that such a term addressed to a handful of brigadiers, commanding altogether barely three thousand men, by one who so recently had been the master of legions was a pleasantry, yet he said it in a way that made it a compliment.

After we had each given, at his request, a statement of the equipment and condition of our respective commands, Mr. Davis proceeded to declare his conviction that the cause was not lost any more than hope of American liberty was gone amid the sorest trials and most disheartening reverses of the Revolutionary struggle; but that energy, courage, and constancy might yet save all. "Even," he said, "if the troops now with me be all that I can for the present rely on, three thousand brave men are enough for a nucleus around which the whole people will rally when the panic which now afflicts them has passed away." He then asked that we should make such suggestions in regard to the future conduct of the war as we deemed advisable.

We looked at each other in amazement and with a feeling a little akin to trepidation, for we hardly knew how we should give expression

to views so diametrically opposed to those he had uttered as we entertained. Our respect for Mr. Davis approached veneration, and notwithstanding the total dissent we felt, and were obliged to announce to the programme he had indicated, that respect was rather increased than diminished by what he had said. We recognized that his high and dauntless spirit abhorred submission, not from personal considerations so much, as because of the patriotic love he bore his cause and people.

I do not remember who spoke first, but we each expressed the same opinion. We told him frankly that the events of the last few days had removed from our minds all idea or hope that a prolongation of the contest was possible.

The people were not panic-stricken, but broken down and worn out after every effort at resistance had been exhausted. We said that an attempt to continue the war, after all means of supporting warfare were gone, would be a cruel injustice to the people of the South. We would be compelled to live on a country already impoverished, and would invite its further devastation. We urged that we would be doing a great wrong to our men if we persuaded them to such a course. That if they persisted in a conflict so hopeless, they would be declared and treated as brigands, and would forfeit all chance of returning to their homes.

He asked why then were we still in the field. We answered that we were desirous of affording him an opportunity of escaping the degradation of capture, and perhaps a fate which would be direr to the people than even to himself, in still more embittering the exasperated feeling between the North and South. We said that we would ask our men to follow us until his safety was assured, and would risk them in battle for that purpose, but would not fire another shot in an effort to continue hostilities.

He declared, abruptly, that he would listen to no suggestion which regarded only his own safety. Resuming his previous tone, he appealed with an eloquence that was sublime to every sentiment and reminiscence that might be supposed to move a Southern soldier, and urged us to accept his views. We remained silent, for our convictions were unshaken; we felt responsible for the future welfare of the men who had so heroically followed us, and the painful point had been reached, when to speak again in opposition to all that he urged would have approached altercation. For some minutes not a word was spoken. Then Mr. Davis



arose and ejaculated bitterly that all was indeed lost. He had become very pallid, and he walked so feebly as he proceeded to leave the room that General Breckinridge stepped hastily up and offered his arm.

I have undertaken to narrate very briefly what occurred in a conference which lasted for two or three hours. I believe that I have accurately given the substance of what was said; and that where I have put what was said by Mr. Davis in quotation marks, I have correctly reproduced it, or very nearly so. Generals Debell and Ferguson, and Colonel Breckinridge are still living. I think their recollection of this somewhat remarkable occurrence will agree with mine.

Generals Breckinridge and Bragg took no part in the discussion. Both, however, after Mr. Davis retired, assured us of their hearty approval of the position we had taken. They had forbore to say any thing, because not immediately commanding the troops, and not supposed, therefore, to know their sentiments so well as we did. But they promised to urge upon Mr. Davis the necessity and propriety of endeavoring without further delay to get out of the country, and not permit other and serious complications to be produced by his capture and imprisonment, and perhaps execution.

It was determined that we should resume our march that night for Washington, Georgia, one or two days' march distant, and orders were issued by General Breckinridge that we move at midnight.

About ten o'clock I received a message from General Breckinridge that he desired to see me immediately. I went to his quarters, and he informed me that the treasure which had been brought from Richmond was at the railroad depot, and that it was necessary to provide for its removal and transportation. He instructed me to procure a sufficient number of wagons to remove it, and to detail a guard of fifty men under a field officer for its protection. He further informed me that there was between five and six hundred thousand dollars in specie—he did not know the exact amount—the greater part gold. I must, he said, personally superintend its transfer from the cars to the wagons. This was not a very agreeable duty. I represented that if no one knew just what sum of money was there, it was rather an unpleasant responsibility to impose on the party who was to take charge of it. I would have no opportunity to count it, nor possible means of ascer-

taining whether the entire amount was turned over to me. He responded that all that had been considered, and bade me proceed to obey the order. I detailed fifty picked men as guard, and put them under command of Colonel Theophilus Steele and four of my best subalterns. I obtained six wagons, and, proceeding to the depot, began at once the task of removing the treasure.

It was in charge of some of the former treasury clerks, and was packed in money belts, shot bags, a few small iron chests, and all sorts of boxes, some of them of the frailest description. In this shape I found it loaded in open box-cars. I stationed sentries at the doors, and rummaging through the cars by the faint light of a few tallow candles gathered up all that was shown me, or that I could find. Rather more than an hour was consumed in making the transfer from the cars to the wagons, and after the latter had been started off and had gotten half a mile away, Lieutenant John B. Cole, one of the officers of the guard, rode up to me with a pine box, which may have held two or three thousand dollars in gold, on the pommel of his saddle. He had remained after the others had left, and ferreting about in a car which we thought we had thoroughly searched had discovered this box stuck in a corner and closely covered up with a piece of sacking. On the next day, General Breckinridge directed me to increase the guard to two hundred men, and take charge of it in person. I suggested that instead of composing it entirely of men from my brigade, it should be constituted of details from all five. I thought this the best plan to allay any little feeling of jealousy that might arise, and insure a more perfect vigilance, as I felt persuaded that these details would all carefully watch each other. My suggestion was adopted. Nearly the entire guard was kept constantly on duty, day and night, and a majority of the whole escort was generally about the wagons at every halt, closely inspecting the guard.

At the Savannah River, Mr. Davis ordered that the silver coin, amounting to one hundred and eight or ten thousand dollars, be paid to the troops in partial discharge of the arrears of pay due them. The quarter-masters of the several brigades were engaged during the entire night in counting out the money, and a throng of soldiers surrounded the little cabin where they were dividing "the pile" into their respective quotas until early dawn. The sight of so much money seemed to banish sleep. My brig-

ade received thirty-two dollars *per capita*, officers and men sharing alike. General Breckinridge was paid that sum, and, for the purpose, was borne on the roll of the brigade. On the next day, at Washington, I turned over the residue of the treasure to Mr. M. H. Clarke, acting Treasurer of the Confederate States, and experienced a feeling of great relief.

At Washington, the next day, Mr. Davis, having apparently yielded to the advice pressed upon him, that he should endeavor to escape, started off with a select party of twenty, commanded by Captain Given Campbell, of Kentucky, one of the most gallant and intelligent officers in the service. I knew nearly all of these twenty personally. Among them were Lieutenants Lee Hathaway and Winder Monroe of my brigade. Escort and commander had been picked as men who could be relied on in any emergency, and there is no doubt in my mind that, if Mr. Davis had really attempted to get away or reach the trans-Mississippi, this escort would have exhausted every expedient their experience could have suggested, and, if necessary, fought to the death to accomplish his purpose.

I have never believed, however, that Mr. Davis really meant or desired to escape after he became convinced that all was lost. I think that, wearied by the importunity with which the request was urged, he seemingly consented, intending to put himself in the way of being captured. I am convinced that he felt unwilling to become a fugitive, and appear to flee a fate the people would be compelled to face. I am convinced that he quitted the main body of the troops that they might have an opportunity to surrender before it was too late for surrender upon terms, and that he was resolved that the small escort sent with him should encounter no risk in his behalf. I can account for his conduct upon no other hypothesis. He well knew and he was urgently advised that his only chance of escape was in rapid and continuous movement. He and his party were admirably mounted, and could have easily outridden the pursuit of any party they were not strong enough to fight. Therefore when he deliberately lingered and procrastinated, as he did, when the fact of his presence in that vicinity was so public, and in the face of the energetic effort that would certainly be made by the Federal forces to secure his person, I can only believe that he had resolved not to escape. While I can say nothing, of my own knowledge, regarding the circumstances of his capture, I have al-

ways rejected as incredible and absurd the stories told of his having striven to disguise himself. I would much sooner believe that he desired his captors to shoot him.

One of his most distinguishing traits was an acute, almost morbid sense of personal dignity. He felt, as the chief magistrate of the Confederacy, and the man who more than all others was held responsible for secession and war, peculiarly required to maintain the attitude of one who neither acknowledged amenability to punishment nor dreaded it. What others, high in official stations but not so completely representative as he, might well afford to do, he yet thought unbecoming in himself. Animated by such a feeling, and suffering the pangs of colossal disappointment, he might wish to die, but would scarcely incline to attempt disguise and flight.

Immediately after Mr. Davis' departure, the greater portion of the troops were notified that their services would be no longer needed, and were given a formal discharge. Their officers made arrangements for their prompt surrender.

General Breckinridge requested Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge and myself to hold a body of our men together for two or three days, and, marching in a direction different from that Mr. Davis had taken, divert attention as much as possible from his movements. We accordingly marched with three hundred and fifty men of our respective brigades toward Woodstock, or Woodville, I do not certainly remember the name. I moved upon one road, Colonel Breckinridge, with whom was the General, upon another. We were to meet at the point I have mentioned. I arrived first, and halted to await the others. I found that a considerable force of Federal cavalry was just to the west of the place, and not more than three miles distant. The officer in command notified me in very courteous terms that he would not attack unless I proceeded toward the west, in which event, he said he would, very much to his regret, be compelled "to use violence." He said that he hoped I would think proper to surrender, as further bloodshed was useless and wrong; but that he would not undertake to hasten the matter. I responded that I appreciated his sentiments and situation, and that I certainly would not march in a westerly direction so long as he was there, entertaining and prepared to enforce serious objections. I begged to assure him further, that I, too, saw no good reason why more blood should be shed, and that I would give the matter of surrender



immediate and careful consideration. That evening Colonel Breckinridge arrived. He had encountered a body of Federals, who had made to him almost the identical statement the officer in my front had addressed me. He had parleyed with them long enough to enable General Breckinridge, with one or two officers who were to accompany him in his effort to escape, to get far enough away to elude pursuit, and then telling them where he wished to go, was allowed to march by upon the same

road occupied by the Federal column. The men of the previously hostile hosts cheered each other as they passed, and the "Yanks" shouted, "You rebs had better go home and stop this nonsense; we don't want to hurt each other!"

The Colonel brought an earnest injunction from General Breckinridge that we should both surrender without delay. We communicated his message to our comrades, and for us the long agony was over.

*Basil W. Duke.*

## THRENODY.

[PAUL H. HAYNE, OBIT, JULY, 1886.]

I thought: "Some day a time will come,  
Lone singer on the mountain side,  
When hand with hand may clasp." Now dumb  
Are the pale lips where song has died.

O vanished hope! O vile delay!  
I might have sent a greeting song,  
(My heart for years had fared your way—  
A letter scarce had wandered wrong).

And now the eye is sealed for aye,  
And should I tread beneath the gloom  
Of your own pines, I could but lay  
A leaf of laurel on a tomb.

No more, for aye—no more we meet,  
O soul of music, heart of fire!  
Unless, some day, at Shakespeare's feet  
Our voices mingle in the choir.

I fling my song out to the air,  
That haply (Who shall say me nay?)  
It yet may meet and greet you where  
In the fair fields of song you stray.

*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

## HOW FATHER RYAN DIED.



FATHER RYAN.

**I**N the convent of St. Bonifacius, the oldest establishment of the German Franciscans in Louisville, Father Abram Ryan, the admired and beloved poet-priest of the South, died on the 22d day of April. It was a calm day, the Thursday of Holy Week, at nine o'clock in the evening, when the faint fluttering of his heart ceased and his mind, which had lain in a stupor or been whirled in vain and unconscious delirium for three weeks, awoke to the mystery of eternity. His death was, in a manner, unexpected, and was caused by organic disease of the heart; but it was peculiarly and strikingly a poet's death. Never did a fine and thoroughly spiritual poetic temperament more certainly fret and wear out the sturdy frame and stout heart that encompassed it. It is the pecu-

liarity of the poetic and artistic temperament to feel keenly and instinctively every emotion of life. To such pathos and humor are one; mental pain is an acute pleasure; pleasure an agony of delight. The mind is so nicely and exquisitely balanced, the delicate strings upon which the emotions play are so finely attuned to impression, and, in his case, to expression, that they are the more easily worn out and broken. It is but a step from the "fine frenzy" of poetic feeling to the discordant madness of insanity. It seems to be the distinction of genius that it threads the perilous line which marks the utmost limits of emotional impression and receptivity without going over into the domain of madness. The artistic temperament, (the perfect mind) needs, therefore, a strong





THE CONVENT OF ST. BONAFACIUS.

and well-nourished frame to support it and make the condition possible of permanency. If the mind be stronger, then the body is fretted away and destroyed; and if the body is stronger, it overcomes and misinfluences the mind.

Father Ryan died at the early age of forty-eight years, because his keen susceptibility to emotion had literally worn out his body. Capable of the most intense concentration, yet able to divide and control his attention, he gave too little care to his body. As a speaker he was full of noble eloquence and an impassioned earnestness that made every outgiving of his mind part of his physical life. After a lecture he would occasionally be so prostrated by nervous exhaustion that he would take to his bed for days. The collapse was the result of his physical and mental concentration upon the subject.

An intimate friend, at whose house the poet

spent many happy days, says that Father Ryan was capable of the most complex direction of his mental faculties. He had a childish fondness for the game of solitaire, and at his friend's residence would often sit down on the floor cross-legged and amuse himself for an hour or two with the cards before him. During that time he would carry on a conversation with one or more persons without losing the thread and without pausing in his game. When he came to difficulties his talking would continue without interruption while the hand poised here or there, seemingly endowed with a faculty of its own for studying the problem of the game. "I have seen him," said this friend, "advance cautiously and with marvelous skill out of a most intricate difficulty in the game, win it triumphantly, pull the cards together, and shuffle them for a new deal without ceasing a moment in his enlivening or profound talk, and without betraying any sign of mental effort."

This incident illustrates the complex character of his mind, and accounts for his power to reduce every single thing he undertook to clearness and lucidity.

His was the genuine temperament of genius, with a childish faculty for mirth and pleasure, with a great soul's profound capacity for melancholy and reflection. He was regarded by genial men as a most mirthful and effervescent man, and young people found him quick, sympathetic, and bubbling over with gayety and sprightliness. He was a welcome guest in many Southern homes, and "nothing gave him more pleasure," says this friend again, "than to sit on the railing of one of the old Southern piazzas, knock his feet together, and revel in entertain-

General Butler lay back in his arm-chair and roared with laughter.

"Good morning, Father—good morning, Father," he said, after his enjoyment subsided. "You may go."

But with all his mirthfulness, his wit and his gay spontaneity of humor, there was the minor tone of melancholy in his nature, without which he never could have sung those songs that thrilled the hearts of the masses of Southern people, whether he wrote of their cause in the carnage of war or of their peaceful aspirations in the quiet of home life.

In the "Song of the Mystic," which introduces his volume of poems, and which poems, as he says in his preface, "mirror his mind," he



THE PASTORAL RESIDENCE WHERE FATHER RYAN DIED.

ing anecdote and kindly wit." His whole nature was kindly; but there was in his wit, when aroused to antagonism, a sharp and ready sting; but this was never exhibited except in the serious crises of his active and vigorous life in the time of the great struggle. During General B. F. Butler's occupation of New Orleans, Father Ryan, who was a priest in the city, was accused of refusing to bury a Federal soldier, and was summoned before the commander.

"I am told," said General Butler, sternly, when the prisoner had been brought in by a file of soldiers, "that you have refused to bury a dead soldier because he was a Yankee."

"Why," answered Father Ryan, facing the hated General without a tremor, "I was never asked to bury him, and never refused. The fact is, General, I would like very well to bury the whole lot of you."

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describes his temperament with the frankness of a confession:

"Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human—and sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.  
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there;  
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer."



But that temperament, so sensitive to the impression of humor and mirthfulness, yet so tinged with melancholy and the pathetic beauty which the prophetic eye of genius discerns hovering over and encompassing all the gayety of life, was not nourished and sustained with care. He was a careless man in his physical requirements. He plunged into emotional baths heedlessly, and, coming out with his nerves unstrung and his body exhausted, he was not careful of recuperation. For years he ate with astounding irregularity and sparsely. For days at a time he would have a nervous disinclination to food, or rather a lack of inclination to food, and his constitution, sapped and weakened by these indulgences of a nervous condition, developed the disease of the heart from which he died.

On the 23d of March, 1886, Father Ryan arrived at the Franciscan Convent of St. Bonifacius, in Louisville, which is under the guardianship of the Rev. Ubaldus Webersinke, of the Province of Cincinnati. He bore pastoral letters from Archbishop Perche, Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile, and the late Bishop Sullivan, of New Orleans. That of Bishop Quinlan was especially kindly and eulogistic of Father Ryan's pastoral fidelity and his services to the Catholic Church. He had come to Louisville to make his annual Lenten "retreat," and the convent he chose was an inviting one. Situated about a mile east of the center of the city, upon a narrow and rather uninviting by-street which runs between two of the great arteries of the city's communication, it is a massive old establishment, well supported and well administered. The church, the first German Catholic church building in the city, was built in 1838. The pastoral residence, in which Father Ryan died, and a view of which is given, was erected in 1858. The convent building in the rear, and from which, across a court (where there is a handsome weeping-willow, a trellis of graceful vines, and in spring and summer always a bank of lovely flowers), one may see the balcony on which the poet-priest was wont to sit in the changing despondency and activity of delirium, was built in 1868. It shelters four priests, seven students of theology, and four lay brothers of the Franciscan order of Monks.

From the exterior St. Bonifacius is not attractive as a home. The street on which it fronts is closely built up with small houses and humble shops that huddle up to the sidewalk without leaving a strip of yard or a spot of green for beauty's sake. But once past the doors that

open into the pastoral residence and quite another prospect rises. One feels sharply the transition from the busy world to the harbor of perfect quiet and seclusion. From the pure and generous court where shade lingers all day long, cool breaths of air spring to meet the incomer, and behind the great walls of the convent inclosure, under the eaves of the lofty church, a peaceful silence reigns almost perpetually. The convent is meagerly and sparsely furnished, and the vows of poverty are kept to the eye as well as to the heart. Father Webersinke, the guardian, or, as he would be called, the Superior, is a great, statuesque German priest of fifty years, with a massive head upon gigantic shoulders, and a striking resemblance to Martin Luther. He overflows with kindness and good nature, but his pious mind and fine abilities administer the charge admirably, and the charm of his princely courtesy is celebrated in Kentucky.

It was into this convent that Father Ryan entered for "retreat." He was apparently in good health and cheerful. He brought with him to the convent a portion of the manuscript of his *Life of Christ*, which he entitled, "The Crown for Our King," and he intended to devote himself to its completion. He said that when this work was finished he was ready to lay down his head, his labor would be done. He had no personal acquaintance with any of the inmates of St. Bonifacius, but all immediately learned to know and esteem his genius. During the half hour of relaxation, after dinner, which the rules allow to relieve the rigorous duties of the "retreat," they learned to gather about him, listen to the charm of his reminiscence and suggestion, or enjoy the delightful and surprising quality of his humor.

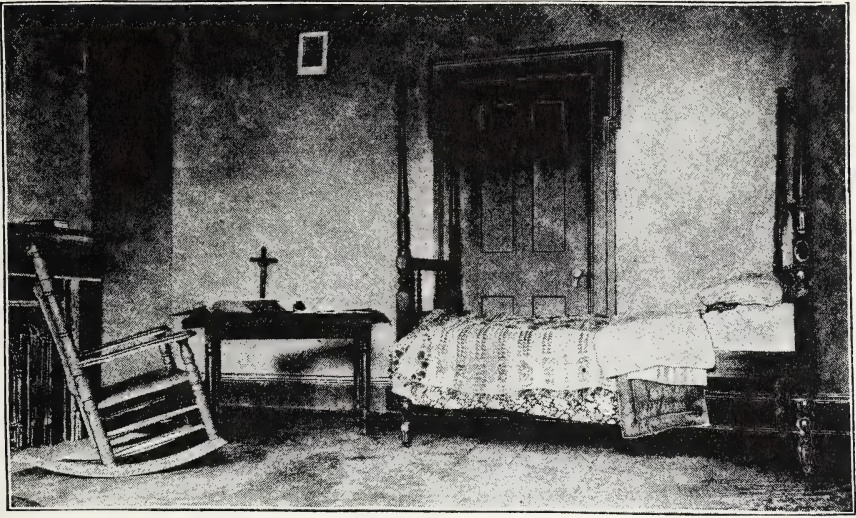
On the 28th of April he was seized with the premonitory symptoms of heart disease, and medical aid was summoned. The physician told him the character of his ailment and that he might die at any time.

"Yes," said the poet, "a number of physicians have told me that; but I have managed to survive all the predictions, and I suppose I shall pull through this time."

"But," said the physician, gravely, "I would advise you to prepare at once."

"I am ready," said Father Ryan, promptly, with a sad smile. "I came here to prepare myself for death, and I am ready if it comes."

The next day he became delirious, and at times it was with difficulty the attendants could restrain him. He could eat nothing, and a lit-



THE ROOM IN WHICH FATHER RYAN DIED.

the wine sufficed to keep the weakening body alive. After two weeks he rallied and revived, and seemed much better. Father Nicholas, who attended him with tender care, suggested that, in view of the possibility of relapse, the sacrament should be taken.

"To-morrow, to-morrow," said Father Ryan, "to-morrow evening we will prepare."

That night he became worse, and his delirium became a frenzy. Never more did the light of genius and reason shine in the dreaming eyes that would sparkle with brightness as he talked. He was removed from the front room on the street to one overlooking the courtyard, where with the trees, the bright vines, and the flowers his wandering eye could be cheered. But despondency and gloom sat upon him in his delirium. He would put on his cloak and hat and walk with severe mien, without any recognition, before those who knew and would do any thing to aid him. The frenzy of genius had stepped over the line into madness. Now and then his mind would be fired with reminiscences of vivid scenes of the war, and he would arouse the convent, telling the priests and brothers:

"Go out in the city and tell the people that trouble is at hand—war is coming, with pestilence and famine, and they must prepare to meet the invader."

Again he would step out on the balcony and utter a sermon as if to multitudes in the court below, a rambling address, breaking off here

and there into diversions of inspiration to sol-dieri, of encouragement to the sorrowing. The day before the last he sat out in an arm-chair upon the balcony, oppressed with despondency, saying nothing. The next morning, on the 22d of April, he was in a profound stupor.

Thus he remained all day and until nine o'clock that night, every breath becoming more difficult and the pulse slowly fading away. It was a calm and pleasant night, and no sound from the world outside, where he "had met but the human—and sin," penetrated the holy silence of the convent. The ministering priests gathered about his bed in prayer, watched the last feeble evidences of life with strained eyes; and, borne off amid the murmuring music of those invocations, the soul of the poet-priest left its earthly clay, deserted the jangled and broken chords of a once melodious mind and passed into the presence of "God and His angels."

It may be interesting to state that, although Father Ryan's "Life of Christ" was left unfinished, he had given the copyright to the Carmelite Nuns, of New Orleans, and they will have it completed and published. A death mask of the poet was taken the day after his death, by Marc Galvan, the Louisville sculptor, who has made an admirable bust of the poet. He has idealized it sufficiently to restore the form full in its youthful aspect, but it is faithful, and the pose of the head and the expression of the countenance are those of the beloved "Poet-priest of the South."

*Young E. Allison.*



## CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

### PART II.—THE AUTHOR—(Continued).

"AUBERT DUBAYET" is a sequel to "*Fernando de Lemos*." The two may be styled a couple of literary Siamese twins. In this work, as the author informs us, the substance is history, the form only romance.

It describes and carefully follows the fortunes of the American and French republics during the latter portion of the eighteenth century. Dubayet was a real personage, who enacted a very important rôle in both the new and the old world. He was born in New Orleans during the summer of 1759, his father having been Adjutant-Major of the French troops which were kept at that epoch in Louisiana.

When quite a youth he went to France, enlisted under Rochambeau, and served in the American war of Independence. Subsequently, the commencement of the French Revolution found him in Paris. He espoused the popular side, but never allowed his actions to degenerate into extremes. A legislator, soldier, and diplomatist, he exhibited both tact and talent, and finally, while Minister of the Republic at Constantinople, closed his active and extraordinary career in 1797, when he was but thirty-eight years of age.

We have, in the work under consideration, what may be viewed as his memoirs and experiences in a time pregnant with novel ideas, and marked by unparalleled events. I have met with few productions of the sort so realistic and full of keen dramatic fascination.

There is no diffuseness here, no lack of logical sequence, but all is terse, compact, vigorous, and to the purpose! Many passages might have been written with some weapon of death for the pen, dipped in the blood of the guillotine.

Through these we hear the roll of the Revolutionary drum and the exultant, terrible passion of the Marseillaise!

But the prime value of the book lies in its masterly historical portrayments of Washington, Jefferson, Morris, Hamilton, among American celebrities, and Mirabeau, Robespierre, Lakanal, the Abbé Maury, Chamfort, and a score of others among the French.

Especially interesting are many of the political dialogues. One of these, embodying an intellectual passage of arms between L'Abbé

Maury and Robespierre, contains an amount of truth, as expressed by the Abbé in opposition to the leveling principles of the notorious French demagogue, which it would be well for some of our living demagogues to study.

This same Abbé was a far-sighted, shrewd, philosophical reasoner. It is equally edifying and laughable to observe how the breath of his remorseless logic annihilates one after the other Citizen Robespierre's glittering, soap-bubble theories of government and education.

Robespierre, as every body knows, purposed to make education not merely universal, but a species of Procrustes-bed upon which all were to be forced to lie; tied down—yes! whipped down, if necessary—without the remotest consideration of differences of intellect, taste, *morale*, or aspiration!

Whereto Monsieur L'Abbé, quoting Horace's maxim of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, replies: "Now the cobbler, it seems, must be as well educated and refined as any body, and any body must be as good and well-informed as any other body. I am sick of such cant. There will ever be in this world the poor and the rich, the learned and the ignorant, the strong and the weak in mind as well as body, the virtuous and the wicked, just as there is always prevailing a certain proportion of rain and sunshine. Otherwise this world would not be what it is designed to be. Let the scale of education correspond with the ascending scales of the ladder of society, and it will work well."

Of Jefferson's sentiments upon the subject of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and of his connection with the extreme members of the "*bonnet rouge*," we learn a good deal from this work.

Even after the massacres at the Abbaye, and the brutal, needless murder of the king and the queen, his Jacobin sympathies continued rampant.

To an American acquaintance, then in Paris, he writes a letter of an extraordinary nature, which, Gayarré says, found its way into the hands of Marat. In the course of an insurrection harangue before the Jacobin Club, this *ci-devant* horse-doctor and quack, urging his colleagues to still further atrocities, claims Jefferson as an ally, and exultantly reads the following sentences from his epistle:

"In the struggle which was necessary, many guilty persons fell without the forms of trial,

and some innocent! These I deplore, but only as I should have done had they fallen in battle!" ("Admirable!" interpolates Marat! "the great patriot is tender-hearted, but firm as a rock.") "Time and truth will rescue and embalm their memories (i. e., the memories of those innocents who were slain), while their posterity will be enjoying the very liberty for which they never would have hesitated to offer up their lives. The freedom of the whole earth was depending upon the issue of the contest; and was ever such a prize won with so little innocent blood?"

"Now," shrieks Marat, "Jacobins, what do you think of that? What our foes call 'murders,' Jefferson terms 'a necessary struggle.' Our breaking into all the prisons of Paris, and killing in them thousands of men, women, and children he considers to be 'a battle in a good cause!' And then he asks, 'Was ever such a prize won with so little innocent blood?' Am I not therefore justified in asking for more?"

"Lastly, Jacobins, the great and good American declares, 'Rather than see your cause fail, I would have half the earth desolated; were there but an Adam and an Eve left in every country and left free, it would be better as it now is!'

"Well, citizens, that beats me, I confess. While overwhelmed with the grandeur of a sentiment for which I can not have too much admiration, yet I dare not go so far! I only insist on having three hundred thousand heads."\*

\* "Aubert Dubayet" discusses political and social questions as "Fernando de Lemos" discusses religious and moral ones. Of the effect of the latter, in at least one remarkable case, I have heard a pathetic anecdote. A lady, not personally known to the author, wrote him once a beautiful letter in which she said that she could not resist the temptation of thanking him for saving her soul by a book which had transformed her. Gayarré showed this letter to a friend. It produced upon him a profound impression.

Afterward, whenever they met, he would stop Gayarré, and, grasping his hand, fervently exclaim, "Happy man! do you realize what you have done? Do you realize what it is to have saved a soul for all eternity? You are greater in this than if you had conquered all the kingdoms of the earth!" "I can see him still," the author remarked, "shaking, while he spoke, the long locks of snow-white hair which fell down to his shoulders."

In a very different vein is the following anecdote apropos of "Dubayet." At page 129 of that striking work there is a speech purporting to have been delivered by Mirabeau at Aix. Gayarré introduced it in a lecture on the great French orator. A distinguished political gentleman seated next a friend of the lecturer, having listened for some minutes, grew impatient, and at length exclaimed, testily, "What the devil is Gayarré about? I came here to listen to something original, and to be treated to a speech of Mirabeau's which I have in my library, which I have read

Among the numerous minor works of Gayarré, including pamphlets and addresses, historical, political, moral, scientific, financial, literary, and economic, I must mention his "School for Politics" (very briefly referred to in my first article), a drama published in New York, and subsequently translated in Paris by the Count de Sartiges, ex-Ambassador of France to Washington. It was handsomely noticed in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, and largely quoted in Claudio Janet's work, "*Les Etats Unis Contemporains*." There is a sparkling vivacity, a constant movement, an ingenuity of plot, and ironic humor blended with the solid wisdom and penetrating judgment of this performance which render it exceptionally attractive. With some omissions and modifications I see no reason why it should not prove a successful acting play, though obviously conceived with no such design. It furnishes a striking exhibition of the relaxed political sentiments and partisan frauds of the day, which may be supposed to have grown out of the writer's own experience.

"The Influence of the Mechanic Arts on the Destinies of the Human Race," "A Sketch of General Jackson by Himself" (a curious and invaluable collection of "Old Hickory's" own letters, accompanied by needful comments and explanations), "Dr. Bluff in Russia; or, The Emperor Nicholas and the American Doctor," an entertaining comedy in two acts, "*La Race Latine en Lousiane*" in the "*Comptes Rendus de L'Athenée*," together with the French history of his State, are all works, in their different ways, of conspicuous merit.

Of his later productions, the efflorescence (one can not say the aftermath) of a vigorous old age, none possesses the importance of his elaborate treatise upon "The Southern Question," which appeared in the *North American Review* for December, 1877.

Many have written of this momentous race problem, affecting, as it does, the very civilization and existence of our section, and probably of the entire Union; but how few of them have succeeded in doing more than exhibiting their own profound incompetency to grapple with such a topic. A result of this kind was a foregone conclusion when we consider who, chiefly, have been the writers.

For example, some New England extremist

a thousand times, and can read again whenever I please!" Then he rose and went away, apparently in a fit of intense disgust. His friend remaining, was convulsed with laughter. He knew that Mirabeau had never delivered such a speech at Aix or any where else. It was entirely Gayarré's!



writer, let us say in Florida, Georgia, or Alabama. He traverses the country for thirty or forty miles around his hotel; makes the acquaintance of some scores of negro families; accepts every thing they tell him for gospel, and directly upon his return home rushes into print with some farrago of nonsense, as incendiary as it is absurd.

Then the hired correspondent of Northern newspapers, remunerated in proportion to the Broddingnagian size of his mendacities, goes through the South post-haste, collecting "raw-head and bloody-bone" stories of white atrocities and negro saintliness.

Lastly appears a romancer (Cable), who, assuming (*quo ad hoc*) to represent the entire South, in truth represents but a minority.

In our whites, so far as their conduct toward "the dark brethren" is concerned, he can find no trace of fairness. They are prejudiced, uncompromising. They hurt, for example, the tenderest Ethiopian sensibilities by rejecting all approaches toward equality; they persist in opposing race-suicide, whereupon Mr. Cable proceeds to scold these fastidious whites in a shrill falsetto!

Our duty in the premises is peremptorily stated, and we are commanded *sans cérémonie* to go at once and perform it! Mr. Cable's talents are hardly of a kind to grapple successfully with difficult race problems. Let him stick to the light artillery of fancy.

With Gayarré the case is different indeed. He approaches the Southern question fully equipped and armed at all points. His ethnographical knowledge is deep, his experiences of Southern life for the better part of a century as varied and genuine as any man's could be, his integrity is unquestionable, his insight most acute, and his general capacity for dealing with themes which demand cool discrimination, breadth of view, and philosophical acumen has been universally acknowledged.

Signally have these qualities been shown in the *North American Review* article. To analyze, even to outline its arguments and illustrations just now is impracticable. One of its conclusions, however, embodied in solemn counsel, I must quote:

The Southern man owes it to himself to say that he will keep forever distinct the white race from the black. This sense of duty is in the soul of every Southern man and woman; yes, and it springs in the heart of every Northern and Western man, and of every European, six months at furthest, after having settled among us, although from considerations of policy a different sentiment may find passage through

his reluctant lips. There never will be peace and prosperity in the South so long as Caucasian supremacy shall be opposed there. What then? Does the Southern white intend to oppress or annihilate those weaker beings? Never! If blinded philanthropy will only consent not to push the negro like a log into the furnace of political cremation, if the race question is permitted to become a mere police one, the freedman can be guided into a comparatively useful and happy condition!

Finally, I commend to political sciolists every where the following passage, which deserves to be blazoned in letters of gold, for every word is weighted with wisdom and pregnant with the results of candid investigation:

Every century has had its question. Those questions have settled themselves, most of them in an unforeseen manner. The free-negro question is a terrible one for us of the South. But it will have a solution also in the course of events. The Fates weave slowly the web of destiny for individuals, for families, and for nations. In the meantime let us do like a skillful physician. When he is perplexed by the disease of his patient, he confines himself to careful nursing, and, refraining from hazardous remedies, relies on the curative powers of nature. Let us also rely on that Providence which has a solution for every thing. There are crises where the cry of wisdom should be, "Hands off, mortals!" *Ecce Deus.\**

There can be little doubt, I think, that the private, unstudied correspondence of men of

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\*Of the many popular lectures recently delivered by Gayarré in New Orleans, the most famous is the one upon "The Creoles of History and the Creoles of Romance."

There are some lines in a lyric of Wordsworth's referring to a fanatical botanist, which, slightly altered, read as follows:

"He is a fingering slave  
Who loves to peer and botanize—  
Yes! even on . . . a grave!"

Now, Mr. George Cable, not content with his caricatures of the living Creoles, chose to "botanize"—as, one may say—among their "graves," wherefrom he professed to have plucked some ugly, if not poisonous weeds!

Naturally Gayarré championed the villified race; analyzed Cable's statements and pretended character sketches, and having previously forced from him a confession that, of all the Creole families of position in New Orleans, he knew not one, proved (in his lecture) to demonstration that, touching Creole origin, history, habits, manners, and language in every truly representative strata of their society, Cable was inconceivably ignorant or deliberately malicious!

The Judge was righteously severe in his strictures. A man who recklessly or viciously wounds the sensibilities of an entire community must not expect to be pelted with flowers of amiable rhetoric, or left, at the worst, to faint—"Faint of a rose in aromatic pain."

So far as I know Mr. Cable has attempted no defense. I have seen it intimated that he is pleasantly serene under the castigation, caring nothing for the indignation of his former fellow-citizens since he has accomplished his own ends.

genius is often necessary to a complete comprehension of their gifts and nature.

It is my good fortune to possess letters from many of the greatest authors of our age, English and American, but none of them surpass in the quality of luminous revelation those received from Gayarre.

They exhibit a loyalty of affection and manly tenderness of soul among the brightest displays of intellectual force and pungent originality! Selections calculated to interest every reader of taste, I proceed to arrange somewhat after the fashion of Poe's "Marginalia."

I do not know of a more miserable condition than that of being compelled to write for bread.

It is a prostitution of the intellect of man, a profanation of the soul; the enslavement of all our faculties. Write for whom? Under what inspiration? For dollars and cents, so much a line? So much literary calico at so much per yard? Write to please the tastes of King Multitude, and so dip the pen in the fetid liquid of the street sewer—that inkstand of the devil!

Genius is the Prometheus whom Poverty delights in nailing to the rock to feed the vultures of Despair; if immortality could be without hope! . . . To be irredeemably poor is to be the eagle stripped of his wings, fettered on a dunghill, the eagle dying slowly in the mud with the nostalgia of the Alpine heights!

Lope de Vega used to say, "Poverty is the greatest of crimes, it is heresy!" . . . Nero was right when he ordered the death of that canting Seneca, who, in the midst of enormous wealth, wrote essays on the blessings of poverty!

It was too benevolent, indeed, to permit that Roman charlatan to open his veins in a luxurious bath. He should have been starved!

What compensations there are, after all, in this little world of ours, which Voltaire called "the lunatic asylum of the universe!"

It is much to gain the esteem of these *esprits d'élite* whom Providence scatters over the face of the earth to show that mankind are not wholly abandoned to their groveling instincts.

Mad. De Stael said her "imagination could not conceive of a torture surpassing that of living in an uncongenial atmosphere of soul and mind. Sympathy binds us together with magnetic chains notwithstanding space. There was no distance for Ariel!"

Whatever difference of opinion may prevail in regard to the literary status of Z, he is assuredly an acute man of business, who excels in the art of advertising himself; a skillful charlatan or speculator in futures, understanding how, when, and where to raise the value of his fancy stocks. He trades (this literary jobber) like the quack who puffs his "Jacob's Oil" and "Brown's Iron Bitters" in every newspaper, by drawing on what Bismarck calls, "the reptile fund." As a dollar-scraper, as the chaser of the very shadow of a shilling round every corner, he is a genius. In the pursuit of a dime the "Gates of hell shall not prevail against him."

Are there any heights which the condor of political corruption will not reach? Are there any Andes which the spade of envious mediocrity will not level down into the quagmire of mobocracy?

This is the age of strong drinks, garlic, cabbage, onions, and red-pepper in literature for the stomach of the multitude, and some Zola or Borgia distillation to help the digestion of the *élite*.

Two years ago I was dining at the house of Holmes, near Boston, and heard a literary discussion between him and Charles F. Adams. The conclusion upon which they perfectly agreed was, that in this progressive age, in which the abundance of books manufactured, by brain machinery in the cheapest form, far exceeds that of fleas in a hog-pen, the average life of the former was one week, and of a system—pullulating, as they do, in so many departments of knowledge—about seven years!

I got into Schiller's "Don Carlos" the other day. The characters may be Dutch, but they are not Spanish. The *couleur locale* is utterly wanting. Poor Isabelle de Valois! she, too, an adulteress! she, the most esteemed, the most idolized of queens by the people on account of her gentle virtues! History is such a pack of lies that I should not be surprised, were the needful investigations possible, to discover that even Lucretia Borgia had been slandered! Catherine de Medici, in consequence of numerous authentic documents just unearthed in Italy, is shown to have been by no means so wicked as we have all along considered her.

Query: What History is to be trusted?

A manuscript just discovered in Rome confirms the extraordinary deeds attributed to Joan of Arc, but it adds a new anecdote. After Joan had accomplished her mission at Rheims, she said to the King, surrounded by all his magnates, "Sire, I have but one favor to ask. Give me, as my reward, *La couronne de France* (the crown of France)." His Majesty was amazed; he even hesitated, but finally he handed the crown to Joan, who, immediately returning it, said, "Now, sire, you hold it from God!"

Here is a portrait or silhouette, which a good many of us will recognize:

I see before me a man of polished manners and cultivated mind, tinged, however, with the peculiar "*je ne sais quoi*" that belongs to his latitude, that innate consciousness of superiority assumed in the days of antiquity by the *gens togata*. He is of a race which is only too ready to appropriate to itself this verse of an epistle of Voltaire to Catherine of Russia:

"*C'est du Nord aujourd'hui que nous  
Viens ta Luminere*"

What trouble does our vestment of clay give us; and yet we cling to it as a miser to his treasure! Stitching here, patching there, sewing on a button, strengthening a lining, and even dyeing over the old, worn-out textures! Thank God! our spiritual lives will not have so many ailments.

Mrs. H.'s present arrived without losing its fragrance; yet dead is the rose, dead the ivy. When



they were plucked perhaps they wondered why a cruel hand doomed them to destruction! They did not know that they were to become the sweet messengers of friendship from heart to heart, in whose memory they would bloom again in a new, different life!

When the two old *human* plants, that are entwined together and vegetate here in a corner, shall fade away forever, is there something in them that will be welcomed where it may be wafted as warmly as the pretty leaves so kindly sent?

We ask Mrs. H. if she can spare two roots, no matter what, among her favorites of course; one for my "better half," the other for myself. We have, alas! no earthly home where we could offer to a larger number of leafy guests a serene asylum; but two could be transplanted in due time to our final place of repose.

In closing my first article on Gayarré, I represented him in the sunset of his life, deserted by his party, ostracized, impoverished, suffering.

The picture is a true one; yet I would not have my readers imagine that, whatever may be his inward pain, he "walks the downward slope to death" with a sullen mien and somber spirit, giving vent at times (*"petulanti splene chachinno"*) to ebullitions of useless anger or senile disappointment, the mere *bavardage* of age.

No! the indomitable octogenarian stands erect, and even grimly smiling, in the "house of fate," like the aged Douglas in "Tantallon

Hall," the noble relics of his past crumbling about him, but still clothed in the strong cuirass of his honor, and "leaning upon the sword of his ancient courage," which had flashed so often and so victoriously in the van of battle for truth, right, the Constitution and the laws!

And there he will stand undaunted, patient, and heroic to the end, waiting for the summons of his Lord, and ready to murmur his reverential "*adsum*," as the curtain rolls slowly up, which, already for fourscore toilsome years, has drooped between his questioning vision and the threshold of the eternal mystery!

A man of ample brain and lofty spirit,  
No storms of doom can baffle or subdue;  
Who as he took fair fortune gratefully,  
Now fronts the tempest like a mighty tower  
Four-square to all the winds; no prop gives way,  
No buttressed wall sinks crumbling to the ground,  
No "coign of vantage" yields, no stone is hurled  
To base from battlement, while over all  
Imperial resolution, undismayed,  
Glows like a banner 'gainst the sunset clouds.  
But ah! within that steadfast nature beats  
A human heart, all gracious tenderness,  
As at the core of some vast granite rock,  
Only revealed to the deep glance of Heaven,  
Shines a strange fountain, beautiful as dawn,  
And full of gentle murmurings as a dream,  
When Love, descending, stirs the golden deep,  
And music rises from the soul of sleep!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

## THE FAMOUS LAFITTES AT GALVESTON.

AFTER the British had been expelled from Louisiana, in 1815, the two Lafittes, who are destined to live for ever in her history, and who, in justice to their memory, should not, in the pages of a truthful and sober narrative, have their actions and character misrepresented as they have been, and probably will continue to be, in the pages of wild fiction, did not depart in haste from the State, like fugitives from justice; and therefore it is not to be supposed, as it is by gullible dupes, that they left treasures buried in any portion of her territory. They took all the time they needed to wind up their affairs, under the protection of the State of Louisiana and of the Federal government, to both of which they had, in the hour of peril, rendered special services that had been taken into due consideration, and had procured for them not only full pardon

for past misdeeds, but also an equally full guarantee as to their property, without inquiry into its mode of acquisition. It seems that from New Orleans, when ready to depart, they went to Galveston, in Texas, where they settled with the intention of continuing their depredations on the commerce of Spain, then at war with her rebellious colonies of North and South America, from one of which they pretended to have letters of marque, legally issued.

The possession which they had taken of the island of Galveston was not destined to be of long duration, for in the latter part of August, 1818, Mr. George Graham, who had been in high official position in Washington, under the administrations of Madison and Monroe, arrived at Galveston, and lost no time in addressing to Jean Lafitte the following communication:

GALVESTON, August 26, 1818.

MR. JEAN LAFITTE:

*Sir:* I am instructed by the Government of the United States to call upon you for an explicit avowal of the National authority, if any, by which you have occupied the position and harbor of Galveston, and also to make known to you that the Government of the United States, claiming the country between the Sabine and the Rio Bravo del Norte, will suffer no establishment of any kind, and more particularly one of so questionable a character as that now existing at this place, to be made within these limits without any authority. I am, with due respect, etc.

The answer was returned immediately, by Jean Lafitte, in these words:

GALVESTON, August 26, 1818.

I will hasten to reply to the letter with which you have honored me, as soon as you are pleased to acquaint me with the powers that authorize you to propound the questions which you have addressed to me.

I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant.

It seems that Mr. George Graham showed that he was backed by satisfactory credentials, for, on the 28th of August, he received this letter from Lafitte:

*Sir:* In answer to the letter with which you honored me on the 26th inst., I have to state, without entering into details as to the motives that have determined me to occupy the fort of Galveston:

That Mr. Aury was in possession and had been constituted Governor of Galveston, in the name of the Mexico Congress, by Minister Erera. The instability of his character caused him to abandon his post, which was beginning to be something, and which, undoubtedly, would have become of the highest importance.

I was at Galveston at the moment of this abandonment. I conceived the idea of preserving and maintaining it at my own costs. Nobody was disputing my taking possession. In so doing I was satisfying the two passions which imperiously predominate in me, that of offering an asylum to the armed vessels of the party of independence, and that of placing myself in a position (considering its proximity to the United States) to fly to their assistance should circumstances demand it. Securely relying on the uprightness of my intentions, I executed that bold project.

I declare that the most severe orders were given not only to respect the American flag, but also to come to its aid on all occasions; and in this I have acted with a disinterestedness which manifests the purity of my intentions. I will not expatiate on this subject, as you have fortuitously been a witness to the truth of my assertions.

I have on several occasions written to the Mexican Congress to obtain from them the confirmation of my taking possession, and to procure the appointment of such authorities as are primarily necessary to the organization of a regular and legitimate government; but the circumstances of the existing war having compelled the Congress to abandon the place of their assembling, and to remove it to a very great distance from the sea-coasts, it became impossible for my letters to reach their destination.

I was then ignorant of the fact that the American Government had the intention to claim all the country from the Sabine to the Rio Bravo. My conduct has been frank and loyal, and whatever may be the fate reserved to me, I shall be much obliged to you for carrying to your government the assurance of my obedience, and of my entire resignation to its will.

I know, sir, that I have been calumniated in the vilest manner by persons invested with a certain importance; but, fortified by a conscience which is irreproachable in every respect, my internal tranquility has not been affected, and, in spite of my enemies, I shall obtain (undoubtedly in later times) the justice due to me.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your most humble and obedient servant.

JEAN LAFITTE.

I will here remark that Lafitte does not spell his name as the public generally does, "Lafitte."

On the 26th September, 1818, Jean Lafitte thus addressed Mr. George Graham, who had returned to Washington:

*Sir:* Emboldened by the kind and obliging dispositions which I have observed in you, I am induced to take the liberty to beg you to have the complaisance to grant your good will to my brother, Pierre Lafitte, who will deliver to you the present letter, and inform you verbally of what is going on about this locality on the part of the Spaniards.

As soon as apprised of what was to pass I hastened to cause my young brother to depart for New Orleans, in order that he should forward the dispatches which I address to my brother, who must now be with you.

Please accept, sir, the assurance of my profound respect.

It would be interesting to ascertain, by consulting the archives of the government at Washington, what was the object of the mission of Pierre Lafitte to that city, and what was the nature of the dispatches to which Jean Lafitte alludes.

Before leaving Galveston Mr. George Graham addressed the following letter to a Mr. Laforest, who seems to have been an agent of the Government of Buenos Ayres at New Orleans. The writer only uses the initials, "B. A.," but it is impossible to imagine that they apply to any other government than the one we mention.

*Sir:* The Government of the United States having deemed it necessary, as well for the preservation of their neutral relations as for the protection of their revenues, to break up the establishment that had been made at this place, which is considered as being within the limits of the United States, had dispatched me here for that object, and having found Mr. Lafitte entirely disposed to acquiesce in the demands of the government for the abandonment of this position, I have recommended it to him to attach his destinies to those of the Government of B. A. It is therefore that he sends to you Mr. — (illegible),



a gentleman of character and information, whom I beg leave to introduce to your attentions, to ascertain whether you or any other agents are authorized by your government to issue commissions, or whether they could be obtained through you. What is very important to Mr. Lafitte, and what he is particularly desirous of ascertaining, is the practicability of establishing, under the authority of the Government of B. A., a regularly organized court of admiralty in any place or island which he might take from the Spaniards on the coast of the Spanish main, or on that of any other part of South America.

It has not been possible to ascertain what was the answer of Mr. Laforest.

Mr. George Graham did not confine his dealings to Jean Lafitte. After the battle of Waterloo and the final fall of the Emperor Napoleon, many of the officers who had served him zealously, and who were not disposed to recognize the sway of the Bourbons, had sought a place of refuge in North America. Among others there was General Lallemand, who, in companionship with some of his former comrades in arms, had established himself on the Trinity River, in Texas. George Graham had been instructed by the President to proceed to that spot and ascertain what were the plans and the doings of the French General. Graham acted in conformity to his orders, but when he reached the point where it was rumored that a French settlement had been made, he found out that it was deserted, and was informed that Lallemand had gone to Galveston. It was then that he repaired to that locality, and on the 26th of August, 1818, wrote to Jean Lafitte the letter which we have transcribed in these pages. On the same day he addressed to General Lallemand this communication:

*Sir:* Though convinced, from what has passed in the interviews which I have had the honor to have with you, that you have no interest in the privateering establishment which has been made at this place and that there is no connection between yourself and the persons interested in that establishment, except such as has been imposed upon you by circumstances, it is nevertheless a duty imposed upon me by the instructions of my government to call upon you for an explicit avowal of the national authority, if any, by which you, with the persons under your immediate command, have taken possession of this place, and also to make known to you that the Government of the United States, claiming under the treaty with France by which the colony of Louisiana was ceded with all the country between the Sabine and the Rio

Bravo del Norte, will permit no permanent establishment whatsoever to be made within these limits under any authority other than its own.

I have the honor to be, with great consideration and respect, your obedient servant.

General Lallemand proved as pliant as Lafitte had showed himself, and, like him, gave up whatever designs he had entertained as to a settlement at Galveston. He ended his career in obscurity and penury, if we are correctly informed, in the State of New Jersey, after having married in Philadelphia a niece of the famous merchant, Stephen Girard, to whom that city is indebted for the magnificent educational institution in monumental marble which bears the name of its founder.

As to the Lafittes, it is not known to this day what became of them. Probably they carried into execution their plan of going to Buenos Ayres, or else to some other portion of South America.

With regard to the United States, by their treaty of 1819 with Spain for the cession of Florida, they gave up their claims to Texas shortly after they had expelled the two Lafittes and General Lallemand by virtue of these very claims. Hence the Mexicans, having triumphed over the Spaniards in their war of independence, profited by that renunciation and remained in peaceful possession of Texas until they were, in their turn, driven away by the American settlers under the command of General Houston, and the independence of the latter recognized by the United States. Otherwise they might have fared as unsuccessfully in their aspirations as the American settlers who, in 1810, drove the Spaniards from Baton Rouge and the adjacent district known as "West Florida," proclaimed themselves independent, and sought in vain as such to be annexed to the United States, with the privilege of retaining as their property all the public lands. These pretensions were barred by the objection that the United States had never abandoned their claims to the territory in question acquired by virtue of the treaty of cession of Louisiana in 1803, although the Spaniards had been suffered to remain in possession while negotiations were still pending on the disputed subject between the contending parties.\*

*Charles Gayarré.*

\*It gives me pleasure to acknowledge that I am indebted to General G. Mason Graham, of the parish of Rapides, Louisiana, for the documents used in this article.

## FREDERICKSBURG.



**A**FTER the battle of Antietam General Lee fell back across the Potomac, and withdrew his army to Virginia. Again the cry of "On to Richmond!" was renewed throughout the North, and all the available land and naval forces in the East were arranged and disposed to act in concert for the accomplishment of this undertaking. All plans were matured and agreed upon, when, on November 7th, General McClellan was superseded by General Burnside. The latter changed the plan of his predecessor, and determined to move his vast army by way of Fredericksburg to invest the doomed rebel capital.

Immediately preceding the advance of the Federal forces General Burnside organized his army into three grand divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. The Confederate army was composed of two grand divisions or corps, commanded by Longstreet and Jackson.

On the 15th of November General Burnside commenced the movement of his vast army from Warrenton to Fredericksburg. At this time Lee's army was dangerously scattered; Jackson's corps was in the Shenandoah Valley, and Longstreet's at Culpepper Court-house. Here it is, perhaps, proper to remark that the



positions, conditions, advantages, and disadvantages of the two great hostile parties offer the widest field for military criticism, as well as the grandest conjectures as to what might have been accomplished, had Jackson, with his wonted celerity, fallen upon the flank of Burnside; or, had the gallant Sumner, leading the van, pressed with vigor to the southwest and wedged his magnificent division between the two wings of the Confederate army. These, as well as other movements, were possible, and highly probable; but the ruling minds adopted and pursued two well-known policies, that is to say, on the part of Burnside to invest the city of Richmond, and the other as to Lee to keep all plans, expeditions, and maneuvers subservient to the possibility of at all times defending the Confederate capital. Jackson, we are most reliably informed, insisted that Burnside should not be molested until he reached the South Anna, admitting, at the same time, the ability of Lee to crush Burnside even at Fredericksburg. Lee acquiesced in the soundness of the South Anna line, from a military stand-point, but adopted the south bank of the Rappahannock as the field for resistance, because the former would result in depressing the public mind of the Confederacy. These, and many other conjectures in the light of subsequent events, are very interesting and harmless theories, and are only objectionable because they may unfavorably react upon the intelligence of those worthy of a great nation's respect and homage.

The entire Union army reached the north bank of the Rappahannock by the 20th. Here Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin were detained, in futile attempts to cross, until December 11th. From November 15th to December 10th Lee took advantage of the time in concentrating his forces and disposing of them to the best advantage.

Fredericksburg was a city of considerable importance, situated on the south bank of the Rappahannock, extending along the river front about a mile and a half, and back from the river about a mile, the suburbs resting at the base of an abrupt elevation, known as Marye's Heights. Opposite the western limits of the city is Falmouth, a small village on the north bank of the river, and opposite the city proper is Stafford Heights. The river at this point marks the limit of tide-water, and is therefore at all seasons too deep for fording, while just above Fredericksburg it admits of easy fording during the dry season. The north bank

at and below the city for several miles consists of an unbroken bluff, of considerable elevation, that dips abruptly into the river, while on the south side the topography is entirely different. At the margin of the water sets in a low and narrow bottom, ascending from which a broad second alluvial plain is reached, thirty or forty feet higher than the first, varying in width from a half to a mile and a half. Looking from Fredericksburg, located on the brow of a hill in an easterly direction—this hill, by a gradual descent, finally expands into a broad plain that is cut by three small streams, Hazel Run, Deep Run, and Massaponax Creek, all entering the Rappahannock at varying distances from the city, the latter about six miles. This vast plain terminates on the south at the base of a high table-land, where the forests of this section begin. This highest table-land extends for miles to the south and east, and between its base and the river occurred the memorable conflict of Fredericksburg. Issuing from the eastern part of the city, what is known as the River road, proceeds through this second plain, parallel to the river, at a distance of about a mile, until it reached the Massaponax, which it crosses, and thence gradually ascends the eastern highlands.

This River or Port Royal road, extending four and a half miles over the battle-field, deserves particular attention. On each side of this road was an embankment, about three feet high, on which was grown a variety of trees and shrubs, forming a continuous hedge-row or fence, which afforded as ample protection as do well constructed earthworks. Over this plain runs the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad. It also emerges from the eastern part of the city and runs parallel with and south of the River road, and is constructed upon an embankment a few feet above the general level, and thus afforded excellent protection against the fire of small arms. This railroad continued to near the old Mine road, which it crossed, and swept in a long curve to the southward. This point was known as Hamilton's Crossing.

By the time Burnside was ready to cross the river, Lee had his forces disposed so as to impede or prevent, if necessary, a landing near Fredericksburg; but the disposition of the Confederates was made, not with the view of obstructing a crossing at Fredericksburg, but to force the passage of the grand army at this point and no other, and to compel a conflict on the south side of the river at Fredericksburg. Other points below the city offered less serious

obstacles to a successful crossing, and of this General Burnside was aware, and attempted a movement down the Rappahannock to Skinker's Neck and Port Royal, twelve or fifteen miles below Fredericksburg, with the purpose of crossing at these points, but discovering that D. H. Hill's command was there to resist this passage of the river, it was abandoned. No alternative was left but to cross at Fredericksburg.

By December 10th all preparations were completed for this hazardous undertaking. Stafford Heights, on the south bank opposite the city, was crowned with one hundred and forty-seven guns that could easily command the plain and city, except perhaps the low bottom near the margin of the water, because of the inability to depress sufficiently their large field-pieces. Longstreet's corps was stationed back of the city with his left resting at a point opposite Falmouth, near the canal, and his right on Deep Run. Jackson's corps was posted on the southern edge of the plain with its left on Deep Run, and the right near Hamilton's Crossing.

On the morning of the 11th, Sumner's and Hooker's grand divisions were to cross on three pontoon bridges opposite the city, while Franklin's was to cross on pontoons two miles below the city. The stillness of early dawn was broken by the booming of two signal guns from Marye's Heights, being the signal gun for the Confederates to concentrate as the Federals were crossing the stream. Franklin met little or no resistance, and succeeded in effecting a landing before midday. Not so with Sumner and Hooker. Though the Confederates were placed with the view of preventing an advance after crossing, still a small force was stationed near the edge of the south bank of the river near the city, and for hours effectually checked all progress in the construction of the upper pontoons. Though this in itself was a trivial affair, still it checked the advance of the bulk of the army, and might possibly result in overwhelming Franklin. Repeated and futile attempts were made to construct the pontoons, but no artizan eluded long the well-aimed rifles of Barksdale's Mississippians. Affairs had reached a standstill. These dreaded sharpshooters remained secure against attacks from the opposite side, when at eleven o'clock General Burnside ordered the bombardment of the city, when the vast ordnance on Stafford's Heights belched forth their missiles of destruction. This massive artillery kept up the bombardment for about an hour. The

city was enveloped in a fog which was soon after dispelled by the sun, aided by the heated whirlwinds issuing from burning buildings. Then appeared a scene of destruction that baffles description. Men, women, and children fleeing for their lives; houses half battered down by shot and shell; others enveloped in the devouring flames; walls and chimneys rent and torn, half standing and half toppling over; roof and gable tottering, and another ball jars and all fall to make a common mass of rubbish. The wonder is that a single structure escaped a complete razing. The city had not been and was not occupied by a single soldier, yet on November 21st General Sumner warned the inhabitants to remove themselves, while General Lee commanded and so ordered the authorities that he would not occupy the city, nor would he permit the enemy to do so.

During the bombardment another attempt was made to construct the pontoons, but all in vain. At this juncture a different plan was adopted. Three regiments successfully attempted a crossing in the pontoon boats, and thus dislodged the sharpshooters, which was a very insignificant force, and without further molestation the pontoons were constructed, and during that evening and the next day all of Sumner's grand division, and a part of Hooker's, passed over, and Franklin completed the landing of his grand division at the points further down the river.

The morning of the 13th dawned with a dense fog enveloping the plain and city of Fredericksburg, through which the brilliant rays of the sun struggled about ten in the morning. Here was displayed the vast force of Franklin, marching and counter-marching, hastily seeking the places assigned for the coming conflict. Here was a vast plain, now peopled with an army worthy of its grand dimensions. A slight but dazzling snow beneath, and a brilliant sun above, intensified the leaping reflections from fifty thousand gleaming bayonets. Officers, on restless horses, rushed from point to point in gay uniforms. Field artillery was whisked into position as so many fragile toys. Rank and file, foot and horse, small arms and field ordnance, presented so magnificent a pageant as to call forth the unbounded admiration of their adversaries. In a word, this was the grandest martial scene of the war. The contrast between Jackson's corps and Franklin's grand division was very marked, and so far as appearances went the former was hardly better than a caricature on



the latter. All was in readiness, when orders stepped to the front and, plainly in our view, read the orders of the day. This done, the fatal advance on the plains commenced.

With gay pennants, State, regimental, and brigade standards flying, this magnificent army advanced in three closely compacted lines of battle. At intervals, in front, preceded by horse artillery, and flanked on each side by numerous field-pieces, hundreds of heavy field-pieces from the south bank of the Rappahannock, belched forth their missiles of destruction, and swept the open plain in advance of Franklin, while at the same moment his smaller field-pieces in front and on the flanks joined in to sweep the open space on all sides. This mighty cannonading was answered by the Confederate ordnance on Marye's Heights, in the center, and on the right. Onward, steady and unwavering, these three lines advanced, preceded by a heavy skirmish line, till they neared the railroad, when Jackson's right and right center poured into these sturdy ranks a most deadly volley from small arms. Spaces, gaps, and wide chasms instantly told in the tale of a most fatal encounter. Volley after volley of small arms continue the work of destruction, while Jackson's artillery, posted on the Federal left and at right angles to their line of advance, kept up a withering fire on the lessening ranks. They advance far in front of the River road, but at length they waver, halt, and suddenly retreat to the protection of of the railroad embankments. The struggle is kept up by sharp-shooters for some time, when another general advance is made against a furious cannonade of small arms and artillery. Again the scene of destruction is repeated, still the Federals press on and across the railroad, when a gap in Jackson's line is discovered by some of the assailants between Archer's and Thomas' brigades. This interval was to have been held by Cregg's brigade, which was really in position, but too far in the rear of the line assigned, because of the wet, marshy ground that these men would have to occupy while waiting to receive the enemy. This interval was rushed for by a part of Franklin's troops as a haven of safety, while the rest of his command were repulsed in the utmost confusion.

The extreme left of Archer's brigade, and the extreme right of Thomas' brigade, that is, the Fourteenth Tennessee and Nineteenth Georgia, commanded by Colonel Forbes, and a part of the Seventh Tennessee, commanded

by Colonel Fite, of the former brigade, believing they were about to be surrounded, gave way; yet their comrades on the right, unaware of the condition of affairs on the left, and seeing the enemy routed in their front, were amazed at this confusion. Their officers and men on the right were enraged at what seemed to them dastardly cowardice, and rushing toward their broken lines, officers and privates stormed at, shouted and threatened them as base cowards. Officers leveled their pistols and, with many privates, fired into these fleeing comrades and broken ranks.

Presently the true condition of affairs appears, when the victorious brigades of Franklin emerge from the woods. The line was broken to escape capture. Line and field officers rushed to and fro, wildly shouting, "Into line, into line!" and even in the face of a flanking foe, the gallant Colonel Turney, who temporarily commanded Archer's brigade, succeeded in reforming his regiments at right angles to the former line of attack. This gave a brief check to the victors. Still the infantry and artillery fire scourged the line. Rout or capture seemed inevitable. The commanding form of the cool and intrepid Turney was laid low by a minie-ball which entered his mouth and came out at his neck. His apparently lifeless form was hurriedly placed on a blanket, and four of his devoted followers attempted to carry his body on this improvised litter to the rear, and beyond the reach of captors. These had not proceeded far, when a shell burst among them, and they in turn lay helpless by the side of their bleeding commander. I can now vividly see his manly form, as his wounded bearers gently lowered him to the ground. Dead I certainly thought he was, for he was literally covered with blood that oozed from a wound in the head and covered his face beyond recognition.\* Colonel Fite also did gallant service in preventing a route, for with the part of the Seventh that still held its ground, he, in the midst of confusion, formed a line at right angles to their former position, and thus greatly aided in checking this dangerous reverse.

Though the spectacle presented by Franklin's corps was to a casual observer sufficient to quench the ardor of the ill-clad Confederates, still their confidence in success never wavered. Up to the time of the break in our line

\*Fortunately for the service and the country, Colonel Turney, thus painfully and dangerously wounded, has, for the last fifteen years, served the State of Tennessee as one of its supreme judges with credit to himself and honor to the State.

no one in the ranks, at least, apprehended any danger. Those in front and near this scene of defeat and confusion made desperate efforts to rally the men and prevent a stampede, for we looked for nothing but defeat or capture. We were unaware of the fact that we had any reserves. Presently Early's division, in the very mood and spirit that characterized Archer's brigade previous to the breaking of the lines, double-quickened to our relief, jesting and yelling at us: "Here comes old Jubal! Let old Jubal straighten that fence! Jubal's boys are always getting Hill out o' trouble!"

On they go, and here a desperate encounter follows. The Federals fight manfully, those in our front led by General Bayard, I believe, mounted on a magnificent gray. Hundreds of voices cry out, "Shoot that fellow on the white horse!" Instantly he reels from his saddle; horse and rider fall together. The artillery on our right together with the small arms literally mow down the ranks of those who but a moment before were seemingly in possession of a well-earned victory. Officers and men lose courage at the sight of their lessening ranks, and in the utmost confusion they are routed to again regain the shelter of the railroad embankment.

Archer's brigade of Jackson's corps was on the extreme right of the Confederate line, composed of the following regiments and in the positions as named: Nineteenth Georgia, Fourteenth Tennessee, Seventh Tennessee, First Tennessee, and extended from the interval or space left unoccupied by Gregg's brigade to the railroad curve, near Hamilton's Crossing. We occupied ground slightly higher than the level of the plain over which the Federals had to pass. In our immediate rear and left was an irregular growth of timber of varied size, which obstructed the view in the direction of the Gregg interval.

As the battle opened in the morning, the enemy was plainly in our view, and we could distinctly see their approach to the railroad in our front and to the left, where they in every attempt to advance halted, and at this point they receive the first fire. Sometimes they would make two or three efforts to leave the railroad before they could advance across that part of the plain between the railroad and our lines. We, who were on the right, had no trouble to repulse those in our front, and in fact, we successfully met every assault made on the right, and that, too, without any or little loss. We regarded the efforts of the Federals, so far as

the right was concerned, as futile in the extreme. In fact, their assaults on this part of the line appeared like the marching of men up to a point of certain defeat and slaughter. Our infantry fire, aided by fifteen pieces of artillery placed at our right and a little in front, did terrible execution as the poor fellows emerged from a slight railroad cut in front of a part of our line.

The Federals in our front had been easily, and to them disastrously, driven back in every assault, and the repeated cheering and yelling coming from Marye's Heights assured us of a victory all along the line. Just as we had repulsed the enemy, Private F. M. Goodall cried out to me, "Look yonder! See those — cowardly Georgians running." Our men became furious. For a few minutes we could not restrain some from firing into them, when presently we, too, were joining those in their flight. But to us the surprise was not so damaging in its effects, for we finally succeeded in halting and reforming most of our command, and this was a nucleus for the advance of Early's division to form with, so by a timely arrival of the reserves the break in our lines was followed by no serious results.

On the morning of the 13th, General Jackson rode down his lines, dressed in a new suit, presented to him, as we understood, by General Stuart. Some of our men facetiously remarked that they preferred seeing him with his rusty old cap on, as they feared he would n't get down to work, and in saving his clothes he'd let the Yankees whip us. He inspected all of his positions, riding by himself. After halting near the extreme right, the artillery fire was commenced, and here I had an excellent opportunity to see him under fire. I watched him closely, but I was unable to detect the slightest change in his demeanor. In a few minutes he rode off in the direction of Lee's headquarters. After our lines were broken, General Archer rode down the lines accompanied by a volunteer aid, and had it not been for this incident the lives of the entire family of volunteer aids would have been spared. He unfortunately was struck by a shell, and was instantly killed. He was the only volunteer aid that I knew, or ever heard of, losing his life in battle.

A very general impression prevails, and is in a great measure confirmed by the writers of Fredericksburg, that Jackson's lines were strongly fortified. This is not true, for we had no time to construct any thing like fortifications. D. H. Hill's division was employed at



Port Royal, eighteen miles below Fredericksburg, to prevent the Federals from crossing at this point, and he left Port Royal after the enemy abandoned the project of crossing there, and did not reach the positions assigned him until about daylight of the 13th. In fact, the order to move his troops from Port Royal, eighteen miles distant, was not received until a little before sundown on the 12th.

After the enemy was repulsed the reserves were brought up, and all was formed into three lines of battle for the purpose of making a night attack on Franklin. But this plan of attack was abandoned because of the artillery fire kept up without ceasing from Stafford Heights. Had this attack been made the results would have been appalling. The next morning the scenes of carnage were heart-sickening. To intensify the horrible picture, there lay corpses and mortally and helpless wounded with their clothes and hair burned in the sedge grass, which was set on fire by bursting shells. The number of the Federal dead and wounded was enormous, and although many were carried off the field and many others were buried on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, yet on Tuesday General Wickham, of Virginia, and two other general officers, as the writer is creditably informed, actually counted three thousand five hundred dead in our front.

The attack on Marye's Heights, our left, was equally, if not more disastrous to Burnside. General French with his brigade led the attack on the heights south of the city. As soon as they appeared on the narrow plain, there was rained on them torrents of shot and shell. Small arms and artillery of every description assailed them. The fire was direct, enfilading, converging, and from all points of the semi-circular hill. No troops could withstand such frightful havoc. After advancing a short distance, they fell back in dismay.

Hancock now rushed to the breach with five thousand veterans, and in less than fifteen minutes they are hurled back with a loss of two

thousand and ten in killed and wounded. Howard's, Sturgis', and Getty's divisions advance on Couch's left, but only to repeat the terrible disaster of those who preceded. Burnside leaves his headquarters on the north side of the Rappahannock, and comes to the bank of the river; walking up and down, he exclaims to his corps commanders, "That crest must be taken to-night." He could not be dissuaded. Hooker's reserves are brought across, and General Humphrey's division is formed in column of assault. They made the assault with empty muskets, and they, too, are hurled back with a loss of one thousand seven hundred out of four thousand. This was the last attack. No battle of the war was more completely disastrous to the Federal commanders.

Such is a slight picture of a partial scene in the most tragic battle of the great rebellion. Though appalling in many respects, it was magnificent in the devotion and sacrifices of the assailants. They rushed as in myriads to inevitable slaughter against the impregnable heights of Fredericksburg, while commander and commanded seemed impelled by no other force but that of desperation. The faults, if any, of the General-in-chief have been a ceaseless theme of most severe criticism. True or untrue as these charges may be, it should not be forgotten that General Burnside was faithful and devoted to his predecessor; that he was reluctantly forced into accepting the great trust of general-in-chief, after he had twice, on previous occasions, absolutely refused the same, because he candidly and particularly expressed grave doubts as to his own ability. In obedience to the will and wishes of the commander in chief, he became surrounded by inextricable difficulties. This should never be forgotten as one extenuating circumstance in the gravest of failures. If General Burnside was not the greatest commander of the Army of the Potomac, he at least has proven himself to be actuated by noble and patriotic motives, never guilty of the charge of aspiring to place and promotion beyond his capacity.

*J. H. Moore.*

## HOMING PIGEONS.

NOW and then, as we turn over the leaves of some quaint old Persian or Turkish history, with its wealth of sensuous pictures, tales, and stories of love and war, its romantic accounts of Eastern scenes of kingly splendor and royalty, our attention is attracted by short references to the little carrier-pigeon, whose importance as a war-messenger was scarcely greater than its value as a kingly present. Nor is our interest at all lessened when we read in mythologic fable of the little feathered creature bearing love messages to some "fair princess imprisoned in a magic castle on a high and beetling cliff," and returning with joyful news to the waiting knight in the valley below. With all the poetic fancy of which the Oriental mind is capable has the royal courier been portrayed, and pen and pencil have vied to picture the winged message-bearer in appropriate dress and plumage.

In later times the fascination attached to the subject of so many poetical fancies has not diminished, and as the little carrier wings its flight swiftly through the air, we love to fancy it bearing some message of joy or comfort to waiting, expectant hearts.

Our fancy is not a strained one. With friendship and love almost human, the homing pigeon attaches itself to its breeder and trainer. "Home, sweet home," is for it no myth, but by a wonderful instinct it flies with unerring accuracy to its breeding place when liberated many miles away. No obstacles of ordinary occurrence will serve to detain the bird when carrying a message or returning to its roosting-place, and this phenomenal characteristic has made the bird useful and reliable in carrying messages where ordinary means fail. By its peculiar structure the carrier is eminently fitted for speedy and long-continued flights, the well-rounded breast, prominent wing-butts, and long, well-developed wings indicate great muscular power, and the perfect symmetry of the whole body gives it a comely appearance. When speeding through the air with its small note no prettier figure could be imagined, and the photographs of the bird, taken while on the wing, exhibit a remarkable proportion between wings and body for a bird of such great and long-sustained powers of flight.

The frequent trial tests of speed with the homing pigeon have revealed some curious

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facts about its training and power of endurance. At an early age it begins to manifest its tendency to obey and return to its perch when carried away. Its proprietary instincts are dominant, however, and unless properly handled a savage and quarrelsome nature is shown, which often results in the injuring of some of those the most highly developed. The third year usually determines the character of the bird, but five years are required to properly mature and train it for useful services. It is then often as good as those much more experienced. Its power of endurance is also great at this early age. In the autumn races of young birds the homing pigeon, "Baby Mine," made over two hundred and fifty miles the day of liberating, and the three hundred and thirty-eight miles from Lynchburg, Virginia, were covered with ease by the young carrier. The speed of the rest of the contestants were proportioned according to their breed and training. Training alone will not answer; good breed counts for more than all the care and patience that a trainer can bestow upon his bird.

The intelligence of the homing pigeon is one of its marked traits, and few qualities are more necessary for a faithful message-bearer. Instances have frequently been recorded by pigeon fanciers, where the bird has shown almost human ingenuity in avoiding dangerous places when bearing important messages, and by taking a circuitous route they have escaped almost certain death. While passing through the South of France several years ago one of these feathered carriers stopped near a gentleman's house to rest and eat. While quietly watching the inmates of the house through a window the little carrier attracted the attention of the owner of the place, who offered it food out of his own hand. With a strange fearlessness the bird perched itself on the gentleman's hand and began to eat. The small packet which the pigeon carried plainly informed the gentleman the bird's errand, and, taking the little creature in the house, he allowed it to eat and rest as much as it desired. All attempts to examine the contents of the packet, however, were violently objected to by the carrier. After half an hour's rest the bird became uneasy, and, taking its perch upon the window sill, it began tapping significantly on the glass with its bill. The gentleman, curious to see what the bird



would do if forcibly detained, paid no attention to this mute but plain appeal. The bird then began to fly from the window to the man's shoulder and back again, pecking angrily in turn on the window pane and at its host's ear. Still finding no response to its demands, the bird became frantic in its action, until finally, losing all patience, it dashed itself heavily against the window-glass and shattered it into a hundred pieces. Whether the bird was hurt by the sharp glass could not be ascertained, as the faithful little messenger quickly mounted in the air and was soon lost in the distance.

In the northern part of England, near Newcastle, a somewhat similar occurrence took place. The pigeon had quietly perched itself on a fence near the house, and was watching several varieties of fowl fight over their warm food, when the farmer first discovered its presence. Attracted by the quietness and tameness of the stray bird, the farmer approached it and scattered some warm food within its reach. The tired little carrier did not wait for a second invitation, but quickly flying to the ground it began devouring the tempting food. It permitted the farmer to approach it, and even to feed it out of his hands, but under no consideration would it allow any one to handle it. Once or twice attempts were made to catch it, but all in vain. The farmer became so interested in the little stranger that he forbore to annoy it any longer by trying to handle it, and took special pains to prepare the most palatable food for its use. After half an hour's sojourn the pigeon, to the great disappointment of the farmer, suddenly mounted in the air and flew away.

Nearly six months after this occurrence the pigeon was sent over the same route again. During that time it had carefully remembered the farmer and his kindness, and on its way home it took occasion to visit him the second time. The joy of the farmer at seeing his old friend, which he readily recognized, was very great. The pigeon this time showed less fear, and instead of objecting to being handled, it seemed to encourage all attempts to pet and fondle it. It was tenderly cared for until it showed a desire to leave, when it was liberated. Subsequently it visited the farmer twice, becoming less and less timid each time.

As a life-saver the homing pigeon has never won much renown, but one instance of its usefulness in an emergency is worth repeating. A gentleman, having several of the birds in his possession, was crossing the ocean on a small

sailing vessel, when a violent storm blew up. For two days the wind and waves combined to make the lives of the passengers and sailors wretched. On the third night the storm abated, but the vessel's sails, rudder and rigging were all gone, and the vessel itself drifting hopelessly before the wind. The wind and tide had driven them far out of the ordinary path of travel, and there was little hope of their meeting any assistance for days or even weeks. The attempt to rig a temporary rudder, and thus to control the course of the vessel proved fruitless on account of the heavy sea, and the hope of the passengers began to wane rapidly. At last the gentlemen owning the homing pigeons proposed to send one or more of the birds out in different directions, with a message to the effect that the vessel was in great danger of being swamped, and the crew all lost in a certain latitude and longitude, and that help was earnestly implored. The two pigeons, with their precious missives, skimmed rapidly over the surface of the sea when liberated, and were soon lost to sight. On the second day after their liberation the crew were agreeably surprised to see one of the pigeons returning, carrying with it a return message. It had reached the shore on the evening of the first day, and, as soon as a wrecking-boat could be fitted out to go in search of the lost crew, the little bird was returned to its master with a note of encouragement. Communications were kept up between the two vessels by means of this bird, until the drifting craft was reached and the crew transferred to the wrecking-boat. The second pigeon, which had been sent out with the first one, was never afterward seen, and its fate always remained a mystery.

The practical and interesting experiments with homing pigeons as war messengers have lately proved of great value, and in Germany the result of the experiments has led to the establishment of garrison lofts in the principal cities. At the annual Easter Monday review of the English volunteers at Dover, a series of practical tests of the reliability of the bird in conveying war-messages were made, with a view of adopting the German method of garrison lofts in England. The maneuvers were based upon the supposition that an army of soldiers had invaded England, and was in possession of the country in the vicinity of Dover and Portsmouth. The homing pigeons in the several cities had been trained to meet such a contingency, and communications between London, Canterbury, Portsmouth, and Dover

were kept up constantly, although the telegraph lines and railroads were in possession of the enemy. All the movements and operations of the invading force were dispatched to London by the pigeons, and it was impossible for them to concentrate an army against either one of the cities without the inhabitants knowing it long before the city was reached. The enemy, finding all their maneuvers thwarted, and the English troops all prepared to resist their sudden attack, finally retreated. Only twenty birds were available at the time for this work, and seventeen accomplished the task set them, and kept up the communications between the several cities. The last bird sent out returned to London with the simple message, "Victory," and victory had been achieved in more ways than one.

In times of actual war the little carrier runs considerable risk of being shot by the invading enemy, as it attempts to cross the line to descend into the city. But usually it is trained to approach the city at a great height, and then to descend in almost a straight line toward the center of the beleaguered army, thus, at least, insuring the safety of the message, if not its own life. During the Franco-Prussian war pig-

eons were used on several occasions as war-messengers, but a new device was adopted by the Germans which threatened to make the services of the carriers useless. Falcons were trained to catch and kill every pigeon that left the besieged city, and generally the innocent bearer of messages fell a prey to the fierce pursuer. To surmount this new difficulty several pigeons were let loose in rapid succession, each carrying a false note, until all of the enemy's falcons were flying through the air in pursuit of one or more of the birds. The pigeon with the important message would then be sent out, and unless something more than ordinary occurred it would usually carry its message safely to its destination.

The longest and most beautiful trial of wing-manship was observable during this war, and both besieged and besiegers often watched with interest the chase of the falcon after the little homing pigeon. The chases frequently lasted as far as the eye could reach, and seemed to continue much further. The little carrier, knowing the deadly intention of its pursuer, would try its best to escape, while the fierce falcon would pursue it with equal determination to overtake it and satiate its ravenous hunger.

*George E. Walsh.*

## THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

THE following letter was written by Colonel J. T. L. Preston, of the Military College of Lexington, Virginia, a few hours after the execution of John Brown. The writer was there on duty, as an officer of the corps of cadets who were ordered to Harper's Ferry at the time. As there has been a remarkable revival of interest in every species of war literature of late, this minute description of the tragic scene has an interest which justifies its publication. As it was written on the ground it is worthy of preservation as a bit of veritable history.

"CHARLESTOWN, December, 2, 1859.

... "The execution is over; we have just returned from the field, and I sit down to give you some account of it. The weather was very favorable; the sky was a little overcast, with a gentle haze in the atmosphere that softened, without obscuring, the magnificent prospect afforded here. Before nine o'clock the troops began to put themselves in motion to occupy the positions assigned to them on the field.

To Colonel Smith (now General Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute), had been assigned the superintendence of the execution, and he and his staff were the only mounted officers on the ground until the Major-General and his staff appeared.

"By 10 o'clock all was arrayed, the general effect was most imposing, and at the same time picturesque. The cadets were immediately in rear of the gallows, with a howitzer on the right and left, a little behind, so as to sweep the field. They were uniformed in red flannel shirts, which gave them a dashing, Zouave look, and was exceedingly becoming, especially at the battery. They were flanked obliquely by two corps, the Richmond Grays and the Company F, which, if inferior in appearance to the cadets, were superior to any other company I ever saw outside of the regular army. Other companies were distributed over the field, in all amounting to perhaps eight hundred men. The military force was about fifteen hundred.

"The whole inclosure was lined by cavalry



troops, posted as sentinels, with their officers, Turner Ashby and his brother, one on a peerless black horse and the other on a remarkable looking white horse, continually dashing round the inclosure. Outside this inclosure were other companies, acting as rangers and scouts. The jail was guarded by several companies of infantry, and pieces of artillery were put in position for its defense.

"Shortly before eleven o'clock the prisoner was taken from jail, and the funeral cortege was put in motion. First came three companies, then the criminal's wagon, drawn by two large white horses. John Brown was seated on his coffin, accompanied by the sheriff and two other persons. The wagon drove to the foot of the gallows, and Brown descended with alacrity and without assistance and ascended the steep steps to the platform. His demeanor was intrepid, without being braggart. He made no speech; whether he desired to make one or not I do not know; even if he had desired it, it would not have been permitted. Any speech of his must of necessity have been unlawful, as being directed against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, and as such could not be allowed by those who were then engaged in the most solemn and extreme vindication of law.

"John Brown's manner gave no evidence of timidity, but his countenance was not free from concern, and it seemed to me to have a little cast of wildness. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinned, the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted and attached to the hook above, and he was moved, blindfold, a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet, as if afraid he would walk off the scaffold. The man who stood unblenched on the brink of eternity, was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground!

"Every thing was now in readiness. The sheriff asked the prisoner if he should give him a private signal before the fatal moment. He replied, in a voice that sounded to me unnaturally natural—so composed was its tone, and so distinct its articulation—that 'it did not matter to him, if only they would not keep him too long waiting.' He was kept waiting, however; the troops that had formed his escort had to be put in their proper position, and while this was going on he stood for some ten or fifteen minutes blindfold, the rope round his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform,

expecting instantly the fatal act; but he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position, and motionless. I was close to him, and watched him narrowly, to see if I could detect any signs of shrinking or trembling in his person, but there was none. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Colonel Smith announce to the sheriff, 'We are all ready, Mr. Campbell.' The sheriff did not hear or did not comprehend, and in a louder tone the same announcement was made. But the culprit still stood steady, until the sheriff descending the flight of steps, with a well-directed blow of a sharp hatchet, severed the rope that held up the trap-door, which instantly sank sheer beneath him. He fell about three feet; and the man of strong and bloody hand, of fierce passions, of iron will, of wonderful vicissitudes, the terrible partisan of Kansas, the capturer of the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, the would-be Catiline of the South, the demigod of the Abolitionists, the man execrated and lauded, damned and prayed for, the man who, in his motives, his means, his plans, and his successes, must ever be a wonder, a puzzle and a mystery, John Brown, was hanging between heaven and earth.

"There was profoundest stillness during the time his struggles continued, growing feebler and feebler at each abortive attempt to breathe. His knees were scarcely bent, his arms were drawn up to a right angle at the elbow, with the hands clenched; but there was no writhing of the body, no violent heaving of the chest. At each feebler effort at respiration his arms sank lower and his legs hung more relaxed, until at last, straight and lank, he dangled, swayed slightly to and fro by the wind.

"It was a moment of deep solemnity, and suggestive of thoughts that made the bosom swell. The field of execution was a rising ground, that commanded the outstretching valley from mountain to mountain, and their still grandeur gave sublimity to the outline; and it so happened that white clouds resting upon them gave them the appearance that reminded more than one of us of the snow-peaks of the Alps. Before us was the greatest array of disciplined forces ever seen in Virginia, infantry, cavalry, and artillery combined, composed of the old commonwealth's choicest sons, and commanded by her best officers; and the great canopy of the sky, over-

arching all, came to add its sublimity, ever present, but only realized when other great things are occurring beneath it.

"But the moral of the scene was its grand point. A sovereign State had been assailed, and she had uttered but a hint, and her sons had hastened to show that they were ready to defend her. Law had been violated by actual murder and attempted treason, and that gibbet was erected by law, and to uphold law was this military force assembled. But greater still, God's holy law and righteous providence was vindicated: 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' And here the gray-haired man of violence meets his fate, after he had seen his two sons cut down before him earlier in the same career of violence into which he had introduced them. So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the Union! All such foes of the human race! So I felt, and so I said, with solemnity and without one shade of animosity, as I turned to break the silence to those around me.

"Yet the mystery was awful—to see the human form thus treated by men—to see life suddenly stopped in its current, and to ask one's self the question without answer, 'And what then?'

"In all that array there was not, I suppose, one throb of sympathy for the offender. All felt in the depths of their hearts it was right. On the other hand, there was not one single word or gesture of exultation or insult. From the beginning to the end, all was marked by the most absolute decorum and solemnity. There was no military music, no saluting by troops as they passed one another, nor any thing done for show.

"The criminal hung upon the gallows for nearly forty minutes, and, after being examined by a whole staff of surgeons, was deposited in a neat coffin to be delivered to his friends, and transported to Harper's Ferry, where his wife awaited it. She came in company with two persons to see her husband last night, and returned to Harper's Ferry this morning. She is described by those who saw her as a very large, masculine woman, of absolute composure of manner. The officers who witnessed their meeting in the jail said they met as if nothing

unusual had taken place, and had a comfortable supper together.

"Brown would not have the assistance of any minister in jail during his last days, nor their presence with him on the scaffold. In going from prison to the place of execution he said very little, only assuring those who were with him that he had no fear, nor had he at any time in his life known what fear was. When he entered the gate of the inclosure, he expressed his admiration of the beauty of the surrounding country, and, pointing to different residences, asked who were the owners of them.

"There was a very small crowd to witness the execution. Governor Wise and General Taliaferro had both issued proclamations exhorting the citizens to remain at home and guard their property, and warned them of possible danger. The train on the Winchester Railroad had been stopped from carrying passengers; and even passengers on the Baltimore Railroad were subjected to examination and detention. An arrangement was made to divide the expected crowd into recognized citizens and persons not recognized, to require the former to go to the right, and the latter to the left; of the latter there was not *a single one*. It was told that last night there were not in Charlestown ten persons besides the citizens and the military.

"There is but one opinion as to the completeness of the arrangements made on the occasion, and the absolute order with which they were carried out. I have said something about the striking effect of the pageant as a pageant; but the excellence of it is, that every thing was arranged solely with a view to efficiency, and not for effect upon the eye. Had it been intended as a mere spectacle it could not have been made more imposing; had actual need occurred it was the best possible arrangement.

"You may be inclined to ask, Was all this necessary? I have not time to enter upon this question now. Governor Wise thought it necessary, and he said he had reliable information. The responsibility of calling out the force rests with him. It only remained for those under his orders to dispose the force in the best manner. That this was done is unquestionable, and whatever credit is due for it may be fairly claimed by those who accomplished it."

J. T. L. Preston.



## SOUTHERN SUMMER RESORTS.

### II. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND CÆSAR'S HEAD.

IT has often been remarked that the conventional architecture of our North American cities is calculated to make our winters as endurable and our summers as unendurable as possible. In midsummer the construction of a "business street," with its massive barricades of brick walls, completely reverses the plan of nature by admitting a glare of sunshine and, aggravating its effects by all sorts of artificial caloric, but excluding the breezes that sweep freely through the open arcades of the forest. A privileged few may escape their midsummer martyrdom by a timely flight to the sea-coast; but for the masses the thermal comforts of the year are limited to a few days in May and a few weeks in October, and the *desideratum* of inexpensive refrigeration might seem to involve the most puzzling problem of public hygiene.

Yet that problem has been solved in the busiest railroad town of the Tennessee Valley. The first colonists who pitched their tents in the shade of the *Chattanooga*, or Hawk's Cliff, as the Indians called the crest of Lookout Mountain, were attracted chiefly by the charm of the magnificent scenery, and their rivals probably thought themselves far wiser for settling the plains of the lower river valley; but in the household of nature the beautiful and the useful always go hand in hand. The forest, that invites the souls of our children to its bird-haunted playgrounds, was ruthlessly cut down to make room for utilitarian turnip-fields, till we ascertained that field-crops can not succeed without certain proportions of sunshine and moisture, which in their turn depend upon the climatic influence of arboreal vegetation. Highland torrents evolve grist and romantic emotion with equal readiness, and the mountain which attracted the founders of Chattanooga by its picturesque cliff now blesses their children with a gift that will make their city a favorite summer resort of the South. The plateau of the mountain extends some sixty-five miles southwest across the border of Alabama, and at its northeastern extremity rises about sixteen hundred feet above the river valley, or two thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. In the latitude of Chattanooga the climatic conditions of that elevation correspond to those of the 45th or 48th parallel, according to the distance from the sea, and the tourist, ascending

the heights of the summit cliffs, escapes the summer plagues of the lowlands as effectually as if he had taken refuge in the birthland of the Hudson River, or in the fishing-grounds of the Thousand Islands. More than thirty years ago the amenities of that mountain resort began to attract the attention of the neighboring settlements, and the Indian hunting trails were supplemented by several wagon-roads, and at last by a graded pike, enabling the citizens of Chattanooga to reach the plateau by an easy ascent of five or six miles. In the meantime, however, Chattanooga had become the chief railroad center of the South; the riders of the iron horse had found a way through the rock labyrinth of the steepest surrounding mountain ranges, including the main chain of the Southern Cumberlands, and two years ago a number of capitalists and engineers decided to try their luck with old Lookout itself, and make the summit of the Hawk's Cliff the terminus of an inclined plane road.

On a smaller scale that plan had made the fortune of several hill-top resorts in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh; in San Francisco, Salzburg, Barcelona; Mount Vesuvius, too, at least up to a midway terrace, had thus been made a most accessible mountain. The surveyors and iron-workers of the city vied in mastering the technical details of the project; a "corner" in the real estate of the eastern plateau was successfully broken, and a month after the August number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* reaches its readers the passenger cars of the Lookout road will accomplish their first trip to the clouds. From a picturesque hamlet, with one business street and a few dozen villas, Chattanooga has, in fifteen years, grown up to a city of 31,000 inhabitants, with half a hundred commercial and industrial emporiums that would do credit to the wealthiest business center of the seaboard States. Rolling-mills, machine-shops, steam mills, canning and pickling establishments, lead-works, planing-mills, paper-mills, and furniture factories have sprung up by dozens, girdling the city with a circle of bristling chimney towers, and veiling its atmosphere with a canopy of surging smoke clouds. In fifteen minutes the toilers of that sweltering workshop can now escape to an Arcadia as cool as a Scotch lake park, and as still as a mountain meadow of the upper Andes; for

the Lookout plateau is not a hill-top resort limited to the precincts of a catch-penny coffee-garden with its inevitable tobacco fumes and musical tribulations. Beyond the villa region and the last traces of cultivation, the table-land ranges to the south in the form of a free highland wilderness, a playground of all the breezes of heaven, abounding with natural parks and rock labyrinths, where for years to come the children of nature will find a sanctuary but rarely violated by the intrusion of troublesome visitors. Parallel to the trend of the table-land range winds the valley of the Tennessee River, every now and then widening into a broad plain, now only sparsely dotted with farmsteads, but from where the cities of the future could send up dozens of mountain railroads without crowding the playgrounds of the plateau, which here and there measures seven miles across, and sends down rivulets of its own, and even good sized brooks, fed by the springs of the summits that rise several hundred feet above the general level of the table-land. One of those summits, "High Point," some seven miles south of the Tennessee border, rivals the height of Lookout, and forms a most conspicuous landmark on the the southwestern horizon of Chattanooga. But the tourist who ascends that height to get a view of other mountain peaks still further south, finds to his surprise that he stands upon the southwestern promontory of the Appalachian mountain system; seaward the ridges on all sides sinking rapidly into low hill-chains, and soon into "knobs," sand-hills, perhaps, or the shores of the primeval ocean, which once extended from the Staked Plains to the "Piedmont counties" of Virginia and North Carolina. On the coast of that ocean High Point formed a steep headland, backed by the main chain of the Cumberlands and flanked by the inferior promontories of the Sand Mountain and Chickamauga Ridge. Hence, the remarkable breeziness of Lookout Plateau and the surprising range of the panorama from its higher summits; Lookout Point, for instance, is nearly matched by the crest of High Point, but in all the neighboring uplands of this border region it has no other rival. Walden's Ridge ranges some eighty miles north without any appreciable deviation from its average height of twelve hundred feet. The hill country of Northern Alabama rarely approaches that elevation; the broad valley of the Tennessee is dotted only with low hillocks, so that no mountain rampart bars the view to the lofty peaks of the Co-

huttas in the east and the jagged range of the Unakas in the far northeast. West and south the country is spread out like a map, and if it is true that on clear days the landmarks of the horizon represent *seven* different States, Lookout Mountain can certainly claim its name above all other summits of the same elevation in the United States, if not on the American Continent.

The great plateau abounds with prospect cliffs and as many inviting camp-grounds. The rills crossing the upland trails every few hundred yards are drinkable at all points, and in summer there is no lack of mountain berries, and on the lower terraces of nuts and wild grapes. But the stranger reaching the summit by the mountain railroad need not depend on his private camping outfit. The permanent habitations near the "Point" form already the nucleus of a highland town, with restaurants, ice-cream gardens, and several hotels; even visitors of fastidious tastes may spend a summer month here as pleasantly as any where in the Western Alps. Invalids can take their choice between the waters of three or four different mineral springs, which, in the course of the last few years, have been discovered in the proximity of the Point. Business men can arrange to get their mail in two hours after its arrival at the Chattanooga post-office. Guides, professional and amateur, are ready to conduct the stranger to half a hundred neighboring points of interest. Nicoyac Cave, only a few miles from the summit hotels, ranks as a marvel, even on this continent of marvelous caverns. A few miles further west the Tennessee River forces its way through the mountain defile of the "Suck," like the Danube through the rocks of the Iron Gate. A highland tarn, "Lulah Lake," seven miles from the Lookout House, is a favorite picnic resort, and a projected narrow-gauge will soon make it the southern terminus of the mountain railroad. Geologists and strategists may examine the *Barrier Cliff*, a remarkable mountain-wall, barring for mile after mile the access from the lower terraces to the summit plateau. Only a few years ago the settlers of the midway slopes were amused by the almost daily inquiries of puzzled tourists who had attempted to reach the summit a-foot, and were baffled by the barricade of a precipice appearing to stretch interminably along the eastern brink of the table-land, and for a distance of five or six miles defying the approach of all unwinged travelers. Hooker's brigade would never have forced



the pass of that Thermopylæ if the defenders had followed their original plan of confining their breastworks to the eastern spurs of the plateau. But traces of less tenable works still bristle all around the base of the mountain, and persevering bullet-hunters make finds over an area of nearly fourteen English square miles, without counting the battle-grounds of Missionary Ridge on the opposite slope of the valley.

Scenery worshipers, too, may extend their pilgrimages beyond the summit plateau. The old pike road from the Point to the Stanton House offers scenic surprises at every turn, and foot-tourists will not repent a detour to "Craven's Place," on a broad midway terrace, or to Dr. Lincoln's Summer-house, perched on the brink of a lower plateau, commanding a magnificent view of the city and the Tennessee Valley, with its rock-crowned hills and blue-border mountains. Fifty years ago land could be bought up here at fifty cents an acre; now as many dollars would hardly purchase ground enough for a house with a small inclosure; but the value of that ground would, indeed, not be confined to its picturesque properties, and Dr. Lincoln's mountain orchard proves that even the rockiest slopes can be made to produce other fruit than bramble-berries.

That in fifty years more the plateau will be studded with villas is as safe a prediction as that the completion of the mountain railroad will mark an era in the sanitary development of our civilization. The founders of new business centers, instead of shunning, will learn to value the neighborhood of the mountains, which will save them both time and money at a season when removal to a more bracing atmosphere becomes a physiological necessity. The Sheffield and Manchesters of the future will be foot-hill cities, and will be divided into valley workshops and mountain suburbs, day and night towns, business resorts and pleasure resorts. The long-headed natives of ancient Greece seem to have recognized the advantages of that plan, since nearly every one of their larger cities had an *acropolis*, or upland town, a local Olympus, offering Mercury and Minerva a sanctuary from the plagues of the lower world. Our country abounds with such mountains of refuge, and at a time of the year when our seaside resorts are crowded with the worshipers of Fashion, the lovers of Nature can console themselves with Daniel Webster's reflection that there is "plenty of room higher up."

#### CÆSAR'S HEAD.

In a country of climatic extremes, like the North American Continent, it would be a mistake to suppose that the summers of the North are always more endurable than those of the lower latitudes. Any where north of the Ohio our inland cities are liable to an excess of summer heat as well as of winter frosts; and in Montreal, for instance, the thermometer ranges from 40° below zero to 108° above, a maximum which the temperature of Knoxville, Tennessee, a thousand miles further south, has never yet reached in the warmest summers. The neighborhood of the equator shortens the difference between the longest and shortest days, and in many a garden city of our semi-tropical South the dog-days are actually less torrid than in British North America. But it is true that in the neighborhood of our Gulf coast that advantage is frequently offset by an excess of moisture. The summers of our Cotton States are too rainy to be quite enjoyable. In the lowlands of the Sunny South there are regions where every summer day of sunshine has to be paid with a series of drenching showers; and still further south, in the coast-lands of the tropics proper, the violence of those showers often makes out-door life as afflictive as in the stormiest winters of our Northern prairie States. Near Tehuantepec, Mexico, I have seen a hundred successive days ending in pouring thunder-storms; but while the lowlands were reeking in the welter of a never-ending deluge, the summits of the Cordilleras often stood for days as cloudless as the sunny hills of Beulah.

In our Gulf States, too, there are mountains that enjoy an almost unfair share of dry weather. It must aggravate the misery of a rain-soaked lowlander to see a neighboring mountain enjoying sunshine as well as cool breezes, and some twenty miles northwest of Greenville, South Carolina, one of those mountains has become a favorite basking resort for the drenched valleys in every direction. Like High Point of the Lookout Plateau, Cæsar's Head forms the terminus of a southern mountain range. From the highlands of North Carolina the main chain of the Blue Ridge projects in a V-shaped bend to the south, rather beyond the border of the sister State, and at the southern extremity of that apex the summit of Cæsar's Head towers four thousand six hundred feet above the sea level. To the south the range of the view is limited only by a horizon as sharp drawn as that of the open ocean, and from

King's Mountain, in Eastern North Carolina, to the Currahee Ridge, in Central Georgia, a distance of more than two hundred miles, the eye roams over the very garden-land of the South, the "Piedmont region," with its undulating hills and thousands of grove-embowered county-seats.

To the north the prospect is more limited, but the grandeur of the boundary mountains compensates for all they hide. There the main peak of the Roane stands like a sentinel at the gate of the Tennessee Valley; there the royal summits of the Black Mountains lift their fir-crowned pinnacles to the clouds; there in the northwest the precipice of Whitesides glitters like a glacier of the upper Alps; Mount Pisgah, Rocky Bald, and several peaks of the Balsam Range all rise above a height of six thousand feet, but may well envy the panorama of the prominent headland at the southern terminus of the main chain.

In other respects, too, the plateau of Cæsar's Head is a representative highland park of the South. It is a thoroughly democratic summer resort. In the commodious hotel the most exclusive guest can enjoy the privileges of privacy, but those privileges imply no prescriptive rights. In the office of the proprietor the poor mountain-boy with his little cargo of berries and honey is as welcome as the merchant prince of the wealthiest eastern sea-port town, and the natives never abuse that hospitality. With an instinctive courtesy, recalling the chivalrous deportment of the Spanish peasants, the North Carolina hunter in his home-made jeans will promptly and intelligently answer the questions of the female naturalist fresh from Vassar, or even show his superior discretion by ignoring the banter of a supercilious dude. Blue jeans, indeed, mingle quite freely with the gayer colors of the weekly picnic parties, but if the absence of constraint is the surest mark of good breeding, the society of Cæsar's Head can rank with the best of the civilized world. Senators from Raleigh or Columbia take a hand in a game of nine-pins; the rustic guide of an excursion party, just back from the highlands, cleverly takes their part in a game of repartee; a group of city exquisites gather around a veteran "mountain-boomer," reviving his memories of the *ante-bellum* days; a stranger's pet grayhound starts in fierce pursuit of an intrusive pig, and broadcloth and bluejeans race to the edge of the grove to see the fun to the end. The distance from the centers of civilization is just sufficient to make the arrival of the mail-

carrier from Hendersonville a daily sensation. The clerk's office at once becomes crowded with expectant faces, and a few minutes later every one retires with his bundle of newspapers and letters.

The forenoons, though, are generally devoted to out-door pursuits. The precipice at the "Head" rivals that of Whitesides, forming a sheer mountain-wall of several hundred feet, overhanging the gorge of Laurel Run. Carriages are driven to within twenty steps of the edge, and few tourists care to approach that edge itself and see the crumbling shale drop into the abyss below. A ten-pound chunk of granite dropped from an overhanging cliff remains nearly ten seconds in the air, and in its descent acquires a momentum that generally dashes it into minute fragments as it strikes on the rocks below. The *Mephitis chinga*, or white-tailed skunk, seems, however, able to survive that fall. Two years ago the dogs of a Pickens County hunter chased a "pole-cat" across the plateau, and, heading off several of its "breaks," drove it right to the edge of the Hangover Cliff. Here the poor plantigrade paused, and several boys running up in the nick of time crowded around, laughing and pushing each other, "toying with danger dire," like Homer's champions—but after all thought it safest to restrain the dogs. As they approached, reinforced by ever new-comers, Master Mephitis crouched down, as if under the impulse of a strong temptation to break the blockade; but the baying of the hounds in the rear of the besieging force seemed to change its mind, and with a bold resolution to anticipate the decision of its fate, it suddenly faced the abyss and jumped off. In the next second a dozen faces peered over the cliff, and their unanimous testimony vouches for the fact that the knight of the white plume landed on his feet, though with a sort of neck-foremost dash, and, after shaking the dust from his silky fur, scampered off toward the next thicket as if nothing had happened. The leader of the Spartan Helots is said to have survived a similar leap, but it may be safely assumed that no modern nation turns out bones that would withstand a fall from the cliffs of Cæsar's Head.

The name of the "Head" is derived from a rock which, seen from a certain point, bears a striking resemblance to a human profile, though from all other points of view it seems only a mass of misshapen crags. "Picken's Nose," "Table Rock," and "Stony Point" are rival heights, though in beauty rather surpassed by



"Raven's Cliff Falls," a precipice with a series of silvery cascades scattering their spray left and right into a jungle of luxuriant vegetation. Patriotic picnic parties now and then visit the battle-ground of Cowpens, and sportsmen wander in the opposite direction to the hunting-grounds of the Balsam Range, where panthers and wild-cats still leave their tracks in the sand of the highland creeks, especially near the headwaters of the Toxaway River, some fifteen miles northwest of the Head.

From July to September the hotel is always full; but Caesar's Head has no "season" in the exclusive sense of the word. Picnickers and tourists visit the plateau at nearly all times of the year. A chalybeate spring in the summit-cliffs has votaries who procure a weekly supply in all but the roughest weather, which here, though, means only a transient snow-storm, even in January; for it is a curious fact that the thermal difference between highlands and valleys is much greater in summer than in winter. A permanent settler on a Blue Ridge plateau of less than five thousand feet

may pass the dog-days in luxurious comfort, without having to pay that privilege with the horrors of an arctic winter. In clear, cold nights the mercury will sink a few degrees lower than any where in the valleys, but the sun of the highlands soon melts the ice, and from the worst storms, on our Atlantic slope at least, those same highlands enjoy an immunity that has never been fully explained.

Somehow or other only the lowlands are treated to the honor of a sensational cyclone. Kansas, Indiana, Ohio, Southern Georgia, and Northern Missouri bear the marks of hurricanes that have cut a swath through the ranks of the stoutest forest trees, while in the upper Alleghanies only lightning now and then fells an oak that has survived even the flames of the yearly bush-fires as miraculously as the mountaineers seem to survive the fiery stimulants of their secret alchemists.

Cæsar's Head can be reached in eight hours by stage via Greenville, South Carolina, or in six hours via Hendersonville, on the new railroad from Asheville to Spartanburg.

*Felix L. Oswald.*

## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

### **The Way the Color-Bearer of the Nineteenth Virginia gave up His Flag.**

The long conflict was near its close, the struggle for the loved Confederacy would soon be over. Lee's army felt it as it began its retreat from Richmond. That day was the saddest I ever saw. Not a joke was heard. Not even a smile could be seen upon the determined faces of the veterans. A victorious, jubilant, boasting enemy was pressing us hard, and had turned our flanks. Smoke was rising from our doomed capitol, our commissary and baggage trains were cut off. The army itself had dwindled away until only a handful was left, but, small as it was, God never congregated in such a compass more genuinely brave, true men. The dross was all gone, the pure stuff only left. They were following Lee, and were ready to do and die with him.

Pickett's division was soon cut off. Sheridan, with twenty thousand fresh troops, splendidly mounted and equipped, determined to exterminate or capture it. He knew he now had the men who made the charge at Gettysburg that equaled if not surpassed the brilliant dash of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. He knew he had ten to their one, and with his characteristic brutality he bent all his energies to destroy them. Pickett prepared for the death struggle. He fought his men in square, and, as his division was nothing more than a brigade in numbers, he, by skillful tactics, managed to reinforce the front attacked. As Sheridan's bugles sounded the charge, Pickett's men would wait until the approaching cavalcade came to near range, and then let them have it. Sad-

dles were emptied, and the broken line went back. Again and again the charge was made. First against one side and then another. At last the ammunition gave out, and Pickett determined to mass his men and cut through with the bayonet. As this movement was in process of execution, another charge was made and Epi Hunton's brigade was overwhelmed. The Nineteenth Virginia had suffered severely in the past, and among other things had lost eight or ten color-bearers. It was known that among the Federals there was an order to give each soldier who captured a stand of colors a furlough and considerable sum of money. On this account when the last color-bearer took the battle-flag of the regiment, he swore he would never surrender them. When Sheridan's men overrun Pickett's division, who were not only exhausted in strength, but without a cartridge, a score of troopers made for the flag. The color-bearer's name was L—, and as he stood there hatless, coatless, with passion blazing in his eyes, he clung to his flag. The Yankees flourished their sabers, brandished pistols, and called, "Give up that old rag, you d—d rebel! or we'll blow your brains out."

"Touch it if you dare, and I'll punch your d—d Yankee head off!" rejoined L—.

Major Boyd, who commanded the Nineteenth, took in the situation, and hurried up to L—, fearing he would be killed, and said, "L— surrender the flag; it's all over with us."

"Here, Major, you take 'em, I'll never give 'em to any d—d Yankee that lives."

And thus the battle-flag of the Nineteenth was surrendered. Major Boyd and this color-bearer are still

living in the Piedmont section of Virginia, Nelson County. L— is a successful tobacco planter, is a quiet man and an honest citizen. He says very little now about the war, but his eyes fill with tears whenever he speaks of the battle-flag of the old Nineteenth Virginia. B.

### The Defense of Fort Wagner.

On the 8th of July the Twelfth Georgia battalion of artillery, then on duty at the "Isle of Hope," near Savannah, Georgia, was ordered to report at once as infantry to General G. T. Beauregard, at Charleston, South Carolina. On reaching Savannah I was informed that the Eighteenth battalion (Savannah volunteer guards), Major George Bassinger commanding, and a battalion from the First Georgia regiment, infantry, Colonel Charles H. Olmstead commanding, were under similar marching orders. We reached Charleston early on the morning of the 10th of July.

At noon of that day we were transferred to a steamer and ordered to report to the officer commanding on Morris Island, where we were informed there had been an engagement with the enemy in which our Confederate forces had been roughly handled. Our steamer reached the Island near three o'clock P. M.

Our arrival was hailed with evident satisfaction by those we met at the landing, whose excited statements and assurances gave us distinctly to understand that there was a lively time ahead of us. This was exhilarating news to the men of my command at least. We had been serving with Bragg and Kirby Smith in the West, where a soldier's life was far more active and exciting than we had found it around Savannah; hence the chance to "smell powder" again brought back the rollicking dash and life we found to be the best friend of a soldier while fighting among the Cumberland Mountains or on the plains of Tennessee and Kentucky.

From the boat landing our reinforcements, under command of Colonel Olmstead, amounting to twelve good companies—about six hundred and fifty men—were marched to Fort Wagner and there reported to Colonel Graham, of the Twenty-first South Carolina regiment, who we found in command. I ascertained that on our arrival the garrison of the fort consisted of the Twenty-first South Carolina infantry, Charleston battalion of rifles, Major Ryan commanding, two companies of the First South Carolina regular artillery, and other detachments of artillerists from volunteer companies. Including our reinforcements the total effective force for duty did not exceed fifteen hundred men.

As chief of the artillery Lieutenant-Colonel Joe Yates, First South Carolina regulars, was hard at work getting the guns of the fort in order. These had been neglected so long that the trunnions of some had rusted to such an extent as to render their elevation or depression very difficult. Yates was an old school-mate, and, holding the same rank and being in the same line of service, it was with great pleasure that I rendered him every aid in my power to place our guns in fighting trim, enjoying the while his excellent good humor.

Fort Wagner we found to be an inclosed work, measuring about six hundred and fifty feet east and west, and about two hundred feet north and south. The face of the work, looking toward the ocean, covered a well-built but badly ventilated bomb-proof, capable of sheltering some five hundred men, with a commodious hospital, large magazines, and commis-

sariat. The southern face of the fort was toward the end of the island occupied by the enemy, who, on the morning of the day of our arrival, had driven the small Confederate force from their position on the extreme southern end of the island to Fort Wagner.

In an informal consultation with Colonel Graham, Olmstead, Bassinger, and myself were informed that he was expecting an assault from the enemy at any moment. Receiving our instructions, our several commands were posted in the following order: Right flank, Twelfth Georgia battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry D. Capus commanding; center, Twenty-first South Carolina infantry volunteers, Major G. W. McIver commanding; First regiment of Georgia volunteers, Colonel Charles H. Olmstead commanding; left flank, Eighteenth battalion of Georgia infantry, Major George S. Bassinger commanding. On this (south) side of the fort there was mounted three 32-pounder carronades, two 32-pound siege howitzers, one 42-pound carronade, two 12-pound howitzers, and four 12-pound Napoleon guns, all served by the best artillerists I have ever seen handle guns. These were from the First South Carolina regiment of regular artillery, and were under the immediate command of Captain Chichester, of Charleston, South Carolina. At sundown the Charleston battalion of riflemen, Major Ryan commanding, were ordered out in front of the fort on picket duty. With well-filled cartridge-boxes, and a large supply of ammunition distributed in easy reach along our line, the garrison went to sleep, as the soldiers used to say, "with one eye open." For several years I had been away from my native State, and although in many ways identified with Georgia, her close sister, and proud of my citizenship there, yet the fact I now realized that I was in arms for the defense of my native heath, and all that a man who could claim such a birth-right held dearest or most sacred; in full view of the city where a happy boyhood had been spent, and near a classic spot where my grandfather had won his spurs with Marion and Moultrie, what wonder that I spent the night wide awake, my mind filled with a warfare of thought, and my soul in a tumult of emotion.

Just at the dawn of day, on the morning of the 11th, the first gun of Ryan's picket was heard, followed quickly by others. Colonel Olmstead, acting as officer of the day, at once had the long roll sounded. In less than five minutes the guns were manned and the infantry ready to receive the enemy. Standing on the parapet of the fort, near the southwestern angle, I witnessed for a few moments one of the best conducted skirmish fights it will ever be the pleasure of a soldier to see. Major Ryan had deployed so much of his battalion as was necessary to cover the open space in front of the fort, flanked on the east by the ocean and on the west by an impassable marsh. As a reserve he held apparently a small company. Ryan's skirmish line retired in admirable order before the advance of the enemy's stronger line, until within about four hundred yards of the fort. The skirmishers then rallied on the reserve, when one volley was delivered, and the battalion came to the about face and retreated to the fort with a precision of movement equal almost to a dress parade. Ryan, with his gallant riflemen, entered the fort by the sally-port on the western face, and not by way of the sea-face crest, as Mr. Hayne reports. Following close upon our skirmishers came the enemy, whose dark blue uniforms, contrasting with the white sand, over which they were rapidly advancing, gave to the heavy assaulting column closed in mass



a formidable appearance. With the coolness of veterans our men held their fire until the head of the column was in point-blank range. Simultaneously (*signum datum*) the artillery, double-shot with grape and canister, and the infantry from right to left opened fire with a fearful effect. In less than forty minutes the assault was over, the enemy repulsed, and in great confusion was retreating to a shelter behind the sand-hills, leaving their dead and wounded.

The advance of the assaulting column was composed, as I was informed by prisoners, of the Seventh Connecticut regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman commanding. No forlorn hope ever acted with more determined devotion than did this splendid regiment; no braver soldier ever flashed a cleaner blade than did Rodman on that memorable morning. Crossing the deep and wide ditch through which the tide was flowing, cutting away the *chevaux-de-frise*. More than one hundred of these brave men scaled the rampart at the southeast angle and entered the Fort. At this point was posted the Eighteenth Georgia battalion, under the command of Major Bassinger, of Savannah, a chivalric gentleman and gallant soldier. His splendid battalion was composed not only of well-drilled soldiers, but men with courage equal to Rodman's. Here in the thickest of the fight fell Captain Werner, of Savannah, Georgia, the only officer killed on our side, and here two thirds of our entire loss was sustained in killed and wounded. I have often conversed with Major Bassinger of the incidents transpiring under his immediate observation at this, the only real "tough" work on our side in this desperate assault. The Major argues with me that the Seventh Connecticut displayed a gallantry in this charge worthy of all commendation. In the center of the left, where I had the honor to command, and on the left of the Twelfth Georgia battalion were two 12-pound Napoleon guns and one 32-pounder carronade. Being by rank an artillery officer I gave me special pleasure to witness the admirable service of these guns by detachments from the First regiment of South Carolina artillery. Guns were never served better, more rapidly, or with more effect.

Shortly after sunrise a flag of truce was sent by the enemy, asking a suspension of hostilities for the purpose of burying the dead. It was agreed that the Confederates should have charge of the burial of all bodies between the fort and our picket line, and that beyond this line the Federals were to perform this last sad rite of a soldier.

Being field officer of the day on the 11th, I passed over the ground carefully from the fort to our picket line. I am satisfied that not less than two hundred bodies were buried in that space. With my glasses I could see many being taken to the rear on stretchers by their Federal comrades. Our entire loss was six killed and sixteen wounded. Of these the only officer killed was Captain Werner, of the Eighteenth Georgia battalion, and of the five men killed four were from this command. By 4 o'clock P. M. the last soldier had been buried, the saddest duty devolving upon a soldier had been discharged, and the first assault upon Fort Wagner had ended a bloody chapter in the fratricidal war between the sections.

In another paper I desire to give my recollections of the siege of Fort Wagner and Sumter, aided by a voluminous diary, and by the remembrances of brave and intelligent soldiers of my immediate command.

HENRY D. CAPEES.

ADAIRSVILLE, GEORGIA.

### The Georgia Deserter.

In the winter of 1863-4 Wilcox's division, Hill's corps of Lee's army, was quartered around Barnett's Ford, on the Rapidan River, three miles from Orange Court-house, Virginia. Desertions had become too numerous, and the law was being rigidly enforced. One morning two men were to be shot, one a North Carolinian, from Scales' brigade, the other a Georgian, of Thomas' brigade. The two brigades were marched out to witness the execution, and were arranged in the shape of a half circle, on two hills. The stakes were driven in the valley between. The men were called to "attention," as the band of music, from the Thirteenth North Carolina regiment, was heard playing in the distance the "Dead March." The music, with drums muffled, was in front, and then a platoon of armed soldiers marching in rear of the deserters. The North Carolinian had his head down, but the Georgian was erect, kept a firm step to the music, and peered fearlessly into the men's faces as he passed by. He was a handsome fellow, well set, of round and ruddy face, and black hair and eyes. When they reached the stakes the North Carolinian fell down with his face in his hands, and remained in that position. Not so the Georgian, he showed not the least fear. The chaplain prayed over them, and then they were asked if they had any thing to say. The Georgian stood up, asked permission to pull off his overcoat, and then said substantially as follows:

"I want to say that my sentence is a just one; I did wrong to leave my colors, and I want all you soldiers to take warning at my fate. The only thing that I regret is that it will bring my old father's gray hairs to the grave in disgrace; but I want you, sir (to the chaplain), to write to my wife and tell her that I died like a brave man and soldier."

He then asked for a drink of water, and his captain, leaving the company to go to him, handed him a canteen. After drinking, and returning the canteen, he seized his officer's hand and said:

"Good-bye, Captain; I want you to promise to meet me in heaven." The officer was so much affected he did not reply; but he held to his hand, saying, "Promise me, Captain, promise me, to meet me in heaven!"

The captain, sobbing as a child, pulled loose and returned to his company, but so urgent were the continued cries of the soldier of "Captain, promise me, promise to meet me in heaven," that he turned, when about half way, and made some reply, but I could not catch it. The Georgian then requested the officer in charge of the details not to tie him or bandage his eyes; he wanted to look in the guns and die without flinching. I think, though, they would not permit it. But he died without a quiver: the bravest man I ever saw die, and he was *shot to death for cowardice!* At one of the battles in Lee's Gettysburg campaigns he had forged a surgeon's certificate, and kept out of the fight on the score of sickness. He had been a gallant soldier all before this, and wore honorable scars on his person. I heard afterward that every officer, non-commissioned officer, and every man in his regiment had petitioned for his reprieve, but from some unaccountable reason it reached Jefferson Davis too late to save him.

Ah, those dark days! I saw sixteen men shot for desertion. God be with us, North and South, East and West, and save us from any more strife like that! One thing is very certain, it will never come again if the old soldiers of Lee's and Grant's armies can prevent it.

T. C. E.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

**PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE**, born January 1, 1830, died at his home near Augusta, Georgia, on the evening of July 6, 1886.

Thus ends a life devoted to art and to the elevation of Southern literature. Essentially a poet, he was inspired with a rare and peculiar courage which enabled him to face all the struggles of life, to bear bravely all of its disappointments, to turn from its thronged pathways into nature's solitudes, there to commune with nature in all her moods, to converse with the mighty host which had gone before, and in words of strange sweetness, strength, and beauty to interpret all these messages so that they might be understood by the toiling multitudes. A New England essayist has calculated the "cost of an educated man," but the value of an educated man, the value of a life like that of Paul Hayne is not so easily estimated. His was the mission of the poet; and he was true to it not merely in the written lines, but in the unwritten life of elevated thought and of unshaken faith. The life in that cottage at Cope Hill is one which, full of privations and self-denials, is rich in memories and inspirations. A few months before his death, in 1867, Timrod wrote to Hayne:

"Our watchful doctor has been urging me more persistently than ever to change of air. I shall obey him. You tempt me, dear Paul, not only with your light, bracing aromatic pine-land atmosphere—the very thing I need—and with the happy prospect of your own society, but you speak of the publishers sending you *new books*. You can afford to put up with what Mr. Simms really appears to consider appetizing fare, so unctuously does he refer to it (I mean hog and hominy), if meantime, instead of having your imagination starved, it (or she?) is free to wander in literary pastures."

In his memoir of Henry Timrod, Mr. Hayne says: "In less than a week the poet himself had followed his letter. He found me with my family established in a crazy wooden shanty, dignified as a cottage, near the track of the Georgia Railroad, sixteen miles from Augusta. Our little apology for a dwelling was perched on the top of a hill, overlooking in several directions hundreds of leagues of pine barren; there were, as yet, neither garden nor inclosure near it, and a wilder, more desolate, and savage-looking home could hardly be seen east of the great prairies. Hither, so to speak, had the irruption of war hurled us; for our old residence on the beautiful Carolina coast had been destroyed by fire; the State of our nativity was a blackened, smoking ruin, and we were consequently grateful for any shelter, however lowly, in which it was possible to live at peace and in freedom. Human hearts can be as warm in a shanty with leaking roof and shutterless windows as in the palace of the Doges, and in the enthusiasm of the poet's welcome we strived to make amends for the general poverty of his accommodations and a very perceptible coarseness of the cuisine. But he, poor fellow, had been the victim of privations so much worse that he cared for none of these things, or rather he professed (with frequent deep drawn sigh of relief) to be perfectly content with the mere consciousness of present freedom from anxiety."

In the South the pathway of the man of letters is indeed beset with thorns. "I think," says Mr. Sted-

man, in his "Poets of America," "that standard literature, including poetry, is read with more interest in the South than here; and oratory there is still more than a tradition," yet her poets, her seers, her true prophets are there without honor, without praise, without appreciation and support. The South today, in that she is stoning her prophets, and in a true sense persecuting them, is repeating the history of literature in England more than a hundred years ago. Men of letters, who are condemned to privations just short of starvation in the South, in the North receive not wealth, but bread and peace and freedom from harassing cares.

Timrod, Lanier, and Hayne. The glory of this triumvirate is ours. We watch the opinion of the North for their praises, and we praise them too, though we read them not. They lived and died among us. What lives of heroic self-denial; what devotion to the highest principles of art; what un-murmuring struggles against adverse fortunes and ill health! Bright as are the lives which they have traced, sweet as are the measures they have sung, the legacies which far outweigh all these, are these lives of noble rectitude, of unflinching devotion, of a courage greater than that which led our soldiers to the field. Yet we have neglected them and passed them by; and now, when the sod lies over all of them, we awaken only for a moment to our strange indifference to the literary life of the South.

In recent years Mr. Hayne has received a true recognition, not only from the educated classes, but from the people every where. His verse has had some indefinable appeal to the hearts of mankind. He has, we will not say seen farther, but he has seen clearer into the mysteries and the miracles of life, and this insight has clothed all the commonplace with beauty and honor. His "King of the Plow," and "In the Wheat-field" express that deep sympathy with the world's workers which is the magic touch of universal kinship, and add new dignity to the labors of the husbandman.

The readers of the *BIVOUAC* have had the best example of Mr. Hayne's prose in his articles on "Antebellum Charleston," "Fort Wagner," and his recent sketch of the life and literary and political career of Judge Gayarré. The best examples we say, for they show the well-stored mind, the rich imagination and creative power, the wealth of imagery and illustration, but with the writer dominating it all, and impressing it with his own image and superscription. These vivid and life-like sketches of Simms, of Legaré, of his uncle, Robert Hayne, and of Charles Gayarré leave in the mind a double portrait, that of his subject and that drawn unconsciously of himself.

We are glad to promise for the September number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* an article on Mr. Hayne, by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the one person Mr. Hayne himself would have chosen for the work had he been consulted. Any further notice of the value of his literary work we leave to Mrs. Preston.

All through Mr. Hayne's recent poems there runs a vein of sadness, a consciousness that life drew rapidly to its close. In them all he expressed his abiding faith that all was well. In April he published, in *Harper's Magazine*, "Face to Face," a strong and beautiful poem, written when he knew better than any



one else that he stood face to face with death. In somewhat the same vein he published a few years ago "In Harbor:"

I think it is over, over,  
I think it is over at last,  
Voices of poem and lover,  
The sweet and the bitter have passed:  
Life, like a tempest of ocean,  
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.  
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,  
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,  
And behold, like the welcoming quiver,  
The heart-pulses throbbed through the river—  
Those lights in the harbor at last,  
The heavenly harbor at last.

I feel it is over! over!  
For the winds and the waters surcease;  
Ah, few were the days of the rover  
That smiled in the beauty of peace!  
And distant and dim was the omen  
That hinted redress or release  
From the ravage of life and its riot.  
What marvel I yearn for the quiet,  
Which bides in the harbor at last?  
For the lights with their welcoming quiver  
That throb through the sanctified river  
Which girdles the harbor at last,  
The heavenly harbor at last?

We should add here that Mr. Hayne had been invited to deliver next winter, at Vanderbilt University, a series of lectures on poetry or literature, a task in which he would have delighted, and for which he was ripe and full. It is a loss serious and irreparable that these lectures will never be written, and that before the invitation had reached him this well-loved poet had laid down his pen forever.

MORE than one philosophic observer has pointed out as a characteristic of the age, its almost universal lack of convictions on all subjects upon which creeds may be based or faith more or less earnestly exercised.

Not only do we see a general tendency toward skepticism as regards religious beliefs of every character, but in all social and political systems and opinions as well. To doubt is the rule, to confide the exception, in nearly every department of rational inquiry or attitude of social relation. Perhaps the sole direction in which this tendency is not habitually exerted is that one in which it has been most sedulously invited. In science, we have been assured, doubt is as necessary to proper and efficient investigation as inquiry. Without the one, we have been told, the other in a true sense is impossible. We have been exhorted, therefore, not only to entertain, but to encourage and cultivate a suspicion of every thing we see, hear, or have ever been told as the genuine scientific condition of mind.

But while the lesson has been well learned, and in regard of all other matters scrupulously carried out, strange to say, it has stopped just at the domain of science itself. While all of our faculties have been stimulated to iconoclastic disdain of very nearly all that we were wont formerly to revere and maintain, we indulge a blind belief in every thing that is dished out to us as modern science or labeled with some accepted formula. We deny credence alike to tradition

and history. We abjure all wisdom, if it be of the past, and are inclined to reject much that seems good of the present because it has not been ratified by some evidence yet in the womb of the future. We no longer worship the God of our fathers, nor do we seek to provide a faith for our children. But if any one, whose lucubrations can command an academic imprimatur, suggests a new scientific speculation, we hail it, and hug it, and hold to it for good or for ill.

This curious inconsistency results partially from the perversity of human nature which unconsciously causes man to delight in making a fool of himself, but is largely due to the intellectual habits taught by the scientists themselves. As we have already said, they have urged us to doubt and inquire, that we may learn. We have been obedient. Very naturally we doubted the first thing at hand, and discarded all that we had previously believed. That came easy. But it isn't so easy to inquire, nor to learn. We have got to learn something, however. That is part of the programme. What more natural, again, than to let our scientific teachers do all the inquiring, and with commendable docility learn of them. Men must believe something. All this skepticism is but skin deep and a fashion. Belief in scientific theories and profound philosophies—although they may not be understood—satisfies the human inclination to have something to lean on, and gives the mind a rest.

It is the same old story. Long ago, away back in the centuries, a false prophet would come along through Israel, peddling golden calves and brazen serpents, and the chosen of God would fall down and worship the new article. Now Huxley, or Tyndal, or some other vender of scientific notions, sends out a new style or pattern, and we wear it and swear by it.

The priests of modern philosophy scathingly criticize the deceptions practiced by the priests of the old religions as a cunning method of distracting attention from their own charlatanry. It is the latest insurance agent or lightning-rod vender exposing the tricks of his predecessors.

But we may also justly claim that the "scientists" have almost made real faith impossible by utterly confusing us even when we wish to believe. They have, so to speak, hindered construction by an injudicious and excessive accumulation of material. If we may be permitted a paradox, they have by teaching us every thing made us agnostic about all things.

A great writer, and one from whom such criticism would scarcely have been expected, has ventured to speak of the "imperfect education" of the physical philosophers of England, "as exhibited both in their writings and in their trains of thought." He notes their inordinate respect for routine experiment and undue love of minute details, and even invokes the spirit of poetry to rescue truth, about to be lost "in an age absorbed in one unvarying round of experiments and observations."

"We are in that predicament," he declares, "that our facts have outstripped our knowledge, and are now encumbering its march. The publications of our scientific institutions, and of our scientific authors, overflow with minute and countless details which perplex the judgment, and which no memory can retain. In vain do we demand that they should be generalized and reduced into order. Instead of that the heap continues to swell. We want ideas, and we get more facts. We hear constantly of what nature is doing, but we rarely hear of what man is

thinking. Owing to the indefatigable industry of this and the preceding century we are in possession of a huge and incoherent mass of observations, which have been stored up with great care, but which, until they are connected by some presiding idea, will be utterly useless. The most effective way of turning them to account would be to give more scope to the imagination, and incorporate the spirit of poetry with the spirit of science. By this means our philosophers would double their resources, instead of working as now, maimed, and with only half their nature."

Mr. Buckle taught that science involves both induction and deduction; yet there must have existed strong reason for this charge that the methods of the inductive philosophy were being overwrought or abused, else he would never have made it; and although we may not accept altogether his theory of history and intellectual progress, his testimony, when it is so entirely against his inclination, is important.

In the twenty-five years which have elapsed since he thus commented on the liberal employment of

labor and frugal expenditure of thought, which then characterized English physical philosophy, there may have been a change in this respect which has not yet been discerned by the ordinary observer. If science has sought the aid of poetry, or poetry has caught and attuned "the dull, cold ear" of science, or either has in any manner inspired the other, the effect has not yet been perceptible. But it is patent that the facts, or what are alleged to be facts, which scientific investigation has piled up, and is still furnishing in marvelous, prodigal abundance, not only defy, as Buckle has said, all effort to reduce them to knowledge, but, as we have been trying to show, so bewilder the minds of men that the worst possible intellectual habits are induced, and more than ever in the history of the race are our beliefs governed by accident or fancy.

To the superstitions which enthralled the soul have succeeded the myths which captivate the enlightened intellect. But while the old creeds held men up to some code of moral duty, the new philosophies ignore such precept, and even suggest the non-existence of moral obligation.

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## SALMAGUNDI.

So many excellent stories have been current about the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, and the Doctor said so many good things which were widely repeated, that, in giving publication to any of them, we can never know whether we are reproducing something previously in print or not.

It is related that when he was president of the college at Jefferson, Pennsylvania, his attention was constantly called to the non-attendance of a majority of the students at church. He persistently inquired into the cause of this, and was as regularly informed that it was due to the illness of the absentees. On one occasion, however, he was so fortunate as to have nearly all of the students before him, and proceeded to improve it.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "I understand quite well that, in common with the rest of mankind, you are not inclined to listen cheerfully to religious exhortation when an attempt is made to give it practical application, yet there is one manifestation of an overruling Providence of which I feel that I should especially remind you, as one in which you are especially concerned. There is not one of you, perhaps, who has not been prevented from attending church nearly every Sabbath of this year by sickness of some sort. Now, how grateful you should be for that kind, although inscrutable dispensation of Divine mercy which provides that while every body is sick no one shall die!"

When he was a professor of the theological seminary at Danville, Kentucky, he had a neighbor, a certain Mr. Tomkins, whom he held in high esteem. Mr. Tomkins was a Methodist, and he never met Dr. Breckinridge that a humorous polemical passage of arms did not follow: Once the Doctor felt sure that he had him on the hip.

"Tomkins, that last load of hay you sold me was short of weight. Now, while I can't, of course, expect

as much of a Methodist as of a Presbyterian, still I looked for better treatment than that from you."

"Well, Doctor," replied Mr. Tomkins, "that sort of thing must happen occasionally. You know that we Methodists believe in such a thing as 'falling from grace.'"

"Oh, it is n't your doctrine," responded Dr. Breckinridge, "that I complain of. It isn't what you claim; but it's the way you have of living up to your privileges."

The Presbyterians of Kentucky just before and during the war were divided in allegiance, according to their political sympathies, between Dr. Breckinridge and Dr. Stuart Robinson. These two eminent divines, both so justly celebrated for intellectual superiority and learning, were no less distinguished by ardent and unyielding convictions and aggressive, positive tempers, which inclined them to show no quarter in controversy, and to regard with very little favor either an opponent's opinions or character. Dr. Breckinridge was an uncompromising Union man and fierce contemner of every thing connected with secession and the South.

Once during the war he was indulging before an auditory of mixed politics in a bitter diatribe against Morgan's command. A lady hearer of fervent Southern sympathies, having listened for some time in silence, but with much impatience, at length exclaimed:

"I am astonished to hear you speak in that way, Dr. Breckinridge, of Morgan's command, when you have two sons who are officers in it."

"Well, really, Madam," said the Doctor, blandly, "I had n't forgotten that fact. But I can't say that I have heard that they bring up the average of that crowd to any considerable extent."

"Then what have you to say about Tom Bullitt?" queried his fair enemy, triumphantly. "You have



always declared him to be the very best young man you knew. He has been your favorite and model, yet he has been with Morgan all the time."

"That," said the Doctor, after a moment of apparently profound reflection, "was long a matter of sore distress to me, as well as of great wonder and perplexity. I could not understand how the Lord could permit it. But finally the thought came to me like a revelation, that if Tom Bullitt had n't run off and joined Morgan, his mother would have made him study theology with Stuart Robinson, and I humbly recognized that the ways of Providence are best."

**Something yet to Thank the Lord for.**—Falling back from Richmond, every body blue as blue could be, the Yankee cavalry made a dash and got even the horses and ambulances of the surgeons. Now, the ranking surgeon of the division was fond of his ease, and so in love with his authority and himself, he had excited against him the prejudice of his subaltern surgeons. As all were trudging along the railroad, the officer commanding the —th regiment said to his surgeon, who was his companion on foot, "Well, Doctor, you always said you never were in a situation that you did not have something to be thankful for. Things are pretty blue this morning,

and I can't see how they could be worse." The regimental doctor said, with a silent chuckle, pointing to his own ranking officer, the brigade surgeon, who was trudging along, woefully disgruntled, "Look yonder, Major; see, Dr. C — is walking too; would n't it be wrong not to thank the Lord for that?"

At a celebration of the St. Andrew's Society, in Southern Georgia some years ago, after the usual toasts and replies, when the punch was passing freely, a jovial old Scot sang "John Anderson, my Jo." As he concluded a young American asked to add a stanza, without which the grand old song, he said, always seemed incomplete. He then sang in a rich, mellow voice:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
When we have slept thegither  
The sleep that a' maun sleep, John,  
We'll wake wi' ane anither;  
An' in that better warld, John,  
Nae sorrow iver know,  
Nor iver have to part again,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

This was claimed as original, and if so, is an addition that even glorious Rabbie would not object to himself, neither the rhythm, verbiage, nor sentiment.



I can see you standing there,  
In your Watteau dress,  
By the tapestry portière,  
Firelight on your golden hair;  
Daintier, I'm sure, was ne'er  
Dresden shepherdess.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Laughingly you stooped and blew  
Bubbles in the air;  
Globes of iridescent hue,  
Flashing opals, bright as dew—  
But my eyes were all on you,  
Queenly, standing there.

I upon that very night  
Formed a bubble too,  
Made it of your smiles, the bright  
Glances, full of dreamy light,  
That seemed ever to invite  
One to come and woo.

Frail my argosy and fair  
With delusive hope;  
Soon, ah! soon, to my despair,  
Learned I, when it burst in air,  
It was made as others were—  
Only out of soap!

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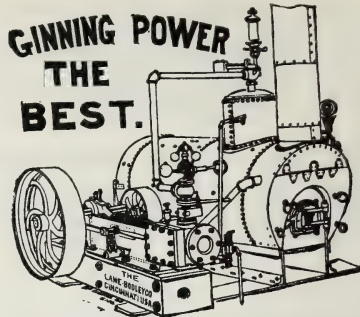
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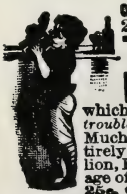
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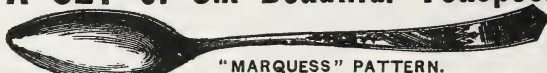
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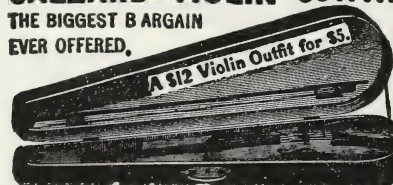
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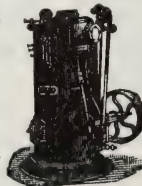
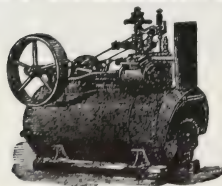
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# The Southern Bivouac

## FOR SEPTEMBER.

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In the September, and subsequent numbers, the publishers will be able to present a number of interesting articles upon all topics coming within the scope of the magazine.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON will have ready for the Bivouac for September a "*Biographical Sketch of Paul H. Hayne.*"

The second article on the "*Bombardment of Fort Sumter,*" fully illustrated, which was to have appeared in the August number, was delayed, and will appear in the September number of the magazine.

For early publication the publishers have a review, by Col. WILLIAM ALLEN, of "*General Longstreet's Account of the Invasion of Maryland,*" which will be read with interest, not only by the old soldiers of the Army of Virginia, but by all concerned in the records of the war.

Continuing its articles on the industries peculiar to the South, WILL WALLACE HARNEY's article on "*Orange Culture,*" will certainly appear in the September number of the magazine, MR. STARNES following it with an article in October, on "*Rice Culture.*"

In the September issue will be published a literary article, by JOEL BENTON, "*The Half-forgotten Poet,*" this poet being William Shenstone.

An interesting addition to current discussion of the war will be an article, by a Northern writer, drawing a comparison between General Grant and General Lee.

In the early issues of the magazine there will be published a number of short stories, dealing with all phases of life in the South, among them, one by H. S. EDWARDS, the author of the "*Two Runaways,*" and other stories; "*The Moonshiner's Story,*" by HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD, also stories by MISS FITZHUGH, THOMAS CANEBRAKE, OPIE READ, and other writers of ability and reputation.

In the September number there will also appear an article by MARINER J. KENT, in which he gives in detail the history of the "*Recovery of Poe's Last Poem,*" "*Lilitha, the Princess of Ghouls.*" This article is in the nature of a confession, and will be accompanied by *fac-simile*, substantiating all the statements it contains.

In an early issue we will publish a prose article by MAURICE THOMPSON, "*Ceryl Alcyon,*" one of the most delightful of all his sketches.

This will be followed by an article by ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, of Lexington, on "*Bird Life in Recent Literature.*"

The mention of these articles is sufficient to show that the high character established by the magazine in the first year of its history, will be maintained, and that it will in all respects be worthy of the liberal support for which it asks.

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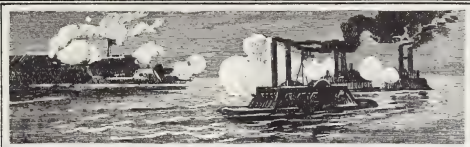
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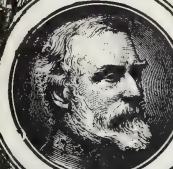
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# SOUTHERN BIVOUAC



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# Southern Bivouac.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

CONDUCTED BY BASIL W. DUKE and RICHARD W. KNOTT.

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Manuscript intended for publication in the Southern Bivouac must be directed to "Editors Southern Bivouac." Letters relating to business matters should be addressed to the publishers.

No judgment can be expressed on articles until the manuscript is in the hands of the editors. It is useless therefore to write, asking if we will accept articles we have not seen.

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## THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC

FOR OCTOBER.

In an early number of the Southern Bivouac will begin HENRY W. AUSTIN's papers on "*The Pilgrim Fathers.*"

JOHN DUNCAN's article on "*Live Stock in Kentucky,*" which will represent in a new and interesting way many features of life in the famous "Land of the Blue-Grass," will begin probably in October. These articles will be very fully illustrated.

In an early number the Bivouac will contain some hitherto unpublished letters written by Thomas Jefferson. These letters discuss politics, religion, education, and literature, and will excite general discussion.

JAMES W. A. WRIGHT, whose "War Prisons and War Poetry," will be remembered, contributes for early publication, a paper on "*Bragg's Campaign about Chattanooga.*" The publishers also announce some articles by GEN. E. M. LAW, on "*The Fight for Richmond in 1862.*"

A gentleman of the North has prepared for the Southern Bivouac, "*A Comparison of U. S. Grant and R. E. Lee,*" which is original and striking.

Short stories will appear in early numbers from M. SHEFFEY PETERS, H. S. EDWARDS, HENRY CLEVELAND, O. B. MAYER, and NANNIE M. FITZHUGH. MR. NICHOLAS SMITH has written for the Bivouac a sketch, entitled "*My First Conquest,*" which will appear in October.

The publishers hope to announce definitely, in the next issue, the publication of a series of papers relating to a chapter on the civil war, which, until now, has never been opened, and which will certainly create a profound sensation.

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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOLUME II.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

NUMBER 4.

## THE SECOND DAY OF THE WAR.



SUMTER AFTER THE EVACUATION, 1865.

APRIL 13, 1861. With the drawing aside of the curtains of the night, the day was ushered in clear, balmy, and refreshing. The storm-clouds had disappeared, the earth was cool and moist, and the air laden with the perfume of April rain and blossoms. The flags of each of the combatants were still flying with stately defiance, and the first sunbeams were heralded by the thundering intonations of heavy artillery again engaged in strife.

The effect of the first day's bombardment upon Fort Sumter could now be distinctly seen. The south and east *facades*, to which fire from Cumming's Point had been directed, and the northern *façade*, which had been the mark of Fort Moultrie, the floating battery, and neighboring works, were thickly pitted by balls. The edge of the parapet was cut away, several of the guns dismantled or knocked from their position, and many of the embrasures so battered that the regularity of their outline could scarcely be distinguished.

It was subsequently recorded that within the fort the last of the rice was cooked that morning, and served with the pork, the only other

article of food left in the mess-room. After this meager breakfast the garrison was divided into three reliefs, and the first relief, under the command of Captain, afterward General, Abner Doubleday and Lieutenant G. W. Snyder, opened the return fire about seven o'clock. Then again the battle raged with vigor, gun answering gun spitefully. Again the air was filled with the angry whirl of missiles, and from the exploding shells burst miniature clouds, white as cotton bolls, and in the perspective scarcely larger, which, slowly unfolding, took fairy shapes, and drifted upward to join their fleecy cohorts in the skies. Again the wharves, steeples, and housetops in the city were filled with wondering spectators who divided their attention between the active combatants and a scene far in the offing, where eight vessels of war and thirteen hundred and eighty men, sent by the government to the rescue of Major Anderson, lay idly at anchor and made no sign of help.

From Fort Moultrie Colonel Ripley was throwing hot shot, and about eight o'clock there was observable on the southern portion



of Sumter a tall, steadily ascending column of smoke, first thin and pale, but every moment growing darker, until, shooting out from the base of the black pillar, great yellow tongues of flame could be seen lapping the tops of the barracks and officers' quarters. In the city, where the truth was yet unknown, the first impression was that Major Anderson was signalling the fleet; but this was quickly followed by the startling announcement, "Fort Sumter is on fire!" The suspense was now painful. The cannonade from the fort, before fierce and rapid, became slow and irregular. With a feeling of awe the great assemblage contemplated the spectacle, and attested by their solemn silence a sympathy, not yet hardened by familiarity with conflict, for the gallant soldiers now contending with an element more implacable than man.

About nine o'clock the flames appeared to be abating, but at ten another column of white smoke rose high above the battlements, followed by an explosion. The fire had reached a magazine of shells and grenades. In the fort every man labored zealously, but without avail, to check the conflagration. Orders were given to remove the powder from the magazine, but so rapid was the spread of the flames that only fifty barrels could be taken out and distributed in the casemates before the fire and heat made it necessary to close the magazine doors and pack against them earth. By twelve o'clock all the wood-work of the officers' quarters and the barracks on the south and east face were in process of destruction, and the utmost exertions were required to prevent the ignition of the remaining buildings. The smoke rose in an immense volume from the red-hot crater of the fort, and the garrison was at last obliged to take refuge in the casemates. Even here they were followed by blazing cinders, which set on fire boxes, beds, and other articles that had been temporarily secured. It became dangerous to retain the powder taken from the magazine, and accordingly all but five barrels were thrown from the embrasures into the water. The air was like the blast of a seething furnace. The smoke was stifling, and officers and men alike were forced to lie panting upon the heated floor with wet handkerchiefs upon their faces to save the remnant of well-nigh exhausted lives.

Meanwhile the quarters had fallen in, leaving only the blackened chimneys above the walls. The fire burned lower, and the flames then sank behind the parapet. During all the

trying period which has just been described, Major Anderson continued at short intervals to send his shot to the different batteries, as if determined to show to the world that he "died game."

Such was the impression made upon his antagonists by this display of pluck under desperate circumstances, that at every flash from the muzzle of his guns the Confederates would leap to the crest of the earthworks and send up cheer on cheer for the gallant defender of Fort Sumter. Three times the flag had been lowered as a signal of distress to the Federal fleet in the offing, but there was no response from that quarter, and it was left to General Beauregard to tender the assistance for which a call had been made. Colonels Steven D. Lee, William Porcher Miles, and Roger A. Pryor were promptly dispatched on this errand.

Meanwhile a singular episode occurred. Between twelve and one o'clock a shot from Sullivan's Island severed the flagstaff and brought down the stars and stripes. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed before the flag reappeared, and then a private from New York, named Hart, under circumstances of great daring, replaced it on the north wall. During this interval some doubt existed whether Major Anderson intended to raise the flag at all. Ex-United States Senator, Louis T. Wigfall, of Texas, a volunteer *aide* of General Beauregard, with the impulsiveness and independence of action which marked his entire career, accompanied by private Gourdin Young of the Palmetto Guard, pushed off from Morris Island in a row-boat, and, showing a handkerchief on the point of his sword, went to Fort Sumter. Before he reached his destination, however, the flag was again flying. Some of our batteries, therefore, still continued their fire, those in command not being aware of the unofficial and unauthorized mission in progress.

Arriving at the ledge of rocks at the base of the fort, Colonel Wigfall was met by Lieutenant Snyder and conducted to Major Anderson. A parley ensued. The former announced that he was an *aide* to General Beauregard, and observing the condition of affairs, the flag down, and the garrison in a great strait, he had come to receive a surrender, and to offer such assistance as might be required. He likewise remarked to Major Anderson that he had nobly done his duty in conducting the defense, and to prolong the contest under the circumstances would be to unnecessarily risk the lives of his command without any commensurate results.



FURNACE IN FORT MOULTRIE IN WHICH SHOT WERE HEATED.

Major Anderson replied that his flag had been again hoisted, but that the Confederate batteries did not seem to respect the truce. Colonel Wigfall stated that the batteries on Cumming's Point had ceased firing, and those on Sullivan's Island would follow the example as soon as they were apprised of the truce, but he added, "They will continue to fire as long as the United States flag is flying."

Major Anderson then desiring to know what terms he came to offer, Colonel Wigfall replied, "The terms which have already been offered you by General Beauregard, who is a gentleman and a soldier, and who knows how to treat a brave enemy. The precise nature of these General Beauregard will arrange with you."

"Then," replied Major Anderson, "I must surrender; I have no other resource; we are all in flames, and my men will shortly suffocate."

Accordingly, at five minutes past one o'clock, the stars and stripes were lowered, firing ceased, and Fort Sumter virtually passed into the possession of the Southern Confederacy.

The boat containing Colonels Lee, Pryor, and Miles, who had started to offer assistance, turned back to the city on the reappearance of the flag, deeming that act indicative of the determination of Major Anderson to press the

fight. Shortly afterward, however, the episode in which Colonel Wigfall had figured becoming known at headquarters, Beauregard at once dispatched a steamer to Fort Sumter, with Colonels Manning, Allston, Chestnut, and Major Jones, who were clothed with authority to arrange the terms of capitulation. These were identically the same as those offered on the 11th of April, the day preceding the contest, and are substantially as follows:

1. That all proper facilities should be afforded for removing Major Anderson and his command, together with company arms and property, and all private property.

2. That the Federal flag he had so long and bravely defended should be saluted by the vanquished on taking it down.

3. That Major Anderson should be allowed to fix the time of surrender; to take place, however, some time during the ensuing day (Sunday).

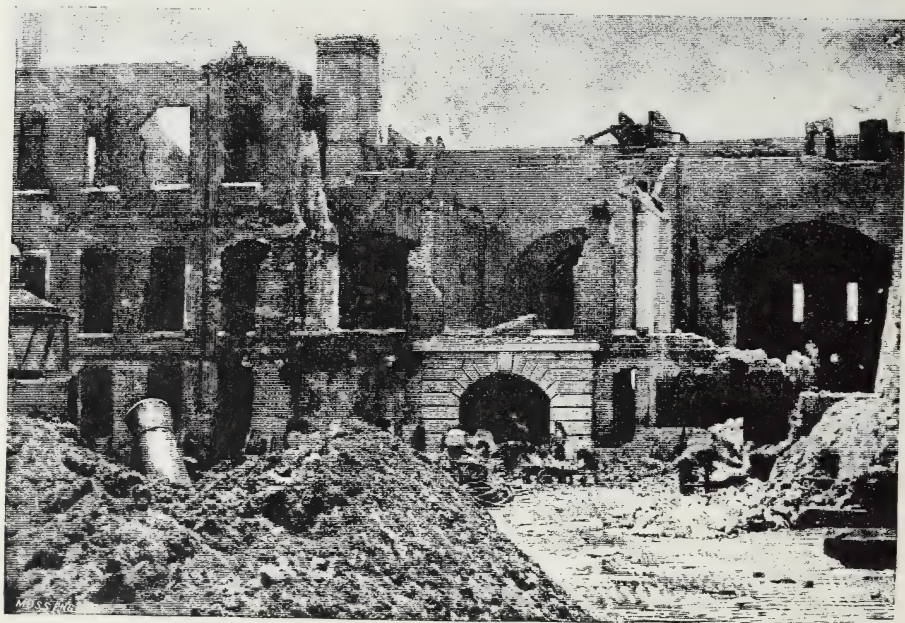
The same steamer which brought the above-named officers to the fort also conveyed Chief M. H. Nathan, of the Charleston Fire Department, and the Palmetto Fire-engine Company.

The personal appearance of Major Anderson, his officers, and men attested the terrible nature of the ordeal through which they had passed. Deprived of sleep for many hours,



fatigued with their labors at the guns, and prostrated by their struggle with an element which raged beyond control, they looked worn, haggard, and exhausted. The Federal commander stated, during this interview, that the preservation of life was owing chiefly to the smallness of the garrison. Had there been two hundred more men, not less than one half must have been killed. He also observed that the provisions on hand would have lasted but two days, when an unconditional surrender must have taken place; and that, in view of all of the circumstances, notwithstanding the unfortunate termination of the battle, he "Felt proud

fragments of bursted iron and smoldering cinders. At every turn the eye rested upon ruin. The flagstaff, marked in a number of places by the passing shot, lay among the *debris*, and busy hands had already commenced the work of securing its splinters as relics. Imbedded in the wall of the magazine was a round shot, within the magazine was another which had passed completely through and fallen among the grains of powder spilled upon the floor by the men, while the massive iron door had been struck by the fragment of a shell with such force as to bend and make it useless. On the parapet every step of the way was impeded by



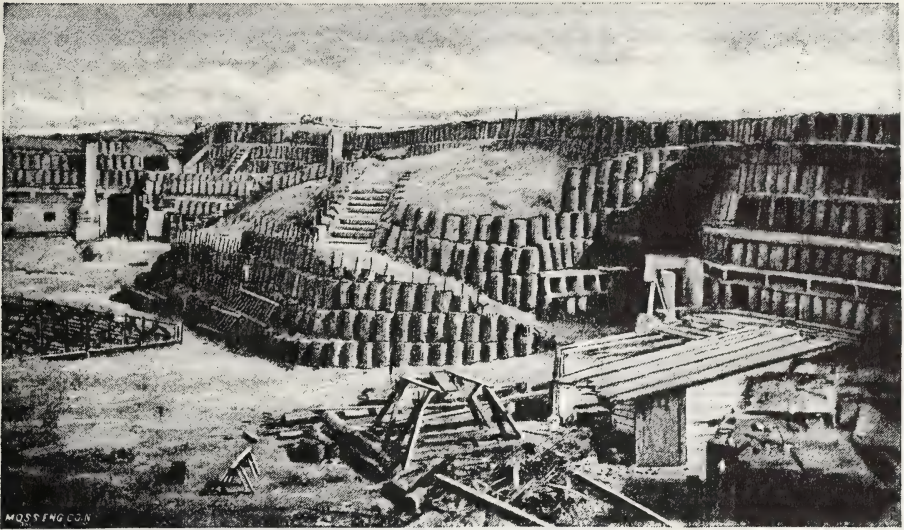
INTERIOR VIEW OF SUMTER: GUN ON LEFT OF PLAZA POINTING TO CHARLESTON.

in the consciousness that while performing his duty to the utmost he had not taken the life of a human being."

It subsequently appeared that the officers of the distant fleet had made arrangements to reinforce and supply the fort that night. The appearance of Fort Sumter at this time defies description. Externally, every *façade* upon which our batteries played was thickly pitted by the spattering balls. The edges of the parapet were loosened and ragged, and great masses of brick- and stone-work that had been torn away mingled with the fragments of shot and shell at the rocky base. Within, the blackened walls of the quarters and barracks were yet smoking. The parade-ground was strewn with

shattered gun-carriages, crumbling masses of brick-work, and dismounted and broken guns, which looked as if they had been tossed about by angry Titans. The crashing of shot, the bursting of shells, the falling of walls, and the roaring of flames had made a pandemonium over which presided the genius of destruction.

The injuries to the Confederate batteries were comparatively unimportant. The nondescript iron, or Steven's battery, to which reference has been made, had been struck a great number of times, but, in the language of an officer, "the balls glanced like marbles thrown on the back of a turtle." The floating battery, with its iron front, had also faithfully withstood the battle-storm. It received one hundred and sixty-three



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER DURING GILMORE'S SIEGE.

shots, and in return sent four hundred and ninety. Fort Moultrie, on the other hand, bore evidence of the careful attention paid to it by the Federal artillerists, in return for some forty rounds of hot shot and sundry other iron compliments which the occasion had called forth. It was here that Lieutenant John Mitchell, jr., a son of the Irish patriot, first distinguished himself as an officer and an artillerist. The barracks were almost entirely destroyed, and beds and bedding in many instances torn to shreds. The Confederate flag had received three, and the Palmetto flag four shots. One shell entered the quarters of Colonel Ripley and burst on the bureau, spoiling its architectural features, and demolishing every article of use in the apartment. The outside walls had been struck by more than one hundred shots, and the battered roof showing ragged apertures large enough to admit a horse, the wreck of splinters, rafters, and pulverized ceiling presented a scene which, to the eyes unused to war, was the acme of every thing terrible in gunpowder. We have been differently educated since. No lives were lost on either side.

The arrangements for the evacuation were completed on Sunday morning. At the early hour of 5 o'clock Commodore Hartstene, accompanied by Colonels Pryor and Miles, and Major Jones, of Beauregard's staff, and by Lieutenant Snyder, of Major Anderson's command, proceeded to the fleet off the bar. They found Captain Gillis, the commanding officer, on board the Powhatan, and with him it was arranged

that the garrison should take their departure in the steamship *Isabel* at noon of the same day.

All the terms of capitulation were complied with, and Major Anderson saluted the flag with fifty guns. A gentleman standing near him, on the deck of the *Isabel*, asked if thirty-four guns were not the salute. "No," replied the gallant soldier, bursting into tears, "it should be one hundred, and those are not enough." Amid the echoes of the last discharge the stars and stripes slowly descended, and the shouts of the assembled thousands upon the shores, the steamers, and every species of water-craft, proclaimed the authority of the United States upon Carolina soil to be for the time withdrawn.

Dressed in full uniform and wearing their arms the garrison marched out to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Major Anderson looked careworn and deeply despondent. He was then in the prime of life, and apparently not more than fifty-six years of age. Born in Kentucky, an honored graduate of West Point, promoted for gallantry in the war against the Florida Indians, an instructor of artillery in the Military Academy in 1835, 1836, and 1837, an *aide-de-camp* to General Scott in 1838, and severely wounded in the assault on Molino-del-Rey, he was a fine specimen of the American officer and gentleman, and no one more keenly than General Beauregard, his associate in arms, sympathized with the old soldier in the bitter mortification of the hour. Major Anderson,



in common with all of the officers of the fort, had been the recipient of Charleston's choicest hospitality. Every door was opened to him, and with his dignified carriage, cultivated mind, and agreeable manners, the army of the United States then had no truer or nobler representative.

One incident alone marred the events of the day. In firing the salute one of the guns was prematurely discharged, killing one of the garrison and severely wounding five others. Rev. William B. Yates, the sailor's chaplain, being asked to officiate on the occasion, promptly proceeded to the fort, where he was received with courtesy by Major Anderson, and performed the solemn rites of burial for the stranger soldier, who had passed unscathed through the battle, and was stricken with death while his heart was beating high with the hope of a joyous reunion with wife and children. The torn and mangled remains were laid in a hastily prepared grave in the middle of the parade-ground, the earth was heaped upon the spot, a volley fired, the drum beat its solemn roll, and the garrison sadly turned its back upon the fated place.

During these proceedings, occurring between twelve and one o'clock, his excellency Governor Pickens, with his *aides*, and Messrs. Jamison, Magrath, and Harlee, of his executive council, and Beauregard, with his *aides*, accompanied by Chancellor Carroll, Judges Glover and Wardlaw, and a number of invited guests were on their way from the city to Fort Sumter in a steamer. It being evident as they approached, however, that the evacuation was not complete, Beauregard, with a delicacy of feeling at once honorable and characteristic, ordered the boat to Sullivan's Island, where the party remained until the ceremony at the fort was ended.

While here, intelligence was received that the fire had again broken out in the fort, and the magazine was in danger. Two engines on Sullivan's Island were accordingly taken on board with a company of regulars, and, on reaching the fort, put to work under the command of Colonel R. S. Duryea.

During the eventful hours of these two days no dispatches were permitted to leave the city,

except those of the military authorities who were in communication with the government at Montgomery. On the afternoon of Saturday, however, the writer asked and received permission from Beauregard to send a special description of the bombardment to a New York newspaper, and this first announcement of hostilities was published the next morning, and read amid thrilling scenes from a number of New York pulpits. The operator who transmitted this first news telegram, so fraught with momentous results, was Mr. Charles L. Beecher, who for many years has been one of the trusted telegraphic officials of the New York Stock Exchange.

The first flag was raised on the fort by Colonels Franklin J. Moses, jr., and J. L. Dearing, of Governor Pickens' staff; and the first Con-



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER: SALLY-PORT FACING MORRIS ISLAND.

federate flag by Captain Ferguson, of General Beauregard's staff. The former had been presented to the State authorities by several ladies, with the injunction, "This flag shall only be unfurled on the walls of Fort Sumter." Salutes were fired from each of the batteries at this moment. Young Moses subsequently became the governor of South Carolina, when the State was under negro domination, and has since occupied cells in several of the jails and penitentiaries of New York and other States.

The work was now temporarily garrisoned by Company B, of the regular artillery, officered by Captain Hallonquist and Lieutenants Alfred Rhett, Mitchell, and Blake, and by the Palmetto Guard, Captain Cuthbert, the entire command being assigned to Colonel R. S. Ripley. As the fire was still raging, Colonel Duryea repaired to the city to obtain more engines, when the Etna Fire Company and the Axe

Company promptly came to the fort in charge of Chief Engineer Nathan. It was not until morning that the burning mass was extinguished and the magazine considered safe. Thus terminated the scenes of those two fateful and ever memorable days.

As we started on our return to the city, of those standing on the rocky ledge at the base of

the fort, the last to be seen was the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia. With canteen and blanket strapped around his shoulders, leaning upon his rifle, his fine figure crowned by the white hairs of seventy-eight years, the patriotic old man lingering there in the twilight seemed the personification of the spirit of the Southern volunteer.

*F. G. de Fontaine.*

## A HALF-FORGOTTEN POET.

DOES any one now read, I wonder, the poems of William Shenstone? There was a time when he had a little vogue, at least as a poet, and when some of his more mellifluous verses were quite often reprinted and repeated. The best of his lines had the faculty, indeed, which it is not quite easy to explain, of bombarding an entrance into your memory in early life and staying there. A reminiscence, suggested by his "Pastoral Ballad," led me, the other day, to take down from one of my library shelves Gilfillan's octavo collection of Shenstone's poems, and to re-read the larger part of the book. The second part of this ballad which sang itself into remembrance begins thus trippingly:

"My banks they are furnished with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white-over with sheep."

After much further fluent description of this sort, the poet wonders that his Phyllis does not come to join him there in so perfect a spot, and, in thinking of her, exclaims with rapture:

"I have found out a gift for my fair;  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I loved her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

"I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to — a dove;  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she called it the sister of Love.  
But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
Methinks I should love her the more."

Although Shenstone has been accounted worthy of a fair representation in Ward's

"English Poets," this most distinctive and flavorful part of this "Pastoral Ballad" does not find place there. It is the part, however, by which he is oftenest recalled, and which illustrates best his simple enthusiasm over nature and rural life—the field in which he was most at home. It is all simple enough poetry, to be sure—the extracts here given from the "Pastoral Ballad," and that which remains; but it has a certain charm which lapse of years does not altogether remove. The texture of his thought may be slight, as in the passage given below, but we are somehow touched by its naturalness and spontaneity:

"Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,  
I never once dreamt of my vine;  
May I lose both my pipe and my crook  
If I knew of a kid that was mine.  
I prized every hour that went by,  
Beyond all that had pleased me before;  
But now they are past, and I sigh,  
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When forced the fair nymph to forego,  
What anguish I felt at my heart!  
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—  
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.  
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew,  
My path I could hardly discern;  
So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return."

There is a felicity in that final couplet that would lift a much more imperfect poem into eminence. Probably Shenstone himself never said a happier thing than this in all that he put in rhyme; nor has any one else, as we remember, in so simple a key.

The most noted poem of our author, after the one already quoted from, is "The School-mistress." For excellence alone, which ought to be the true test, it should really stand first. Gilfillan says of it, it "must forever be dear to the world, partly for the subject, and partly for



the manner in which it has been treated by the poet. Almost all people have some aged crone who stands to them in the light through which Shenstone has contemplated honest Sarah Lloyd; and as soon as she appears on his page, every one hails her as an old acquaintance, and is ready to prove, by her gown or cap, her birch, her hen, her herbs, or her devout hatred for the pope, that she answers to his ancient preceptress—just as every one who has read Goldsmith's *Schoolmaster* in the 'Deserted Village,' is ready to acknowledge lineaments, if not the double, of his old teacher of some earlier day."

Shenstone, in "The Schoolmistress," is much more meandering and discursive than Goldsmith, whose parallel work is noticeable for a sharp sententiousness of expression; but yet there is a certain mellow atmosphere, and a familiar and homely touch, that makes the one almost irresistibly recall the other. They are productions, at any rate, that treat of an almost identical experience, and that are drawn from a common fount of feeling. Shenstone chooses a quite different form for his realistic picture from that employed by Goldsmith, and fell in this instance, as he did not, I think, in any other, into the Spenserian stanza. He even adopts some of the archaisms of language familiar in the "Faery Queene," and especially its simplicity, tenderness of sentiment, and manner of description, and deliberately avows that his plan was to do so.

And now let us sample some of his dexterous description of the central figure in his poem. He says:

"Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;  
Her apron dyed ingrain, as blue, I trow,  
As is the harebell that adorns the field;  
And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield  
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined  
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,  
And steadfast hate and sharp affliction joined,  
And fury uncontrolled and chastisement unkind.

\* \* \* \* \*

"One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
Which ever and anon impell'd by need  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;  
Such favor did her past deportment claim;  
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
For well she knew and quaintly could expound  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumbs she found.

"Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,

But herbs for use and physick, not a few  
Of gray renown; within those border's grew  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue,  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,  
And more I fain would sing, disdaining there to rhyme:

"Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;  
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;  
And plantain ribb'd that heals the reaper's wound;  
And marjoram sweet in shepherd's posie found;  
And lavender, whose pikes of azure bloom  
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume."

The three stanzas which put in almost thrilling vividness the punishment the good but stern school-dame feels it necessary to inflict on one of the refractory boys under her control, represent an older custom to perfection; and the author has increased their pathos by exhibiting with somewhat rare skill, and with but few strokes, the childish and violent grief of the victim's little sister over his misfortune. I find nothing in all that Shenstone has written which shows more study and care than this rural sketch in verse. Gilfillan says it has "a certain soft, warm, slumberous charm, as if reflected from the good dame's kitchen fire. The very stanza seems murmuring in its sleep."

But care, as he employed it in this poem, our author did not always bestow. In a great deal that he wrote—the largest part, in fact—he seemed to sally forth with a languid pen and with little spirit. He would apparently put down the first form in which his thought arose and, where it was shabby and negligent in the extreme, leave it so—too indolent to go back and touch it over or furbish it into better shape, as he easily might have done. The result is, that whoever attempts to read Shenstone's poetry in order will stop before he gets half through the book. He was the author of long and barren tracts of the most dreary commonplace imaginable. While a real genius might nod occasionally, our author would go utterly to sleep and drowse through all his piece.

Mr. Saintsbury, who serves up his quality and style for Mr. Ward's series of the poets, says:

"It is difficult to believe that Shenstone ever gave much study to his work, or that he possessed any critical faculty. His elegiacs, though not always devoid of music, are but dreary stuff, and his more ambitious poems still drearier.

His attempts at the style of Prior and Gay are for the most part valueless."

It may be said, too, that he did not clearly discern his true field. He sometimes selected themes that were suitable for Homer and Milton, but not at all within the compass of his narrower reed. In humorous *rôles* he also posed, but with nearly equal infelicity. That indefinable touch, the sprightly and lambent manner, and the pith of the thing which makes its humor, never arrived in these efforts. He might well have obeyed his own injunction, where he says, in his "Ode to Evening:"

"Even let me bid my lyre adieu,  
And bring the whistle that I blew."

"It had been," says the author to the introduction to his poetical works, "an admirable exchange! Shenstone should have been contented with that fine, childlike simplicity which was his forte. Had he been so, he had become in poetry nearly what Addison has in prose. What had he to do with lofty odes, ambitious historical or moral pieces, classical images, and blank verse? He should instead have blown the boy's whistle as in 'The Schoolmistress' or rung the simple bell of the 'Pastoral Ballad.' Few poets have tenderer or more felicitous little touches, and our great regret is that they occur so seldom and are almost lost in the surrounding rubbish."

His complimentary and sentimental effusions, which he poured forth with ease on every trivial occasion, never rose to any importance; they are almost unreadable, and are as empty and vapid as the most conventional of stereotyped and fashionable courtesy, which says what is prescribed and polite, but the opposite of what is felt and is real. In fact, he lacked the true note of sincerity; he said perfunctory things, forced compliments that fitted his transient mood or momentary humor, and when an occasion arose which he could not meet by even a feeble inspiration, he has been known to adapt a poem which was intended for one lady, by making a few changes, together with the necessary change of name, so that it would fit another. "His Sylvias," and "Cynthias," and "Delias," and "Flavias," and other such Latinized beauties appear and reappear with a phenomenal frequency to be addressed in a fearfully monotonous tameness of epithet.

It was a day when a pseudo-classicism of a particular kind was in fashion, and no poem could be written without falling into it. It is now seen to be the artificial thing it was; and,

like certain marks upon old ceramics, it serves in a later day to fix any piece which bears it to as definite a time, almost, as if its date were imprinted upon it.

If Shenstone's elegies do not draw our tears, nor his lighter pieces excite our laughter, there must be one exception made to this generalization. His twenty-sixth elegy, in which he paints the tragedy of Jessy, shows that he had at his command the true power of a poet. It is in the manner of Goldsmith, with whom he has some traits in common when treating a pathetic theme. "His tenderness, his knowledge of human nature, and his literary power," says Saintsbury, "are, of course, far inferior to Goldsmith's. Yet, if inferior in degree, he is nevertheless not wholly dissimilar in kind. The really affecting elegy on 'Jessy' is an instance of the genuine feeling which, in an age where feeling was not too common, he possessed; nor are other instances of the same kind hard to be found in him." There is a fine grace and charm, with delicate finish, in his short poem, "The Dying Kid," which is possibly the nearest perfect of all his pieces, short or long.

It is not impossible that a noticeable thought of Emerson's may have acquired its origin in Shenstone's ode of "Rural Elegance," which has many points of merit, but which is tediously long. A little just compression here might have turned it into a striking performance—a poem to be remembered. Emerson has more than once, in prose and verse, spoken of the poet's or the poetical eye's possession of the landscape, and Shenstone says:

"With what suspicious, fearful care  
The sordid wretch secures his claim,  
If haply some luxurious heir  
Should alienate the fields that bear his name!  
What scruples lest some future birth  
Should litigate a span of earth!  
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,  
The towering Muse endures not to disclose;  
Alas! her unreversed decree  
More comprehensive and more free,  
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see."

Shenstone's love of nature leaps to its highest expression in this elaborate ode, and it must have been either written at his own charming home at the Leasowes, with that in mind, or else when he was planning to put an Arcadia on earth. A few stanzas from it will show his sympathy with out-of-door scenes and sounds:

"And, oh! the transport most allied to song,  
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,  
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,  
And bid Arcadia bloom around."



Whether we fringe the sloping hill,  
 Or smooth below the verdant mead;  
 Whether we break the falling rill,  
 Or through meandering mazes lead;  
 Or in the horrid brambles roam,  
 Bid countless groups of roses bloom;  
 Or let some sheltered lake serene  
 Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten  
 all the scene."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why brand these pleasures with the name  
 Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?  
 Search but the garden, or the wood,  
 Let yon admired carnation own  
 Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,  
 Not all for needful use alone;  
 There where the seeds of future blossoms dwell,  
 'Tis colored for the sight, perfumed to please the  
 smell.

"Why knows the nightingale to sing?  
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?  
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?  
 For sustenance alone? For use?  
 For preservation? Every sphere  
 Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear."

Shenstone's passion was not directed toward poetry with any stronger purpose than it was toward the landscape about him. He fairly reveled in rural life, and when he once found himself by Nature's side he could not easily return to the gayeties of town or artificial society. It was this passion, together with a naturally indolent spirit, perhaps, that prevented him from completing his college course at Oxford. Of his love of landscape art, Gilfillan says: "Shenstone, indeed, is more remembered as the beautifier of the Leasowes (his country residence in Shropshire) than he is admired as the author of the 'Pastoral Ballad.' As Augustus boasted that he found Rome brick and left it marble, so our poet found his property a mass of commonplace confusion and left it a garden of Alcinous. The place, indeed, originally possessed two great elements of beauty, wood and water, but they were utterly disorganized and irregular till this master spirit—for in landscape gardening so he was—proceeded to arrange, combine, and embellish them." "From this time," says Dr. Johnson, "he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters, which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skillful; a place to be visited by travelers and copied by designers."

Sir Walter Scott and Hugh Miller, and many others, have written in detail concerning Shenstone's treatment of his place and the fields about it, so that one can not quite separate this

feature of his mind and life from his literary performance. They seem to have a pertinent relation, and stand together somehow in mutual illustration. Shenstone's literary work, however, is not to be measured simply by his poems. He wrote prose, also, which had more depth of thought in it than is commonly found in any of his verses. His service to literature is indicated still further by the fact that, as Gilfillan says, "it was through his encouragement that Percy was induced to publish his 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry.'" Shenstone even assisted him in his work, so that it was partly through him that Percy, formerly an obscure country clergyman, obtained fame, distinction, and a bishopric. About this time he became intimate with Dodsley, the publisher, a remarkable man, originally a footman, but who, by dint of industry and talent, rose to a prominent position as a publisher, and to considerable eminence as an author. Dodsley furnished Shenstone with literary intelligence, and every new publication of merit; and Shenstone, in return, gave him his advice and aid in the conduct of his *Miscellany* and the publication of his *Fables*.

Shenstone's prose writings are titled, "Essays on Men, Manners, and Things," and he wrote letters, also, giving trivial notes of his experience and reading. In one of his prefaces he says, of that form of composition known as the *elegy*, that it "should imitate the voice and language of grief; or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse and flowing as a mourner's robe." It would seem, from one of his sayings, that when Disraeli said the critics are those who have failed in literature and art, he was merely repeating something which Shenstone had long ago said in a much more pungent and telling way. This is the form in which he puts it: "A poet that fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length a figure in vinegar." That last remark is worthy of Richter, and has a poetic flavor that Disraeli could never command. Gilfillan says, "Many of his aphorisms are as pointed as they are true." He says, for example:

"Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

"Poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

"Young has a surprising knack of bringing thoughts from a distance, from their lurking places, in a moment's time.

"People say, 'Do not regard what a man says, now he is in liquor.' Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded.

"A man has generally the good or ill qualities he attributes to mankind."

The man who can write as well and as wisely as these comments, which are not exceptionally better than many he made would indicate, was certainly not far removed from both a philosopher and a critic. The truth is, Shenstone had the gifts of a poet, but they are often obscured or obstructed in his writing by his love of ease and his failure to choose the fit moment, I imagine, for uttering his inspiration. He has left a few poems that would have been so much helped by a little retouching or expurgation, that one must conclude he had no patience with the secondary work which no artist or author is great enough to safely dispense with. His love of ease, which found itself celebrated in his lines, "Written at an Inn at Henly," let it be remembered to his credit, furnished us with one familiar and permanent quotation, which can not be safely omitted from any of the poetical dictionaries. It is the concluding stanza to which I refer, that has done duty in subsequent description in helping a hundred writers to point their common moral:

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Whate'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Shenstone achieved his best effects when he wrote in a simple manner, without ambition, and neither tried the heroic nor the mock-heroic themes. He could have made much of country inns and country scenes after the manner of "The Schoolmistress," if he had chosen to linger with them longer. His few successes in verse show that a certain low key of description and pathos best fitted his powers. His humor was either a failure or it was vulgar and coarse. The best of his short poems, which he has printed under the title of "Levities," is his argument of "Cupid and Plutus," which is neatly done, but which is not very remarkable.

"As a character," says Gilfillan, "Shenstone was rather passively amiable than actively virtuous. His friends loved him, and perhaps the world might have loved him, too, had it known him as well. He had no vices, and his foibles were sufficiently harmless. He was in person tall, clumsily built, carelessly dressed, with heavy unanimated features."

Dodsley and Graves are enthusiastic in their praise of him, and no doubt wrote from the best evidence—their experience of his friendship.

Saintsbury remarks that he taught one flowing meter, the anapestic, "to a greater poet than himself, Cowper, and these two between them have written almost every thing that it is worth reading in it, if we put avowed parody and burlesque out of the question." If he made use of "The Crook and the Pipe and the Kid," of which Johnson's contempt in this particular case is hardly a fair characterization, they, as Saintsbury says, "are somehow or other less distasteful in Shenstone than in any other poet."

Industry and care and reticence, up to the point of deep inner compulsion, do not make a poet; but they certainly help to make him manifest when they are added to a real gift. One can not help but think that if Shenstone had had the reticence of Gray for instance, and had struggled as hard and long as he did over a narrow space, he might have imprinted a few pieces upon the world's memory as dear perhaps as "The Elegy," something which the world would not willingly let die. It was not so much the fault of his genius, which was not a deep vein to be sure, as it was the infection of his temperament that weighed him down. His "Ode to Indolence" describes the spirit that tripped him up oftenest in his sallies with the Muse. He says in this:

"Lo! on the rural mossy bed,  
My limbs with careless ease reclined;  
Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread  
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;  
Each unavailing sigh remove;  
And only let me wake to share  
The sweets of friendship and of love."

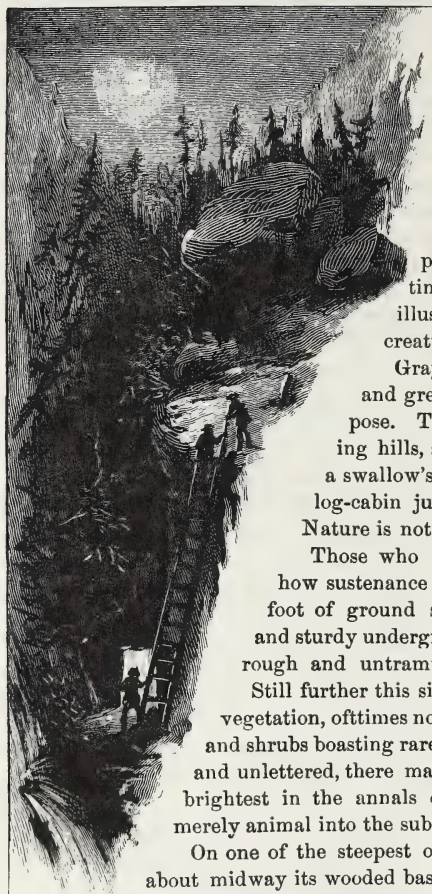
There was, it must be confessed, a gentleness about him and about the best things which he wrote that appeals warmly to us, and that was sometimes captivating. He had a flavor, too, which was individual; and perhaps Saintsbury's conclusion upon him is as just a one, on the whole, as any body in this later day is likely to make:

"He was not a great poet—perhaps, indeed, he was a very small one; but he was a poet somehow, and he wore his rue with a sufficient difference from other poets to deserve that his name should live long in the history of English verse."

Joel Benton.



## AT THE MOUNTAIN STILL.



A SHORT distance from the southwestern edge of the noted Bluegrass country, one finds the beginning of a wild, beautiful region, where Nature seems to have established a work-shop for fantastic experiments. Conical hills rear themselves aloft like gigantic mushrooms of a night's growth. Here and there are clusters of mounds, bare of verdure, and, though far inland, yet holding in their slaty bosoms the countless evidences of some pre-historic sea—strange volumes, wrinkled with time, and rich in their pages with innumerable illustrations of a past age and life little known to the creatures of to-day.

Gray and ponderous these mounds lie amid the newer and greener hills, like herds of mastodons in majestic repose. The underbrush is thick and rank on the surrounding hills, and here and there, from the precipitous sides, like a swallow's nest clinging to the steep slant of the roof, a rude log-cabin juts out, and proves by its unlooked-for presence that Nature is not entirely alone in her solitude.

Those who are inclined to be speculative may well wonder how sustenance is won from these steep hill-sides, where every foot of ground seems closely contested by boulder and bramble and sturdy undergrowth; yet human life develops and multiplies here, rough and untrammelled, yet sturdy alike with its surroundings.

Still further this simile may be traced; for while among this prolific vegetation, oftentimes noxious in its rank luxuriance, there are many plants and shrubs boasting rare medicinal qualities, so in the woodsmen, untaught and unlettered, there may sometimes be found those noble traits that shine brightest in the annals of history, and which elevate mankind from the merely animal into the sublimely heroic.

On one of the steepest of a group of knobs, as these high hills are called about midway its wooded base and crown, a log-cabin was perched in a small cleared space on the southern side. Much of this sterile space not occupied by the cabin was given over to a diminutive yet courageous corn- and tobacco-patch, one product being as largely represented as the other; for men and women alike of this region find solace in the narcotic weed, and use it with the same regularity that they do the cornmeal, which is their daily staff of life. The tobacco had been cut, and was browning under a rough shed adjoining the cabin, which consisted of one room and a loft.

The inmates of the cabin were Jap Harlow, his wife Nancy, six tow-headed offspring of this union, and his elder brother, Seth. The brothers were typical representatives of the Kentucky mountaineer, six feet in height, lank, and with sandy hair and whiskers, faces and hands tanned and freckled by constant exposure to fair and foul weather, and roughened by toil, and an abandon of manner occasioned by the consciousness that they were freeborn Kentuckians, and therefore accountable to no man for word or deed.

A striking resemblance between the two revealed the near relationship. True to their type, they were mild as children in their peaceful relations, yet could as readily change into demons in hostility—friend could not be more staunch nor foe more implacable. Lucky the man who won their favor, but woe to him who forfeited it!

To most of the inhabitants of this region knowledge of the outer world is vague; it is a world apart and separate from their own lofty heights. To many of them it is far more obscure than those lustrous planets which are scanned by the astronomer with the aid of his powerful lens, and which they themselves can look up and behold, and, beholding, perhaps marvel at their strange, solemn radiance.

Some of these mountaineers make tedious journeys down to a few of the nearer towns, their quaint, rough wagons drawn by slow-moving oxen, and filled with those herbs, roots, and barks acceptable to ailing humanity, or, perhaps, laden with chestnuts, chinquapins, and other edible products of these hills. Sometimes the burden is of a nature more contraband, and is cautiously vended as "mountain dew" to a few trustworthy ones who will not readily divulge the transaction.

The amusements of these people are few, but not so insipid as many of those among more civilized mankind. Fights are an exciting and enjoyable feature of nearly all public gatherings, and the secret manufacture of illicit products is a semi-business pleasure with them; then comes the milder sorts—shooting at a mark for whisky, playing at primitive games of chance, dog-, cock-, and bear-fighting, 'coon and 'possum hunting, dances, and political speakings, which can nearly always be included in the fighting category.

There are no churches in this region, but each year most of the inhabitants go down to some camp-meeting, held in the settlement nearest to them, and here, oftentimes minus coat, shoes, or hat, they receive the spiritual food that is to nourish and sustain their moral natures until the next annual meeting, unless some itinerant preacher should, perchance, penetrate the wildness of their mountain fastnesses.

About four o'clock, one dreamy September afternoon, Jap and his brother Seth sat out on a beech log that helped to form a rude inclosure around the cleared space in which the cabin stood. Seth was chewing an immense quid of tobacco, and every now and then selected some object in suitable range, at which he spat its juice with unerring precision.

"Thar's a prowler 'round yere," he said, after he had successfully stained a certain brilliant autumn leaf, selected from a pile of others that helped to brighten the ground.

"Whar?" asked Jap briefly, between puffs at a cob pipe he smoked.

"I seed 'im down thar, nigh th' big ches'nut, this mornin'."

"What's 'e doin'?" queried Jap.

"Snoopin' 'roun'."

"How'd 'e look?"

"'Bout five feet tu, square-sot, and rough like; but 'e hain't none o' us. He's rale peart, too, I seed hit in 'is eye."

"Did ye jaw him eny?"

"Sorter. He let on ez 'e wur buyin' ches'-

nuts an' yerbs an' sich, an' wur kinder pryin' roun' an' axin' ques'ions. I mout a bin tuck in an' never spiced 'im ef I had n't met Buck Trowler's ugly mug comin' frum that way, jes' ez I wur goin' down."

"Buck Trowler?"

"Yas."

"Humph!" ejaculated Jap, giving a longer puff than usual at his pipe, "'tain't offen 'e's bin nosin' roun' yere sence that lickin' I gin' 'im las' 'lection."

"I'm a bettin' ez 'e's up ter some diviltry er 'nuther; I seed hit in 'is hang-dog looks; sho' ez sin, 'e's hatchin' meanness."

"I'm a bettin' ef 'e is 'e better hev 'is box redly, and ther preacher a waitin' fur 'im," muttered Jap, with a dark scowl.

"Buck's a 'possumin' skunk, 'e ar'."

"I 'lows ter tell Fatty Hawkins ter keep 'is eyes peeled; we won't be caught nappin'. I've seed some bad signs this day er tu gone," soliloquized Seth. "A screech owl war a hootin' mos' all night 'roun' the still, and t'other day Fatty's yaller pup howled like mad fur nigh tu hours 'roun' th' cabin. I don't like no sech signs."

"They hain't good uns," said Jap, after a second long puff at his pipe. Then both subsided into a thoughtful silence.

Some time after nightfall the two men came out of the hut and started down the knob. The September moon hung low in the sky like a great yellow seal, while broad, filmy bands of mist draped the wooded heights, and trailed their gauzy ribbons adown the valley ways, lending additional softness to the scene.

From the elevated position of the hut the unobstructed view was one of sublime beauty, yet ever lost to the dull perceptions of these mountain folk. The vast magnificence above and around sent no responsive thrill to the soul nor held a charm for the eye.

On this calm night the scene was doubly fair under the soft, silvery beams of the September moon. Cone after cone, some verdure clad, others gaunt and bare, rose into the hazy, moonlit atmosphere, like gigantic steps leading to the far-off country of the stars. A silence, full of awe, gave grandeur to the night, and lent majesty to the hills like sentinels in their tall uprising.

Seth and his brother strode quickly and lightly down the steep path, familiar in its every turn, encountering each obstructing hindrance with an ease and celerity that would have been impossible to one less familiar with



the locality, although aided by the penetrating beams of the noonday sun. Even when the base of the knob was reached, and the path became obliterated in the thick shadows of the lowland underbrush, they walked rapidly on up the valley, still evidently familiar with the route, although now there was no longer apparent guidance, the thick foliage shutting out the moonlight and in places causing profound darkness. Not a word or sound was uttered, though occasionally a dry twig snapped, or a loose stone rolled from beneath their feet.

Now and then the sound of a falling chestnut, or the lonesome cry of some night-bird rendered the prevailing quiet all the more profound and weird.

Presently the gurgle of falling water broke with a welcome sound upon the ear, and directly a deep ravine was reached, down whose precipitous ledges a small stream came leaping noisily.

Up the jagged sides of this ravine the two men began to ascend; but more slowly than in their previous walk, for in some places of the steep and winding way there was only a narrow ledge on which to pass some jutting point, while a misstep would have plunged them many feet below on the sharp rocks that impeded the stream's swift descent.

It would have seemed somewhat of a risk to traverse this broken path at midday; but at this hour, and in this darkness, it was a hazardous undertaking, yet made so fearlessly that its danger was scarcely apparent.

As they moved upward the scene grew more wild and picturesque, for the moonlight began to penetrate the shadows, and lend doubly strange and fantastic shapes to many objects already grotesque in their forms.

At last even this wild route seemed to terminate abruptly in an immense boulder that shut off further progress, for a perpendicular wall arose on the one hand, while one equally abrupt descended on the other.

The men stopped, and Seth, leaning over the precipice, gave a low, peculiar whistle, something like the cry of the night-birds heard amid these hills.

In a few seconds an answering cry came back. Seth repeated it, and directly a grating sound was heard from below, and then the ends of a rough ladder appeared above the edge of the cliff.

After shaking the ladder to ascertain if it rested securely against the rock, Seth adroitly climbed down, followed by his brother.

The ladder was perhaps some sixteen or eighteen feet in length, its bottom resting on a ledge of rock sufficiently wide for two to walk abreast, and which extended over a sort of pool below, hollowed out of the solid rock by the concussion of the falling water, which leaped madly from a projection just beyond.

Once on the ledge a strange, unlooked-for scene was presented. A sort of natural grotto of considerable extent indented the cliff, and, with some artificial aid, an excellent and almost impenetrable room was improvised. A door opened on the ledge, and through it there were glimpses of the interior, ruddy with the glow of a fire somewhere in the background.

Within this singular chamber were a few roughly constructed mash-tubs, while a copper distilling vessel, hedged about with several pipes, and placed over a sort of furnace in one corner of the cave, revealed the fact that the process of brewing "mountain dew" was then in active and secret operation, and that this rocky fastness constituted a mountain *still*.

So securely was it hidden away among the rocks and bushes, and so well guarded its secret, that although its existence was strongly suspected by revenue officials, it had thus far escaped their vigilance.

Fatty Hawkins and an assistant were at work. It needed but one glance at the long bony figure of the former to discover that his pseudonym was one of solely imaginary relevancy, or of bold irony. He was tall and gaunt, after the bean-pole order of anatomical structure, with elongated countenance to correspond, and a sleepy, innocent air, utterly foreign to his natural shrewdness and illicit occupation, and quite liable to ward off suspicion should it ever be directed toward him. Seen elsewhere he might have been easily mistaken for an inoffensive itinerant preacher.

"Will thar be tu full casks o' dew ter take down nex' trip? Kase ef thar is we'd better tote 'em up tu the' wagin soon, an' git 'em fixed in hit afore midnight. We mus' git a arly start."

"Thar'll be tu full uns, an' a small un o' brandy," responded Fatty, briefly.

"We wont find no skeersity gittin' hit offer our hands when we onct git hit down tu th' settlemint, nuther," said Seth, facetiously. "We've got tu be keerful, dern keerful, tho', gittin' hit down thar," he added, cautiously; "thar's a spotter 'roun' yere, now," he continued, and then proceeded to acquaint Fatty

with the meager information he had imparted to Jap a few hours previous.

Fatty gave an incredulous smile. "Thar'll hev tu be morn'n eny guvernmint spotter ter trace up this yere still," he said. "They've a' ready tried hit on, an' hain't done hit yit, they hain't. I hearn a gang is started out ter beat about these yere hills, now; but let 'em beat; they'll git on a cold trail, ef they gits on eny, an' that's preachin'."

"Ef that ar white-livered skunk don't set 'em on," suggested Seth. "I'm powerful 'spic'ious o' him. He's knowin' o' this place, an' ther way ter git tu hit."

"He's got ther cussedness tu du eny thin'; but 'e aint got ther grit tu du hit. Ef 'e du squeak on this yere still, 'e'd a sight better be ridin' on th' hind wheels o' Misfortun's cheeriot, fur 'e knows what'll happen sure's kingdom come," rejoined Fatty, with a low chuckle.

"His jedgmint'll be sartin' to ketch 'im."

As they talked they busied themselves with filling two casks with "mountain dew," and a smaller one with apple brandy, a rich, powerful aroma from the three permeating the place.

After some necessary directions to Jap and Lige, the assistant, who were to take charge of the still during the absence of the two others, Fatty and Seth each loaded themselves with a cask, which, by a simple contrivance, was fastened to the back by shoulder straps, leaving the arms free, and Fatty, carrying the smaller one in his hand, they went out into the night, going up the ravine by a little less difficult way than the one already described, and nearer Fatty's cabin, from which they were to start at midnight.

They stored the casks under some bags of chestnuts and scaly bark hickory-nuts and a few small evergreens which were to be a blind for the sale of this more profitable merchandise.

In a short while after the two had disappeared into the shadows that filled the ravine, Lige lay down on a sort of pallet in one corner, and was soon loudly snoring, while Jap watched over the brewing of the dew and smoked his pipe for company.

In the early morning, long before the sun was up, and while the hills were gray and wet with penetrating mists, Jap aroused his assistant and left him in charge, while he went home to sleep and rest to be ready for the vigils of the succeeding night, for this relay must be observed until the return of Seth and Fatty from their partly illicit expedition.

Before leaving he put on an immense overcoat, inside of which there was a quantity of pockets, and in several of these he put a flask of odorous liquor.

Thus laden he made his return with much more cautious movements than on the preceding evening, guarding against sudden contact with rock or tree with a skill that revealed former practice.

It was only faintly light when he reached home, for the sun was just struggling through a mass of clouds banked up in the east, and from the altitude of his hut the gorgeous scene was one that would have fired an artist's soul with some of its own reflected glory.

Jap gave it a glance of stolid indifference, only noting the near approach of the full day, then passed on to a corn shock that stood in the cleared space.

He stopped here, and, taking out the numerous bottles with which he was laden, concealed all except two or three in the shock, then entered his cabin, and, after eating a hearty breakfast which awaited him, went to bed and was soon in a deep slumber.

Sometime after it was light a shrill whistle was heard not a great distance from the cabin, among some bushes that screened the spot from sight.

Seemingly in response, Jap's wife presently appeared at the door, and, after looking cautiously around, went quickly down to the place whence the sound came. The corner of her homespun apron was thrown over something that she carried.

Pausing at a large stump that stood among the bushes, and against which a tall pole leaned, she picked up some pieces of money that were laying on the top of it, and, in exchange, put down one of the bottles of dew that Jap had lately brought from the still.

This done the trade was consummated, and she returned to the hut to await another customer who might come that day, or perhaps not until the next.

Such "licker stumps" are found now and then through the knobs.

Ofttimes the zigzag cattle-paths that penetrate here and there through the wilderness, seemingly without a destination, will take one to these spots if the signs along the way are properly understood and observed.

Where two paths chance to intersect or several converge, a slim pole, leaning against a tree, or bush, or rock, will advise the initiated which one to take, while the inclination of



the pole will also teach him the direction he should go.

Late in the afternoon Jap arose, and having refreshed himself by a hearty ablution of face and hands, an act that was performed with much spluttering, splashing, and scattering of water far and near around the rudely constructed wash-bench, standing under a scraggy cedar-tree, he ate his dinner and set out again for the still, where Lige was impatiently awaiting his coming, for he was to take a night off, and had an extensive 'possum hunt in prospect.

Shortly after his departure the gray twilight began to darken into night, for down among the valleys there is little of that lingering beauty of sunset that is seen upon the uplands.

When Jap had supplied the small furnace with fuel, he lighted his pipe and sat down to its full enjoyment. His reveries were finally disturbed by some slight noise without, and, ever on the alert, he walked to the door to ascertain its cause.

Before he quite reached the aperture, a dark object came dangling down from the ledge of rock above, and the next instant he realized that it was the figure of a man, either being lowered or letting himself down by means of a rope.

Almost before he recognized the fact the man had reached the ledge, and stood confronting him. He was a revenue officer, and Jap, with scarcely a glance at the ledge above, whence this one had come, knew that another was beginning to follow. Slow of thought ordinarily, the critical situation suddenly aroused Jap from his accustomed lethargy and excited his brain to its utmost tension.

Before the officer had time to draw his pistol from his belt, where he had placed it previous to his descent, Jap had seized the heavy bar of wood used as a door-fastening, and with one swift blow felled the intruder to the stone ledge, then as swiftly struck at the other dark form descending from above.

His aim was true. The rope swayed under the powerful blow, while his second victim, without a sound, loosened his tight grasp and fell to the ledge, then dropped helplessly over its edge and disappeared into the darkness below.

At that moment two shots from above whistled dangerously near to Jap's ears, and springing back he closed and barricaded the door against the approaching enemy.

It was only after he had retreated within the still that he fully realized his desperate position; only one against many, he knew not how great a number. In his excited state there seemed to be a babel of voices demanding his immediate surrender in the name of the law.

Had he not at first resisted so strenuously—perhaps fatally—he might have considered a surrender to be the wisest thing he could do; but now, when perhaps the taking of human life had been added to his crime against the government, he felt that there was little chance for leniency, and that he had best sell his life as dearly as possible.

In the mean time several men had succeeded in gaining the ledge, and were proceeding to test the strength of the door, and Jap knew it was only a question of time, and a limited space at that, before it yielded to their vigorous attacks and admitted the foe.

He had secured his pistol and a long, sharp knife, and stood by the besieged entrance, ready and determined to do deadly havoc.

The usual languid docility of his manner had given place to a fierce vindictiveness that had in its intensity the suggestion of a wild beast attacked in its lair. His whole frame quivered, not with fear, but with suppressed excitement, and his eyes gleamed savagely. He was brought to bay, and feeling there was no escape, and believing that a few moments more would end it all, he determined that those few moments should prove as fatal to some of his persecutors as to himself.

The heavy door trembled and yielded little by little in its massive frame, as determined blows were dealt upon it, and the shouts without grew more menacing.

In that moment the thought of Nancy and the "young ones" crowded into his mind, and as he glanced furtively around the room, in a last eager hope for escape, his eyes suddenly fell upon a certain spot in the floor, partly wood and partly the natural rock of the cave. The especial point arresting his attention was a crevice in the rock leading under the wooden addition, and serving as an opening for a flume or chute which led off the slop down in the ravine below. It was narrow, and slimy with the ill-smelling refuse; but a man's body could be squeezed through, and the time was not one for hesitancy.

The corner of the room projecting out over the ledge of rock would conceal his descent from those in front of the door, and once be-

low he could creep around the edge of the pool and escape down the stream's rocky pass. These thoughts passed rapidly through Jap's brain as he sprang to the opening, and in a few moments had disappeared from view as completely as if the floor had opened and swallowed him; and this was even true in a certain sense.

As he crept stealthily along at the edge of the pool, he stumbled over some dark object, lying partly in the water and partly on the rocks at its edge. In the indistinct light he recognized the body of the officer who had fallen from above, and, hastily stooping, he saw that it was lifeless.

As he quickened his movements the crash of timber above and an exultant cry proclaimed that the door had given way, and that the still was in the hands of the law.

Some three quarters of an hour later Jap had reached his cabin, and hastily divesting himself of his outer clothing, which gave forth a tell-tale odor of the still's slop, he secreted it under a large movable stone in the hearth, and then with a few words of warning to his wife went to bed.

He was far too excited for sleep, and, besieged by Nancy with numerous whispered questions, repeated the whole of the adventure.

As the hours wore on slowly, however, and no further manifestations of danger were apparent, Jap fell into a troubled doze, from which he was suddenly aroused by his wife.

"Git yer rifle quick; they have come fer ye," she whispered hurriedly.

At that moment came a loud knocking at the door.

"I'll git the ax, an' they shan't take ye ez long as I can swing hit," said Nancy, determinedly.

"Hesh!" muttered Jap, "they can't prove nothin'. 'Possum," he said, feigning sleep again.

As he did so a resounding blow upon the door burst it open, and sent the wooden latch flying across the room.

While Jap raised up in bed, rubbing his eyes like one awakened out of a profound sleep, a posse of men entered the cabin, and the leader announced that they had come to search it.

Nancy sat up in bed, silent yet evidently terrified, and several tow-heads popped up here and there, awakened by the noise, and by their frightened cries added to the general confusion. Jap yawned sleepily, and invited the officers to search wherever they chose.

This they proceeded to do in a most thorough manner, as they thought; but they failed to discover the movable stone in the hearth, or a smaller one which helped to chink the log walls of the hut, but which also concealed the opening to a partly hollow log, in which two or three bottles were always kept in readiness for a chance customer; or even yet, the reserve fund of bottled "mountain dew," which was concealed in the corn-shock near by; so all in all the search was one of little moment.

As the officers were on the point of leaving, having failed to discover any thing of a contraband nature, and while Jap was the picture of injured innocence, one of two men who had been stationed outside came to the door, and closely scrutinized Jap, as he stood between the fire and door talking to those who had just completed the search.

The man had his head carefully bandaged, and seemed to have met recently with some accident. All at once he entered the cabin and confronted Jap, who, as he looked, as suddenly recognized the man he had first struck and felled a few hours previous at the still.

"Arrest this man," ordered the wounded officer.

Despite Jap's affirmations of innocence and alleged entire ignorance of his accuser, which denials he regarded as his only slight hope of escape, he was marched off through the dim gray of early morning, notwithstanding the vain pleadings of his wife, who would have fought desperately for him if he had not forbidden it, and the concerted wails of grief from the tow-headed young ones at their sire's calamity.

About four o'clock in the morning following that of Jap's arrest, Seth and Fatty reached home again. Every thing was quiet around the cabin of the latter, so, after caring for their clumsy vehicle and slow team, they set out for the still, where Jap and Lige were probably awaiting them. So engrossed were they in discussing the results of their trip, and in speculating on future ones, that the vicinity of the still was reached almost before they knew it.

"Them chaps ain't keepin' no fuss woth tellin'," remarked Seth, as they neared the turn which brought them to the pool.

"I'm a bettin' they hain't awake nuther," answered his companion. "We'll find 'em squirmed up in a heap, like tu 'possums in a holler log—on'y hit's jes' a leetle tu quiet for Lige's snore. He kin beat a hoss' eny day, an' sleep with one eye open, tu; he beats—well,



blast my coon skin!" Fatty broke off abruptly in his remarks, and gave vent to this ejaculation as he and Seth came out on the flat ledge of rock that curved around the pool. Seth peered over his shoulders and gave emphasis to one yet more forcible and inelegant. Then they stared blankly at each other.

By the light of the waning moon and the incoming day, they could readily distinguish through the thin veil of mist the astounding change that had taken place since their late departure. Both stood transfixed, speechless with amazement; the still was no longer there. Some charred timbers clinging to the rocks and the dark aperture of the cave-like opening in the face of the cliff told where it once was. The battered copper still lay in the shallow edge of the pool where it had fallen from the ledge above, while the twisted pipes looked strangely like writhing serpents crawling forth from a morning bath.

Fatty clambered down to the battered still, while Seth went over to where it formerly stood in the rock's indentation, both too much astonished for many words.

"Du yu reckon th' gol dern thing ketched afire?" Seth asked at length, finding no solution to the numerous queries which presented themselves, as he poked among the debris of the ruin.

"I'll be blamed ef I kin tell ye," answered Fatty; "the fire ketched on tu hit, an' that's a fac', sho," he added, then suddenly bending, he closely examined the battered copper lying at his feet.

"Look a yere," he called out in an excited undertone, "them guvermint raskills hev' bin' yere, sho' ez sin. This yere still ar' punched full o' holes."

For a moment he and Seth regarded each other without a word.

"An' me, an' yer down ter th' settlemint!" cried Fatty, regretfully. "Ef we had a bin yere hit moutent a happened."

"Dang th' still," cried Seth, impatiently. "Wat's come o' Jap an' Lige?"

"See hyer," said Fatty in an awed tone, pointing down the rocks, "them's blood stains. I jes' seed 'em. Wat hev come o' Jap an' Lige, sho' 'nuff?"

"I'm goin' ter see," rejoined Seth, concisely, starting in the direction of home.

A prey to various alarming apprehensions and numberless suggestive fears, Seth cautiously, but fearlessly and with rapid steps, made his way homeward.

The capture of the still was most evident; but what had been the results beyond the disaster he had already seen?

Had Jap and Lige resisted the attack against, perhaps, overwhelming odds—and what had been their fate?

It was like Jap to resist, even to the death, rather than be taken; and then those blood stains on the rocks, they meant something ominous.

As he paused for a moment in the edge of the small clearing, in the midst of which Jap's hut stood, his heart misgave him as he noticed the unusual quiet that hung over the place.

None of the familiar tow-heads of the noisy brood of "young uns" were to be seen, and, although the air was mild and pleasant, the door was tightly closed.

A thin smoke curling up from the mud-daubed chimney was the only external evidence of the hut's habitation.

As Seth pushed open the door and entered the room, Nancy gave a sharp cry of fear which ended in a dismal wail when she recognized the intruder.

She was crouching down by the fire with her last born in her lap, while the rest were huddled around her like a startled flock of partridges.

"Whar's Jap?" queried Seth, laconically.

At this interrogation Nancy only elevated her voice, which received additional emphasis from the chorus of tow-heads surrounding her, and mournfully shook her head until Seth repeated his question in a still sharper tone.

"Gone! They've tuck 'im!" moaned Nancy, rocking herself to and fro in the abandonment of grief.

"Who's tuck 'im?" demanded Seth.

"Them guvermint devils hev'," cried Nancy, fiercely. "I'd a fit 'em ef I'd a hed eny thin' ter fit 'em wid; but hit twarn't no use, so I begged 'em ter let 'im loose, an' I mout jes' ez well hev talked ter th' ball-knob yan, fur all th' good I done, I mout. They tuck 'im right stret along."

"War'e ketched at work?" asked Seth, meaningly.

"No, 'e warn't; 'e war hyer in bed! they mouten't a tuck 'im at all, on'y they seed 'im yan an' they seed 'im hyer."

"War n't 'e hurt eny? Thar wur blood on th' rocks over yan," continued Seth, nodding in the direction where the mill had stood.

"No, 'e warn't hurt; but some o' 'em war," answered Nancy, lowering her voice. "He

"lowed ez 'e mout a kilt one," she continued in the same low undertone.

"One o' 'em that kem hyer hed a lot o' rags tied 'round 'is head. Hit wur all kivered up. 'Twar 'im ez seed Jap an' knowed 'im."

"How'd 'e git hyer, eny way?" questioned Seth, wonderingly. How'd 'e git frum over yan an' them arter 'im?"

"He slode down th' slop shute, an' creeped along th' clift like, an' 'em a breakin' in th' door right over 'is head," cried Nancy, with a sudden burst of exultation in her voice. "He tuck offen 'is close ez smelt o' th' slop, an' put 'em under th' big rock in th' hath thar, an' went tu bed, 'e did. He mout a got off but fur th' man ez seed 'im," she concluded, her voice sinking to a whisper, then rising to a wail again as the thought of her desolation rose before her. "Oh! Seth, wat's ter come er me an' th' young uns, an' 'im tuck away? Ef ye love yer brother Jap ez ye orter, Seth, can't ye help ter git 'im loose? Can't ye git 'im outen thar clutches? He's bin a powerful luv'in' brother tu ye Seth, ez ye know, an' named 'is fus' an' las' chile, tu, arter ye, an' now 'e's tuck off from 'em, an' th' law's down agin 'im," she wailed afresh.

"When th' law gits holt er a feller hits wusser nor a turkle," replied Seth, meditatively; "but Nancy, I'm a goin' ter du wat I kin ter git 'im loose. Git me them thar close ez Jap tuck off."

"Seth, wat on th' face o' th' yearth an' ye up ter?" interrogated Nancy, when somewhat later he came from a corner of the cabin habited in the slop-stained suit of jeans Jap had secreted under the hearth.

"Nancy, I'm startin' out arter Jap, an' ef thar's eny way ter git that thar law turkle ter let go hits grip on 'im, I'm goin' ter du hit. Seth Harlow ain't th' man ter let 'is brother git inter trouble, an' me not try ter git 'im out."

"Seth, fur marcy sake don't let no trouble git a holt on ye tu!" called out Nancy, as he strode down the hill, settlementward, his long rifle on his shoulder.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene changes. Lovely hills, verdure clad, rear their graceful forms aloft; but here enlightenment is every where apparent. The wild beauty of cliff and ravine is domesticated, and we behold nature and man in the friendliest relations. High up the precipitous rocks the wild brier and smilax trace across their rugged surface bright crimson paths like veins of fire, and dense copse-wood clothes their

rounded sides as in the mountain fastnesses we have but lately left, yet in the verdant hollow encircled by these hills man has fashioned his abiding place, and here the capital of the State reposes, dreamy, serene, and picturesque.

It was the morning set for Jap's trial, and as he sat in the hall of justice, surrounded only by those who sought to deprive him of liberty, perchance of life, the ominous shadow of the law seemed even more appalling than he had at first pictured it, and cowed and subdued he little resembled the fearless mountaineer who had fought so bravely and desperately in defense of the still.

While the officer whom Jap had felled with the massive bar of wood was in the midst of his convicting testimony, there was some unusual stir about the door of the court-room, and then a travel-stained, uncouth-looking individual, with the unmistakable air of a backwoodsman, and carrying a long rifle of old-time make in his hand, strode forward, walking boldly up to where the commissioner sat.

The oddity of dress and manner drew all eyes to him, even those of Jap, which grew much larger than their ordinary ample size when he recognized the intruder to be his brother Seth.

"Jedge," began Seth, removing his 'coon-skin cap with a bow that was born not of the drawing-room, nor bred of court etiquette, but which, nevertheless, contained the full portion of deference necessary to the occasion, "ye hev got th' wrong man. This man air inner-cent."

"Who are you?" sternly demanded the presiding officer, as he surveyed Seth's tall, lank figure from head to feet.

"I'm th' feller ez cracked this yere chap's noggin, an' what laid out th' tother one at th' still over yan," answered Seth, coolly, as he leaned on his long rifle and calmly returned the commissioner's stare.

"I'm th' feller ez slid down th' slop-shute an' got away when them spotters tuck the still. I've got on them same close ez I slid down in," he added, frankly. "Yer kin smell 'em ef ye gits near enough."

Jap, who until this moment was too amazed for speech, now attempted to address the commissioner.

"Shet up!" interrupted Seth, briskly. "Du ye s'pose I'm a goin' ter let a peace'ble, quiet nabor, what's got a wife an' a passal o' young uns, be tried and sentenced on for what I hev did? Not much I hain't," he added, smiling



blandly around upon the court. "I'm a bad un, they say," he went on; "but I hain't that much o' a sneak," bringing his rifle down on the floor with resounding force, as if by way of emphasis. "Now, jes' look hyer at me, stranger, an' tell th' jedge ef I hain't th' feller what giv' ye that rap on th' noggin with th' door-bar up yan at th' still."

The officer thus challenged, closely scrutinized his rugged features, and then reluctantly acknowledged that Seth must have been the one who attacked him, and not the man then under arrest.

Jap, still dazed at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, made another effort to contradict Seth in his strange statement, but was as promptly hushed up again.

It was only after he was released on his brother's testimony, and Seth was arrested on his own, that Jap found an opportunity to reach Seth's ear.

"Seth, wat ar ye up tu enyhow, gittin' yerself in this yere fix, un' takin' th' blame on tu yesself, an' ye a' knowin' whar hit oughter res'?"

"Jap," responded Seth, in equally cautious tones, "Nancy and the young uns ar' a waitin' fur ye in th' cabin on th' hill-side. I tole 'em I'd send ye back, an' I 'low ter du hit. I'm older'n ye; I use ter tote ye 'bout when ye wus jes' a leetle mite uf a chap. I hain't got no wife nur young uns, an' I knows jes' wot I'm a-doin uf. Now ye shet right up, an' don't say nothin' more 'bout it," he commanded, imperatively, as Jap made another attempt to remonstrate.

"Ye see this yere rifle I've brung ye? Ye hev' shooted with hit, an' ye knows hit will tumble hits game ev'ry time; an' Jap, this ar' fur Buck Fowler," he added, full of meaning.

"Seth," began Jap once more, "ye shan't hev my blame restin'!"

"I say, shet up, Jap, an' don't be a consarned fool!" Seth interrupted, sharply, and turned resolutely away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many, many times afterward did Jap, with a huskiness in his voice, and a suspicious dimness in his eyes, repeat to Nancy, almost word for word, this parting with Seth. It was only now in the monotonous quietude of his mountain home that Jap began fully to realize the magnanimous import of the sacrifice his brother had made for him; his brother who was even now a prisoner behind those high, gray walls that shut him in from freedom and the world,

holding him in their merciless clutches for life, consigned to a living tomb through all the long, weary years that still pertained to his vigorous life. What a terrible sentence it seemed!

Jap would sit for hours at a time looking out across the broad, free range of hills, stretching out invitingly so far away, and brood over these things, thinking pityingly of the prisoner who had given up all for him.

Never before had liberty seemed so sweet a boon, nor those hills so pleasing a sight, and Seth had so loved freedom and these self-same hills.

His greatest joy had been to wander over them, rifle in hand, sometimes for days together. His whole life until that fatal time had been spent among their wild freshness; yet now, what a fearful change!

Had it not been for Nancy and the young ones Jap would rather have shared the sentence with his ill-fated brother than to have been beset always with these gnawing thoughts that gave him no peace nor rest.

What was freedom to him, when he knew so well how dearly it had been purchased! What was the yellow sunlight or the blue sky, when those bare, gray walls that shut in Seth seemed ever to loom up before him and darken his existence!

He had never even fulfilled Seth's last request when he gave him the rifle, for when he came back to his hill-side cabin Buck Trowler had betaken himself to a less dangerous locality, and the judgment that was to have been meted out to him was still delayed in its execution.

Seven years passed away. Though long and dreary ones to Jap, filled, as they were, with disquieting reflections, yet only to Seth, in his dismal prison home, did their full length seem an eternity. Seven years—each one an age of utter hopelessness—and then one morning he was summoned to the warden's office and told that he was free. Free! The words fell but vaguely on his ears, as sounds that held no meaning. In those seven, long weary years, with the future only to be a sad repetition of the past, the very significance of the words had become lost to him. What import did they convey to one who, for life—aye, not for hours or days, or months or years, but for life, had been consigned to impenetrable and pitiless walls?

Again they spoke to him, trying to make him comprehend that he was indeed free.

He understood them more fully when they explained that his brother was dead, and on his death-bed had confessed to the killing of the revenue officer at the moonshine still seven years before, and for which crime an innocent man had voluntarily suffered that his brother might go free.

The Governor, on learning these facts, had issued a pardon for Seth, and he was free.

Some months after, when Seth had gone home to work and care for the wife and children of his dead brother, there tarried with him one night a passing stranger, who lived among the farthest hills whose tops grew purple in the distance that lay between them and Seth's home.

In the fire-side chat over a social pipe, Seth learned for the first time that Buck Trowler had removed to this far range of hills and dwelt near his present guest.

A day or two later Seth took his long rifle, and, after carefully cleaning and loading it, placed it on his shoulder and went forth.

When he returned several days later he bore no game, and looked weary and worn, as if he had taken a long journey.

When Nancy, with pardonable curiosity, questioned him in regard to his jaunt, he answered briefly, as was his wont,

"I hev' jes' bin to square a leetle account. Hit's settled now," and then threw himself on the bed, exhausted.

Nancy looked at him wonderingly, but asked no further questions.

A long time afterward she heard that Buck Trowler's body had been found, face downward, in the creek near his cabin, with a rifle shot through his heart.

As Fatty Hawkins had predicted long ago, his "jedgmint had overtaken him."

*Henry Cleveland Wood.*

## IN MEMORIAM—PAUL H. HAYNE.

No battle note, nor pomp of arms reversed,  
Nor tuck of drum shall be his last requiem;  
But in our hearts his memory is hearsed,  
And in our love we build his Mausoleum.

The pure in heart! As little children hear  
In the still night the purling of a fountain,  
Lulling their dreams, come like the messenger  
Whose feet are beautiful upon the mountain;

So to life's troubled dream his songs have given  
Preludes of higher themes, as if the poem  
Of songs the great archangels sing in heaven  
Lived in his verse and found his life a poem.

*Will Wallace Harney.*



## PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

**T**HERE are other pens in this Southern land of ours that might do more justice to the character and genius of the man whom to-day the South mourns—the man who has won for himself, as none other ever did, the name of Southern Poet. But no one can bring to the task deeper appreciation of his heroic and noble qualities; a higher estimate of his superior worth; a more profound consciousness of his intellectual and poetic gifts; a warmer sympathy, cemented by years of intimate correspondence, or a tenderer throb of heart over his unexpected departure, than the writer who attempts to give below some of the salient features of this brave and beautiful life.

Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in Charleston, January 1, 1830. Of gentle English blood and lineage, his ancestors came from Shropshire, England, in the colonial days, and settled among the Huguenots, in Charleston, South Carolina. He would seem to have been

"A dreamer of dreams born out of his due time,"

and much better fitted by his native instincts for old-world culture and lore, by his keen sympathies with the scholarship and the literature of the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century worthies, and by his passionate love for the land of his ancestors, for a birthplace among English meads and lanes than amid the new and undeveloped civilization of this western world. I recall a sonnet which he sent me years ago in manuscript, in which his yearning after the old home finds expression:

"I dream—I dream of Shropshire's meadow grass,  
Its grazing herds and sweet hay-scented air;  
An ancient hall near a slow rivulet's mouth;  
A church vine-clad; a grave-yard glooming south.  
These are the scenes through which I fain would pass;  
There lived my sires, whose sacred dust is there."

But, born an American and a South Carolinian, he was loyally true to his birthright bonds, as all the history of his later manhood nobly testifies. His family, from its first introduction into South Carolina, occupied a prominent place in civil and military affairs; and Revolutionary annals furnish proof of the heroism with which some of the Haynes laid down their lives for their adopted country. They were always more or less conspicuous in public affairs. His uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, was one of the most noted Southern statesmen

of his day; he was governor of South Carolina at a period when to hold such an office was more of an honor than it has been in these later times, the friend and coadjutor of John C. Calhoun, and the well-matched opponent of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States. Lieutenant Hayne, the father of the poet, was a naval officer, and died early, at sea, when his only child was an infant. His mother was of the best English stock; and to her gentle guidance the whole training of the boy was intrusted, and well did she perform the double parental office toward him. There lie before me letters written in her beautiful old age (for it is but a few years since she died), full of Christian tenderness and pride in this, her only child. In one of her son's letters, speaking of the lovely characteristics and exquisite softness of mind, manner, and appearance, which was so observable in his mother, Mr. Hayne says: "An artist who came to Copse Hill once, to paint a portrait of myself which had been ordered by a friend, was so struck by the high-bred gentleness and purity and refinement of my mother that he could only liken her to an old piece of rare Sevres china, a little touched and veined by the use and wear of years, but, nevertheless, a bit of rare Sevres still."

Mr. Hayne was educated in his native city of Charleston. At the period of which we write this city was probably one of the most refined and cultivated in America. Its original settlement had been largely of English and Huguenot stock, and to the traditions of their ancestry the inhabitants clung tenaciously, so that up to the period of the late war there was, perhaps, less intermingling of other blood than in any other city on the continent. This gave a certain bias and tone to its peculiar society, and few cities could boast a more literary atmosphere than existed in the days of Legaré, Robert Y. Hayne, John C. Calhoun, the Pinckneys, the Middletons, the Grimkes, the Mannings, the Ravanelos, and other names scarcely less distinguished.

After his graduation at South Carolina College Mr. Hayne studied law, and was admitted in his early manhood to the bar. But nature did not intend that he should follow the traditions of his family and become a statesman. There was a distinguished knot of bright spirits about him who sympathized with him in his

absorbing love for literature. It was not long before young Hayne discovered that it would not be easy to yoke himself to his profession. Already he had begun to be known as an ambitious and vigorous writer, who had drunk so deeply of the pure "well of English undefiled" as to unfit him, in a degree, for the writs and the briefs of a lawyer's desk.

Along with Henry Timrod and others he became a constant contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the well-known *belles-lettres* monthly so long published in Richmond, Virginia. But, not content with this outlet for their teeming literary abundance, these young poets and scholars determined to have a literary organ of their own. Accordingly, *Russell's Magazine* was established, and Paul Hayne, then not more than twenty-three, was chosen its first editor. The enterprise was successfully carried on, and this enthusiastic band of young writers gave themselves up with keen delight to literary life.

William Gilmore Simms, himself a South Carolinian, and one of our earliest Southern novelists, was the Coryphæus of these young aspirants after literary fame; and at "the little suppers" which he was accustomed to give at his beautiful home, where wit and wine, philosophy, poetry, and literature gave wings to the flitting hours, these authors of the future spent many evenings of rare enjoyment.

Mr. Hayne first appeared in 1855 as an author in book form. His earliest volume of poems was brought out by Ticknor & Co., Boston. Two or three years previous to this he had been married to Mary Middleton Michel, of his own city, the only daughter of an eminent French physician, and a granddaughter of General De Michel, of the Imperial Army of France. A fairer path has rarely opened before any one than now seemed to stretch smooth and radiant before our young poet. Every aspiration of his soul seemed to be within his reach, every reasonable requirement had fulfillment. He had the advantage of quite a distinguished appearance, was slightly built, and of medium height, with a graceful, lithe figure, a fine oval face, with starry, magnetic eyes that glowed with responsive sympathy. He had abundant dark hair, thrown back from a high, fair forehead, and his manners were urbane and courteous to a remarkable degree. He was the possessor of a beautiful home, the old mansion in which he was born, with its extensive and embowered grounds in the heart of his native city; a fine, large library; ample, if not luxurious

provision for all the future; a finished education; a chastened ambition, yet so full of fervor that it was ready to dare whatever might lead it up the steep of coveted fame; wide leisure, without which the true poet can hardly breathe; troops of responsive friends; an unworked field of poetic adventure before him, and, above all, a lovely wife whose sympathies were in such perfect unison with his own that her very being seemed bound up in his success. Could any human eye have foreseen at this period of unalloyed enjoyment what reverses were to try this buoyant soul, what losses were to leave him wrecked of fortune, what dire catastrophies were to sweep away home, friends, hope, all, before this young singer should become, through the stress of fiery trial and bitter ordeal and of nobly borne misfortunes through which the iron was wrought into his blood, that which he had from his boyhood aspired to be, the Poet of his Southern Land?

Mr. Hayne's first venture was so well received by the critical public that it was followed by a second volume of poems in 1857. This book also had such recognition that in 1860 a third collection was brought out. All these combined to give him a foremost position among younger Southern writers. The established poets of the North, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others accepted him as one of the literary guild, and held out to him a hand of kindly welcome. His acquaintance with these and other leading literary men of the North began early, and continued unbroken, despite the fortunes of war, which threatened the disruption of all kinds of ties, to the very close of Mr. Hayne's life. Several times before the war had he made pilgrimages to the homes of these men, bringing to them such appreciation as never can be unwelcome to the heart of genuine genius.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Hayne did not, as his always somewhat frail health might have induced him to do, seclude himself among his books; but with manly resolution and unselfish ardor he turned his back upon all beloved pursuits and threw himself, like the patriot he was, into the contest. His delicacy of constitution unfitted him for the rougher service of the field, but he served as a defender of Fort Sumter, and was a staff officer as long as his health would permit him to remain on duty. Like the German warrior-poet, Körner, whose lyre was more than his sword, his war-lyrics stirred the Southern heart like the blast



of a trumpet during all the four years' struggle; and by many a camp-fire did the Southern soldiers pore over them, gaining strength from their mettled lines for the trials they were called to bear. Who does not remember his poem on Stuart; his fine ode, "My Motherland;" his stirring lines, "Beyond the Potomac;" his "Battle of Charleston Harbor"? It would not be easy to estimate the influence of such poems as these upon the soldiers who read them by their pitch-pine fires, as they lay waiting for the morrow's fight; and, like the German poet's war-songs too, they wielded more influence than the stoutest blade.

During the bombardment of Charleston Mr. Hayne's beautiful home fell a sacrifice in the conflagration of the city. Nothing was saved from the general devastation but the ancestral silver, the accumulations of many generations, reaching back probably to the old Shropshire manor-house. This had been some time before deposited for safe-keeping in the vaults of a bank at Columbia, South Carolina. But, as if to make the wreck of fortune as supreme as possible, in General Sherman's memorable "march to the sea" even this silver also was swept along in the train of the conqueror. Never but once did I know of my friend making any allusion to this loss. Some years after, in one of his letters, he wrote with some little sparkle of humor, "All the silver at present in my house has come from the Cornwall mines." He had not even the satisfaction of bartering it for bread, as did his friend Timrod. In Mr. Hayne's Life of him he pathetically wrote, "We have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and—a huge bedstead!" These Charleston exiles were denied the comfort, if comfort it could be, of saying, "We have devoured one great salver, two tankards, and our old silver soup-tureen!"

But our brave-hearted poet had no thought of giving himself up to sullen gloom, useless defiance, or vain regrets. A little patrimony remained to him among the pines of Upper Georgia, and, having erected in the midst of these eighteen acres a simple wooden cottage, he carried thither his wife, his mother, and only child, the son who has, in a measure, inherited his father's gift of verse, and settled himself down with the determination to struggle single-handed with his fate, and compel his brains to support him. In the hard years which followed the war the struggle at times became desperate, and my heart has often

ached over the eloquent pages in which, with the intimacy of friendship, he would detail the trying odds against which he fought. Practical friends would sometimes entreat him to engage in some active business whereby bread might be easier won than by brain-work, for which at that time there was no demand in the South, and no outlet for Southern writers in the North. But, true to his vocation and the spiritual instincts of the poet, he turned a deaf ear to all their pleadings. In one of his letters he wrote to this effect: "They would have me rush into the rough arena, where men are fighting for their living, and be mixed up with the jostle and the jar. What am I, to encounter such odds as this? It would be to none effect, for the throng would rush over me. No! no! by my brain—by my literary craft—I will win my bread and water; by my pen I will live, or I will starve!"

But as the years went on, "Copse Hill" (the name of his little domain) began to assume a cheerful, sunny aspect under the fostering and skillful hand of the heroic wife, whose courage never failed, aided as she was by the faithful servant, Edmund, who still clung to them through their years of misfortune. The cottage became embowered in jasmine, honeysuckle, and wild roses; the inclosures were green and fragrant with shrubberies and flowers, and the virgin soil of the garden yielded every thing in the way of vegetables, strawberries, melons, peaches, and grapes that the little household could desire. Within doors the bright-hearted, loyal wife made "a sunshine in a shady place." She became her husband's helper, not only as *châtelaine* of his little establishment, but as his amanuensis and private secretary. As correspondence poured in upon him from most of the literary people of his own country, as well as many of those best known abroad, it fell to her lot to answer hundreds of letters in her husband's behalf, a task she was glad to assume in order to spare the tax on his delicate health.

A letter from a gentleman in the neighborhood tells me of the picture that often met his eye as he entered the little library of the cottage on a summer morning: "Mr. Hayne, sitting apart at his desk, absorbed in literary work which had to go off probably by the evening's post; the busy little wife with a great basket, containing the morning's mail before her, opening scores of papers to observe for what purpose they were sent, and to mark in them what she thought should meet her hus-

band's eye; unsealing letters, making herself mistress of their contents, and laying aside such as she herself could answer without troubling him; her nimble scissors by her side, making clippings, like any editor, of such material as might be wanted for reference."

How much is due to this frail, yet brave-hearted woman for all our Southern poet has been able to accomplish, none can estimate. Her unceasing care was to keep the delicate spirit from being fretted by the moil and wear of the *res angustæ domi*, and this she continued to do to the very end.

But in this seclusion, which indeed became a very oasis of peace and rest amid the desert of misfortunes that had swept like a simoom over the poet's life, he did not lose sight of the great world beyond. Occasionally he came forth from his retreat, and made Northern tours, visiting the White Mountains, looking in upon Dr. Holmes, at Boston, Longfellow, at Nahant, and Whittier, at Danvers or Amesbury, being received every where with the same cordiality as of old.

His first volume published after the war was a collection of his friend Timrod's poems, enriched by as pathetic a biographical sketch of him as the annals of literature can show. As Southey may be said to have made the fame of Kirke White by his *Life of him and the rescue of his Literary Remains*, so Mr. Hayne may be said largely to have erected Timrod's fame. He would never have been widely known in the South, and not at all in the North, but for this volume.

Mr. Hayne's literary labors went on unremittingly. Two more volumes of poems were published in the course of the next few years. His contributions to Northern magazines and journals were more frequent as he became more widely known; and the recognition he so patiently waited for was granted, though too grudgingly, at last. One could hardly open the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, *Harper's*, or other well-known publications, without meeting poems from his pen. Indeed, within the last few years of his life, literary engagements were pressed upon him beyond his strength to meet; and, although the wolf was no longer at the door, still the same bread-winning necessity was laid upon him. How often has he plaintively written, "I am languid, ill, and weak; I am not fit for work, yet work I must, for there are emergencies to be met which common manliness dare not shirk. I would lie fallow, as you entreat that I should,

but I wish you could see the demands that lie on my table for poems; and poems to me are more than the idealities of life. This they are, for I could not live without their sustaining influence, but they mean bread and meat as well."

Unburdened hours and broad margins of leisure, so necessary to the unwarped development of the poet's ideal life, belonged in a measure to Mr. Hayne, under the shadow of his pines. But still he was in large degrees cut off from the society of cultured men, and from that attrition of mind with mind which is in itself a source of inspiration. His nearest large town, the city of Augusta, was sixteen miles away; and he was constantly separated from libraries, the very tools of his craft. He managed to gather together, however, a fresh library of his own, which nevertheless could but poorly take the place of the one burnt in Charleston. But there is little evidence of these lacks in his writings, for he kept himself in every respect fully abreast of the age. They are rich with

"The still, sad music of humanity,"

even though there were probably days together in which no face met his beyond those of his own household. Indeed, the life that he led at Copse Hill was singularly fitted to develop and foster that keen love for nature, which is his most striking characteristic. Not Wordsworth himself ever drew closer to her heart, or won from her coy reserve so successfully the inner secrets of her being; and as

"She never does betray  
The heart that loves her,"

we know that this life of seclusion was full of a quiet happiness which no wealth could purchase. Here he gave himself up to that intimate communion with woods and streams and hills and vales, and all that goes to make up the charm of this beautiful outward world, with a rapture only known to the real poet's heart. He held the key to all Nature's moods and phases, especially interpreting them to the Southern heart, which had never before known such interpretations.

We do not think that as yet our Southern people are roused to a full sense of what Hayne has done for their fatherland in this respect. We challenge the country at large to show us a poet who stood as a high-priest of Nature so near her altar as he. Bryant has been called our truest native singer, whose verse finds its



best inspiration amid forests and hills; but his worship is colder, his enthusiasm less fervid and hearty, and his insight into the heart of things less minute and keen than Hayne's. The latter had a naturalist's patience of investigation and observation. Not White of Selborne himself, nor Thoreau, nor John Burroughs had a quicker eye for or a more microscopic research after the veiled mysteries which Nature only reveals to her few most loving worshippers. None of her phases were indifferent to him; and there was not an hour, from dawn to midnight, which he did not compel to yield up the secret of its charm.

His birth upon the sea-coast bred in him a love for ocean sights and sounds, and he often wrote with rapture on,

"The sharp, sweet kisses of the sea."

Many are the fine lyrics that are haunted all through by the moan of the billows or the booming dash of the waves. Who has caught with lighter touch and color the changeable beauty of sky and cloud and water? The beating rain and the stridulous wind were to him Nature's great organ-pipes, from which his deft hand drew the most reverberant music. He found meanings in the "Mists," in "The Life Forest," in "Woodland Phases," in "Midnight Thunder," in "Winter Night Winds," in "Midsummer Twilight," in "The Song of the Mocking-bird," and a thousand such themes as other American poets have but faintly whispered of.

But for the pines of his adopted State he seemed to have a special passion. In turning over the leaves of the large, handsome volume of his collected work (published by Lothrop, Boston, 1882), one is struck with the number of poems suggested by them, and with the variety of moods which the study of them has engendered. We may name here a few of the finer ones: "The Aspect of the Pines," "The Pine's Mystery," "The Dryad of the Pines," "The Voice of the Pines," and still others in which the musical chord, while held throughout to the minor key, has yet in each poem a distinct music of its own. Were space allowed we would quote in full one or more of these poems; but we must content ourselves with a touch of their quality, taken from the one last named:

"Ah! can it be the antique tales are true?

Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,  
Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,  
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through  
That strange unearthly music of despair?

"Or can it be that ages since, storm-tossed  
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,  
Some baffled ocean spirit, worn and lost,  
Here through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost  
Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of the sea?"

"Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,  
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;  
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,  
The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum—  
Scarce heard for that strange, sorrowful voice forlorn!"

His fine poem "Muscadines" is marked with an Ariel-like fancy, suggestive of Keats or Shelley; its imagery is of the most delicate tissue that the imagination can weave, and it is informed through and through with an idyllic grace that leads one's thoughts back to Theocritus. And this is only one, cited as an example of not a few of the same class.

As the poet of classic themes, there is something about Mr. Hayne that reminds one very strongly of William Morris; and we can say this with perfect freedom, inasmuch as most of his classic poems were written before "The Earthly Paradise" was republished in this country. There is the same simplicity of diction, the same archaic inversions, and fully as deep an insight into the magical changes of the outdoor world. "Daphles," "The Mountain of the Lovers," "Glaucus," "Cambyses," "The Vengeance of Diana," and still others, belong to this class. We would like to linger over them, and point out their beauty and their strength, but our space does not admit of any minute criticism.

Among the very sweetest and most tender of our poet's lyrics are those which have some kinship with the themes of which Longfellow is so fond, Home, Heart, and Heaven. To one who holds a clew to the inner meaning of many of these poems, they are very touching; for in few of his moods could the lover-like husband ever forget the tender wife who proved to his muse a constant inspiration. Read "The Bonny Brown Hand," "Sweetheart, Good-bye," "The Anniversary," and poems of this character, and see what occult meanings lie between their lines.

As a writer of odes for special occasions Mr. Hayne was happy and skillful to an unusual degree, and no poet in the country had, perhaps, so frequent demands upon his gifts. His "Ballad of the Battle of King's Mountain" is all alive with patriotic enthusiasm. His "Yorktown Centennial Ode" burns with the same fire. His odes read at Charleston and Savannah were very grateful to the peo-

ple of those cities, and won him high praise by their classic elegance. Within two months of his death he had two invitations to prepare similar odes for public occasions in the North, which his frail condition of health forbade him to accept.

It is not often that a writer excels both in prose and poetry. Mr. Hayne wrote many essays, reviews, and various biographical sketches, but his forte was the measured line, and we do not think that his prose has quite the vigor and raciness of his poetry. It is a little too poetic, and has a certain quaintness of style which would seem to remand it back to the days of Izaak Walton and the seventeenth-century writers. He was a very painstaking and just reviewer, and never wrote a bitter judgment for the sake of being true to the critic's art of fault-finding when a kind one could be truthfully uttered. He was too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the old writers, such as Drayton, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Massinger, Carew, and all the brotherhood of them, to be able to rid himself of their peculiar flavor, and consequently his prose was not a modernized prose, though it was always eminently graceful.

As a letter-writer he was supreme, never grudging any number of sheets for the entertainment of his correspondent. He was vivacious, witty, sincere, affectionate; and from a correspondence of eighteen years I might select such keen criticism, such weighing of literary merits, such wisdom about books and authors, such delightful gossip about men and things as would make a delicious volume of *ana*. His intercourse with the first men of his time, at home and abroad, in an epistolary way was very extensive; and the letters that were constantly passing between him and the literary men of England were to the little circle at Copse Hill a source of unfailing pleasure; with Dean Stanley and Mr. Tennyson, with Richard Blackmoor, Algernon Swinburne, Philip Bourke Marston, and many others he was in the habit of frequent correspondence. I have known of his receiving letters of thirty pages written by the dear blind hand of the last-named poet, and in pages that lie under my hand now I might quote expressions of the highest appreciation, and even enthusiastic admiration as well as friendship, for the poet of Copse Hill. "I have a dream of coming to America some day," Marston writes, in one of these letters, "and to me coming to America largely means meeting and talking with Paul Hayne."

As a helper to young literary aspirants, Mr. Hayne deserves special mention. There was scarcely any amount of trouble which he was not willing to take to advance the interests of those whom he thought really worthy; and many a writer, whose name is now recognized in the realm of letters, owes, perhaps, his first encouragement to this most genial of men and poets. He was utterly devoid of that sensitive jealousy which sometimes marks the literary man. He rejoiced in the prosperity of all, and I verily believe that a sentiment of envy or rivalry never suggested itself to his noble heart. He was in all respects a man of very chivalrous and high-bred feeling, incapable of a sordid thought or a selfish and petty act. John R. Thompson, for years the accomplished editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and one of our most approved Southern writers, said of him long since, in a letter on which I can not now lay my hand, that he was a veritable Sir Philip Sidney as to high-hearted courtesy, and the purest specimen of what he conceived to be the truest type of a chivalrous knight that he knew.

But this long struggle of the buoyant and elastic mind with the fettering frailties of the delicate frame began to draw to a close during the past winter. In one of his latest letters, replying to one written to him giving some account of places I had recently visited abroad, he says:

"Meanwhile, your friend here at Copse Hill sits in his poor cottage among the pines, listening now for the twentieth winter since fate exiled him from his State and stripped him of every thing but the means of a bare support, wondering no longer whether destiny will relent and give him an opportunity, even at the eleventh hour, of realizing with one he loves his youthful dream, and visiting the land of his fathers, far over the gray Atlantic waves; wondering no longer, for the final decision has been against him, and his hair grows white and his hands thinner, and the music in the pines speaks now of the moaning of seas without a shore, billows waste and darkening with no green branches from a San Salvador to tell him of a fair coast at hand.

"But, no! let me think that there is something better on the waste and through the darkness than the verdure of the island that greeted the eyes and crowned the dream of the Genoese. I see the star on the forehead of that wonderful angel, beheld of St. John in Patmos—the angel whose name is Faith—the



faith born of the vision of things to be, and of dreams to be fulfilled in the fullness of the days, and of the glory still waiting in the unclouded revelation. The beauty and the splendor of the ancient places of the earth, these after which, perhaps, I have yearned too deeply, it has not pleased the All-wise to let me see and enjoy. But what matter, O friend of mine! what matter? If, after the voyage we all must take, I am permitted to pass up the shining shores of the country imperishable, and to enter a temple fairer than the York Minster you describe, and a tabernacle more majestic than Westminster, there to worship, not amid dead men's ashes and fugues of broken music, but amid such light and harmony as occasionally, in moments of lofty but still fleeting spirituality, have overwhelmed while they enchanted me.

"How small I often think this earth-life will look to us hereafter: its gratification and disappointment, its triumph and defeat! We may smile half-pityingly over them, and especially over our trifling ambitions, as one remembers and smiles over the wonderful pettiness of his far-off childhood, once so momentous to him, and fraught with such heart-break."

It will be seen how his beautiful and firm faith sustained the poet when the hour of trial came. Indeed, those who knew him best knew all along that but for this strong and overcoming trust in the goodness and mercy of his God and Savior, he never would have been able to sustain so manfully his single-handed conflict with the misfortunes of life. At times his weariness made him long to lay aside the mantle of the flesh. He looked into the future with a calm, unblenching eye, and was ready to stand face to face with death without a tremor. One of his last poems, published in the May number of *Harper*, is touching in the extreme, exalted as its tender pathos is with such ecstatic visions as lift him above earthliness. With the knowledge of all that this poem (*Face to Face*) reveals, it is hard to read it without a dimming of the eye. We should like to give it entire, but we can only find space for two or three verses.

#### FACE TO FACE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know  
What truly it means to die,  
The wings of thy soul would glow  
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;  
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools  
And laugh their jargon to scorn,  
As the babble of midnight fools  
Ere the morning of truth be born;

But I, earth's madness above,  
In a kingdom of stormless breath,  
I gaze on the glory of love  
In the unveiled face of Death.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Through the splendor of stars impearled  
In the glow of their far-off grace,  
He is soaring, world by world,  
With the souls in his strong embrace;  
Lone ethers unstirred by a wind,  
At the passage of Death grow sweet  
With the fragrance that floats behind  
The flash of his winged retreat:  
And I, earth's madness above,  
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,  
Have gazed on the luster of love  
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun  
I can follow him still on his way,  
Till the pearl-white gates are won  
In the calm of the central day.  
Far voices of fond acclaim  
Thrill down from the place of souls,  
As Death, with a touch like flame,  
Uncloses the goal of goals.  
And from heaven of heavens above  
God speaketh with bateless breath—  
My angel of perfect love  
Is the angel men call Death.

Again and again his watchful wife writes that "He sits languidly in his chair, striving to finish up literary work which has been engaged;" or that, "He has laid aside his pen for a season, because his hand is too weak to hold it;" or that, "He drives abroad daily in the May sunshine, trying to gather strength and freshness under his pines."

The last week in May he went with his wife to Macon, Georgia, on the invitation of its citizens, to a reception tendered him on the anniversary of his marriage day. The cordiality with which he was received was extremely gratifying to him. "They lavish," writes Mrs. Hayne, "every delicate and tender attention upon him. One old veteran, with his arm resting upon my husband's shoulder, said, on the evening of the reception, 'Here is a man who can not be bought—a man true to the past, a man true to his own!'" Mr. Lanier, the father of Sydney Lanier, said to me, "Your husband is as beloved here as my son was in Baltimore." Speeches and music, introductions and recitations from Mr. Hayne's own poems, filled up the enjoyable evening. Altogether, this visit to Macon was one of rare pleasure, and can never be forgotten."

The travelers returned to Copse Hill in early June, and Mr. Hayne seemed for a few days to be improved; but it was only the last flicker of the candle in its socket. About three weeks after a friend and neighbor wrote me as fol-

lows: "For months our dear friend Hayne has been very delicate; through the winter and spring literary work has completely absorbed him, to the overtaking of his physical powers. A fortnight since he had a slight season of unconsciousness, which caused great anxiety to the watchful wife and loving son. Drs. Campbell and Baker, of Augusta, and Dr. Michel, of Montgomery, a brother of Mrs. Hayne, were telegraphed for after some days. They pronounced this unconsciousness an attack of paralysis, caused by a clot of blood on the brain, and gave reason to his family to fear that there was no hope. . . . I have known Mr. Hayne intimately for twenty years, and to him can be truly applied the term chivalric. He has ever been a knightly gentleman, generous, courtly, hospitable, devoid of envy, jealousy, or conceit; brave, manly, refined, and

gentle; tender to the weak and sympathetic toward the sorrowful, responsive to the calls of duty, distress, or sorrow, and loyal to every body."

The fears of the physicians proved too true, hope was at an end. The summer days went on; but the undaunted and undismayed spirit, that had gone so resolutely forward to meet every call and obligation of duty, now paused and ceased the struggle. He saw the beckoning hand more clearly than those around him did, and he became eager to depart. "Do not seek to detain me," he whispered; "I long for rest." But within the sacred shadow of these last days we may not intrude. They are consecrate to "the solemn dignities of death."

On the 7th of July came a telegram freighted with the brief but fateful words, "*Paul H. Hayne is dead.*"

*Margaret J. Preston.*

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### IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.\*

When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,  
 When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,  
 And the early breath of the wakening rose  
 Floats on the air in balm,  
 I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat  
 That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze  
 Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,  
 And its subtle odor of Southern seas;  
 While out of the infinite azure deep  
 The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,  
 Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,  
 Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire  
 Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,  
 And the summer day climbs higher and higher  
 Up the cerulean space;  
 The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,  
 And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,  
 And soon in the noontide's soundless rain  
 The field seems graced by a million eyes;  
 Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold,  
 As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,  
 While the slumbrous glamor of beam and heat  
 Glides over and under the windless wheat.



## IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,  
 With its minor and Morphean music rife,  
 Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune  
 With summer's lust of life.  
 Hark! to the droning of drowsy wings,  
 To the honey-bees as they go and come,  
 To the "boomer"\* scarce rounding his sultry rings,  
 The gnat's small horn, and the beetle's hum;  
 And hark to the locust!—Noon's one shrill song,  
 Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong,  
 Grows lower through quavers of long retreat  
 To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now Day declines! and his shafts of might  
 Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze;  
 Still through the chastened, but magic, light,  
 What sunset grandeurs blaze!  
 For the sky, in its mellowed luster, seems  
 Like the realm of a master poet's mind—  
 A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams—  
 With fuller and fairer truths behind;  
 And the changeful colors that blend or part,  
 Ebb like the tides of a living heart,  
 And the splendor melts and the shadows meet,  
 And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat.

Thus Eve creeps slowly and shyly down,  
 And the gurgling notes of the swallows cease,  
 They flicker aloft through the foliage brown,  
 In the ancient vesper peace;  
 But a step like the step of a conscious fawn  
 Is stealing—with many a pause—this way,  
 Till the hand of my Love through mine is drawn,  
 Her heart on mine in the tender ray;  
 O hand of the lily, O heart of truth,  
 O Love, thou art faithful and fond as Ruth;  
 But I am the gleaner—of kisses—Sweet,  
 While the starlight dawns on the dimpling wheat!

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

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\*The humble, or as commonly called, bumble-bee.

## PAUL HAYNE'S WHEAT-FIELD SONG.

For thy song "In a Wheat-field," dear, dead bard!  
    (If that only one had mine ear enchained  
When the shaft of Death thy minstrelsy marred  
    And a myriad bosoms pained);  
For that sole song I had linked thy name  
    With his who sang the idyl of "Ruth,"  
And painted her cheeks with the red poppies' flame  
    (An exquisite vision of beauty and truth);  
And of whom was thy thought, I am sure  
The young gleaner of Moab, so pure,  
Who stood as didst thou, unrecking of fame,  
Breast-high in the corn—immortal, the same.

I can not recall, in pastoral verse,  
    Of Shelley's weird harp, or Wordsworth's sweet Muse,  
Or Bryant's chaste lays, or—vain to rehearse  
    Names by scores one might choose,  
Of the olden time, or the instant days,  
    A lyric to love with passionate sense,  
A ballad, in loftier language to praise,  
    Matchless in fancy, in feeling intense,  
With the painter's soul and his touch replete,  
Of sun and shade on the ripening wheat;  
And its changeful play till the dusk from dawn,  
Than thy peerless song of the wheat-field born.

I feel the hot glow of the Georgian skies  
    Steal over my brow as thy raptures run;  
I follow their flight with a glad surprise,  
    Well knowing a Southern sun;  
And the "lazy Noon," with its "soundless rain"  
    Of fervors that make my eyelids decline,  
Bring August's visions of harvests again,  
    When thy horizons and heavens were mine;  
Not Italy's fields of gold-red wheat  
For thy limnings were half so sweet,  
For the mellow haze, and the wildering tone  
Of the locust's fife and the great bee's drone.

From the rose-streaked morn to the Tyrian eve  
    I drink the wine of thy wheat-field rhymes;  
The enchanting draughts I am loathe to leave  
    When break the vesper chimes;  
For then, with twilight, thy "Ruth" comes nigh,  
    And the honeyed feast of love is set;  
The shadows deepen, the swallows fly,  
    But the wheat-field wears flush glory yet;  
The glory of love that closes thy song,  
Too tender and sweet for words to prolong;  
And mine, too, fail with the music complete  
Of the master singer among the wheat.

*William C. Richards.*



## THE CAMP-MEETING ON GRAY'S HILL.

IT was a bright, glowing morning of July in Southern Virginia. The misty air hung in a soft haze over wide fields of ripening grain that bent its golden head to the breeze. Green pastures, interspersed with clumps of persimmon trees, stretched far away in an undulating swell, melting imperceptibly into a dim, distant blue outline. "Down in the low grounds" wagon loads of ripe melons lay shining in the sandy soil, buried in their cool, green leaves, while higher up tobacco-plants stretched their broad leaves in the morning light. Occasionally a negro driving a mule to a plow could be seen through the long rows of green corn, where yellow pumpkins lay like huge balls of gold. An air of peace and tranquility seemed to hover over the scene. No harvester's song broke the still morning air. In front of the negro cabins were scattered groups of bare-headed and bare-footed children. The youngest ones, basking in the sun, rolling in the dirt, sitting propped up in goods boxes, or playing with stick-dolls, seemed a picture of contentment; while the larger children, with a comical look of dignity on their shining brown faces, were surveying their new dresses with evident satisfaction. Presently the scene grew more animated, and the dusty highroad became a lively boulevard, filled with every species of vehicle, groups of men and women, straggling children, and pacing horses.

Large farm-wagons, antiquated jerseys, dilapidated buggies, weighted down with men, women, and children in holiday attire, wound their way down the highway, throwing up clouds of dust in the faces of the less fortunate "foot-passengers." From every wood and byway, from over the hills and through the forest lanes came the motley crowd, all hastening toward a large hill that, covered with a thick growth of oaks, stood out in bold relief against the blue sky background. On one side a large clearing had been made by cutting down the trees whose stumps still decorated the ground. A temporary church was erected by means of boughs of pine laid across long poles, placed horizontally on upright supports. To the right were large tables spread with fruits, bread, and fried chicken, over which a tutelary deity, in the shape of a fat negro woman, presided; on the left were picketed the horses of the incomers. A surging crowd of negroes, laughing and chatting, soon filled the clearing, and

the women, fanning themselves affectedly, smiled complacently when their dark-skinned admirers addressed them as "Miss." Presently a hush fell on the assembled multitude, as a tall negro preacher, dressed in a suit of brown trousers, with an old blue army coat, ascended the platform that answered the purposes of a pulpit. From an antiquated backless book he gave out the words of a hymn, one that always opened the camp-meetings. "Roll, Jordan, roll," were the words, and one by one the melodious negro voices caught up the strain until it rose and swelled to a grand, harmonious chant. A second pause and the preacher began his sermon, not in his ordinary voice, but pitching it a key or so higher, and half singing, his head, body, and arms keeping time all the while.

"Yes, brudders," he commences, "you is 'sembled here ter day for ter stir up a revival of 'ligion; fur ter bring back de wand'ring sheeps what's got tangled in the briers and stuck in de mud. 'Tain't no use fur a woolly-headed nigger ter cross his legs and think hisself all right. De Lord keeps 'count of all yer chicken stealin', and de water-melon patch ain't robbed fur nothin'. No, my brudders an' sisters, you can't 'er pass no counterfe't money on St. Peter, and you'd better begin ter set your 'counts with the Lord all fa'r and squar'. Look at dat ol' meetin'-house down in de pines; 'taint fit fur dogs, an' dat's whar yer lazy niggers goes ter pray. Does you think yer prayers is agoin' ter rise afore the throne of glory, when de wind blows dem de udder way? Does yer think de Lord's agoin' ter give ye golden chairs in heaven when you is too good-fur-nothin' ter make pine benches fur de gospel-house? Yer must lay away your old sins; bury 'em deep down and kiver 'em up, too; fur Satan prowls around like a rolling lion, a sicking whom he may devour. An' folks what's too mean ter fix up a meetin'-house is too mean ter bury themselves. Come along, brudders; walk right along, an' we'll march along ter the Lord, an' Satan an' his dogs won't have none of these yere niggers as his'n. Can't none o' you sisters feel the spirit move 'em? I see Sister Jones down in the corner. Walk up, Sister Jones, walk up; jest ter set down on de mouners' bench, an' udders will follow your sample. It makes a good compression on the brethren ter see sech good ol'

souls as Sister Jones a-comin' up like a dragged-up sinner."

At this point a general movement toward the "mourners'" bench took place. The whole assembly kept time with their bodies to the preacher's words, rocking back and forth. Sister Jones rapidly became excited, and, rising, began to relate her experience. Throwing her arms wildly above her head, and, rocking to and fro, she sang out, "I feels a-mighty happy, brudders, an' I knows I'se got 'ligion, 'cause I kin feel it a kinder creepin' all over me."

"That ain't no 'ligion, that's seaticks," sung a burly negro man on the second bench, "I'se feeled 'em myself afore now."

Not noticing this remark Sister Jones proceeded as before, "Yes, my brudders an' sisters, I'se done been baptized in the waters of faith an' come out clean. I'se seed de Lord de udder night when I was a-setting in de kitchen; de Father come a-ridin' on a white horse, an' de Son come a-ridin' on a leetle pony, an' de Holy Sperit come a-ridin' on a cloud. An' I seed Satan a-prancing around jes' like a mad bull, a-switchin' of his tail, an' a-knocking of sinners down. An' I seed de golden streets of heaven a-shinin' in de sun, an' leetle angels a-flying around like sparrows. Yes, brudders, I'se done been tried an' I'se hanged ober hell fur three days by one hair, an' Satan was a-kickin' to break dat one hair, but I got through, and here I is, brudders an' sistirs."

At this juncture, the preacher read a verse from the Bible, in which it speaks of "Abraham afar off with Lazarus in his bosom." This quotation was rendered as, "Abraham afar off with leather ears in Boston," and the new version received in silence. A short prayer, which ran somewhat in the following strain, followed, "An' may de Lord a-send forth His Holy Grace inter all de land; inter Europe, an' South America, an' Asia, an' Spasia, an' them unbeknown lands where the foot of man has never trod, an' God himself knows not of."

With these appropriate remarks the assembly broke up and dispersed over the grounds, where they employed themselves in refreshing the "inner man." It was a bustling scene, and one to be witnessed only in the Southern States, as the crowd of gayly dressed darkies, laughing and gossiping, strolled about in the conscious dignity of "Sunday clothes." The bright sun, that threw its checkered lights and shadows across the dusky faces, shone on a most grotesquely attired assembly. Hours passed on, and the sun sank in the west, the crimson light

bathing the clouds in splendor, dusk was creeping over the distant hills when the loud, clear notes of a horn, calling the congregation to re-assemble, rang out in the still evening air. As the negroes seated themselves, twinkling lights, made by sticking candles in a bottle, were suspended from the trees and poles stuck in the ground. The light fell on the preacher's countenance and gave a ghastly aspect to the brown skin as he lifted his head and gave out the hymn. As before, the voices caught up the strains, at first gently, but gradually it rose on the damp night air, swelling on the summer breeze, and rolling away to die among the echoes of the distant blue hills. After a short exhortation the shouting begins, for a negro would scorn a Christian who did not shout his hat off his head. The ceremony of shouting is terrifying to a spectator. A sort of fury seems to seize the negroes, especially the women, who scream at the top of their voices, throw their arms wildly about, jump up and down for hours, and seem entirely out of their minds.

"The men don't have no time ter git 'ligion," an old man once told me, "fur it takes dem ter hold the 'omen folks, ter keep 'em from a-killin' theyselves," and this is true, for in an hour or so numbers fall in a faint and are apparently lifeless. In this state they remain for hours, and on awaking, relate their wonderful adventures known as their "speriences."

The preacher noticing that the straw, which had been spread on the ground to deaden the fall of any one who fainted, was wanting beneath the front benches, exclaimed, "Brudders an' sisters, dar's forty souls lost here tu-night fur want er straw!" which was probably true, as the occupants of these benches remained comparatively quiet. When the violent ebullition of feeling had somewhat subsided, a short sermon on the judgment was given. Presently the moon rose above the distant hills, weaving its silver light across the weird scene. The moonlight fell on the upturned dusky faces of the excited negroes, on the swaying form of the preacher, who stood in bold relief against the background of dark woods. Out in the still night air broke the barking of a dog, and the echoes caught up the sounds with their ghostly voices. A fear seemed to seize the congregation as loud above all others rose the wild voice of the preacher. His fiery eloquence, unrestrained by the rules of rhetoric and called in play by the strange scene, broke forth in a torrent, as in glowing language he painted a



vivid and awful picture of the last day. He had just spoken about the horn whose dreadful sound would awaken the dead, and the negroes were almost in tears with excitement and fear, when suddenly a bugle blast rang out in the air.

"Gabriel's a-comin'!" the preacher fairly yelled, and leaping from the platform he ran

in the midst of the terrified, screaming crowd. The children, awakened from a profound slumber, began to cry; the men and women, shouting at the top of their voices and trying to pray at the same time, started off pell-mell as fast as they could, shrieking all the while. In ten minutes the moon shone down on a deserted camp-ground.

*Stuart.*

## OUR TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.

THE questions relating to our system of transportation are in themselves of such grave importance, and they are so intimately connected with our political organization, that they deserve the most careful treatment and require the most painstaking and unprejudiced investigation. No one fails to see the evils which have attended the wonderful growth of our railroads, but the remedies are not so apparent. The injustice of personal or local discrimination, the wrong done by special rebates, are freely confessed; but at the same time it is idle to deny that marked improvement has taken place during recent years even in respect to these perplexing matters. Serious abuses have been corrected from time to time, not because of legislative interference, but because experience teaches better things and an enlightened public sentiment demands better service.

In dealing with our transportation interests two courses are open to us. We can proceed in accordance with the political and economical principles which have largely controlled us from the time we separated ourselves from the nations of Europe and set up in the western hemisphere a free republic, or we can abandon our faith and our traditions; we can confess that while the law of freedom can be applied to our civil life, while we can have a free press, a free church, and a free ballot, we can not survive free commerce even among ourselves.

Under the American system, as distinguished from that of Europe, under the system of non-interference, as distinct from that of control or regulation by the State, we have within fifty years constructed one hundred and thirty thousand miles of railroad, we have invested eight billions of dollars, we have bound a continent in one compact nation, we have peopled the deserts, and with wheat from the great

Northwest we have fed the hungry nations of Europe.\* Under this system the cost of transportation has rapidly and steadily decreased. Without any interference from the government, but under the force of natural laws, the laws of competition working with an ever-increasing power, economies have been introduced, privileges have been surrendered, monopolies have been destroyed, and the transportation tax has been reduced below that of any other nation of the world.

The very magnitude of the work accomplished is now used to condemn this free system of competition. The rapidity with which the dreams of its inventors have been realized is declared to be a menace and a warning. Though it gives steady employment, at fair wages, to four hundred and twenty thousand men, Professor Ely† arraigns it because "it has more power than resides elsewhere to depress wages, to extend hours of labor, and to subject it to other abuse." Because it has given value to valueless millions of acres of public lands in the West and South, it is assailed as an enemy to the Republic. Because it has so multiplied the means of transportation, and in this way has so augmented our internal commerce as to make its revenues the marvel of the world, a certain school of economists demand its condemnation, and the substitution of the European idea in some form for that under which we have made such unexampled progress.

\*According to *Poor's Manual* we had, at the close of 1884, 125,379 miles of railroad; in 1885 there were constructed 3,113 miles; and in the first six months of 1886, 2,001, making a total mileage, July 1, 1886, of 130,493. At the beginning of 1885 the stocks and bonds issued amounted to \$7,676,399,054. The gross earnings for 1884 were \$770,684,908; net, \$268,106,258. The average rate per ton per mile for freight the country over was only 1.124 cents.

†*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1886, p. 255.

Undoubtedly there are defects in this system; it is subject to improvement, and can be made to serve the public still more effectively. Within the fifty years which cover its history in this country, an industrial revolution has been wrought, and necessarily it has cost something. But I submit that the assailants of the American system shall demonstrate by the experience of the nations of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, that State regulation or restriction will secure to this nation greater advantages at a lighter expenditure of labor and capital, and with less risk to political safety. We have found it best in all the other walks of life to adhere to the American idea; we are not now disposed to have one established church; we will not restrict the ballot; we will not muzzle the press; we will not permit any interference by the State with a man's choice of work. Now, if in the face of our political experience it is proposed to adopt the European system of interference, the advocates of the change must be ready to demonstrate something more than the defects with which we are familiar. They must not content themselves with rhetorical denunciations, isolated examples of extortion and unfairness, but, confining themselves to admitted facts, they must show, in accordance with the rules of reason and logic, that the safety of the Republic and the welfare of the people will be advanced and assured under some system which they have formulated.

Before entering on a discussion of these suggestions, let us see if we can not first reach some clear definition of the terms in use. In these discussions the reactionists assail all corporations as "grasping monopolies." Now, a corporation is not essentially a monopoly; on the contrary, it is the most remarkable development and application of the principle of co-operation with which we are at all familiar. In referring to corporations Blackstone declares that they are "little republics," and under these republics has been developed a commercial system in which, by the combined power of the poor, the ascendancy of wealth in the hands of one has been greatly restricted.

The corporation has only received its full development in our own times; the benefits derived from it are inestimable. It is customary to denounce it as the invention of Satan, and as in deadly enmity to the welfare of the poor. As a matter of fact it is the cheap defense of the poor and the industrious. Under this sanction and this shield it is possible for the many to

combine and thus gather strength to oppose the aggressions of wealth and power. Without the corporation, wealth would rapidly concentrate in the hands of a few men the world over, and the pictures drawn by the inflamed imaginations of the Chicago anarchists would soon be realized. Men of moderate means would be helpless in all contests with the rich; the control of all money-making machinery would pass to the few. With the fortune of a Vanderbilt it would be possible to do what now no combination dares even to dream of doing. I know that it is customary to declare that the rich are growing richer, which I do not doubt, and the poor poorer, which every census table denies. On the contrary, we see a few men with a few thousand forming themselves into a body corporate, compact, powerful, and aggressive. With the corporation, ten men in New York can gather a greater power than any one man can possibly control. Under this law a thousand men with a thousand dollars each have a combined capital of one million of dollars. Because of this legal contrivance the power of wealth is limited by wealth itself. It is the poor man's declaration of independence; it is the *magna charta* of commerce; it is the law under which the aristocracy of wealth has been destroyed, and an industrial republic instituted in its stead.

Corporate power has been vastly abused. Our laws need amendment in several particulars; and in order to secure from these institutions the greatest good, we must make some provision for minority representation in the boards, and for frequent auditing, not by the State but by a committee of stockholders; still, as they are, the corporations serve a most beneficent purpose; they embody the only practical idea of co-operation. Those drones who from their closets are preaching a new gospel, which, under the guise of co-operation, is to take the property of one industrious man and distribute it among a half dozen idle and inefficient men, should pause on their way toward communism and anarchy and study the device known as a body corporate, and they will see how fully it realizes the idea of practical and profitable co-operation.

In America we have carried this device further than in any other country. We have a strange power of adaptation, and we have adapted it marvelously well to the needs of a new country. Here we have had entire failure in so-called co-operative institutions; but with



the corporation we have been eminently successful, and it is the only form of co-operation which has any chance with our people.

It is the mistake of many writers to assume that the stock in large corporations is held by a few persons. An examination of any long- or well-established company will show that it is the thousands, of moderate means, who own this stock—the widows, the minors, the men with a few hundreds to invest, those who have wearied of work and have sought some safe income. The failure of a bank causes keen distress in hundreds of homes. The Bank of Kentucky, with a capital of \$1,600,000, has five hundred and fifty stockholders, many having one share, and the average holdings being \$3,000. The Bank of Louisville has about two hundred and fifty stockholders, with about the same average. I do not doubt that most of the banks in the country would show exactly the same condition of affairs; so it is with the gas companies, cotton and woolen mills, trading companies, and the hundreds of establishments which in all our large cities, under a charter which exempts the private property of the partners from risk, are doing much to increase our commercial importance.

Since writing this paragraph I have read Mr. Andrew Carnegie's article in the *Forum* for July, and as bearing on the argument the following extracts are made:

There are but three railway corporations in which capitalists hold a considerable interest, and the great interest in two of these is held by various members of a family, and in no case does it amount to the control of the whole. Steel-rail mills, with only one exception, show a like state of affairs. One of them belongs to two hundred and fifteen shareholders, of whom seven are employes, thirty-two are estates, and fifty-seven are women. Another of these concerns is owned by three hundred and two stockholders, of whom one hundred and one are women, twenty-nine are estates, representing an unknown number of individuals, and twenty are employes of the company. A large proportion of the remaining owners are small holders of comparatively limited means, who have, from time to time, invested their savings where they had confidence both as to certainty of income and safety of principal. The Merrimac Manufacturing Company (cotton), of Lowell, is owned by twenty-five hundred shareholders, of whom forty-two per cent are holders of one share, twenty-one per cent of two, and ten per cent of three shares. Twenty-seven per cent are holders of over three shares; and not less than thirty-eight per cent of the whole stock is held by trustees, guardians, and executors of charitable, religious, educational, and financial institutions.

The next term which requires examination and more accurate definition is monopoly. It

is a phrase very familiar on the hustings and in the college halls, but although familiar it has by misuse lost its real significance. When arraigning the managers of our lines of transportation, candidates and card-writers, senators and commissioners, all alike refer to them as hated monopolists. If this verbal inaccuracy serves only to fill rhetorical gaps, no reasonable man would object; but careful observers of current discussions, as for instance writers on "a subservient press" soon learn that words are things. It certainly is not asking too much of those who care to investigate such questions as are now under discussion, that they will in their own mind clearly and accurately define the meaning of the various terms used, for in this way only can they avoid the errors which have overwhelmed those who have ruthlessly sacrificed accuracy to what they supposed to be a certain revolutionary aggressiveness. I assume that all of us who have put far away our early dreams of political preferment are intent on understanding the laws of social evolution rather than seeking to arouse by current cant phrase the unthinking to revolution.

What is the meaning of monopoly? Writing of the time of Queen Elizabeth and of the Parliament of 1597, Hallam says:

Nothing more remarkable occurs in the former of these sessions than an address to the Queen against the enormous abuse of monopolies. The crown either possessed or assumed the prerogative of regulating almost all matters of commerce at its discretion. Patents to deal exclusively in particular articles, generally of foreign growth, but reaching in some instances to such important necessities of life as salt, leather, and coal had been lavishly granted to the courtiers with little direct advantage to the revenue. They sold them to the merchants, who of course enhanced the price to the utmost ability of the purchaser. . . . The grievance of monopolies had gone on continually increasing; scarcely any article was exempt from these oppressive patents. When the last of them was read over in the House a member exclaimed, "Is not bread among the number?" The House seemed amazed. "Nay," said he, "if no remedy is found for these, bread will be there before the next Parliament."

A remedy was found; Raleigh, Robert Cecil, and Bacon, and other beneficiaries of this most ancient and honorable system of protection, as distinguished from a revenue tariff, had to surrender many of their privileges, and though the pernicious principle remained the evil was greatly mitigated. It is observed that these charters gave exclusive privileges to trade in certain commodities. One courtier had the privilege of disposing of tavern licenses, and its abuse stirred up the wrath of the people.

As an outgrowth we had in England the East India Company, and in France at the time of the Revolution the right to labor had quite effectually been taken away from the common people, and special licenses had to be obtained before a man could in any but the most menial tasks seek to earn his daily bread.

In modern times the only legal monopolies are, with the exception of the post-office, created by our laws relating to copyright and by our patent laws, and whatever abuses we may complain of in this connection are due not to liberty but to restrictive legislation.

If there were a tendency in the development of our railroad system, or in our legislative control of these corporations, toward real monopoly our people would do well to oppose it, for it would be a return to the practices of the dark ages; it would be, not advance, but reaction, substituting for freedom of action, for freedom of motion, for freedom of thought, governmental or corporate restriction.

As a matter of fact there is nothing in the history of our railroads, and less in their essential characteristics which will justify the appellation of monopoly. Most of the practices of which complaint is made arise not from the exercise of monopolistic privileges, but from excessive competition. The most inflamed critic of the railroad management will admit that the charge of one and one eighth cents per ton per mile is reasonable, but he adds that it is "discrimination" which works the mischief, not that the rate to non-competitive points is too high, but that rates to competitive points are too low. This, at least, is not the result of monopoly.

Further, railroads can be built in America in any direction without regard to local necessities, and whenever a line between any two points becomes profitable, another may be built to divide the business. "Three trunk lines," said Mr. Vanderbilt years ago, "and not business enough for one!" Now, under the privilege open to all to build wherever and whenever they please, we have six trunk lines. I do not know a State in the Union which does not make the path of a man in search of a railroad charter extremely smooth and broad. Indeed, legislation is always tempting capital into such ventures by giving to the new lines special privileges which the established lines do not enjoy. It promises exemption from taxation, subsidies from towns or counties, rights of way free of cost, and, as in Tennes-

see a few years ago, exemption for a period of ten years from any interference with rates by a railroad commission.

Furthermore, the most thoughtful writers on these topics have recognized the fact, and have pointed to excessive railroad building as an evil of great magnitude, involving many serious perplexities. I see no dangers that can not be easily averted; averted by a very simple course of conduct. If every form of government, national, State, and municipal, will decline "aid to railroads," will deny all privileges of taxation for their benefit, will refuse land grants and subsidies, and will subject them to exactly the same rate of taxation as other property and no more, I am quite certain that not a mile of railroad will be built in ten years which business does not either directly or indirectly justify.

But the point I make here is that we can not speak of railroads as monopolies, when all admit that one growing evil is excessive railroad building. Professor Hadley, whose recent writings on railroads are so suggestive, says, in his work on "Railroad Transportation," p. 54:

Overproduction, of which we hear so much, is a small matter compared to this; mere overproduction can be remedied in a few months. Overinvestment means lasting overproduction, till the investment itself is worn out; or until the business of the country slowly grows up to a higher point. Our present crisis is directly connected with ill-judged overinvestment; the folly of investors provoked it, the inclination of the managers favored it, the knavery of the rings was able to make a profit from it. Under the stress of this experience a great many favor a limitation of railroad building.

In the document submitted to the Prussian Parliament in 1879, accompanying a bill providing for the purchase by the State of the railroads, and which is even yet the strongest argument for State ownership, the disadvantages of unrestricted competition are set forth at great length, and it is declared that "many and extensive lines, numerous and costly structures (bridges, stations, etc.) have been constructed at an expense of hundreds of millions of marks, solely to assure the independent development of already established enterprises, or in order to exercise competition, or to meet competition that may have arisen."

Even Professor Ely, by one admission, destroys all further attempts to define railroads as monopolies. In his second article, *Harper's Magazine*, p. 452, he says:

My thesis is this: the needless waste of railroad competition has been sufficient to provide good com-



fortable homes—a whole house to a family—for that part of the entire population of the United States not already provided with such homes. The first item in the count is needless expenditure on railway construction; this has been estimated at one thousand million of dollars, and it is certainly a low estimate for two needless railways; the West Shore and the Nickel Plate alone account for one fifth of this sum. It must be borne in mind that a needless expenditure is waste of national resources, which ought to have benefited the people.

I will not stop to show, as can be easily shown, that this "needless waste" has been due not to any adherence to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, but to unwise or corrupt interference by some kind of government; to unhealthy stimulus given by land grants or subsidies. I only wish here to make plain that, whatever these railroads may be, they certainly are not giant monopolies.

As another and last quotation on this point, I refer to the report made by Messrs. Thurman, Washburn, and Cooley, constituting an advisory commission on differential rates by railroads between the West and the sea-board. On page 11 they say, "competition has thus made roads national which were once local," and on page 28, they assert, "competition obliges the companies to take what they can get, and to satisfy the demands on them for it."

It must be admitted after this testimony that one chief object of the restriction is to protect the people from the evil consequences of excessive competition, rather than to shield them from the exactions of monopolists, and in spirit it seems akin to that which led Elizabeth and James to establish monopolies in salt and soap, giving exclusive control of these commodities to one company in order to protect their subjects from an excessive use of salt, or a too free indulgence in the use of soap.

But, all this testimony aside, an inquiry into the nature or character of transportation would show that it is not in the power of man or any of his creatures to establish a monopoly in this commodity. Great as are these iron ways, the very winds and tides have entered into competition with them, and there is outside of these natural forces a power of another kind which fixes limits beyond which no railroad manager, though the rights conferred by his charter were absolute, could go. We all admit the influence of water rates on the regulation of the cost of transportation, but very few writers have sought to show how far-reaching and almost commanding is this force. Nearly every road has an outlet in some way to the sea-board, to the lakes, or to some of our great rivers.

The influence of water transportation is all-pervading. Louisville on the Ohio has the rates fixed at Chattanooga, Atlanta, and other interior points, by the cheap water rates from New York to Savannah and Charleston, thence into the interior. The Ohio River regulates the rates from Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Evansville, to Memphis, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, and not to these points only but to all the territory tributary to these points. A reduction in the tariff from New York to Chicago necessitates a reduction from New York to the South Atlantic and Gulf ports and from the Ohio river points into the same territory. Competition between two lines entering the same territory is not confined to that territory; for, above all this rivalry between two companies, there is the greater rivalry between place and place, and above even this is the competition between product and product. A few words in explanation:

Each city is seeking by every means to extend the area of its commercial influence; it is with new lines reaching out in all directions. If Memphis will not supply her customers at reasonable prices, Vicksburg, Nashville, Montgomery, or Atlanta, will soon deprive her of her commerce; if Chicago can not cure meat economically, Kansas City will; if Louisville lays an unnecessary tax on the exchange of tobacco, it will go to Evansville or to Maysville. Many of our great roads are due to this rivalry, but in the evolution of the system these lines had to extend their connections and build branches and even enter rival cities, and so lost their local character. This gives greater stability to rates, but in time it takes away from the roads the arbitrary power of making rates; it destroys that practice of discrimination in favor of one city as against another; and still further, it leads to a lower tariff. If one cares to follow out this idea, let him secure the report on differential rates to the sea-board made by the advisory commission, Messrs. Thurman, Washburn, and Cooley, from which I have already quoted.

But, in addition to competition between rail and river, between parallel or diverging lines, between city and city, there is another force which still further restricts the power of railroad managers to make rates; I mean competition between product and product.

In some sections wood is used for fuel; if coal is to be substituted, the railroads must name a very low rate. A slight variation in price often throws one article out of use en-

tirely and substitutes another. A decrease in the price of a superior article displaces one of inferior character. The reduction in the price of steel rails has almost put a stop to the manufacture of iron rails, and only steel rails are used on lines of road where traffic is great. There is throughout the industrial world this unending conflict of products, with an irresistible tendency of price and of profit, as well as of interest and rent, to the minimum. If a consumer can not get an article at his price, he will satisfy himself with some cheap substitute. This kind of competition is very effective, and it accounts for a phrase which has confused and alarmed a vast number of amateur writers, "fixing rates at all the traffic will bear." It means that the rate on a certain commodity is fixed not on the cost of transportation, but at a point low enough to admit it to a new area of competition. More than ten years ago, Mr. Albert Fink, then Vice-President of the Louisville and Nashville road, said:

"It is generally supposed that the right to establish their own tariffs gives great power, liable to abuse in the hands of railroad managers, but upon closer investigation it will be found that this power is generally overrated. Enlightened self-interest dictates its exercise reasonably and in a spirit of liberality; competition, especially with water transportation, circumscribes it into the narrowest limits, if it does not nullify it altogether. On the roads operated by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company the maximum legal rates authorized by the charter vary from 7 to 10.2 cents per ton per mile. The average actual charge is 2.172 cents. Why does not the company charge more, having the undoubted right to do so? Other causes than the mere will of the managers limit the charges. In one case it is competition, in another the freight is of such a character it can not bear higher charges, or both of these causes are in operation at the same time. I can assert from my personal experience that, on nine hundred and twenty miles of railroad stretching in all directions over a large territory of country, the managers have no more to do with the making of the tariffs than to study the conditions and limitations to which I have referred, and to conform to the same. The result is that the tariff charges on these roads are only from twenty to thirty per cent of the maximum authorized by law. I can also affirm that a similar state of affairs exists with a large number of roads with whose affairs I am acquainted."

But we are asked if the pools do not nullify all of these competitive forces and permit the railroad managers to charge what they please. They do not. The pooling system is only a temporary expedient, it is by no means a scientific solution of the difficulties which embarrass the railroad managers. The pool commissioners do not "regulate rates," they lessen the evils which soon manifest themselves under excess-

ive competition, they give uniformity and a kind rough justice to rates; they give stability and make certain economies practicable. With pools the rates are higher than during a war of rates, but a pool can not for any length of time reverse the inevitable tendency of rates to a minimum. Or, to quote once more from the report from Messrs. Thurman, Washburne, and Cooley, "It is a fact of which the railroad companies are entitled to the full benefit, that the charges for railroad services have steadily declined, even when the railroads are so conducted as to avoid competitive strife."

That pools do not put a stop to excessive railroad building is shown by the fact that in 1880, 1881, and 1882, there were nearly twenty-nine thousand miles of railroad built, and that the annual increase now is more than five thousand miles.

Much of the confusion of ideas and mixed metaphor which mark discussions of railroad abuses would probably disappear if we would clearly fix in our minds the character and the value of transportation. We speak of the "transportation tax" as though it were an arbitrary exaction, something of actual value demanded for a very useless and unnecessary service. As a matter of fact every product of the field, mine, or factory has an additional and real value given it by transportation. Baron Von Weber, a distinguished authority on railroad subjects in Austria and Germany, defined transportation in the following sentences:

"The objects which mails (or the telegraphs) carry do not change their value through the transportation. A hundred weight of coal, a hundred weight of grain, on the other hand, becomes a wholly different object of value through the transportation.

"Railroad transportation, therefore, is a peculiar industry which, by the addition of the value of the work of transportation, produces new values in the object transported, and it therefore must be treated as an industry according to mercantile principles.

"The post-office (or telegraph) transportation, on the other hand, is nothing else than a medium of intellectual communication without modification of the value of the object transported, and therefore it quite properly forms a function of the government.

"The railroad-tariff rate, therefore, is an article of commerce whose commercial value must rise and fall with the accidents of production and values, and the possibilities of carrying cheaper or dearer by the addition of higher or lower prices for transportation to the value of the object transported, in order to keep the latter marketable. The more complicated the circumstances affecting the market value of the transportation become by the lessening of the spaces in the network of transportation lines, the more easily and quickly changeable must become the whole manipulation in the entire field of inland transportation rates, and so much more must it keep the character of a commercial transaction."



Transportation is as essential to the perfect fitting of any product to its market as is manipulation or handicraft applied at any stage of production. Corn, used as fuel in the West, by transportation becomes food in the East. The product of the fields or of the mills is transported to a market, and a new value attaches to it. Robinson Crusoe placed no value on gold on his island, because he had no means of transporting it to those who could use it to advantage. Transportation is an essential element in the cost of every product. New value is given to growing wheat by the harvester, then by the thresher, then by the miller, then by the transportation company. Each is entitled to, and each takes its toll, but with this marked difference, that for every bushel of wheat transported additional value is given to what remains. The harvesting machines increase the supply, the machinery of transportation extends the area of demand, and thus gives, as I have said, an additional value, not only to the crop moved, but to the entire crop.

In attempting to define the terms so carelessly employed in discussion of transportation, I have extended this paper beyond its proper limits. Let me now briefly refer to the relations between these railroad corporations and the government.

Are railroads still public highways? In a legal and technical sense, yes; but not beyond this. In a handsomely printed volume by Mr. Hudson, entitled "Railways and the Republic," the evils, real and supposed, of the American railroads are set forth at length. The author disposes of every other theory of reform and proposes one of his own instead, which is contained in the first paragraph, page 373: "Legislation should restore the character of public highways to the railways by securing to all persons the right to run trains over the tracks under proper regulations, and by defining the distinction between the proprietorship and maintenance of the railway and the business of common carriers."

Mr. Hudson elaborates his proposition, and a few other impracticables have seriously discussed it, but no man who ever entered our great cities with his eyes open would give it any consideration. As a matter of history the existing system is a development of the old highways; the gradual changes which, within half a century have almost destroyed its former character, have come in the natural course of evolution, having been adopted solely to

meet the constantly increasing demands of the public for better and for cheaper service. In England, the land of conservatism, the old idea clings still to their phraseologies. The railroads are their railways, the engineers are drivers, the conductors are guards, and every where we are reminded of the days of the stage-coach. But these restrictions imposed by laws and customs have been gradually abolished simply to facilitate commerce, to insure safety, and to reduce the cost of transportation.

Unfortunately, even in America, this old idea does exist with certain limitations, and it gives rise to some of the worst abuses of the system. Under it we have the express companies, the sleeping-car companies, and the fast freight lines, thus maintaining a certain distinction "between the proprietorship and maintenance of the railway and the business of common carrier," to the cost of the public and the disgust of the stockholders. As our system improves, these interloping third parties will be entirely eliminated, and each railroad will furnish sleeping cars, express cars, and move its freight without their intervention. Strange as it may seem to Mr. Hudson, these so-called "common carriers" are the extortioners; it is these pets of his who charge two dollars for a night's lodging, and five or ten times the ordinary freight rates because the packages are small. As a complete answer to the suggestion of Mr. Hudson, I will quote from a recent article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, by Professor Arthur T. Hadley:

"The first legislators tried to treat the railroad as a public highway, over which any man should be at liberty to run cars as he can run wagons over a turnpike. This idea was incorporated in the railroad charters of England and Prussia. It has never been quite abandoned by theorists, but practically it has proved a failure wherever tried; physically it is impossible on account of danger of collision; industrially it is impossible on account of added expense. Nobody would build a railroad on such terms unless the mere tolls for the use of the track were to be made higher than the whole transportation charge now is."

Charles Francis Adams, than whom no one has written more lucidly or instructively, years ago showed the utterly untenable position of those who seek to control railroads as public highways. In his "Railroads, Their Origin and Problems," he says, on page 82:

"In one of the earlier parliamentary debates on the subject of railroads, the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that in dealing with them it was, above all else, necessary to bear in mind the analogy

of the king's highway. Without any careful analysis to find out whether it was real or apparent only, the analogy was accepted, and upon it was based that whole elaborate system of legislation, through and in spite of which, both in Great Britain and America, the railroad system grew up, and in the meshes of which it is now struggling. In fact the analogy was essentially a false one; in no respect did the railroad resemble the highway any more than the corporation which owned and operated it resembled the common carrier. The new system was not amenable to the same national laws which regulated and controlled the operations of the old one, and the more the principles and the rules of the law which had grown out of the old system were applied to it the worse the result became. . . . The old analogy suggested by the Duke of Wellington, as mischievous as it is false, still maintains a strong hold on the legislation, and belittles a great question."

I fail to find, in my limited reading of the history of railroads or of the history of governments, any foundation for the hope that by assuming more complete control over the railroads the government could in any way hasten the solution of the vexed questions of transportation, which are, under laws that as yet we do not fully understand, gradually working out their own solutions. This doubt of the expediency of governmental interference with this complex and delicate organism is due as much to my faith in natural laws as to my distrust of modern law-makers. I see, on the whole, the railroads serving the people with reasonable satisfaction and marked benefit; I see a remarkable reduction in the cost of transportation going on steadily in the face of every effort on the part of the traffic managers "to pool their issues"; I see the managers of this vast system quick to adopt economical contrivances, as well as to provide for the comfort and safety of their customers. I see them amenable, not only to the law but to public sentiment; I see a growing disposition among them to do away with rebates and all kinds of discrimination; I see a marvelous aptitude in discerning the future demands of commerce, and in providing it with increased facilities; I see it studying to develop traffic, to extend its lines into new localities, to serve all equally and justly, and at the same time I note that the return on the investment in railroads tends to lower figures, and that because of this it fails to act as an inducement to capital to abandon other enterprises for this, to the hurt of the community.

Still further, as I understand the situation, most of the abuses apparent to all can be traced to legislation. The subsidies in money and the large land grants have unduly stimulated rail-

road building in certain sections, and have at the same time wasted the inheritance of the people and corrupted our politics. From the time Stephen A. Douglas pushed through Congress the bill donating land to the Illinois Central, to this year of grace 1886, when Congress would not listen to any proposition for settling the indebtedness of the Pacific roads, the chapter has been one long record of ignorance, folly, and corruption. From this connection have grown the great scandals of this generation. Of course the influence of the railroads has been felt at Washington and at the State capitals, but primarily because these legislative bodies insist on some connection between transportation and politics. The *Credit-Mobilier* scandal is a disgrace no more to one railroad company than to our political organization. I fail to see any where any benefit from legislative interference. In the beginning, by law, maximum rates were fixed, but to-day no company thinks of charging what the law allows. Legislation has led to corruption in politics, to uncertainty in values, to excessive railroad building, to extravagance in methods, to fluctuations in rates, to a vast increase in legal expenses, and it has interfered needlessly, causelessly, and expensively with the controlling and compelling laws of competition. In England, where nearly every Parliament has had some new scheme for regulating "this vast and intricate formative influence as well as material power," as Mr. Adams defines it, the result has been only a slight reduction in the cost of transportation. In an article in the *Fortnightly Magazine* for June, Mr. Charles Waring urges the purchase of the railways by the State, and he bases his argument on this paragraph:

"The trader has not derived the benefit which he ought to have derived from the railway system. When we consider the immense circulation developed by our fiscal reforms, the cost of carriage has not diminished in an equivalent ratio. The share which the producer contributes to the fall in prices is altogether out of proportion to the share which the carrier contributes. In 1845 the charges for the carriage of tea between Manchester and London, by Messrs. Pickford, was 45s. per ton; in 1881, by the London and Northwestern Railway, it was 40s. per ton. In 1845 the charge for coffee was 37s. 6d. per ton, for sugar 37s. 6d. per ton, for soap 35s. per ton. In 1881 the same articles were charged respectively 27s. 6d., 25s., and 27s. 6d. per ton, the average decrease in the four articles being 8s. 9d. per ton in forty-five years, a reduction which bears no proportion to the revolution in the other conditions of commerce in the same period."

This is a conclusion after twenty years of State regulation of one kind or another; the



British system. Compare it with what we have seen in this country, where, according to Mr. Atkinson, the per cent of freight charges to the value of wheat in New York was, in 1869, 31.61; in 1883, it was 17.87, or about one half. This paper is already too long to extend the comparison; any one interested can get Mr. Atkinson's article on the "Distribution of Products," and make it for himself. But it must be evident to every one that when we apply the *laissez-faire* principle the result is untold benefits to the people, when we abandon it disaster follows.

Mr. Hadley, in his *Princeton Review* article, from which I have already quoted, states very clearly the situation. He says:

"The community requires four things of its railroad system:

"1. That it shall afford sufficient facilities to meet the wants of business. In other words, there must be enterprise in building new lines and in keeping the old ones up to a high standard of efficiency.

"2. That the charges, as a whole, shall be as reasonable as possible. If they are higher than those of other countries, or higher than is necessary for the support of the railroads, the business development of the community will be retarded.

"3. That there shall not be arbitrary differences in charge which force business into unnatural and wasteful channels, or cripple one man for the enrichment of another.

"4. There shall be as little waste of capital as possible, either by corruption, extravagance, or want of business skill. This is not quite so vital a matter as the other three, but it is one which we can not afford to leave out of account."

And he adds:

"No system of regulation is ever likely to be devised which shall secure all these results. Free competition, as we have tried it in America, produces rapid construction and low rates, but fosters discrimination and extravagance; thus securing the first and second requirements at the sacrifice of the third and fourth. The French system of regulated monopoly has just the opposite effect; it prevents waste and discrimination, but development is slow and rates are high. The third and fourth requirements are secured at the expense of the first and second. England enjoys the first and fourth advantages at the sacrifice of the second and third; Italy has secured the second and third, but failed of the first and fourth. The granger system of regulation sacrificed the first in the effort to secure the second. Partial State ownership, as we shall see, secures nothing at all; exclusive State ownership secures the third at great risk of sacrificing all the others."

One result of future governmental regulation we may imagine by referring again to Prof. Ely's article in *Harper's Magazine* for August, page 453, where he complains of railroads because they have supplanted the canals, and also

because "they prevent the use of natural waterways," like the Ohio River, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and by making rail transportation quicker and more economical, leading to "needless waste." This indicates that when Mr. Hudson and Professor Ely have established their divine government and put all the railroads under control, improvements are to be discouraged, and no new railroads will be allowed except where there is not even an Indian trail, for every improvement which makes useless old methods and machinery is, according to this new science of political economy, needless waste.

For one, I have no faith in Government. Could I believe with Gustav Schmoller, as quoted in a recent essay by Professor Ely, that "the State is the grandest existing ethical institution for the education of the human race," or with Professor Ely himself, "that the State means the conservation of energy; that it is the only agency through which this energy of civilization can be maintained; that this is the explanation of the divinity of the State," I would certainly favor the absorption of all individual rights and functions by the State.

But I can not believe in the divinity of the State. I see no evidence of divine wisdom or justice in our courts; find nothing in our legislative halls, or in our executive chambers which will sustain any such claims. I see the State blundering into wars and compelling bloodshed. "The State" is the greatest criminal of the ages. It has oppressed the weak, robbed the poor, flattered the rich, denied justice to its own citizens and its own creditors, and pardoned all things to the powerful.\* The

\*If space permitted I could accompany each charge with ample specifications. As to the Indians we have only to turn to Mrs. Jackson's "Century of Dishonor." The Mormon question has been treated in a manner to bring shame to every citizen of the Republic. The appropriations for our rivers and harbors show how impossible it is for the government to expend its funds judiciously, or to prevent discrimination. If the railroads should issue a schedule of rates as full of wrong, outrage, and evidences of corruption and incapacity as the River and Harbor Bill recently passed by Congress, and signed by the President, there would be a mob in every town in twenty-four hours. As still further illustrating the methods of government, let me insert here an account of the treatment by Congress of private claims, given by a correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*:

"To-night's session of the House was devoted to private claim bills that had passed the Senate. There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction among claimants over the manner in which they have been treated by Congress. A few hours' time is all they had been granted up to to-night, notwithstanding the great

State fails to do well any thing it undertakes, and it seems to me the very height of folly to talk of enlarging its functions because of this failure. With what justice has the State treated the Indians? It was the State which made property of the slaves, and then without compensation it was the State which destroyed the value of this property. The State squanders millions each year on our water-ways with results altogether disproportionate to the amount expended. Millions go to pay the expense of a diplomatic service, and in an emergency we employ special agents. We have wasted millions on our navy since the war and have no navy. We had an inheritance of lands which have been given away for naught. We have a department of justice and no international copyright law. We issue patents to all who ask, but make no inquiry to determine the equities of the monopolies thus established. While under free competition the transportation changes have since the war been so great that this tax on business in 1883, as compared with 1868, will show a saving of \$600,000,000 for the work done, the war tariff on imports practically remains unchanged. It is the government which imposes a protective tariff of \$17 per ton on steel rails. There are ninety tons in the mile, or say a tax for the

merit of many of the claims and the strong pressure brought to bear to have them considered. There is no question as to the fact that Congress acts in bad faith toward many citizens with just demands upon the government; but this is not the result of deliberate purpose so much as a failure on the part of the leading men on both sides of the chamber to comprehend in its fullness the simple business truism that an honest debt should be paid. It is said by experienced men that there has not been a session of Congress for many years at which claimants have been so badly treated as the present one. The corridors of the capitol have been filled for months with hungry and distressed-looking people—men and women of all ages and conditions—all bent on obtaining the recognition by Congress which shall restore to them the right and values which they allege they have been deprived of through the government agency. The Claims Committee has acted favorably upon a great many of these cases, and they were placed on the calendar, and there they have remained. Only cases that had been passed by the other House were considered to-night. This was a most bitter and discouraging disappointment to many worthy claimants, who, depending upon the fairness and good nature of the Senate, have not troubled themselves to push their claims in that body until the great fight which always attends passing a claim through the House shall have been won. To-night many of these people sat in anguish in the galleries watching the House pass the claims of more astute rivals who had worked their bills through the Senate, and thus procured for them preference in the House."

benefit of the manufacturer of \$1,500 per mile. On one hundred and thirty thousand miles this means an addition of \$200,000,000 to the cost of our railroads in order to favor our manufacturers, verily a needless waste. Therefore I do not think this "divine government" is to be trusted to make freight rates. It makes the tariff and taxes one man and one class for the benefit of another man and class, and there is no reason to doubt the same favoritism and the same discrimination would be shown in the regulation, under any form, of the railroads as under the tariff.

Surely it is not less freedom we need; we certainly are not willing to abandon the free republic for some imaginary good to be derived by establishing a new State, a divine government, which is to regulate all the affairs of life on the principle of compulsory co-operation.

"My faith is great in Time,  
And that which shapes it to some perfect end,"

But I have none at all in the dreams and the vagaries of Henry George, Professor Ely, Mr. Powderly, and Prince Bismarck, for tyrant and communist alike trace the circle of oppression, and work together for the suppression or absorption by the State of all individual character, force, and energy. The absolutism of Bismarck is the logical conclusion to the demands of the preachers, professors, and authors who clamor for the extinction of the individual in their ideal co-operative union. I find nothing more extravagant in Mr. George's assault on property than I find in the essay with which Mr. Ely prefaces the "Labor Problem," published by Harper & Brothers, or than in those which he has begun in *Harper's Magazine*.

Undoubtedly, if we are to go on enlarging the functions of government and circumscribing the freedom of the individual, we must have a "divine government." That wretched make-shift, formed by Washington and his associates over a hundred years ago, and hedged about on every hand by "constitutional restrictions," is not of a character to fulfill modern requirements. It secures at best only average wisdom in control of affairs, and if we suppress the individual and accept governmental control in all the walks of life, it is not average intelligence, but select and superhuman wisdom which we require. It is true that this republic of ours is the marvel of the world, but according to the logic which is applied to the railroads, the very success of our



free institutions condemns them. Man in demonstrating his capacity for self-government has shown at the same time, according to these logicians, a divine capacity for governing others; but this makes necessary a radical change in the whole frame-work of our government, a reorganization on the model of Prussia. If we are to manage the railroads, we must manage a good many other things. We must have the government purchase them outright, as Mr. Waring contends England shall do, or we must separate the railroads and the government as we have separated the government and the churches. Constant attempts by legislation to regulate the railroads establishes a connection between the two that gives birth to vast abuses and to untold corruption. Where laws are made affecting personal or corporate interests there will corruption prevail, or, as Balzac phrases it: "The effect of all laws which touch private interests is to develop enormously the knavery of men's minds."

That the government, as it exists to-day, or as it has ever existed in this country, is altogether incapable of so "regulating the railroads" as to lessen prevailing abuses or to extend still further the benefits of cheap transportation, must be evident to any careful and candid observer. That this fact is clearly recognized by the new school of economists is plain when we turn to an essay by Professor Ely, which forms the first chapter in the "Labor Problem," recently published by Harper & Brothers; he says:

"Man must be taught that it is a grand thing to serve God in the State, which he in his beneficent wisdom instituted, and that to betray a trust in the

divine State is as heinous and offensive as to be false to duty in the divine Church. Is not one reason for the corrupt condition of our present State to be found in the undue restriction of its functions? . . . Co-operation is a good thing, arbitration is a good thing, profit-sharing is a good thing, but let us remember, amid all this discussion, that every hope of permanent reform in industrial and social life must be illusory unless it has a firm foundation in a lasting 'State reformation.'"

"State reformation" means, of course, an extension of its functions; a change in its methods, in its character, in its objects, substituting for a free republic a "divine State," whose sphere is unlimited and whose authority must be unquestioned, for a State, hedged about by that divinity which once made kings sacred and infallible, can do no wrong.

We are not to consider for a moment that this railroad problem stands alone. If property rights here are to be ignored for the general good, property every where becomes the possession of many, and the law of the road becomes again the law of society:

"That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can."

Mr. Spencer is a safer leader at a time like this than Mr. George or Professor Ely, and, closing an eloquent protest against that superstition which clothes a State with divine power, he says:

"The function of liberalism in the past was that of putting a limit to the power of kings. The function of liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the power of Parliament."

Or here in America of limiting the power of that divine government which Professor Ely is to set up for our worship and obedience.

*Richard W. Knott.*

## HER BLUSH.

"Her blush was like a ruby's ray"—  
But why you have not stated,  
So I must tell you in what way  
Cause and effect were mated.

There came a reflex from her heart,  
In rosy warmth outflowing,  
When Cupid set with subtlest art  
Her maiden passion glowing!

*William H. Hayne.*

## HOW WE RODE FROM ANNANDALE.

(VIRGINIA, 1863.)

As we rode by Annandale  
The moon was shining pale,  
    And the wind,  
Like a panther on the track  
With a blood-hound at his back,  
Under the cloud-rack  
    Came behind.

"Form fours!" the General said,  
"Draw saber!" And ahead,  
    At the word,  
The column, in the night,  
Took the gallop, past a light  
In a window—eyes as bright  
    As one's sword!

"Is that you?" "Yes! and you?  
Kiss me quick!" Then I drew,  
    You may divine,  
This spring-blossom to my breast,  
Where I held her closely prest,  
With my arm around her waist,  
    Heart to mine.

"The Second Corps is there!"  
She said, startled, "Oh! take care;  
    It is your doom!"  
Then I laughed. "The General thought  
It was Buford. We are caught;  
We'll come back quick as thought—  
    All that come!"

And we came. With stirrup clank  
Closing up, rank on rank,  
    We charged at once:  
And were scattered by the fire  
Of the Infants. Ever higher  
Rose the crash, long and dire,  
    Of the guns.

I retreated with the rest,  
And came back, hotly prest,  
    Forehead bare;  
She was trembling at her door,  
When I laughed as before:  
"We waked up the Second Corps,  
    And here we are!"  
"Oh! take me back," she sobbed;  
How her bosom heaved and throbbed!  
    "I shall die  
If you leave me in the lines!"  
My men were making signs,  
And the bullets in the pines  
    Whistled by.

"I will take you!" From the croup  
I made a quick stoop,  
    Heart aflame!  
And she rested in my arms,  
Like a bird the storm alarms;  
Could I bear her safe from harms?  
    On they came!

I struck the rowel deep,  
And my gray made a leap.  
    "Are you afraid?"  
"Not with you!" "Hold me tight!"  
And we went into the night,  
Bullets hissing left and right,  
    Man and maid.

What a ride! My heart is cold,  
Now when twenty years have rolled  
    Into the past,  
As I think of that wild dash  
In the night 'mid the flash  
Of the rifles. It was rash,  
    But we went fast!

To my neck how she clung,  
As the battering hoof-strokes rung,  
    On the way!  
How he rose to the leap  
Over fences, ditches deep,  
Mounted heights rough and steep,  
    My fleet gray!

Till we left the shouts behind  
And the hubbub, on the wind  
    Fainter blown;  
And my comrades laughed and cried,  
"Look! the Captain and his bride!"  
As the face a blush dyed  
    Touched my own!

This is all about the raid  
On Buford, that we made  
    Long ago;  
How we waked the Second Corps,  
And came away before  
We accomplished any more  
    Against the foe.

And still at Annandale,  
When the moon is shining pale,  
    You may hear  
How the Captain and his bride,  
On his gray true and tried,  
Took the famous moonlight ride  
    To the rear!

*J. Esten Cooke.*



## THE FIFTEENTH KENTUCKY.\*

IN August, 1861, Curran Pope, one of Louisville's most respected citizens, and a graduate of West Point, received authority to raise a regiment of infantry for the three-year service of the United States Government.

He established his headquarters in the city of Louisville, and with the assistance of William P. Campbell and George P. Jouett commenced work of arranging for and receiving recruits.

The first camp and rendezvous was at the Fair Grounds, four miles from Louisville, on the Shelbyville turnpike. Here we remained until the fall, recruiting and drilling. It was during this time that General Anderson was placed in command at Louisville, and sent an order to the regiment directing the Colonel to send all the force in camp to intercept some arms which were being conveyed from Lexington, Kentucky, to the Confederacy.

The entire force in camp consisted of about ninety men, all of whom were entirely green as soldiers (some few of them never having handled a gun in their lives), and not being drilled or even instructed in marching. The arms with which the camp was supplied, and with which guard duty was done, consisted of six or eight old altered muskets, so rusty within as not to admit of springing a rammer, with bayonets, but without cartridge-boxes or other accouterments. General Anderson, being notified of this state of affairs, returned answer that arms and ammunition for ninety men would be sent out on the accommodation train of the Lexington and Frankfort Railroad, and that the men should be armed and transported on the train to Beard's Station, whence a guide sent by him would conduct them to the Taylorsville pike, upon which the arms were carried into the South.

When the train arrived our detachment was in readiness on the platform; the arms were opened and distributed while the train waited, and several rounds of ammunition were given to each man, which had to be carried by them in their pockets, as they were not provided with cartridge-boxes.

To see the way in which some of the recruits handled their muskets was amusing; one of them knew no more about loading a

gun than an infant, and had to have his piece loaded for him by some of his companions, who created a great deal of amusement by their instructions and recommendations. After boarding the train this subject, a recent importation from the "Emerald Isle," asked his companion how he was to make the thing go off. The gun was cocked for him, and he was told to put a cap upon the tube and let the hammer down. In doing this he placed the muzzle of his piece on the car floor, and, without putting his thumb on the hammer, pulled the trigger. The result was that his arm was almost dislocated by the recoil, a large hole was made in the car floor, and the eighty-odd men, his companions, were filled with alarm by the report that the train was fired into by guerrillas.

At Beard's Station the troops left the train, and the march toward the Taylorsville pike was commenced.

The guide sent out by General Anderson knew nothing of the road or country, and left us at the first opportunity, which occurred shortly after starting.

We did our utmost to find the road, but did not succeed. About midnight we aroused a countryman and learned that we were about three miles from Shelbyville. Nothing was now to be done but to return to camp, which was accordingly done, making a journey of at least forty miles on foot in one night for those who returned, which number, I am compelled to say, was only three. Arriving about daylight, Colonel Pope was found impatiently awaiting information from us, the order under which we had gone not having been communicated to him in town until after the train had left. Wagons were sent out and stragglers picked up all along the way back beyond Middletown.

The field officers were Curran Pope, Colonel; George P. Jouett, Lieutenant-Colonel; William P. Campbell, Major.

The staff, Dr. Luther P. Wetherby, Surgeon; Dr. Richard Logan, Assistant-Surgeon; John W. Clark, Quartermaster; Reverend J. J. Talbot, Chaplain; William P. McDowell, Adjutant.

The line officers were:

\*In giving an account of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry, U. S. A., I wish to say, that having been assigned to staff duty some time in July or August, 1862, it has been necessary to depend on Lieutenant D. N. Sharp and others for a portion of the history.

Company A—Marion C. Taylor, Captain; James A. T. McGrath and Frank Winlock, Lieutenants.

Company B—J. B. Snyder, Captain; Ben Houser and W. H. Harrison, Lieutenants.

Company C—W. T. McClure, Captain; Jas. B. Forman and A. H. Chambers, Lieutenants.

Company D—H. F. Kalfus, Captain; John McDowell and John V. Thompson, Lieutenants.

Company E—Noah Cartwright, Captain; J. B. Wood and Charles L. Easum, Lieutenants.

Company F—W. S. Wilson, Captain; Aaron S. Bayne and William V. Wolf, Lieutenants.

Company G—Frank D. Garretty, Captain; John Spaulding and John Lenahan, Lieutenants.

With these seven companies, partially filled, the regiment was ordered to New Haven, Kentucky, about forty-five miles from Louisville, on the Lebanon Branch of the L. and N. Railroad. Here they were engaged in guarding the railroad while drilling and recruiting. Companies H, I, and K, from Covington and vicinity, joined us here and we were mustered into the State service—armed, equipped, and paid by the State of Kentucky. After being mustered each company was ordered to have an election of officers, this being in accordance with the State law. All of the before-mentioned officers were elected except in the cases of Companies F and G. In Company F, Captain Wilson was left out, Bayne being elected Captain, W. V. Wolf and W. H. Booker, Lieutenants. In Company G, John Spaulding was elected Captain, John Lenahan and Frank D. Garretty, Lieutenants.

On the 14th day of December, the regiment was mustered into the United States service at New Haven, Kentucky, by Captain C. C. Gilbert, U. S. A., and was then ordered to Bascom Creek, Kentucky. On arrival here it was attached to the Seventeenth Brigade, Third Division, commanded by General O. M. Mitchell.

The mud in this camp (at Bacon Creek) was from six inches to a foot in depth, making it necessary to lay all of the avenues in corduroy to enable the men and teams to get about, and a more disagreeable place can not be well imagined.

The trip from New Haven to Bacon Creek, the first of any distance made by the regiment on foot, being accomplished in mid-winter, was very trying, but showed of what material the regiment was composed.

When mustered into the United States service the regiment numbered less than nine hundred, but they were good and reliable men, being mostly from the counties of Shelby, Spencer, Henry, Bullitt, Kenton, and Jefferson, and either farmers, farmer's sons, or clerks, and of respectable families.

The most fastidious could find plenty of agreeable and entertaining companions among the rank and file of the Fifteenth, which was abundantly proven by the number of privates of this regiment who were promoted to captains and lieutenants of other Kentucky regiments. I feel that I must name here some of the men who started with this old regiment as privates or non-commissioned officers. Beginning with Company A, there was George Deering, Richard Whittaker, Joseph and Henry Lyle, Joseph Atherton, Dan Spalding, Jourdan Ballard, George Petrie, John and Henry Wm. Tilden, Tom Baker, Joseph McClure, Frank Todd, Irvine McDowell, Ezekiel Forman, Lud Luckett, Newt. Sharp, and a score of others who will be remembered by many, but whose names escape me now.

In February, 1862, the command crossed Green River (being brigaded with the Third, Tenth, and Thirteenth Ohio, Forty-second Indiana, and Loomis' battery, under command of Brigadier-General Dumont), and by a forced march from Bell's Tavern reached Bowling Green on the 14th of February, the rebels leaving the city as we entered it. Here our boys found a quantity of salt beef and parched rye, which the retreating enemy were unable to carry away, and which was very acceptable to them, for soldiers become very tired of their regular rations, and appreciate any thing out of the regular issue.

On the 22d we marched to Franklin, and on the 23d to Mitchellville, Tennessee, thence to Nashville, which had surrendered to Colonel John Kennett, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry.

Here, the bridge being destroyed, we had to cross in steamboats, and I am free to say that that crossing will be as memorable to some of the Fifteenth as any march or battle.

Stopping a short time in the suburbs of Nashville, we proceeded thence to Huntsville, Alabama, where we remained for five or six months without other action than scouts and reconnaissances to Athens, Whitesburg, etc., in which we did good service and endured great hardships.

From Huntsville the Fifteenth returned to Nashville, and then took part in that memor-



able race with General Bragg to Louisville. The Fifteenth Kentucky started from its bivouac, two miles beyond Elizabethtown, one morning early, and the next morning before daylight entered the city of Louisville, making a march of over forty miles (said to be forty-four miles) in the twenty-four hours, which is not bad for "foot cavalry."

Colonel Pope often told the men and officers that there could be no discipline among troops where no attention was paid to neatness, and was so particular in regard to the appearance of the men that on our first joining the brigade we were christened "The Paper Collar Regiment," a name which we bore and by which we were called almost constantly up to this time. The Ohio regiments with which we were brigaded having been longer in service, and under fire, seemed to think we were only fit for dress-parade and show, and that we could not be depended upon in close quarters. It was not long before they were disabused of this idea. After a stay of a few days in the suburbs of Louisville, the regiment was again started South, by the way of Danville, Kentucky.

It was during this journey the Fifteenth became engaged in the first battle. It had been in frequent skirmishes and raids, and had done good service, but had not up to this time been tried in a general battle.

On the morning of the 8th day of October, 1862, the Third division, of which the Fifteenth Kentucky was part, under command of Major-General L. H. Rousseau, was passing through the Chaplin Hills. The day was bright and beautiful—all that could be desired in that most pleasant month in the year—and with the exception of a great scarcity of water nothing was wanting to make the march an exceedingly pleasant one. About ten o'clock A. M. the division was drawn up in line of battle and skirmishers were ordered forward. A section of Loomis' famous artillery was then placed in position and commenced shelling the woods in front. This continued until about twelve o'clock, M., when the command was informed that the advance would be resumed, but as water was very scarce, one regiment at a time would march forward to the creek in front, stack arms, and fill their canteens, then move forward and let the next in line follow.

The Forty-second Indiana, being the first in line on that day, left their position, marched down to the creek, and having stacked arms were engaged in getting water from the shal-

low stream when the enemy broke cover in our front and opened fire upon us.

The Fifteenth Kentucky was lying on the south side of the road by which it came, and in rear of a rail-fence, with a stone-fence a short distance in front. Running parallel to the rail-fence, and within a short range of it, on the line of the rail-fence, was a barn built of logs and boards.

The enemy advanced to the stone-fence, and took position behind it.

Here the battle raged from about one o'clock P. M. until dark; the rail-fence was almost entirely demolished by the enemy's artillery, and the barn was set on fire by shells; notwithstanding, the Fifteenth held its ground.

The color-guard, consisting of nine sergeants, was cut to pieces. As each successive color-bearer was shot down his companion took the standard.

The fight was so fierce and continuous that the colors were completely riddled with shot-holes, and the flag-staff cut in two.

As the staff was severed, and the colors fell, Captain James B. Forman, of Company C, grasped them, and as the staff had been cut off so short that they could not be made visible he mounted the remains of the rail-fence, waiving them, cheering the men to continued resistance. The battle raged from 1 o'clock P. M. until dark, the Fifteenth Kentucky retaining its original line to the close, and in the morning the enemy was gone.

During this engagement our loss was very severe. At almost the first shot Colonel Pope's horse was killed under him. The Colonel immediately approached the line, and moving from man to man, patting them on the back, cheering and encouraging them to fight to the end. Such courage could not but inspire them with a determination to stand to the last. Here the Colonel received a wound, to which he paid no attention at the time, regarding it as slight, and continuing on the field to the close of the day, but which in a few weeks caused his death. Lieutenant-Colonel George P. Jouett, Major W. P. Campbell, Lieutenant James McGrath, of Company A; Lieutenant Joseph McClure, of Company C, and sixty-three men were killed and nearly two hundred were wounded.

We pressed on in pursuit of the enemy through Danville toward Crab Orchard.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the regiment when, at a short distance beyond Danville, Kentucky, all hope of catch-

ing up with the enemy having been given up, Colonel Pope turned his horse in the road, and addressing Captain Snyder, said, "Captain, I can go no further," left us, and we saw his noble face "no more forever."

Our first battle was a "baptism of blood," and it served to cement the regiment more closely in love one to another and to the cause for which it fought.

Passing on, under command of Captain Snyder, of Company "B," we came through Crab Orchard, and rested a few days, and then turning southward we came back through Crab Orchard, Stanford, Lebanon, and halted at Bowling Green. Here General W. S. Rosecrans took command of the Army of the Cumberland.

After a few days at Bowling Green, we started south by way of Franklin, Kentucky, and Mitchellville, Tennessee, during which march Captain James B. Forman received his commission as Colonel, and took command of the regiment, leading it on to Nashville, Tennessee.

Remaining a few weeks at this place, "tenting on our old camp-ground," we gathered together the fragments of the regiment, and, with our gallant young Colonel at our head, and the companies re-officered where needed, we were once more ready for the fray.

Our organization now was as follows: In the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanded by General George H. Thomas; First division, commanded by General Lovell H. Rousseau; Third brigade, by General John S. Beatty. The brigade comprising, in addition to the Fifteenth Kentucky, the Third and Tenth Ohio, Forty-second and Eighty-eighth Indiana regiments, always ready to march or fight at the bidding of the commander.

We felt that we had our State's banner to bear and her honor to protect; and, if left to those regiments with which we were brigaded, whether or not Kentucky had reason to be proud of her "paper-collar" regiment, we would not have been compelled to seek further for favorable judgment.

On the 26th day of December we left Nashville and traveled via the Franklin and Grannny White pikes, concentrating on the hills near Nashville, with the enemy close in front; but General Bragg drew off his army to Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Well will Sunday afternoon, December 28, 1862, be remembered. The regiment was ordered out of its line on the hill-sides, and commenced one of the hardest and darkest marches

that can be imagined, toward Murfreesboro. All night, through cedar thicknesses, roads almost impassable, only kept in the right direction by "beacon fires," which were kept burning the entire night, we wended our way, hungry, foot-sore, wet, and weary, not knowing where we were going, but trusting implicitly that "Old Rosy" and "Pap Thomas" would lead us only to such places as they desired us to occupy, as we had entire confidence in those worthy and able commanders. In the morning we reached the Nashville and Murfreesboro turnpike, near Stewart's Creek, and were again in our position in the center of the Army of the Cumberland, with Bragg's army again confronting us.

On the 29th and 30th we moved forward until we almost reached the banks of Stone River.

General Negley's division had skirmished for position on our right during the afternoon of the 30th, and when night came on we bivouacked, and many spent the night in joking and pleasantry, reveille on the 31st sounding to scores who had not slept.

Our division (Rousseau's) was the reserve division of the Fourteenth corps.

Marching along the road we passed General Rosecrans and staff, who, seeing our flag-staff broken, banner torn and draped in mourning, called us his "orphan regiment," a name which, before the sun of that day set, was doubly applicable.

The occasional belching of a cannon and the rattling of musketry on our right caused us to keep an eye and ear to that quarter.

About nine o'clock A. M. we came up close to the front, and could see orderlies riding hurriedly hither and thither. A group of officers, composed of General Rousseau with his brigade and regimental commanders, was formed immediately in front of the Fifteenth, to whom orders and instructions were given, when, all returning to their commands, we were faced to the right and moved hurriedly to the cedar forest to stem the current of an almost irresistible storm in the cedar glades, where General McCook's (Twentieth) corps had been violently attacked and were sorely pressed.

Passing in rear of General Sill's division, our brigade got into the same kind of position as that held at Perryville; that is, on the extreme right wing of the army, with the Fifteenth Kentucky on the right of the brigade.

Here, with instructions to hold the enemy in check until the artillery could be gotten out



of the thicket, we again met the enemy and stopped for a while his triumphant charges.

We held the road until the last gun and caisson had passed safely, but at a terrible cost to the Fifteenth Kentucky, for in a short half hour we lost our brave and gallant young colonel (shot from his horse), in the flower of his youth, being only a little past his twenty-first birthday, and eighty others killed and seriously wounded on that fatal field of Stone River.

Holding our position a little too long, we had to fight both front, flank and rear to get back to the Fourteenth corps' position in the center, for the enemy had passed around our right and were enveloping us before we knew it. Long will the members of the Fifteenth remember the appearance of the "massed artillery" on the right of the turnpike when they emerged from the woods in its front, and never can they forget the outburst when they got back to those guns, for the earth trembled and thousands "bit the dust" in the desperate charges made against them.

These battles were, to the Fifteenth, a crucible to test the metal of which it was composed, and, "tried as by fire," it came out sadly crippled and cut up, but still true and devoted to the old flag of our country.

With such regimental commanders as Pope and Forman, and such brigade disciplinarians as W. H. Lytle and John S. Beatty, and the service which it had seen, the Fifteenth was rapidly becoming "that all-powerful piece of machinery which is invincible in war"—a regiment of veterans.

After five days' very hard service in muddy trenches and an exposed position, we entered Murfreesboro on Sunday, January 4, 1863, sadly depleted, but as cheerful as crickets, the Confederate army having retired toward Shelbyville and Tullahoma, Tennessee.

After a few weeks' rest the Fifteenth Kentucky was put to work building "Fortress Rosecrans," a stronghold that became historical.

Here it was re-officered. The Colonel, James B. Forman, having been killed, Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Snyder resigned, Major H. F. Kalfus cashiered, Adjutant W. P. McDowell promoted, and Quartermaster John W. Clark resigned, Captain Marion C. Taylor, of Company A, was made Colonel; Captain Noah Cartwright, of Company E, Lieutenant-Colonel; Captain W. G. Halpin, of Company K, Major; D. N. Shary, First Sergeant, Company

A, Adjutant, and Woodford Hall, private of Company A, Quartermaster.

Vacancies in company officers were filled, and the regiment was again placed in its old brigade and commenced drilling, a duty long neglected on account of hard marching and constant duties since it had left Huntsville in the summer of 1862.

On the 24th day of June, 1863, we broke camp at Murfreesboro and started south. Our corps (the Fourteenth) went through Hoover's Gap, following closely Wilder's mounted infantry. After passing through the Gap our brigade, under General John S. Beatty, made a detour from the main body of the army, going through Hillsboro and Manchester toward Tullahoma, where we were to rejoin the army proper. It was here we came very near, accidentally, getting into a fight with our own troops, mistaking them, and they us, for the enemy.

They arrived in front of Tullahoma before we did, and were not expecting us on the road by which we came, nor were we looking for "blue coats" in front of us. Both got ready, but happily the mistake was discovered before either party commenced "shelling the woods."

July 1st we passed through town, and had a running fight with the enemy to Elk River, where he destroyed the bridge, and passed on to Chattanooga. The next day we crossed and, marching to the foot of a high ridge, encamped on July 4th in a camp which we named "Camp Mud," for it was more than a match for the muddy days at Bacon Creek. While in this slough we learned that Vicksburg had surrendered to him "whose demand was always unconditional, and whose modesty was only equaled by his success." To say we were jubilant over the news would not half express our feelings. Then came more marching, over mountains, rivers, and valleys, to Dechard, Tennessee, where we remained during August, 1863. On the 1st of September we marched to Stevenson, Alabama, crossed the Tennessee River, Sand and Raccoon mountains, and bivouacked in Hog-jaw Valley; thence on toward a mountain which, in the distance, appeared to join on to the clouds, and, indeed it seemed to grow as we approached.

To attempt to cross this with a vigilant enemy opposing seemed worse than rashness, but we rested not, and, with what we now called skirmishing, we forced our way to its top and down its south side to Cooper's Gap, entered McLemore's Cove, and awaited the

other troops who were to cross at Stephen's Gap on our right, who, being retarded in their movements, did not join us until the next day.

From here we marched toward the "river of death," Chicamauga.

On the 18th of September, at night, we arrived at Owen's Ford, a crossing of the Chicamauga, about five miles to the right of Crawfish Springs.

Here we relieved a brigade which, by its quiet actions in leaving, impressed us with the idea that we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, an idea which ripened in the morning to an absolute certainty, for as soon as it was light the Confederates tried to force the crossing, and we had hot work to prevent them.

All that day we lay on the bank of that stream, under the the guns of the enemy, Captain Abe Rothchild, with Company "B," Mt. Eden sharp-shooters (hidden behind rocks and trees), as skirmishers, was within one hundred yards of a rebel battery, and after a long contest silenced the battery and kept the rebs at bay until about four o'clock P. M., Saturday, September 19, 1863, when we were withdrawn and marched hurriedly to Crawfish Springs, where we arrived just at sundown, and while a desperate fight was progressing at that point. It was here our former brigade commander, General W. H. Lytle, was killed, and part of the famous Loomis battery was captured. Both of these casualties were very distressing to the Fifteenth, and cast a gloom over us, for they were both brigaded with us in our first year's army life, and were regarded almost as part of the regiment.

Troops were now pressed from our right to our left, and all were impressed with the idea that a battle was imminent.

Sunday morning, September 20, 1863, cannon began firing, and with desultory skirmishing and continuous moving toward the left we got into line and threw forward a strong skirmish line.

Heavy firing was going on to our right, and we were ordered to move further to the left as soon as we should be relieved by General Harris' brigade. While this was being done our lines were charged by the enemy, who advanced in line of battle, apparently without skirmishers, and poured through a gap in the line and got to our rear. The Third Ohio, Forty-second and Eighty-eighth Indiana were cut off to the left, and the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois (which had been attached to

our brigade) and the Fifteenth Kentucky were thrown to the right, thus dividing our brigade, leaving General Beatty, with three regiments, to the left, and Colonel Taylor, with two regiments, to the right. As soon as the enemy was discovered in the thick bushes on our left, flanking us, we changed front and charged them, driving them steadily back, assisted by the troops of Harris, Hambright, and Turchin.

We only had time to reform our lines, when we were again attacked and driven inch by inch, and hour after hour, fighting and pressed back, until we got to Mission Ridge, near Rossville, where General Thomas bivouacked with the army for the night.

To attempt any further description of the part taken in the battle of Chicamauga would be useless, for the regiment only did its duty as a part of as noble and brave an army as ever fought a battle.

On Monday, September 21st, we were in line of battle across Mission Ridge, near Rossville; during the day and night the army was withdrawn to Chattanooga, the Fifteenth Kentucky being left all night as rearguard on the ridge. It was lonesome duty we performed that night, being in the face of and in immediate proximity to the rebel lines, and being able to hear them distinctly in the valley below.

On the morning of Tuesday, September 22d, we moved down the mountain to Rossville, and thence toward Chattanooga, where we found the army prepared to receive any attack.

Weary from hard service, not having had any rest since the Thursday before, we were glad to receive the command, "Rest."

Lying down and sleeping two or three hours, we were again called to the front and put to work in building "Fort Negley," where we had to work in range of the enemy's guns on Lookout Mountain, to our right and rear, and at the same time defend our front toward Rossville. To make things more comfortable our lines of communication were cut, and provisions became scarce. We learned to live on meager rations, buoyed up by the hope of better days coming, and tried to verify General Thomas' dispatch that "we would hold the place till we starved." The promise was kept, for we did hold the place, and we starved.

After weeks of suffering and chafing under the restraints of being besieged, a rumor spread about that General Grant was near, and approaching on the other side of Lookout Mountain.



One night a brigade, thought to be Hazen's, embarked on pontoons and floated down the river, passing the rebel pickets, who rejoiced because "the Yankee bridges were being 'busted' above," made a landing at "Moccasin Point," capturing the picket-post there, and intrenching themselves so securely by morning that the enemy could not dislodge them. Here a junction was formed with General Hooker, who came up from Bridgeport with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps from the Army of the Potomac.

Chattanooga, the position gained by the battle of Chickamauga, was now ours to hold, and we felt fully repaid for all the privations we had endured.

Then came "Hooker's fight above the clouds," which we could hear, but could not see on account of the dense fog arising from the river. With great anxiety we awaited the result of that battle. Every thing was hushed in our camps, and a painful stillness reigned until we saw the smoke of the steamer "Dunbar," as it rounded the bend in the river and steamed toward us at Chattanooga. Then we knew that Hooker was victorious, and that our "cracker line" was reopened.

Now, it seemed that Bedlam had broken loose, for the whole army yelled as if with one impulse, and made preparations to fill their "empty breeches," and after weary days of fasting and short rations we were once again restored to a full supply of bacon, crackers, beans, and potatoes.

The Fifteenth Kentucky was then placed on duty as post guard, and was not on duty with the brigade again until the spring of 1864, when it rejoined the division and started for the "Gate City."

It was the privilege of the Fifteenth Kentucky to take a back seat on Forts Wood and Negley, and witness the battle of Missionary Ridge. Here we saw the gallant charges of the Army of the Tennessee on our left, which we had not seen since the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and now we felt proud of their acquaintance.

In the center, under the guns on the ridge, lay the Army of the Cumberland ready to try the hills again. General Hooker was on the right, moving toward Rossville; Generals Grant and Thomas on Orchard Knob, just in rear of the Army of the Cumberland, when the order was given to advance to the foot of the ridge. The army moved rapidly forward, driving in the skirmish lines, not only to the

foot, but pressed for the top, and halted not until the ridge was again in our possession and the enemy's guns were turned upon him.

Leaving the city to the care of other troops, about the 1st of May the Fifteenth Kentucky rejoined the brigade and moved to Rocky-face Ridge, near Ringgold, Georgia, where we again beheld our old enemy on the heights above us, perfectly safe in his fastness as far as we were concerned, for the face of the ridge was a perpendicular rock from twenty to thirty feet in height.

General McPherson found Snake-creek Gap, and turned the positions, and General J. E. Johnson withdrew. Following on through Dalton we came to Resaca, on the Oustahola River, where we found the enemy intrenched in a very strong position.

Here our brigade got into a position exposed to the enemy's artillery and musketry at short range, and we lost some good soldiers—among others, Captain Irvine McDowell, who was killed on the works while cheering his men on to duty. Cut off in his youth, and so soon after his promotion so nobly won, and being a favorite with the entire regiment, his untimely end was mourned by all.

Again turning the enemy's flank, we pressed him on through Kingston, Georgia, and Burnt Hickory, and came to Alatoona Mountains, where many severe battles were fought. Still pressing the enemy, he fell back to Kennesaw Mountains. Here his position seemed impregnable, and indeed proved so, for after many weeks we again flanked and pressed him out of position, following him up through Marietta, Georgia, to the Chattahoochee River, where we camped and rested a few days.

Crossing the Chattahoochee River we approached Peach-tree Creek, where we again found the enemy; but he withdrew from our front, and we crossed the stream, which was much swollen from recent rains.

The Twentieth Corps having crossed and gone into position to await the crossing of the remainder of the army, our brigade joined the right of the Twentieth Corps (General Hooker). A ravine passing into the line where the Fifteenth Kentucky should have been, we were placed in rear of the ravine, thus lying at an angle to the main line.

While waiting here the enemy advanced in line of battle, without skirmishers, and the memorable battle of Peach-tree Creek (July 20, 1864,) one of the bloodiest of the entire campaign, was fought.

The One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, of our brigade, joined General Hooker's right, and we, in eschelon, joined the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois.

The enemy felt the line from end to end, and, coming to the right of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, mistook it for the extreme right of our line, and made a rush to double us up. This movement threw their left to our line, and, with an enfilading fire, the Fifteenth Kentucky sprang over the hastily constructed works and charged them, throwing them into confusion, and rolling up their line from left to right until their retreat became a rout.

It has not generally been known that any other troops except the Twentieth Corps were engaged in this fight, but it is nevertheless a fact that two regiments of our brigade (One Hundred and Fourth Illinois and Fifteenth Kentucky), under General John S. Beatty, made the extension of the line to the right just long enough to prevent the enemy from turning the right of General Hooker's corps, and did good and efficient service.

On the 22d of July, 1864, we moved toward Atlanta, and marched right up to the works before we were apprised of the fact that they were occupied.

We soon found it out, however, and concluded *not to take Atlanta that day*, but worked around it for forty days, and while we were at Jonesboro, twenty miles south, learned that General Slocum was in the city.

For thirty days we had burrowed around the city from its immediate front to Utoy Creek. We had felt and fought nearly every day, and then one night we were called away, and, joining General Sheridan's command, we moved down the landtown roads, and crossing the forests we came to the West Point Railroad near Red Oak, and, destroying it for miles, we continued our march southward, coming upon the Macon Railroad near Jonesboro, Georgia, where we heard of General Slocum's entrance into Atlanta.

When our pickets were withdrawn from before Atlanta, the Confederate troops in our front were General Joseph Lewis' Kentucky brigade, who called across to know where we were going, to which our pickets replied, To the flank. "All right," was the rejoinder from the

rebs., "we will hull your acorns for you some day soon." Our corps badge was an acorn.

At Jonesboro we met this same brigade again, catching them when they were not expecting so many Yanks., and capturing several hundred prisoners, among the rest Colonel Phil. Lee.

After the battle many of our regiment went over to see the prisoners, for we were sure that we would meet many old friends among them. Colonel Phil. Lee, in his own old way, approached Colonel Taylor, and shaking hands with him said, "Well, Colonel, we have come over to hull those acorns."

We staid several days at Jonesboro, and then the army was moved back to Atlanta and went into camp. The Fifteenth Kentucky were again the rearguard, and it was in the streets of Jonesboro, Georgia, that the last shots of the Confederates were made at our regiment.

After getting back to Atlanta, our term of service having expired, we were sent to Chattanooga and put in charge of the trains between that city and Atlanta.

After a month of this service we were ordered to Bridgeport, Alabama, to guard the bridge across the Tennessee River, which was threatened by the invasion of General John B. Hood.

Here we remained until after the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, and on the 25th day of December, 1864, we took a train and came to Louisville, Kentucky, where we were mustered out of the United States service on the 14th day of January, 1865, after a faithful and arduous service of three years, three months, three weeks, and three days.

To sum up the history of the Fifteenth Kentucky is a task both pleasant and painful.

Pleasant, because it can be said that in our whole service of over three years we were almost always in the front lines of the army, and always received the commendations of our commanders and the love and esteem of our companions.

Painful, from the fact that of eight hundred and eighty-eight men and officers mustered into the United States service in 1861, over four hundred were killed and wounded on the battle-fields of our country.

William P. McDowell.



## ORANGE CULTURE.

*Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true here only, and of delicious taste.—PARADISE LOST.*

### IN THE GROVE.

LET us go into the grove. The sun is rising, and the chill of condensation of our heavy dews, which spares us the task of irrigation in other lands, is in the air. The temperature is 70° F., which, science says, opens the leaf buds; in an hour of this February weather it will be 72°, which brings out the bloom. A breadth of two miles of water makes a river-like bend, inclosing the grove-land, and the rosy sky lights by reflection and refraction tinge the lake surface like pile of purple silk velvet. A palmetto hedge serves as a wind-break, but the air over our little Mediterranean, latitude 28°, 30', longitude 80°, 24', is fresh as that blew over Troy's walls in that far off elder sea. A hundred and eighty degrees puts the antipodes southeast of Delhi, India, in the original home of the orange.

Possibly! But, if so, what shall we do with Hesiod and Homer and the golden apples of Hesperides? Or with those scholars who render the Hebrew *tapuach*, the apple of the Garden, to mean an orange? Professor Ideler seriously argues those old tin- and amber-hunters of Phœnicia found it under the shadow of Teneriffe, an Atlas Homeric "that knows all the depths of the sea." Here is one, *Citrus bigaradia*, or bitter-sweet, from Syria, with its own marvelous tale of transportation of its parent-seed by Spanish Moors of the sixteenth century; but it is not The Apple. It is the *Malum felix* of Virgil; *μηλεα Μεδικη* 'η *Περσικη* of Theophrastus and Pliny, who refer only to its acid medicinal qualities. Neither the Vedas nor the Maha-bharata describe it, nor does Ferdusi, in his famous feast to Rostam, cap the royal feast in china bowls of Bacchic wine and cerulean sugar-cakes with the golden apple. Galenus speaks of a sweet imported to Rome for four centuries after our era through Syria. But the spread of its seed in Spain, Italy, and Southern France produced, not the sweet, but the bitter-sweet.

The sweet orange was rare, even after the discovery of America. Milton, an accomplished scholar, entertained by the highest social, sacerdotal rank in Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Flor-

ence, Naples, Rome, A.D. 1637-40, in the lines quoted, doubts the existence of a sweet orange. But after Vasco de Gama had gone around the Cape and visited the Azores, and Columbus visited America, the sweet orange appears. Did the Portuguese and Spaniards take the fruit to the islands and Florida, or receive it from them? Did sunken Atlas, that D'Alembert describes as teaching us all we know, and vanishing without discovering their own name, first develop the fruit?

It is a recent development of the survival of the fittest. It grows old enough in its youth. The famous Liston tree disseminated its Chino-Indian fruit to the Azores in the St. Michael, to Brazil in the Navel. But there is a tree in the convent garden of Sancta Sabina, at Rome, six hundred and eighty-six years old, planted by Crusaders from Damascus the year Saladin died there. Another, bearing fruit, in the garden of Alcazna, over six hundred years of age; the result of the sainted Spanish King, Iago's, conquest of Sicily. Another, near Seville, in the Alcazar, set out in 1350-66, that saw Alfonso XI break the Moorish power. About Cordova are old Moorish bitter-sweet groves quite as old. The "Great Constable" was confiscated by Francis I, after being planted by the Queen of Navarre's gardener, A.D. 1421, and transplanted to Versailles, where it still lives.

Marvelous associations these veterans have, now old, gnarled, hollow, of the old eras when

"The sainted air of Palestine  
Was rank with the dews of death."

The Crusaders builded much better than they planned. They did, indeed, bring from the Holy Sepulcher softened manners and the fruits of Arab learning. They brought also the seeds of sour and sweet oranges which have planted groves in Italy, Spain, France, the West Indies, and North and South America. It is indeed a miraculous tree in the golden lettered page of civilization.

### PHYSICS AND SOIL.

But this tree, whose wide-spread arms dropped fruit in recent times so far, is very tena-

cious in essentials. At the antipodal points of its growth, the earth in its swing heels upon itself and sends the equatorial current looping through straits and doubling continents. The same co-tidal wave, from its source south west of South America, impinges at simultaneous hours on the remote coasts of Florida and Hindostan. The peninsular form is repeated in the East by the massive floods of the Brahmapootra and the Indus, subdivided by the Ganges. The same alluvial character of loam and sand over coralline lime that sifts down through jungle and swamp into the Indian Ocean spreads a like physical soil over a like frame through the Everglades into the tepid waters of the Gulf.

Because the orange has a vertical growth, it requires a loose, pliable soil, of a yard or more in depth; hence a loam, or a sandy loam, familiar in our soil, is preferred. Of this the consular agents report in the statistics of production: In Jamaica it has "a strong red earth and ochery." In Porto Rico "It is noticed. . . they are much finer on sandy soils." In Spain it is "tribasic, cretaceous, and tertiary, with a strong admixture of sand, clay, and lime." In Andalusia "forty-three per cent of sand." In the Azores they are grown "on rather a sandy soil." "The dark sandy soil" of Syria is recommended; and at Haifa "the orchards require a sandy soil." At Sidon, Asia, "light red, dark loam, sandy and clayey soils are recommended." In Morocco "the orange grows luxuriantly in the sand." Near Acapulco, Mexico, oranges "grow in a sandy, black soil." In Ecuador, South America, "in a dark, heavy loam." In Lower California in "red, heavy loam, with small stones or gravel."

It should be observed that the orange is reported as thriving on a soil made up of fifty-seven per cent of lime. None the less that "sandy" loam, which provokes contemptuous criticism of our soil, is the very quality in the orange belt essential to productive orange culture. I might, by a like compilation, set forth the need and methods of irrigation practiced in Europe, Asia, and Africa; but the limited space allowed for this essay renders it impracticable. Two natural resources partially dispense with this necessity in Florida; a humid, dewy winter climate and frequent summer rains, tabulated elsewhere, and subterranean rivers and springs bursting out at full head, or seeping through the spongy soil in pools and in lake springs, a peculiarity noticed by

Colonel I. A. Gilmore, in his canal and drainage report on South Florida.

A morning walk through the dewy grass is like wading. On this account less attention is paid to irrigation, though all large orchards have wind-mills and irrigation pipes. "An idea prevails," as in Italy, "that the springs are of no great depth, . . . and water the roots without the aid of man." This characteristic of the two countries appears to have inspired Milton's description of the Garden. It is a good description of the natural orange-growing soil:

"Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course; but, through the shaggy hill,  
Passed underneath ungulfed; for God had thrown  
That mountain, as his garden mound, high raised,  
Upon the rapid current which, through veins  
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst updrawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain; and, with many a rill,  
Watered the garden, thence united fell  
Down the steep glade and met the nether flood."

#### TOPOGRAPHY AND CLIMATE.

The topography of Florida contributes to this irrigation. The ridge of the sand-hills, of an average of one hundred and fifty feet or more of elevation, is broken into shallow longitudinal and transverse depressions, corresponding to its original reef alignment and inlets. This flattened top, therefore, falls away into a system of terraces, each receiving the water shed from above until it flows away in every direction to the sea. This responds to the elevation and topography defined by consular reports. A spot sheltered from the wind, because island and sea-shore groves suffer from the wind of an elevation not to exceed one hundred and fifty feet, is set forth as the sites of the most productive groves in the orange belt. In the tropics a corresponding elevation\* above the sea tempers the heat, which must not exceed 104° F., nor fall lower than 32° for more than two or three consecutive days.

The mercury fell in Florida, January, 1886, to 26° F. in the groves, and in exposed places as low as 23°, at which points the ground was frozen one and a half to two inches, but without injury to the tree, though the crop was partially destroyed. Mr. Oppenheim, consular agent in Western Andalusia, reports the cold there sometimes in the groves as low as 25° F. Both he and Mr. Lowenstien report the orange

\*There is a grove reported on the oasis of El Hamil, in the Vale of Rashmere, latitude 44°, but the furnace heat of desert sand tempers its cold.



tree uninjured, unless the cold is prolonged, and the ground remains frozen fourteen and a half inches.

That the tree is hardy is shown by its bearing uninjured in the province of Valencia, Spain, the effects of a snow-storm, suffering more from the weight and the chill following a thaw than the actual contact. Methods of provision against cold and frost will be noticed hereafter.

The following table, carefully prepared from my own notes, three times a day, shows the climate of Florida. The other table is compiled from Humboldt and United States Consular Reports.

CLIMATE OF FLORIDA FOR 1884.

Observation: Latitude, 28° 30'; longitude, 80° 24 .

MONTH.	TEMP. AV.	DAYS OF RAIN.	FAIR DAYS.	CL'DS.	GENERAL COURSE OF WIND.
January . . . .	59.8	9	12	10	S. and S.E.
February, . . .	62.2	5	14	9	S.E. and E.
March, . . . . .	67.2	3	15	13	S. and W.
April, . . . . .	69.2	2	16	12	N.W. & W.
May, . . . . .	77.7	3	21	7	N.W. & W.
June, . . . . .	78.5	14	14	2	S.W. & S.E.
July, . . . . .	83.0	17	7	7	N.W. & S.W.
August, . . . .	83.0	18	2	11	S.E. & N.E.
September . . .	81.3	17	8	5	W. & S.E.
October, . . . .	71.5	12	15	4	E. & S.E.
November, . . .	69.0	7	13	10	N. & N. E.
December, . . .	68.8	5	24	2	N. & N.W.
Av. Weather, . .	112	161	92		
In Andalusia, . .	101	167	97		

The head "Clouds" does not signify a day of total obscuration, for even during the rains the day was but partially eclipsed in the afternoon, the mornings being bright. But whenever the obscuration filled the greater part of the day, it is marked cloudy.

This gives an average of 66.4° F., for winter, from November 1st to April 1st, and 78.8° from April 1st to November 1st, or a general average for the Florida climate, 72.6° F.

The rainfall, by various estimates for the interior, I have estimated at 64 inches. Lieutenant M. L. Smith rated the rainfall, by observations of the signal office, at 73 inches. Colonel I. A. Gilmore calculates the fall at 65.5 inches, or 5.5 feet. Estimates of the signal office for eight years at Punta Rassa, on Charlotte Harbor, average 43.5 inches. In Andalusia the rainfall is rated at 16.5 inches, or 1.33 foot.

I subjoin statistics of the average temperature of the orange belt, as the most significant proof of the peculiar adaptation of the Florida climate to orange culture.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE OF THE ORANGE BELT.

COUNTRIES.	LATITUDE	LONGI- TUDE.	FAHREN- HEIT.
St. Augustine, Fla., . .	29° 48' N.	81° 28' W.	72.2°
Cairo, Egypt, . . . . .	30° 2' N.	31° 20' E.	71.2°
Naples, Italy, . . . . .	40° 51' N.	14° 20' E.	59.2°
Lisbon, Portugal, . . .	38° 52' N.	9° 6' W.	61.4°
Valencia, Spain, . . . .	38° 20' N.	1° W.	72.2°
Delhi, India, . . . . .	28° 30' N.	80° E.	64°
Jamaica, . . . . .	18° N.	77° W.	65°
Pinecastle, Fla., . . .	28° 30' N.	80° 24' W.	72.6°

To sum up our observation: The orange thrives in a sandy loam, under temperature ranging from 32° F. to 104° F., and between 59.2° and 78.8° average, but not higher than 200 feet above the sea, outside of the tropics, and without irrigation if it has an annual rainfall of 5.5 feet, distributed well through the proper seasons.

THE NURSERY—BOTANY.

Nature is a notable housewife for revamping her material; she makes sugar of a root, a reed, or a tree; citric acid of a berry or an apple. She is equally perplexing in going away from her design. Every orange in both Americas comes from the *μηλεα Ποσειδων*, which the Moors or Crusaders brought into Spain, Italy, or Portugal; yet how various the product! The Navel or Brazil orange is a direct descendant, a "sportive" offspring of the Lisbon orange. In the last fifty years China has added another distinct variety, the Mandarin, of which there are two sub-varieties, the Tangierine and the Japan, or Kumquat, a shrub of four feet dwarfed to eighteen inches, bearing a satin-skinned sweet orange of the size of a cherry.

But it affords a distinction; for the Mandarin is a shrub, the China a tree. In the leaf we find the same articulation of the joint to the petiole, and the winged boot, the dotted leaf, and the silver leaf (*Citrus argentia bigaradia*). The flower is hermaphrodite, calyx, pitcher or bell form, three to five toothed, withering; petals broad at the base, and stamens, a multiple of them white or purplish-white. The fruit round, separable from a pulp, divided into eleven dissepiments; the bitter-sweet, nine to thirteen; the sour, fifteen to sixteen. The cell disks show in leaf and flower, and the oil glands roughen a separable rind. The pulp is yellowish, mottled with crimson in the Maltese species.

In the Malacca fruit the rind is green, the fruit sour, unpalatable; the Philippines, pithy, insipid; maturing in three years and dying in

eight. The famous St. Michael is out of market, the trees drying up.

There is much choice in seed. The shrub of Candia, Scio, Tenedos, Samos, the Greek Isles, and of Mitylene, Tarsus, Sidon, matures in from three to five years, but is short-lived. So, also, of a variety from Maracaibo, Guiana, Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela, Porto Rico, and Lower California. The best shrub is the Mandarin, maturing in seven years; or the China-Florida seedlings, in eight to ten years. The fruit selected for seed must be fully ripe and sound. Select the best fruit on the healthiest tree; separate the pulp by its dissepiments, and remove the seed without pressure or injury. Choose the plump and dry ones; dry and keep in dry sand till ready for use.

#### THE NURSERY SOIL.

Water is the great balance-wheel and mill-stone. Let earth's two hundred and sixty million cubic miles of volume, of six sextillion tons weight, shot nineteen miles per second through space, vibrate a hair's breadth in its whirl of seventeen miles a minute, and the nervous force of water flies to adjust it. The motive power is earth's velocity and weight; its result, trituration. It pulverizes the mineral and corrodes the metal; it has a finer cutting edge than any lapidary's tool; it grinds the granite to powder; it weighs separately the several weights and densities, and transports them; it grinds flint and quartz atoms together. If its solvent power is resisted, it has its basket of tools, like a lapidary or chemist. It takes up carbonic acid, hydrate of potash, soda, sulphuric or phosphoric acid, and the stone melts like a snow-drop. It is an artist. It must put down its palette colors with the skill of Claude Lorraine. The eddying brook is delicately ripple marked, under its sailing bubbles, in lines of exquisite harmony in disorder—the clay, lime, sand, each in its exact time and place, adjusted along the brook-side with the elegance of a line engraving.

But it is not done. This wonderful magician, trundling icebergs south to dump in hollow seas, and distributing silt, slime of the Mississippi, Rhine, Nile, is making a nursery. Its physic and chemic properties triturate the soil; next it plants the seed, carries its acids into the husk, and breathes a plant like a soap-bubble. Still the process is the same. But, instead of triturating by grinding, filing, or chemic affinity, it employs the digestive func-

tions entering into the sap to a still further reduction of the atom.

It is a profound lesson to the orange grower. Science defines the proper proportion of the soil constituents for the fruit as less than one quarter of a line, .02 of an inch, such a grain of sand as is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye.

The ground must be excavated and raked, crumbled and fired. In order to do this chaff and straw are burned over the surface. A shallow trench is dug to receive the seeds, which are soaked two days before planting. In order to secure a fine soil for the seed-beds it is smoke-dried. A mound of earth is made with a hollow vent, into which straw is thrust. This is allowed to smolder until dried and smoked, and then sifted into the trenches. Fresh earth from the pine woods is a good nursery soil, which must have a sufficient depth. Stable manure, finely powdered, covers the seed two inches, and the bed is watered in planting. The soil must be kept moist. In order to do this shallow trenches range along the beds, which are thickly sown, to be thinned out by another selection as the plants appear.

The soil must be clean, and kept clean; roots, chips, all lice- and vermin-breeding vegetation removed. In six weeks or less the young plant appears. If the season is dry, a cautious method of irrigation and manuring is to heap guano or phosphates at the entrance to irrigating canals, the water conveying the fertilizing principle through the loose, sandy soil to the roots. Among accessible manures are soot, ashes, fine sand, and smoke-dried earth.

In a year, or much less, as required, the nursery is thinned out, and after the good set is established a light stirring with the hoe every three weeks, and watering in dry season, is all that is required.

I have embodied this review of the first steps of the orange grower at this point, because selecting the seed relates to the balanced character of the plant which naturally follows consideration of the natural home of the tree. As a preparation it may precede the actual selection of the tract to be set in grove. Of such areas there are two qualities adapted.

#### THE FLORIDA HAMACK.

The word is often misspelled "hummock," an arctic word by association. It is derived from the Indian *hamak*, a lying-down place—home; and has derivatives, *hammock*, a swinging bed; a habit of living among coast and



swamp Indians, referred to by Sir Walter Raleigh and Americus Vespucci. Another derivative is the Spanish *hamaquero*, a small farmer. The Florida village Indians made their camp by lake or river, inclosed in an U-formed trench, with the wattled huts in the basket the stems of the letter form, extending to water.

The village about the council-house and public granary, as pictured by Jacques LeMoynes, an artist with Rene Laudonneire, the Huguenot, A. D. 1565-7, had its corn, coontie, and bean patches in or around the inclosure, which stood on a natural or artificial elevation.

The natural fertilizing of a local population enriched these spots, which are now grown up in hard-wood trees and dense thickets and arbors of vines, lianes, jasmine, grape, holly, and morning-glory.

The ground is brilliant with the magenta-edged, white huckleberry bloom, phlox, violet, columbine, with white or bush honey-suckle on the margins of water, and the air-plant's vases in the crotch of live-oak, whose long, distorted limbs bend down from the squat trunk; the slender hickory bows to the magnolia, the graceful water-oak shows its glossy conical top, the cypress, the cedar, and the red bay radiate their dazzle points of foliage like vernal stars. The soil, under a heavy dressing of leaves, is a black mold of decomposed vegetation over a dark loam or a marl, thickly mixed at times with recent shells of *Unios pyrula*.

The low hammock partakes of the same character, but the cabbage-palmetto supersedes the oak; hackberry, myrtle, custard-apple, wild fig form a dense chapparal among oozy pools of lilies, water flags, willow, and the bronze plumes and gamboge straw of the saw-grass.

I have never seen the cabbage-palmetto at a greater elevation than thirty feet above the sea, and its presence marks a rank, somewhat sour soil, from one to three feet above the water. The bay and cypress are rooted in that low soil, with clumsy knees projecting above the dark, carbonaceous water.

Picturesque birds, the heron, ergal, pelican, spoonbill, pink curlew, coot, haunt the shallows, and the lazy alligator noses among the weeds inhabited only by the musk-rat and the water-rat.

#### THE PINEY WOODS.

The Southerner dwells on the additional syllable with loving intonation. The wild forests breathing of ambergris are sweeter than Araby the Blest. The resinous air is believed to be

antiseptic and destructive to malaria. The loose, sandy loam is scantily covered with wire grass, the golden, nodding flowers of the false indigo, and, gloaming against a liquid background of lake surface, the tinsel bronze awns, beard, and gilt straw of the wild oat; stretches of huckleberry, phlox by charred logs, ground ivy, salvias of bush oak, pink globes of feathery sensitive plants, heliotropes; patches of portulacæ and gomphrena in moist depressions; marshy pools like snow banks in white water-lilies; and the slow undulation rises again in tall pine woods and fennel undergrowth; picturesque cabins, whose gray roofs of weathered wood, stick-chimney, and logs blackened by time, are half hidden by broad ribbon-leaved bananas and elder trees, or Cherokee date, frosty with a crown of snow- or silver-white bloom.

These soils have their own special virtues. The marl hammock, with its sixty or seventy per cent of lime, will fatten with corn, cane, rice, indigo, barley, lime, lemon, date, palm, orange. The heavy, loamy hammock, less limed, is healthier; the orange grows slower, is tougher in fiber, and hardier. A grove is easily sanded, and after the sourness of all that rank humid vegetation is out of the ground they will grow oranges and the kitchen-garden vegetables without any other fertilizer than the steel hoe forever.

The piney woods rolling land is a sandy loam and exceedingly productive in the orange and other varieties of the citrus family. At times this soil, where the clay and humus wash, becomes sandy; so much so the Northern agriculturist regards its white face as starved from inanition. Yet, under proper culture, he is surprised to see at the roadside the dark varnished leaf of the healthy tree, which is so fit a setting for the golden apples of these Hesperides. The management of such soils we will discuss hereafter.

#### THE FLAT WOODS AND SCRUB HAMACK.

These are distinctively inferior. Where the drainage is insufficient, the moisture penetrating the earth bears down with it clay and a ferric oxide which forms a hard-pan at a few inches or a foot of depth. Nothing thrives on it but the rugged pitch pine, *Pinus rigida*, and the bush honey-suckle. It may be possible to redeem it by deep ditching below the clay bed, but it is unsuitable for the orange.

The scrub hamack is another inferior quality, differing only in the superficial forest growth;

but where the surface drainage is sufficient, this is only an accident of vegetation, and the soil, cleared of oak roots, is of very good quality.

#### SELECTING, LAYING OFF, TRANSPLANTING.

In choosing an area the settler learns, from what has been read, that a loamy soil or marl, under an average temperature of 72° F., whose oscillations do not exceed 104° and 32°, is necessary. As the orange is a vertical grower, before outsetting the spade should be sunk four feet, in several different spots, to see if the substratum forms a hard-pan of clay and iron. Intelligent a self-feeder as the orange is, it will, year after year, "die back" in using all its vital force in driving its tap-root through rock or clay.

A lake front is preferred, as the underground current that supplies them tempers the water below the chill of the atmosphere in winter, but a fringe of trees or a hedge should be left as a wind-break. The sea-shore is, on this account, avoided in Florida and the West Indies. In this latitude, 28° 30', one hundred feet above the sea, or not to exceed that, is preferred.

The forest must be uprooted and removed. In order to do this, fat pitch pine billets are laid in a cavity dug at the roots of the tree and fired, the resinous sap soon igniting and thoroughly burning out and smoke-drying the soil. After being effectually cleaned and plowed, the tract should, if practicable, be cow-penned; that is, ten or twenty head of stock turned in over night, for two or three weeks, on successive acres, their trappings and droppings bring into action the natural elements of the soil, and the benefit is durable. Cow-penned land never degenerates. If that is not practicable, the Italian method of smoke-drying or burning the loose straw and leaves over the surface accomplishes a trituration of the soil.

After a period of a few weeks has passed, a crop of cow-peas, orchard, and timothy, or some other green vegetation, is sown broadcast, to be plowed under just before flowering; in this way the soil may be made rich as a blue-grass pasture. The pits are prepared as soon as this crop is harrowed in, and a few weeks' delay before outsetting permits an aeration of the adjacent soil. These pits are usually laid off in regular squares of twenty or twenty-five feet to a side, but the diamond or hexagonal economizes space. A base of twenty-five feet is laid off, and a perpendicular erected in the

middle, to a point defined by intersecting arcs of a radius of twenty-five feet from extremities of the base as centers. Stakes at these points define an equilateral triangle, and the process continued with the sides as bases defines a diamond tessellation of grove-land, having the trees the required twenty-five feet apart, and no waste land at center, as in the squares.

In purchasing or selecting from the nursery the same sifting process should go on of the choice trees. In taking them up sink the spade deep, and *lift* the young tree with tap-root and adhering soil attached. The pits to receive them should be three and a half to four feet wide, a depth of a foot or more, with a central hole made with the hoe-handle for the tap-root. If the earth clods it should be smoke-dried and finely powdered, and thinly sprinkled with bone dust, phosphates, or stable manure. Sift it down about the tap-root, adding water. Put on soil at first with the hand, adjusting the lateral roots in their natural position, and use water from time to time to convey the soil to the roots. Never stamp or pound it, it is apt to injure the fine radicals or spongiosoles on which the life of the tree depends. Water freely without drenching, and keep the soil to the trunk, shaping the surface the length of the lateral root like an inverted spoon-handle or old-fashioned long *f*. The outsets should be from two to four years old, in good condition. The practice of topping, except for stocks to be shipped abroad, is absurd. Carefully set, there is no reason for the saplings shedding a leaf. If a tree is killed, it is oftener in removing than by transplanting.

The season for these operations is usually after January 12th and before March, or in the rainy season; in the latter the need of hand irrigation is avoided by the season. If there is a drouth, the transplant should be watered every evening at sunset, or at sunrise; if it is one of our usually humid, dewy springs, a watering every second or third day, gradually diminishing in frequency, suffices.

The pea-crop, sowed in January, will receive the first May rains, and be turned under before the full rainy season of June. The benefits enjoyed by the season in Florida can only be understood by those who study the laborious expedients of the Mediterranean fruit growers, where dry seasons strike the solstitial summer months when the intolerant heat drinks up all moisture. If no other physical fact affirmed the advantage of the Florida climate, it would be sufficiently confirmed by this one fact.



## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

### Prisoners of War.

On Saturday, September 19, 1863, and the night after the first engagement at the famous battle of Chicamauga, three soldiers, a captain, corporal, and private of the Federal army, whose command was routed late in the evening by the enemy, started out under cover of the night, after the conflict had ceased, through the drizzling rain in search of their camp. Worn out with fatigue and hunger, and suffering with the slight wounds they had received that day, their anxiety to be with their comrades increased. The dim light of the camp-fires was seen in the distance, as they pursued their way with unmeasured tread along the edge of a deep and tangled wood, speaking in undertones to each other, and occasionally stumbling against some poor unfortunate from either side, whose spirit had taken its flight to unseen shores. The sharp click of the rifle, and the stern command to "halt" were given in such rapid succession that, had a thunderbolt struck near them, they could not have been more surprised. "Who comes there?" was said with gruffness that brought forth a hurried reply from the trio, "Friends, without the countersign!" When the order to advance was given, which they, of course, like true soldiers diligently obeyed, and, as a rule at the point of the bristling bayonet, captain, corporal, and private were marched off under guard to headquarters, where their names were recorded as prisoners of war.

The next morning the little squad, which was increased to about seventeen, found themselves on a knoll near the ever-memorable stream of Chicamauga, securely guarded. It was a Sabbath morning, clear and frosty, not a cloud obscured the sky, and in the distance faint sounds of musketry could be heard, and all along the line, and the hurrying to and fro of officers and orderlies on horseback foretold that the fierce conflict of the previous day was renewed. Every thing and every body, infantry and cavalry, seemed to be in a great state of excitement. Officers could be distinctly heard here and there as they hurriedly proceeded to the front, giving the word of command; and even far in the advance shouts and yells went up as if driving the foe before them. The prisoners were immediately ordered to the rear and beyond all danger. The battle raged with wilder fury, and the death-dealing cannon belched forth their deep-toned thunders on the right, left, and center, as if all pandemonium were loose. Shot and shell flew like demons in every direction as the prisoners and the guard were on a double-quick marched down through the thick woods to a place of safety, about a quarter of a mile to the rear, where the Confederate reserve corps stood in readiness awaiting orders for a forward march. When they reached Ringgold there were about six hundred prisoners there waiting for the train to convey them to Richmond. Attached to this train were twenty-one freight cars, with an engine at each end, into which were hustled as many prisoners as they could conveniently hold. Across the doors of these cars strong bars were placed, and at each a guard was stationed so as to preclude any possibility of escape. When about

three miles from Ringgold, the train not exceeding twenty miles an hour, there was seen, some two miles distant, a great conflagration, like that of a burning wagon-train or cars. Two miles further on the engines slackened up at a way-station to take on a supply of coal or wood and water, which occupied one half hour. The car in which my comrades and I were quartered was guarded by two Georgians, who were very kind, and conversed freely with us all along our journey. There was one unruly, obstreperous fellow among the prisoners in the car, who for some reason was very indignant and abusive to the guard. He was finally prevailed on to be quiet under a threat of severe punishment on our arrival in Richmond. The friendship I gained for myself and comrades with these Georgians was partly due to our kindness and my having a brother in the Sixth Georgia infantry, Army of the Potomac. I remember being mistreated once after my capture at Chicamauga, and that was by one of the guard. On our way to camp one of them, a guerrilla-looking chap, noticing the style of hat I wore concluded it would suit him much better than the one he had on (mine being on the Puritan order, with a large black feather adorning it, a present from a relative in this city), he took it rudely from my head, saying, as he did so, "Here, you have no business with that kind of a hat, I'll trade," at the same time slapping a big slouch hat on my head fully two sizes too large for me. The Confederate lieutenant, George Pollard, at one time a resident of this city, compelled him to give it back, with a reprimand never to mistreat a prisoner again.

While we were in Petersburg a burly-looking soldier, somewhat intoxicated, with a huge moustache on the grenadier order, dressed in the regular butter-nut suit, and armed *cap-a-pie*, with a conspicuous looking instrument, the "Arkansaw toothpick," and a brace of old brass-mounted horse pistols of revolutionary fame, no doubt, and a huge cavalry saber dangling at his side, and striking his heavily-spurred heels as he carelessly staggered up to the car in which we were standing, and assuming the attitude of Iago, accosted us good-naturedly, "Hello, whar did you Yanks hail from, I'd like ter know, an' whar is you bound fer." We politely informed him that we were from the battle-field of Chicamauga, and that we supposed were on our way to Richmond, Lynchburg, or Andersonville, or some other watering place for the benefit of our health, and would like to have His Majesty's company. "Ya-as," he replied, "I'll be dad-sapped ef yer dun't smell brimstun' inside er forty-eight hours, er my name ain't Buck Hornet, uv the Texas Rangers." "How is it you are out this way," said I to him. "I'll be John Brown ef I hain't up yar on particular bizness," said he; "an' I'm a sharp-shooter uv the Rangers, I tell yer, an' I'll bet yer a 'Federate note I kin shoot a fly off yer nose 'thout touchin' yer hide. I kin; will yer take me up on that?" "I'd rather not," said I, "simply for two reasons. In the first place, I am an orphan, and a member of the Orphan brigade, and in the second place, I have n't no spare time for pleasure." "Drive on then," said this King of the Cannibal Islands; "but hold up Yank; I say, whar do you hail from? what State was you riz in?" The train

was slowly moving off, when I replied, "From old Kaintuck, the dark and bloody ground, the home of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kaintuck, who fought, bled, and died, and—" "Well, pard," said he, "I kinder like old Kaintuck; its a mity nice place to live in, an' all that sort o' thing, but I'll be switched ef yer ain't in a tarna bad box now. Don't yer tell 'em that yure from ole Kintuck, when yer git ter them places, mark that, fur ef yer do yule swing higher nor a kite, fur they hate 'em out there like pizen fur jinen the Yankee army." The last words he said to us were "Good-bye Yanks; luck ter yer scalps!" and gave an Indian war-whoop, which was smothered by the shrill sound of the engine's whistle. He was one of the hardest and toughest old sinners I ever met with any where south of Mason and Dixon's line.

When we arrived in Richmond late in the afternoon we were given temporary quarters at the old Clay prison, a three-story building, which, like the other prisons, was formerly used as a tobacco factory. The lower rooms were destitute of a pine floor, and the stairway leading to the second story was in a rickety condition, caused, as I learned, by former prisoners tearing away the railing to use as a means to assist them in making their escape, which proved in some instances to be effectual. We received rations twice a day, consisting of a piece of light bread four inches long and two wide, a small quantity of meat, and a spoonful of boiled beans, twice as large as our ordinary table-spoon. These were put into a common fruit-can that we kept for the purpose, and by adding a sufficient quantity of water, procured from a hydrant situated in the building, then holding the can over the gas-light, which we were allowed to use, succeeded in making a palatable meal. This we did for several weeks. Our bed, as a matter of course, was the bare floor. After remaining there for a short space of time we were removed to the Pemberton prison. The fare increased and was a little better, more substantial, corn-bread, Texas beef, and sometimes coffee, what kind I do not know; but it was n't Java, Rio, nor Mocha, but nevertheless it seemed as good to us. We were at this place about two months, when we were ordered to fall in ranks, double file, and marched out under a strong guard to Scott prison, where the fare was about the same. There were in this building, as I was informed by Mr. Hallett, the prison keeper, eleven hundred prisoners, and we were removed from one prison to another to make room for others constantly coming in. It was not long before these eleven hundred were sent away, some to Lynchburg and some to Andersonville. Out of this number I was the only one detailed to do duty in the prison hospital, where I remained as wound-dresser to the Federal wounded until paroled, about the 16th of April, 1864. It was owing to the influence of Colonel William Preston Johnston that I was given the position at the hospital. His father and mine were first cousins. I wish to say, however, that before being sent to the prison hospital to act in the capacity of wound-dresser, I had a conference with Colonel Johnston, at his request, several other officers being present at the time, in a room over the office and drug store of the prison hospital. The conversation between us lasted one half hour, and I remember distinctly the pleasant words that passed and the kind feeling that existed between us. I have ever since held them in grateful remembrance.

ALFRED W. HARRIS.

### Mr. Davis' Citizenship.

In Mr. Johnson's interesting article, in the *SOUTH-ERN BIVOUAC* for August, "Jefferson Davis at Home," appears this passage relating to the great Confederate leader: "He sits by the side of the sea, a citizen of no land under the sun," etc. The writer has given expression to a popular error regarding the status of Mr. Davis that should be corrected. It is only necessary for one to reflect a moment on the genius of our form of government as embodied in the constitution and laws of the United States, and which has not been changed by the encroachments of the last quarter of a century, to be convinced that Mr. Davis is not only a citizen of the State of Mississippi, but of the United States.

There are three classes of persons recognized by our laws: citizens, including natives and those naturalized according to law, men, women, and children; aliens, who are citizens of foreign States, or subjects of foreign monarchs, residing in the United States; and Indians, who occupy an anomalous position partaking somewhat of the characteristics of both citizens and aliens, and being now in fact distinctively "the wards of the nation."

Section 1, of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, provides that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof," that is, not being aliens, "are citizens of the United States and of the State in which they reside." No one who is informed will deny that Mr. Davis enjoys the protection, rights, and privileges of citizenship in his own State. He is likewise entitled to the protection due a citizen in every part of the country. In this same Fourteenth Amendment it is provided that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny *any person within its jurisdiction* the equal protection of the laws." There is no such thing as outlawry in this country. Every person—even a convicted criminal or a fugitive from justice—is entitled to the equal protection of the laws of the United States and of every State in the Union. Were Mr. Davis to remove to Maine he would at once become a citizen of that "truly loyal" State, and no legal power in Maine could prevent him from becoming such.

Mr. Davis has not only not been convicted of any crime against the laws of the United States, or of any State, but he is not even under legal accusation of any crime. It is true that he is disabled from holding office by the third section of the Fourteenth Amendment; but so are all citizens under certain ages prohibited from exercising certain rights that pertain to citizenship, and foreign-born citizens are forever disqualified from holding the offices of President and Vice-President. There is nothing in the constitution and laws of the United States to prevent Mr. Davis from voting, even for members of Congress and presidential electors. He has a clear right to cast such votes upon performing the preliminary requirements of the laws of Mississippi.

Were Mr. Davis to go abroad he would every where be entitled to the protection of the United States Government, just as much so as General Grant was entitled to that protection when he made his celebrated tour around the world.

The late General Toombs, it is well known, often



boasted that he was not a citizen of the United States. He was wont, however, to exercise nearly every privilege of citizenship to which he was entitled. It is said that he declined to vote at national elections, though he undoubtedly had the right to do so. A few years ago, when he emphatically denied the report that he once threatened that he "would one day call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill," he added, "There is nothing in the laws of the United States, or of Massachusetts, to prevent me from doing that now, were I so disposed." Should Mr. Davis decline to exercise the privileges of citizenship he is, nevertheless, a citizen, and he must continue to be one, unless he leaves the country and formally expatriates himself by becoming the citizen or subject of some foreign government.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

EDWIN MARTIN.

In the very interesting article on the battle of Fredericksburg, by J. H. Moore, in the August BIVOUAC, the author, in mentioning the *regiments* that composed Archer's brigade, unintentionally, I presume, omitted a gallant little command that bore a very important part in that brigade on that memorable 13th of December. The Fifth Alabama battalion fought in Archer's brigade at Fredericksburg. The battalion was commanded at Fredericksburg by Major Vandergriff, and was one of the last commands to give way in that retreat, which was soon checked by reserves coming up. It also bore an important part in driving the then victorious Federals back. Nearly all of its officers were killed in that battle, and long ere the war closed it had literally worn itself out fighting.

J. J. D. RENFROE, JR.

TALLADEGA, ALA., August 9, 1886.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR the death of Mr. Tilden the people of the country have been prepared for many months. It was the conviction, strong in the minds of the public, that the physical condition of Mr. Tilden would not permit him to accept the presidency if offered, that prevented his nomination in Chicago in 1884. For there was no doubt that the Democratic party had then awakened to the political error it had committed four years before at Cincinnati, and that it was disposed, if possible, to retrace its steps. It was not possible; not simply because of the failing health of Mr. Tilden, but because of the progress of events. The political situation differed entirely, and the nomination tendered to him in 1884 might have been as grave a blunder as was the failure to offer it to him in 1880.

The character and career of Mr. Tilden will long be subjects of discussion, and upon them the people will not soon reach a final conclusion. That he will always remain an eminent historical character no one can doubt. This will be due, not simply to the fact that he was an actor in many stirring events, but that he was a director and controller at one period of the destinies of a great party. He reached this position purely because of his own character and capacity. His mind was of peculiar cast; keen, discriminating, analytical, and he was especially fitted for the work of reorganizing the Democrats after a series of humiliating and inexcusable defeats. The party lacked cohesion and unity of purpose, some of its leaders forgot nothing, and others forgot every thing. Mr. Tilden, adhering, as he had done through all the exigencies of the war, to the fundamental principles of the organization, called it again to the paths of strict construction and economical administration, and made possible its reorganization and restoration to power. The work he did in the name of the party in New York City, and then as governor of the State, were the first successful attempts to regain the confidence of the people by practical demonstration of a capacity for conducting and purifying the government, and this work will, for many years to come, have a marked influence on the destinies of the organization.

In estimating the character of Mr. Tilden one is apt to fall into one of two errors. He may, on the one

hand, consider him simply the victim of a great political crime, and fail to do justice to the most remarkable traits of his character; or else, discarding entirely the idea of the martyr, one may fail to appreciate the power and self-control which Mr. Tilden manifested during the dark days of '77.

That Mr. Tilden was never inaugurated President of the United States is due entirely to the organization of which he was simply the head. It will not do to speak of Mr. Tilden in the ordinary phrase as a "great leader;" he lacked that personal magnetism, that power of imagination which attracts the attention, excites the enthusiasm, and wins the devotion of his followers. He was rather a director of the course of his party, and because of the lack of this personal quality when the time came to face the conspiracy of the Federal office-holders there was not among his own followers that deference to his judgment, that willingness to accept his leadership, which was essential to a political triumph.

Mr. Tilden's methods have at times excited, even among his own friends, some question as to the breadth his philosophy and his comprehension of the vast interests involved in a political contest. He seemed to be entirely without imagination, and he dealt with political quantities as he would with mathematical problems, reached all of his conclusions by the coldest logic, and accepted these conclusions without hesitation. He had confidence in the integrity and intelligence of the people, and appealed to these rather than to their passions. He recognized the fact that the days of the stump orator, the barbecue, and of mere sentiment in politics had passed; perhaps he recognized it too soon. Undoubtedly, had the Democrats in Congress during the session of 1877 been willing to follow without question the plans that he had formulated, the result would have been the inauguration of Mr. Tilden on the 4th of March. But, as we have said, this devotion, which was necessary to unquestioning obedience, had never existed upon the part of the Democratic party. It chose Mr. Tilden more from the belief that he was an available candidate than with any faith that he would make a great administrative officer; and, had he been inaugurated, it is doubtful if he could have satisfied the

expectations of those who had elected him, for certainly it would not have been possible for Mr. Tilden to have done for the South without grave political disturbances what Mr. Hayes was enabled to accomplish quietly and effectively, in removing Federal supports for the carpet-bag governments in Louisiana and South Carolina.

This failure on the part of the Democrats to fully appreciate the mastery which Mr. Tilden had of the principles of government, and the impress which he had made upon the people of the North, led to the nomination of General Hancock in Cincinnati in 1880. It is true that Mr. Tilden had formally withdrawn from public affairs, expressing his preference for the life of a private citizen; but, had there been that popular demand for his nomination, which, without doubt, was the wisdom of the situation, Mr. Tilden would have put aside his personal desires. The nomination was due not so much to him or to the party as it was due to the people themselves, that they might have an opportunity for rebuking those who four years previous had prevented the inauguration of Mr. Tilden by a perversion of the law. The opportunity passed and, as we have said, four years later the party realized the blunder it had committed, and was urged to make another in order to have the first forgotten.

But had Mr. Tilden been the great leader that many are inclined to believe, had he been capable of exciting in his followers that personal devotion which is essential to successful political leadership, there could have been no hesitation on the part of his followers; that there was hesitation and official desertion is as much to be attributed to the peculiarity of the leader as to the blindness of the people themselves.

As we go further from the times of Mr. Tilden into the new era of politics many of our estimates of public men will change, and especially will the popular estimate of Mr. Tilden himself be altered; his clearness of mind, his power to solve the difficult problems of administration, his entire confidence in his own conclusions, his failure fully to trust the conclusions of any one else, his certain shrewdness, which at times seemed mere cunning, are all manifested in his character and career. Though he undoubtedly had efficient lieutenants, but few men have fully understood what were the purposes of Mr. Tilden at any time. He wished blind obedience rather than effective co-operation, and deceived himself often when he thought he was deceiving others; cold, unsympathetic, and calculating in his dealings with politicians, there was yet a certain personal warmth and sympathy that, according to his intimates, made him a most pleasant and delightful companion, but these traits he kept always under restraint. He sought to move a man in politics as he would a pawn on a chess-board, and though he recognized the fact that a certain deference must be shown, this deference

was purely superficial; he was never believed to have trusted others with his own secret purposes, and thus he failed to secure the assistance which was essential to his success.

It should be said of Mr. Tilden that he clearly and distinctly realized the changes wrought by the war, and fully appreciated the necessities of reorganizing the party and setting it forth with new ends in view. He was not void of ambition, but it was an ambition looking to the welfare of his party and the advancement of his country. That he was a patriot as well as a partisan no one for a moment questions; that he at all times subordinated mere personal wishes to the public welfare is in the minds of most persons the chief claim to that remembrance which we call fame.

When he found that his party was unable to execute his own plans, there remained for him the opportunity offered by those who were clamoring for revolution, but this never for a moment tempted him; he saw the perils of it and the disasters it would bring, and he turned the people back to the paths of peace. Whatever differences of opinion may exist now or hereafter concerning his previous career, there will be a growing admiration among all parties for him because of this act of self-abnegation. This could not be better expressed than in the lines of Mr. Whittier, written at the time of Mr. Tilden's death:

Once more, O, all-adjusting death!

The nation's pantheon opens wide;

Once more a common sorrow saith

A strong, wise man hath died.

Faults doubtless had he; had we not

Our own, to question and asperse

The worth we doubted or forgot

Until we stood beside his hearse?

Ambitious, cautious, yet the man

To strike down fraud with resolute hand;

A patriot, if a partisan,

He loved his native land.

So let the mourning bells be rung,

The banner drop its folds half way;

And let the public, pen and tongue,

Their fitting tribute pay.

Then let us vow upon his bier

To set our feet on party lies;

And wound no more a living ear

With words that death denies.

This tribute from one who was largely out of sympathy with Mr. Tilden through his whole career is only another evidence that the lines which have separated the sections are imaginary, and that the people of both parties are one in their devotion to the interests of our common country.

## SALMAGUNDI.

TO MY OLD HAT—By LAYTE REBBE, Esq.

My dear old time-worn, seedy hat,

O'erjoyed is my heart

To welcome the blest hour that

Enables us to part.

Yet not without a pang I sing

To thee a last adieu;

The heart, all reasonless, will cling

To friends long proven true.

Dear wert thou to me at first sight;

For when I bought thee first,

Thy price in blue-blacks emptied quite

A purse that almost burst.

Through many a rain and many a shine

Thine ample brim was spread;

No water could'st thou turn to wine,

But turned'st it off my head.



Both cold and heat thou did'st exclude  
From my poor care-worn brow,  
Where Grief's deep furrows thickly stood,  
All plowed without a plow.

Ah! well I recollect the night  
When Sue, in playful mood,  
Did wear thee in my raptured sight,  
As by the lamp we stood;

And thou, old hat, did ne'er reveal  
The forfeit that she paid,  
When on her lips she felt the seal  
Of fifty kisses laid.

And when at Kenesaw we fought,  
Three bullet-holes display  
How near thou wert unto my *thought*  
Throughout that dreadful fray.

These holes, alas! by time and wear  
Enlarged to ten-fold size,  
Have called forth oft my tender tear,  
And swelled ten-fold my sighs;

And like some kings of high renown  
On solemn history's page,  
'T was thy sore fate to lose thy *crown*  
In thy declining age.

But now from my hook-nosed young friend,  
Judas Iscariot  
(Who has the cheapest clothes to vend  
That mortals ever got),

I've bought a hat most beautiful,  
Of latest style and prized—  
Crown closely fitting o'er the skull,  
Brim closely circumsised.

So fare thee well; thy race is run,  
Another fills thy place;  
The rising not the setting sun  
Shall claim henceforth my lays.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., 1865. W. G. MCADOO.

#### A SOUTH CAROLINA BOURBON.—AET. 79.

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This relic of the old *régime*,  
So rudely awakened from his dream  
Of high ambition.

A heart of nature's noblest mold,  
By honor tempered and controlled,  
Oh look not in a soul so bold  
For mock contrition.

For when the die of war was cast,  
And through the land the bugle blast  
Called all to arms from first to last  
For Carolina.

Careless of what might be his fate  
He gave his all to save the State;  
He thought, thinks now (strange to relate)  
No cause diviner.

Of name and lineage proud he bore  
The character 'mongst rich and poor  
Which marks now, as in days of yore,  
The Huguenot.

Two hundred slaves were in his train,  
Six thousand acres' broad domain—  
(His ancestors in fair Touraine  
Had no such lot).

He feared and worshiped God, and then  
Women, for whom, with tongue and pen,  
He used all safe-guards in his ken  
Without pretense.

Fearless of men as old John Knox,  
He practiced customs heterodox,  
Believing duels women's rocks  
Of strong defense.

He loved and wooed in early days;  
She died. And he her memory pays  
The highest tribute. For, with ways  
And views extreme,  
He 'gainst stern facts and common sense  
To the whole sex (to all intents)  
Transferred the love and reverence  
Of life's young dream.

Perhaps too easy life he led:  
Four hours a-field and ten a-bed,  
His other time he talked and read,  
Or else made merry  
With many a planter friend to dine,  
His health to drink in fine old wine,  
Madeira, which thrice crossed the line,  
And Gold-leaf Sherry.

And here was mooted many a day,  
The question on which each *gourmet*  
Throughout the parish had his say;  
Which is the best,  
Santee or Cooper River bream?  
Alas! the evening star grew dim  
'Ere any guest agreed with him,  
Or he with guest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The war rolled on, and many a friend  
And kinsman whom he helped to send  
Our home and country to defend  
Home ne'er returned.  
What harder lot could now befall!  
Threats could not bend nor woes appall,  
Unmoved he saw his father's hall  
To ashes burned.

And now to live within his means  
He doffs his gray Kentucky jeans  
(His dress in other times and scenes  
Was *drap d'ete*).

His hat is much the worse for wear,  
His shoes revamped from year to year,  
For calf-skin boots are all too dear,  
We hear him say.

So life drags on as in a trance,  
No *émigré* of stricken France,  
No Jacobite of stern romance  
Of sterner mould.

His fortune's gone, his rights denied,  
For him the Federal Union died  
When o'er Virginia's line the tide  
Of battle rolled

\* \* \* \* \*

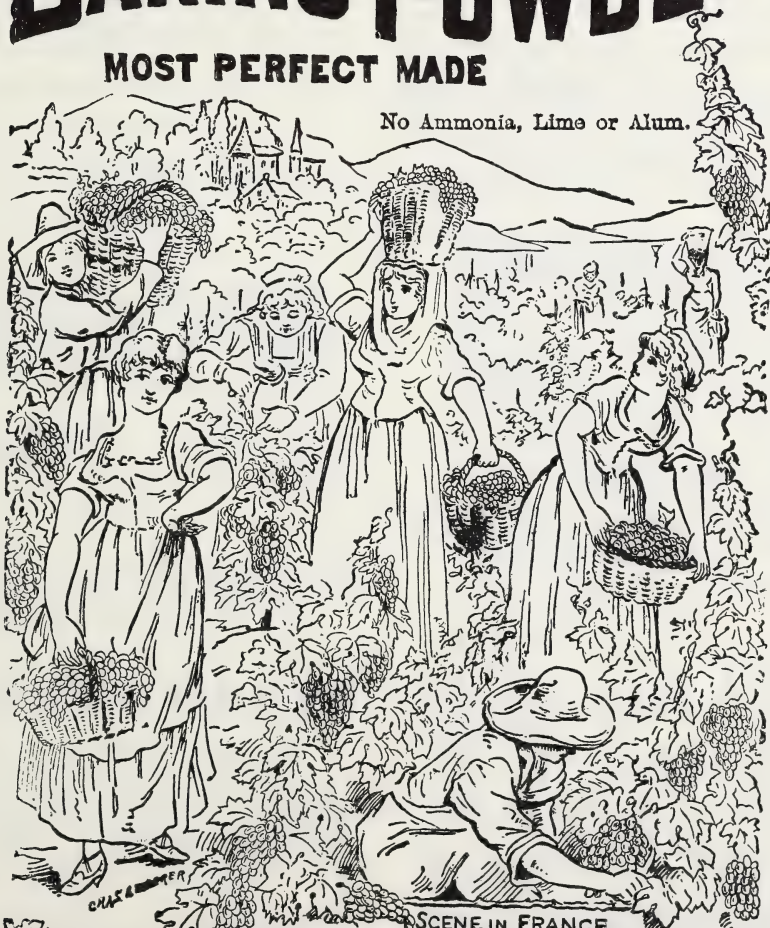
*Loyal je serai durant ma vie;*  
So runs his motto, and naught cares he  
For the nation that rules o'er land and sea  
And tops the world.

Under the shadow he lives and waits  
'Till the angels open the pearly gates,  
For his hopes went down with the Southern  
And the flag that's furled. [States,  
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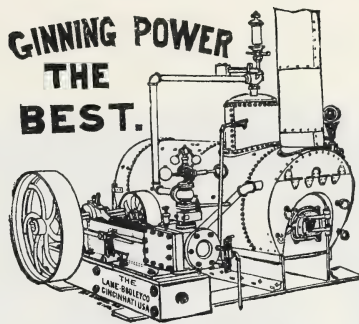
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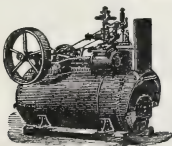
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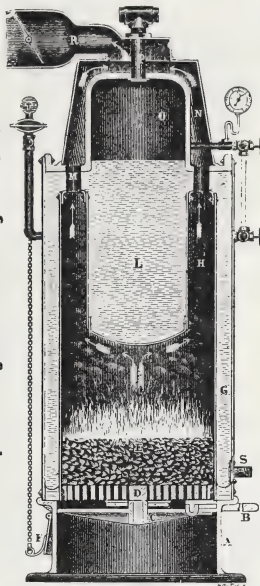
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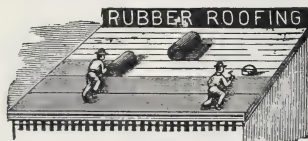
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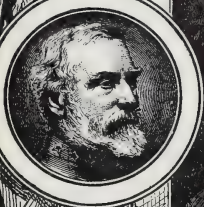
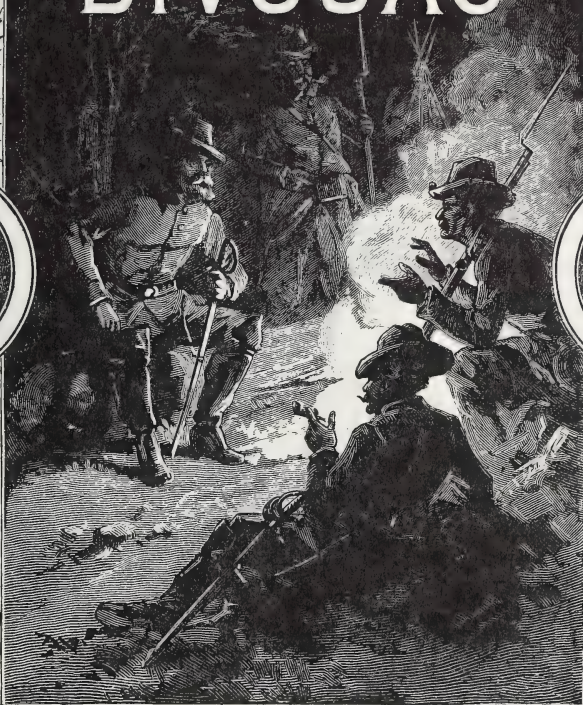
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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOLUME II.

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## SOUTHERN SUMMER RESORTS.

### III. TALLULAH AND MONTVALE.



A VIEW NEAR TALLULAH FALLS.

IN the southern border-lands of our national territory the first prairie-flowers blossom at a time when Northern New England can still count upon a quarter of a year's good sleighing, and it has thus been calculated that the northward progress of spring advances at the rate of twenty miles a day, and that a weekly railway trip of six hours would enable a traveler to enjoy the prime of the season for fifteen following weeks. A climatic epicure, disposed to skim off the cream of the seasons in that peripatetic fashion, might pitch his winter-tent on the beach of Vera Cruz, but could hardly do better than have his September rambles in the woodlands of Northern Georgia. At the end of the summer rains, which sometimes last

from May to the middle of August, our Southern Alleghanies are blest with some ten weeks "harvest-weather" of so nearly incomparable amenity that even California must renounce its claims of competition. The atmosphere has by that time unloaded its electricity and superfluous moisture. The approach of the equinox brings cool night breezes, the valleys come in for their share of halcyon days, and few highland resorts can rival the attractions of such foot-hill Edens as Tallulah Falls, at the gate of the Georgia Blue Ridge.

As a summer camp, if not as a fashionable pleasure resort, Tallulah has, indeed, been known since the beginning of the nineteenth century. The marvel of Northern Georgia advertised itself to the first colonists coming within seven miles of the cataracts. At that distance the thunder of the two main falls can be plainly heard

in the South Carolina valley below and in the Rabun County highlands above, and on calm nights even higher up, on the border of the North Carolina Alleghanies. A few miles below the heights where the Tallulah River issues from the granite rocks of that border region, it enters the belt of metamorphic shale and mica-schist which stretches for half a hundred miles along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, and here the devious progress of the mountain stream becomes a triumphant conquest of further obstacles; a trenchant gorge, cut as with a plowshare through the yielding rocks, breaks the last barrier of the foot-hills, and the waters reach the plain to proceed at leisure on their way to the ocean. But



in the very middle of that bold gorge a granite ledge, projecting from an eastern spur of the main mountains, intersects the shale-belt like a wedge, and here the smooth-worn bed of the river is broken by a series of steep terraces, forming as many magnificent cascades, flanked by overhanging cliffs, rock islands, and whirlpools, and rivaled perhaps by the Trolhætta Falls in the Scandinavian highlands, but surpassing in the impression of wild grandeur the far loftier falls of the Yosemite as much as the neighboring cataracts of the Toccoa.

The abysmal glen below the falls was for years almost inaccessible from the Georgia side of the mountains until the engineers of the Northeastern Railroad managed to bridge a series of lateral ravines, and at the very steepest brink of the precipice a platform rock, rising only a few feet above the level of the rails, now affords a birds-eye view of the grandest cañon on this side of the San Juan Mountains, on the central plateau of our continent. Northeastern Georgia, too, forms a table-land of considerable elevation. At Mount Airy, on the Atlanta Division of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, where the apparent level of the plain is broken only by insignificant hillocks, the traveler has, in fact, reached an altitude of 1,800 feet above the level of the sea, and further east the country rises in continuous terraces, so that many of the hill-tops between Clarksville and Tallulah represent an absolute height of nearly three thousand feet. But on the whole, the aspect of the country is still that of an undulating plain, and the sudden view of the yawning gulf separating that plain from the tablelands of Oconee County, South Carolina, is a scenic surprise well worth the trouble of the short trip from two or three of the most accessible railway centers in the South.

For nearly two miles the railroad winds in and out of the border cliffs, never more than a hundred yards from the brink of the precipice, till a sudden turn to the left opens a view into a branch valley, where a small tributary of the Cañon River has made room for a depot, two or three hotels, and a few dozen private cottages and boarding-houses. Tallulah, the railway-station of that name, stands on a narrow platform of the Georgia border-mountains; to the left of the railway, directly behind the depot, wooded hills rise up steeply toward the main chain of the Blue Ridge, while on the right a narrow rim of lawns and park reservations divides the wagon-road from the brink of

the abyss. The entire area of the available levels may amount to some twenty-five acres; and thirty years ago the "Cove of Tallulah" was a sleepy hollow, tenanted only by a conservative old mountaineer, who stuck to his log-cabin and permitted his visitors to picnic in the shade of the trees. After October his shanty could probably accommodate all the visitors to the "Cove," and in midwinter there are still weeks when the birds of Tallulah must think that the times of that Georgia Rip Van Winkle had returned. The few stores open late and close early; the telegraph office becomes a sinecure, the hotels have closed, not only in the conventional, but literal locksmith sense of the word; only the prowling hill-fox leaves his tracks in the snow of the surrounding lookout heights. But in summer the scene changes as in the re-awakening castle of the enchanted princess. The railways have to run double trains to accommodate the throng of pilgrims; visitors from near and far fill the hotels and overflow in excursion parties, bevvies of frolicking children swarm in the woods; trade booms, the wagon-road is crowded with country teams; hillocks of watermelons disappear with the rapidity of a dissolving view. Extra trains begin to run about the 1st of July, and by the middle of that month the popular side-shows begin to arrive in the form of skating-rinks, rope-dancers, and migratory photographers. From morning till night, throughout the long Southern summer, the guests of Tallulah celebrate life as a festival. In the rocks of the border-hills, where twelve years ago the silence was broken only by the occasional baying of a hound, the echo now repeats the strains of the last *vaudeville*; amateur cameras are focused upon the old council-rocks of the Cherokees, who had here one of their favorite summer-rendezvous, chosen less, perhaps, for the grandeur of its scenery than for the sake of its coolness and the proximity of its famous fishing-grounds.

The cool retreats of the river gorge are still the favorite haunts of the summer guests. Human ingenuity seems to find a special delight in the conquest of topographical obstacles, and has achieved quite a triumph on the almost vertical mountain-wall dividing the river from the level of the hotel park. A few years ago the prediction that the foot of that cliff would be made easily accessible to crowds of ladies and children would have suggested the idea of a steam-windlass. But engineering skill has found an alternative of that expedient; by an

ingenious combination of zig-zag trails and small viaducts the perils of the precipice have been circumvented down to a point where the steepness of the rocks becomes too uncompromising, and here the terminal difficulty of the problem has been solved by the skill of a carpenter. A hollow obelisk of pine boards, almost unique in shape, but slightly resembling the Porcelain Pagoda of Wanking, forms at once a winding staircase and a lookout-tower, each of its numerous stories being ventilated by a circle of loop-holes. The top of that stair-steeply connects with the foot of a trail leading up to a bluff opposite Captain Robinson's hotel, and even inexperienced climbers can now make the round trip in less than half an hour. Right at the foot of the pagoda there is a rock-basin where the rebounding billows of the upper falls form a perpetual whirlpool, surging, eddying, and every now and then tossing up a shower of spray. The waters seem to have an outflowing undercurrent, but the surface eddies revolve within the magic circle of the basin, and all floating objects

Turn and turn their rounds again,

till the friction of the rocks grinds logs into spheres and sticks into strange, fish-shaped ovals. There are two other falls and a series of rapids dashing their billows through the gate of the great gorge, which for a mile or more becomes deeper and steeper and at last narrows to a mere cañon, flanked by cliffs as inaccessible as the funnel of a geyser. Over the brink of this double precipice a series of tributary streams pour their cascades, which in winter often rival the beauty of the main falls.

After a heavy rain one specially steep cliff on the South Carolina side of the gulf is covered with a perfect veil of spray, the scattered drainage of a mountain brook, which in midsummer becomes often a mere rill, visible only in the glittering sheen of the bottom cliffs. About a



TALLULAH FALLS.

mile below the point where the gulf widens into a broad valley, the river receives its main tributary, the South Carolina Chattooga, and near that junction the most inexhaustible fishing-grounds of the Southern Alleghanies have for half a century attracted the disciples of Izaak Walton. After every summer rain the inhabitants of the surrounding "coves" come down with seines and bateaux, special excursion parties from the lowlands camp around for weeks; but year after year the two rivers retrieve the loss, and for torch-light fishers fifty pounds of perch is still by no means an unusual result of a single night's work.

There are several livery-stables at the Falls, and a number of popular excursion-routes keep their teams busy on all but the rainiest days. The main chain of the Blue Ridge can be reached by several mountain gates: Tray Mountain, the great watch-tower of the South; White Sides with its sheer precipice of 1,400 feet; Highlands, North Carolina; and the Arcadian valley of Nacoochee attract hundreds of visitors. Rabun County, the classic battle-ground of the Revenue Brigade, can be reached by crossing

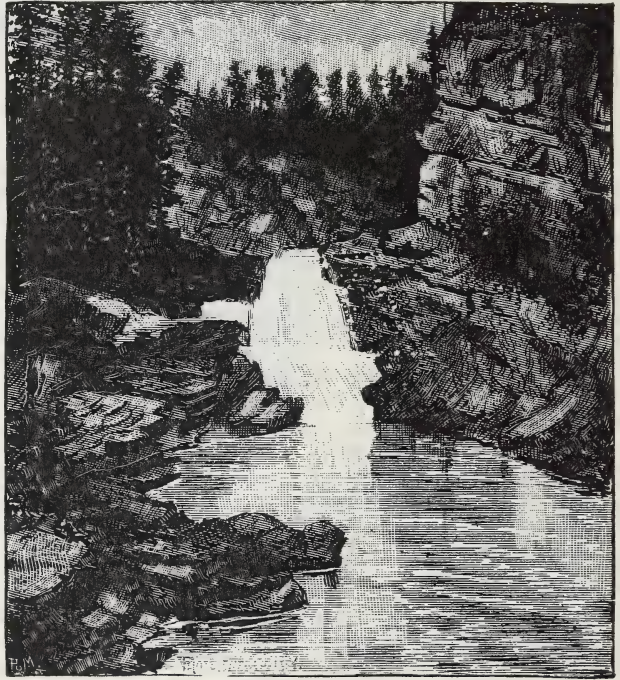


the next ravine northeast of the Tullulah depot, and a wagon-road, not too steep for well-greased buggy wheels, connects the region of railways with the court-house place of that county, quaint old Clayton, perched in the rocks of the Blue Ridge, at a height as remarkable as the lowness of its market quotations. English aristocrats in reduced circumstances used to retire to Tarascon, in the French Pyrenees, where a week's interest, even of a curtailed capital, would purchase the necessities of existence for a couple of years. If the provision-rates of Rabun County could be whispered to the victims of Wall Street, Clayton would probably become the Tarascon of the United States. Eggs at five cents a dozen, huckleberries at four cents a quart, and the best mountain butter at eight cents a pound, could be quoted on the "bull side" of bottom prices, for there are mountain-boys who will travel a distance of twelve English miles to sell their berries at ten cents a gallon.

Times will change, though, if the projected extension of the Northeastern Railway of Georgia should become a reality. According to the programme, a winding up-grade from the present terminus at Tullulah Falls would cross the eastern range of the Blue Ridge at Rabun Gap, thence tunnel its way to the valley of the Little Tennessee River, and then connect at Maryville with the Knoxville and Augusta branch of the East Tennessee trunk-lines. In spite of up-grades and detours the road would be well patronized for the sake of its scenic attractions. The vicinity of Rabun Gap has long been a favorite haunt of summer tourists, and with its cascades and Alpine border-mountains the Little Tennessee can take rank with the most romantic highland-streams of the Old World, the Traun, the Isar, and the upper Elbe, though the magnificence of its primeval forests is matched perhaps only in the Caucasus.

But the lowlands, too, the fertile valleys south and east of Tallulah have their attrac-

tions: The glen of the Tugaloo, with its thicket of foxgripe and muscadine; the sulphur springs of Turnerville, with its comfortable hotel where summer travelers in quest of a quiet retreat can pass a month as pleasantly as any where in the United States. Nine miles further south, in a group of wooded hills at the very edge of the lowlands, nestles Clarksville, long the residence of "Bob" Toombs, and the Monte Casino of his political friends, many of whom, though forbearing comments, persist in dating the doom of the Lost Cause from the mistake of the Montgomery electors. Clarksville is the court-house



TALLULAH FALLS.

town of Habersham, on the whole not a mountain county, but confirming Lady Montague's dictum that "The finest scenery should not be looked for on Mount Blancs any more than on Russian steppes, but in the regions where lowlands and highlands meet." On the ridge of the great hills overhanging the valley of the Tallulah and its sister river there is a lookout point, accessible from the west by an almost level wagon-road, but commanding a prospect rivaled in East America only in the panorama of White Cliff Springs. An old mansion, with a long-abandoned but still beautiful garden, crowns the summit of that prospect-hill, and, like the ruin of a Rhenish castle, has become a

favorite rendezvous of scenery-hunters from all parts of the lowlands. On the walls of the old rookery hundreds of those visitors have recorded their emotions in autographs ranging from a four-column canto of original poetry to a brief countersign of approval. In a bee-line the rookery is hardly three miles from the falls, the fishing camps four, and the next hunting grounds six, and it is doubtful if any other summer resort of the United States can rival Tallulah in the variety of its attractions. The hotel registers exhibit a corresponding variety of topographical specifications; Southern cities, of course, predominating, but interspersed with a whole gazetteer of Western and Northern geography. Excursion parties leaving Atlanta at 7 A. M. can reach the falls via (Rabun Gap Junction) in time for dinner.

#### MONTVALE SPRINGS.

In the Valley of Mecca there is a spring where a pious Caliph has erected an arched gateway, offering shelter to hundreds of travelers, that an inviting shade might receive the pilgrim at the threshold of the holy city. A similar gateway nature has built near one of her sanctuaries at the threshold of the East Tennessee highlands. Travelers, leaving Maryville, Tennessee, for the summer resort of Montvale Springs, have to pass an open plain of seven miles where the sun of the South often asserts itself with oppressive might. But at the seventh milestone the hacks enter the shadow of the foot-hills, and half a mile further south reach the mountain portal of the Chilhowees, a grassy glen, overarched by magnificent shade-trees, and moistened by the spray of a splashing rivulet. The thermal contrast could not be more striking at the mouth of a cool grotto, surrounded by scorching sand-hills, and neither the shade nor the cool mountain breezes are confined to the portal of the sanctuary.

Three causes combine to surround Montvale with an atmosphere of protracted spring: the air-currents of a deep glen, pouring down the highland winds as through a funnel, the canopy of innumerable shade-trees, and the peculiar conformation of the mountains, sheltering the valley from the east, west, and south, but opening a wide gate to every breeze from the north. And art has well seconded nature. The hotel is a large three-story building with enormous porticos, and surrounded by trees that cool every room in the building and almost equalize the difference between morning and

noon, for somehow or other a grove of leaf-trees creates a draught of its own at a time when the surrounding fields are blistering under the rays of a vertical sun. About nine A. M., rarely later than ten, a breeze springs up and stirs the foliage of the hotel park till toward sunset, when its functions are supplemented by the cool breath of the brook-bottom. In the park there are breeze points where the mercury rarely rises above 75° F. About a hundred rustic benches are distributed over a grove of some twenty-five acres, divided only by a low board fence from a still larger grove, the East Tennessee forest reservation, forming a continuous mountain-park of some six thousand square miles, and reaching from the foot-hills of the Cohuttas to the border of Old Virginia.

*"Berge und Bäume adaln jeden Ort"* — "Mountains and woods ennoble every land," says a German poet, and it is, indeed, not easy to decide if the embowering forest trees or the surrounding highlands form the chief attraction of Montvale. The hotel itself stands on the slope of a foot-hill valley, but the very next hill-tops reveal a panorama of such inspiring grandeur that its constant influence would perhaps form an excessive temptation to mountain excursions. From a height of 1,400 feet above the Valley of Maryville, or about three thousand above the sea, the Chilhowees sweep down abruptly to the valley of the Little Tennessee, and thence, rising in ever higher terraces, the mountains culminate in the cloud-capped chain of the Unakas, the pinnacle range of the East American highlands. From every summit cliff of the rocky Chilhowees the prospect to the east reveals half a hundred mountain peaks rising above an absolute height of five thousand feet, and overtopped by four or five still loftier summits, towering beyond the timber line to a height of sixty-two and sixty-four hundred feet above the sea.

Montvale has entrenched itself too well in its bulwark of foot-hills to run any risk of becoming a "hackneyed summer resort." Sharpers will dislike its lack of railroads and facilities of evanescence at short notice; dudes will shun the fatigues of its steep mountain trails; coquettes will dread the competing attractions of a sylvan Paradise; but for the lovers of such an Eden earth has but few more charming retreats. Nowhere else, perhaps, within reach of civilized cookery is it easier to forget the evils of civilization. In the small hours



of the morning the moonlight, undimmed by factory smoke and earth-hating fanaticism, silvers the tree-tops with the same magic glamour that inspired the fairy legends of the Cherokee hunters. An hour before that silver pales in a warmer light the anthem of a wood-thrush sounds the *reveille* of the woodlands, the scream of a jay-bird answers from the lower thickets, and the gobble of a turkey-cock from the distant highlands. Pheasants drum in the neighboring valleys; a partridge hen gathers her brood and slips across the lawn, unconcerned about the few unfeathered bipeds who may have entered the park to treat their lungs to a draught of morning air. As the sun peeps over the tree-tops broad-winged butterflies, the *Papilio turnus*, the striped *Nymphalis*, the *Idalia* and *Vanessa* flap lazily through the dew-drenched shrubs; lizards awaken from the torpor of the morning chill; humming-birds flash from tree to tree; a busy sap-sucker pecks about the fence-rails, or flits across to the high timber where his big relative, the red-headed woodpecker, has begun his day's work.

About that time a tinkling in the refectory of the hotel summons the early risers who have to reach Maryville in time for the morning train, but their fellow-boarders may take their breakfast at their leisure. There are no set times for meals; during any thing like reasonable hours, say to ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, the waiters are ready for belated guests. Luncheons, too, and picnic baskets, with provisions for a two days' exploring trip, can be procured at short notice. The grass in the park is frequently mown, and after ten o'clock the lawn swarms with croquet players and romping children, chasing butterflies, and running races with a pet deer, which now and then skips across from a neighboring farm-yard. Horses can be hired by the hour. There are invalids who take a dose of horseback exercise as a medical prescription; but pleasure-seekers, too, can hire a saddle-horse at a very moderate rate, and be at liberty to return it any time between morning and night. On special gala days the afternoon hours are enlivened by a band of musicians, generally attracting large delegations of countrymen from the neighboring settlements, though the park is not apt to be ever crowded. Lovers of privacy can nearly always find a chance to read a book on a sequestered bench in the tree-shade without leaving the inclosure. The gates, though, are open to all comers; children with berries and plums wander about unhin-

dered, and curiosity venders put in an appearance whenever there is any prospect of patronage. Many of the neighboring mountaineers have acquired mastery in the art of whittling out pretty walking sticks of hickory, laurel, and grape-vine, or a combination of vines and harder woods. Geologists can buy cheap specimens of all sorts of minerals offered promiscuously, and often under the funniest misnomers, such as "isinglass" for mica, and "flint" for quartz, or any kind of transparent crystals. Hunters have found that stuffed skins fetch a better price at the springs than at the fur-dealers. Squirrel hides stuffed with saw-dust, generally overstuffed to the dimensions of a pig, can be bought for two dimes, weasel-skins for a nickel, jay-bird "scalps" for a few coppers. Living pets, too, can be had in any desired quantity. From the upper Unakas trappers not rarely fetch down a "string of vermin"—pet foxes, coons, and now and then a half-civilized bear cub. "Up in the ridge" three dollars apiece for the latter kind of plantigrades would be considered a very fair price, but at the Springs eight and ten dollars have been paid without a moment's haggling. A deer-hunter once had even better luck; he brought in a spotted fawn, a lively and affectionate little pet, that followed its master like a romping grayhound, and offered it for sale at two dollars cash. A crowd at once gathered around, and an ever-increasing number of bids at first bewildered the pet-dealer, but finally suggested the idea of selling the fawn to the highest bidder. A glib-tongued drummer volunteered the functions of auctioneer by starting the competition with a bid of five dollars, and raising it in a few minutes to fifteen dollars and fifty cents, a price which stimulated the hunt for pets to such a pitch of energy, that in less than two weeks three additional fawns, together with a lot of 'possums and ground-hogs, were auctioneered with more or less gratifying results. Thus encouraged, the natives raised the estimate of their "vermin" to rather exaggerated standards of valuation, and at Mount Nebo (a neighboring hill-top resort) the captor of a fat rattle-snake exhibited his prize in an old coffee can, firmly declining to sell out for less than five dollars. To enliven the activity of the market he put the can on the ground, and a reptile with "six joints and a button" had crawled half way across the sand road when one of the junior spectators hit it with a piece of bottle glass, and, to the surprise of the assembly, the dread ophidian

at once turned and crawled back into the shelter of his tin prison. The auction plan failing, one of the spectators then proposed to take up a collection, and with his can and a handful of of coppers the snake-charmer hopped off rejoicing.

Considering the date of the first settlements in this part of the Tennessee Mountains, the abundance of game is certainly remarkable. At the headwaters of Hesse's Creek, not more than five miles from Montvale, deer are still killed every year. Turkeys are still seen in flocks of a dozen or more, and the meat market is almost overstocked with smaller game. Hunting parties often leave Montvale in a southeasterly direction to the valley of the Little Tennessee, where, in a half day's climb, pedestrian experts can reach a surprising wilderness of laurel and spruce pines, ranging up beyond the border of North Carolina, through a mountain labyrinth, where one squatter per six square miles is about the average of the permanent population. Less ambitious tourists arrange a picnic to "Lookout Rock," on the apex of the Chilhowees. A well-graded wagon-road crosses the ridge at a gap some thousand yards west of the rock, and cautious drivers can follow the backbone of the range for another quarter of a mile, and reduce the pedestrian problem to a short escalade of the summit cliffs. The rock is a massive ledge of granite, forming the undisputed pinnacle of the wilderness of boulders piled in chaotic masses along the watershed of the ridge, and commands a panorama comprising the main range of the Unakas from the headwaters of the Tellico to the cañon of the French Broad, on the whole the loftiest unbroken mountain chain of that length between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. Here also the stateliest summit of the entire Appalachian mountain system, Clingman's Dome, with its symmetrical peak and

its magnificent pedestal of forest hills, looms grandly above the cloudland of the northeastern horizon, and on clear days a good telescope may reveal the outline of "Snowbird," and the treeless summits of "Thunder Head" and "Jeffrey's Bald," all considerably above the Alpine level of five thousand feet.

The view can, indeed, be matched against the finest prospect of the European highlands, and it may stand a mooted question if the strange absence of lakes is not more than compensated by the magnificent wealth of the arboreal vegetation. It is well known that a square mile of North American woodlands contains about five times as many different species of forest trees as any part of Europe, under a corresponding isotherm, and it may well be doubted if the entire temperate zone of the Old World can offer a forest landscape remotely comparable to the prospect from Lookout Rock on a bright October day, when hundreds of different leaf-tints are modified by as many different combinations of light and shade, not to mention the magic chromatics of the remoter highlands, where distance blends its hues with the haze of the far-off horizon.

Like Tallulah, Montvale charms its guests by too manifold attractions to have any thing like a limited "season." Travelers, arriving via Knoxville and Maryville, may count on a fair chance of company any time between March and November; but all East Tennessee being, after a manner, a natural sanitarium, visitors from the neighboring cities arrive perhaps a little later and tarry longer—in quest of sport as well as of health—than those of most other East American summer resorts. Travelers leaving Knoxville at 3 P.M. arrive at Maryville in two hours, and, taking the hacks at the depot, can reach Montvale soon after sunset.

*Felix L. Oswald.*



## ORANGE CULTURE.

### CULTIVATION OF THE YOUNG GROVE.

**T**HE young grove should be plowed four times a year, beginning in the winter with smoke-drying the surface, or otherwise pulverizing. This practice is little used in Florida, the greater oscillation of temperature between 40° and 95°, which is our normal *maxima* and *minima*, by its processes of expanding and contracting the atomic particles serves as an equivalent to smoke-drying. But, to enjoy that, the weeds should be kept down with hoe or weed-hook. A trench dug the radius of the branches is a deposit for fertilizers which should not be placed at the trunk. Connecting these by canals, they are of use for irrigation during a drouth.

It is a practice in Italy to cultivate certain vegetables, as peas, cabbage, cauliflower, beans, lettuce, among the young trees, avoiding corn, cane, and such plants as draw nutriment from the orange. In Mexico and South America guinea-grass is permitted to grow, but clean culture is preferred. The use of smoke-dried earth is so common in Spain, I must again refer to the *hormegueros*—that is, earth heaps having a vent below, in which straw and other combustibles are thrust and burned. The carbonized earth is used as a top dressing and substitute for manures with which its application is alternated.

There is no specific change in cultivation as the tree develops but the widening circles of the trenches and the omission of the summer plowing, but the hoe and the weed-hook must be kept vigilantly at work.

### PRUNING.

All authorities agree in limiting pruning to merely shaping the tree, cutting off feeble or intersecting branches, and others necessary to admit the air and sunlight. It must be done cautiously, for the branches are mutual supports during wind-storms, which are very injurious to exposed groves.

There is a mutual responsiveness between the branches and roots of the orange, and it is best to be careful in the use of the plow or hoe, as well as the knife. The orange sends out strong roots just under the surface. Mulching tends to bring the roots up and expose them, and it should be practiced, if at all, with cau-

tion, and removed before it draws them above ground. But in very dry, hot weather or a very cold season, a warm, removable cover of moss, straw, leaves, is as comfortable as an overcoat or parasol to the tree. Each orange tree is an individual of individual character. No two are alike. The fruit grower comes to understand and sympathize with each, by methods which are as inexplicable to himself as to others.

### METHODS OF PROPAGATION.

The late Lewis E. Harvie, of Florida, and myself were at one time the only growers who insisted on the superior flavor and hardness of the Florida Sweet Seedling, urging that method of propagation. The scientist who considers the epitome of its history, its very recent appearance on our tables, will add another reason for preferring the seedling. Unlike more familiar fruits, the orange is on the ascent of development. The navel, the blood, the exquisitely flavored fruit Florida has brought into market within the last decade, show that, under proper culture, the tendency is to improve. Each seedling is more delicate, juicier, larger, and more finely flavored in fruit than its parent. Budding or grafting insures a certain quality, the same law which excludes degeneration preventing improvement.

But to increase one's stock of bearing trees more speedily, the artificial method of propagation which produces a bearing grove from mature sour stocks in three and four years is amply justified.

One speedy method is branch propagation. The bough of a bearing tree is cinctured with a sharp knife, the bark and liber lightly raised, and a box of earth is bound securely, like the dressing of a wounded limb, about it. In the course of thirty to fifty days a crown of roots projects from the wound into the pot of earth. The bough is now sawn off and planted, becoming a bearing tree. There are different methods of accomplishing this end, but the principle is the same.

I have discovered another accidentally; that is, root propagation. By mulching a surface root to bring it above ground, removing the mulching and wounding the root between the exposure and the trunk, a second stock is created. This soon grows thriftily, and, set out, bears like the parent tree.

Grafting is the common practice, by methods referred to by the sympathetic imagery of the Apostle to the Gentiles (Rom. xi, 25.), and by Virgil. Budding is the American method, a practice resulting from the national aptitude of applying scientific discovery to art and use. But both are based upon the anatomy and physiology of growth. Whip grafting is a method by which a twig of secondary growth is dovetailed to fit on a kindred branch, taking care to adjust a contact of the liber in the respective scion and parent over the wood, binding them with bast or linen cloth and a composition of wax to permit the uninterrupted flow of cambium.

In budding a simple bud is separated from a secondary or primary scion. The bark of the parent, cut in a T or Y form, is uplifted, the white liber gently inserted to make actual contact with the wood of the parent, and the same binding. Simple as this description is, the operation is very delicate, and may be marred by carelessness, the use of tobacco, or even foul breath of the operator.

I shall not detain the reader by describing methods familiar to the gardener. Its practical application in South Florida is familiar and extensive. All the wild bitter-sweet and sour groves that once crowded our hammocks have been transplanted, budded, and are now bearing sweet fruit abundantly. Of late years the grower has had to depend on nurseries.

#### FERTILIZING.

The indifference of the orange in its proper climate to the quality of the soil—loam, sandy loam, marl, limestone, or even the sand beaches of Mediterranean and West Indian archipelagoes are equally suitable, provided the necessary irrigation and manures are supplied—makes fertilizing or feeding the stock important. It is not the material, but the texture of the soil that is required. It must be loose and deep for the penetration of its tap and lateral roots. The tree struggles stubbornly for these, is an intelligent self-feeder with an essentially strong vitality.

Yet a study of its habitat, compared with Humboldt's observations on isothermal lines and the relations of altitude and soil to them, surprises me by a discovery of how very few wind-sheltered, deep, loamy soils, of a mean 65° to 72° temperature, and atoms not to exceed .02 of an inch, there are in the world. The qualities we were used to deprecate and even deny,

a prevalence of sixty per cent of sand in our soil, a humid atmosphere, are essentials scattered over a few islands and coasts, and in sheltered valleys requiring much laborious irrigation.

Nothing but practical and accurate tests of comparison of the interest enables a writer to rehabilitate the Elysian Fields and the golden apples of the Hesperides in Florida. But with this knowledge comes also concurrent testimony of the peculiar nutrition the staple requires.

No safe method beyond empiricism suffices, but an analysis of the fruit, leaf, and trunk, a thorough knowledge of the elements constituting them.

They are found to vary, but the variation corresponds with a certain elasticity. We have seen in its habitat its indifference to soils. The fruit can undergo a variation in its components without losing its distinctive character and flavor. It is encouraging, because it suggests a still higher development in its intrinsic qualities as we become informed about its nutrition.

One recognizes a sort of martial symmetry in its noble beauty, its penetrating odor, its serrated thorns, its glistening leaves, corresponding to these evidences of latent force. This is not a stock to be crushed under foot or be betrayed by insects. Its oil glands are as hostile to entomologic foes as its graceful, perfumed blossoms are attractive to the bee that carries its fertilizing pollen like love-letters to the kindred flower.

Then its wonderful prolificness. There are two trees in the Azores known to have borne thirty-eight thousand oranges apiece, and some trees in Florida have been credited with ten thousand. There is no tree in the garden to compare with them, "pleasant to see and good for food."

The provision required is the nourishment of that delicate strong organization. The function of the universal solvent, water, and its power in reducing the atom has been already suggested.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly.  
But they grind exceeding fine."

To know what peculiar elements the plant requires, we must put the question directly to it by chemical analysis; but with a qualification that, if we find phosphates, carbonate of lime, and hydrochloric acid in the human body, we would not, therefore, feed man on



charcoal and phosphorus, and drink hydrochloric acid as a beverage. They show certain minerals must be present in association with atmosphere and inorganic fermentable atoms. Perhaps these are but cups and dishes from which the cellulose drinks its food.

For comparison I present two different analyses, showing the variable quality of the constituents.

ANALYSIS OF DON LOUIS UTON—THE ASH  
OF THE ORANGE.

ELEMENTS.	FRUIT.	TRUNK.	LEAVES.
Potash, . . . . .	20.15	14.15	10.18
Soda, . . . . .	10.22	16.67	10.82
Lime, . . . . .	30.12	31.57	41.22
Magnesia, . . . . .	9.02	10.64	6.54
Phosphoric acid, . . . . .	20.04	18.82	19.47
Sulphuric acid, . . . . .	1.08	4.80	4.53
Silicious acid, . . . . .	4.50	2.82	5.48
Oxide of iron, . . . . .	4.25	0.44	1.76
Residue, . . . . .	0.62		

The quantity and constituents of the ash of plants is found to vary with the soil, as appears by comparison with the analysis of Messrs. Reynolds and Blow.

ELEMENTS.	ROOT.	STEM	LEAF.	FRUIT	PTP.
Ash, . . . . .	4.48	2.74	13.7	2.94	3.3
Potash, . . . . .	15.4	11.7	16.5	36.4	40.3
Soda, . . . . .	4.5	3.0	1.7	11.4	0.9
Lime, . . . . .	49.9	55.6	56.4	24.5	19.0
Magnesia, . . . . .	6.9	6.3	5.7	8.0	8.7
Ferric oxide, . . . . .	1.0	0.6	0.5	0.5	0.8
Sulphuric acid, . . . . .	5.8	4.6	4.4	3.7	5.1
Silicic acid, . . . . .	11.7	1.2	4.8	0.4	1.1
Phosphoric acid, . . . . .	3.5	17.1	3.3	11.1	23.2
Chloride sodium, . . . . .	1.2	0.2	6.6	3.9	6.8

Here the excess of the potash in the first is more than compensated by the relations of lime to the various acids in the last. Among the organic elements is found grape-sugar, citric acid, associated with the fruit principle, and forming salts with the phosphates, furnishing a food at once strongly nourishing and admirable for those tonic properties which recommend it to the pharmacopeia above all other fruits of the earth.

It is estimated that a crop of one hundred oranges carries off from the soil 1,524 pounds of ash in the following proportions:

Potash, . . . . .	254 pounds.
Soda, . . . . .	128 "
Lime, . . . . .	378 "
Magnesia, . . . . .	112 "
Phosphoric acid, . . . . .	251 "
Sulphuric acid, . . . . .	13.6 "
Silicic acid, . . . . .	56.5 "
Oxide of iron, . . . . .	61.1 "

Total, . . . . . 1,254.2

The fruit grower will do well to regard these in purchasing commercial fertilizers. The animal manures are familiar and efficient. But there is a muck, a stagnant green vegetation of our pools, mixed with soil; another coarser variety which, well-rotted, answers; and a soft loose silt of pulverized vegetation found in bay heads and swamps. These should be treated with lime; their composition is believed to be, charcoal, 54.12; sulphates and carbonates of potash, soda, magnesia, 6.57; alumina, 2.99; oxide of iron, 4.61; sulphate of lime, 10.49; carbonate, 3.54; phosphate, 0.90; silicious matter, 10.88; but mixed with raw, crude, humic, ulmic, and crenic acids. Burning in *hornqueros*, by the Italian method described, would leave the ash accentuated with the smoked soil, and possibly be a very superior manure. Of the advantage of saving the refuse leaves, spoiled fruit, etc., for the manure heap, I need not speak; there is a fortune in the leaves cast off by the last cold wave, out of which an Italian would make a fortune.

The application of these manures, however, whether the natural or the phosphates, is a study. The orange is an intelligent self-feeder; as it bears its fruit on both the primary and secondary branches, these young shoots are supported by corresponding spongioles. In order to spread them, circle the tree by a radius of branches with a trench, into which the fertilizer is deposited and covered. A pit a foot deep in the center of the square, and filled with manure, will draw to it adjacent roots, and serve as a feeding ground for two or three years. The work is easily done, and the trenches are good irrigating canals.

CONDITIONS INJURIOUS TO THE ORANGE—  
COLD.

Previous to the present year I should not have regarded the depression of the thermometer as a subject of interest, but the season gave opportunity for observation. I have visited groves as far north as latitude 29°, and south to latitude 28°. The orange crop was injured and rendered unmarketable, though the flavor of a frozen orange, fresh from the tree before a thaw, is a delicacy unrivaled. It is nature's own exquisite sherbet, surpassing all artificial refrigeration. My conclusions are based on a study of its effects in the Maritime Alps, Venetia, Valencia, and the Isles of Greece, compared with my own observation. The effect is to destroy the tender shoots, dry up the blos-

soms, disorganize the fruit, leaves, branches, trunk; lastly, the root. The injury, at the season with us, involved no more than the loss of the crop, and perhaps retarding the nurseries.

The Italian remedy is to heap damp straw between the trees, which, in burning, throws out a dense shelter of smoke to the leeward, tempering the air and protecting the tree and fruit. Cloudy weather protects fruit and tree after a snow-storm in Spain, "although the thermometer might be below zero." In Liguria small groves are set by walls, which reflect the heat and afford some protection; but it may be said, however, that all artificial protection is purely fortuitous.

#### DISEASES OF THE ORANGE TREE.

There are, in South Florida, the die-back, limb blight, gum disease, foot-rot, and smut or black rust. The die-back and limb blight appear to be similar, the variation caused by age of the tree. The die-back results from interruption of the vertical growth of the tap or other main root, and is cured by resetting in a proper situation. The gum disease, or *mal de gama*, is more serious, and is caused by a microscopic fungus belonging to the spheroids; the remedy is fifteen bulks sulphurous acid concentrated to 60° Baumé, mixed with twenty-five gallons of water. The roots are exposed, those affected removed, the earth burned in *hormigueros*, the roots washed, and new soil replaced.

The foot-rot is also produced by a species of white mold in the wet season, from faulty drainage. The root is exposed, the affected parts washed with hydro-sulphide of lime, or protoxide of iron. Well-rotted manure is mixed with the fresh earth restored. The smut is a fungus, *Capnodium citri*, crusting the stem and branches with black sporules. This mold is removed, and the parts washed with a solution of lime. Burning rust and chlorosis are caused by shade, humidity, and imperfect irrigation. The manifest remedy is the hoe and the pruning-knife.

#### INSECTS.

The scale insect is the most common enemy, of which Special-Agent-United-States-Department Hubbard and Mr. Ashmead report six varieties, depositing their eggs on the bark. Mr. Ashmead reports eleven varieties of insect enemies to these. But kerosene churned with

milk or water, diluted fifteen or sixteen times, and applied with a force pump, is found efficacious. The best preventive is thorough cultivation. The mealy bug, *Coccus citra*, or orange cochineal, is removed by slaked lime squirted over leaves and branches, to which we may add gall insects of the genus *kermes*, usually leaf-feeders, and a *coleoptera*, *Otheorhyncus merideonalis*, secreted at the roots, but ascending by night and devouring the leaves. It is easily found and destroyed. I add some noticed by Mr. Ashmead: Leaf-footed plant bug, orange butterfly, two kinds of white weevil, and an aphid, doing, however, little injury. We have so far escaped the orange fly, *Ceratitis hispanica*, which attacks the fruit.

When a tree receives a wound penetrating to the albumen, it is subjected to an ulcerous bleeding. This impedes the formation of a cicatrice, and, distilling a dark, acrid gum, wastes the tree. It is most deleterious when the transverse wound receives and retains water. The affected parts must be cleanly shaved away with a sharp knife, and an ointment of clay, dung, and goat's hair applied, and afterward a coating of grafting wax. But the preventive is clean cultivation, irrigation, and plenty of air and sunlight admitted among the branches.

Among other pests, like the ant, whose underground galleries expose and destroy the roots and spongioses, I find the salamander, of the order *Talpida*, classed as injurious. But if so there is compensation, for it is the habit of the salamander to seek out and destroy the larvæ of the ants, exterminating them entirely. I do not know that it feeds on the orange roots. The rust mite produces the dark discoloration on the fruit, in no way affecting its flavor, but it does affect its value in the market.

#### HARVESTING.

When the latter days of September approach, the bizarre splendors of the rainy afternoon, which, for four months, has irrigated the grove, grow less frequent, and with the soft, dry days of our autumn, we begin harvest; the Early Oblong or Thornton's Bell, the Egg, and the round *Sang pur* seedling begin to ripen, and are ready for gathering.

A grove is not in bearing until its trees average five hundred apples, so the labor of merely picking a crop of oranges can be understood. Nor is the gatherer permitted to pluck the fruit. It swings its tempting yellow among



the dark green leaves and long, steely thorns high among the tops and low among the bending boughs. Tall step-ladders and light-weights are in demand, for care must be taken not to break the fruitful branches already symptomatic of another year.

The fruit must be "stem-cut." An adroit expert learns to clip the fruit, holding it between the third and fourth fingers and the shoulder of the thumb, transferring it lightly to the pouch suspended at his neck. The musk of the wind-shaken, crushed, thorn-pierced, and fallen fruit, the pungent, aromatic odors of the leaves and oil glands load the air with fragrance, as the exhilarating task proceeds.

A bright, dry day must be chosen, as moisture on the rind tends to decay; and there must be caution in handling, as one bruised orange may infect an entire box or crate.

A brisk hand stem-cutting in a full crop can average his three hundred by the hour or three thousand apples per day; but this is not frequent on account of the cautious handling. The picker transfers his sack or basket carefully to the drying-house, where the fruit is spread out to dry; this sweating process occupies three or more days. A good drying-house is arranged with slatted shelves, that the air may penetrate to the interstices of the strips. A light fire is of advantage, as it promotes the drying, by which the rind becomes firmer, taking a crisp, horny texture, protecting the pulp from bruising.

The next step is selecting, removing all bruised, thorn-pricked, or injured fruit into separate lots. This, which should precede arranging on drying-floors or shelves, to avoid contact is followed by separating the rusty fruit from the bright yellow. If this is carefully done, a selection may be made of rusty fruit, in which the bronze contrasts prettily with the gold on the orange, like the bloom on a peach. As the rust in no way impairs flavor or juiciness, a well-selected box of rust fruit compares with the "brights."

Sorting is putting oranges of the same diameter in separate heaps. The next step is wrapping. A thin tissue paper is used, cut into squares of twelve or fourteen inches, the Florida sweet seedling averaging ten inches in circumference; oblong, egg, mandarin being smaller. Setting the fruit on the sheet spread on the open palm, closing the hand unites the corners for a twist of the right hand, and it is wrapped. The fruit is packed in thin elastic boxes, 12x12x27 outside measurement—the

wrapped orange is packed, stem down—and, of an average three-inch diameter, will hold four rows of nine to the row, or one hundred and fifty-six. The usual continent of the South Florida fruit, however, is one hundred and twenty-eight, packed apple above apple, with paper division to each layer.

The packing-box is divided in the middle, the ends and partition being of firm half-inch wood, and the sides flexible. By arranging the fruit differently, as is required in sizes exceeding or less than average diameter, space is economized by alternating the rows to fit the obverse and re-entering curves. A size running one hundred and seventy-six can be set by alternate threes and fours, and be so packed.

The process is delicate; the packing must be close, fitting with even pressure without bruising, to bear the jarring of careless stevedores and longshore men, who annually exasperate the cropper. In fitting the box a layer of paper is put at the bottom and one lapped above and below, so that the fold, after the successive layers are closely fitted, may lap over and cover the top. This upper row should rise not to exceed one quarter of an inch above the box edging, that, on nailing down the elastic top, the spring of wood fiber in it may have a firm, constant pressure, to resist jarring and displacement.

The fruit, preparatory to shipping, should be kept in a dry, well-ventilated ware-room. Damp, rainy weather should be guarded against by tarpaulins. The practice of leaving boxes on wharves or railroad platforms over night is, to say the least, hazardous.

The fruit grower demands the same precautions he practices himself at the hands of the freight and transportation companies. Orange growing is distinctively an American enterprise. The much-discussed rivalry of foreign fruit is wholly illusory; and the growing demand for this peculiarly nutritious fruit, with its cooling acids and surprising tonic properties, appeals alike to interest and sentiment.

It was not the Sicilian, the Brazilian, the Portuguese, Spaniard, that studied and developed those fine varieties which, in the last ten years, have given such an impulse to the consumption and commerce of the orange. The practice of stem-cutting, wrapping, boxing in peculiar cases, are all methods of the ingenious Florida fruit grower. In the numerous consular reports on the orange interest, Porto Rico and Sicily are the only places in which the

several precautions of the Florida fruit grower in putting his staple on the market are practiced.

The Florida fruit grower can boast of having given a new food-supply to mankind. Surely, the unknown farmer who first cultivated wheat is a greater aid to civilization than all inventors succeeding him; but for him we had still been troglodytes battling with wild beasts for a savage existence. In a far less degree Florida fruit growing has added a food staple to our commissary; for the Mediterranean isles barely supply the home market and Turkey, and Europe monopolizes her own and the African orange product.

#### WEALTH OF THE STAPLE.

The recent unwarranted attack on the orange-growing interests of Florida justify us in calling attention to the labor, endurance, and capital which has added so much wealth to our national resources. When I came to this county, sixteen years ago, there were few groves in it; the exportation was estimated at sixty thousand apples, rudely barreled and hauled in ox-carts to Mellonville for shipment; that is, four hundred boxes.

In January, 1885, I obtained from the freight department of the South Florida Railroad a report of shipments by that line for the preceding year. It amounted to seventy-six thousand two hundred and seventeen boxes. That does not include the city wharf at Sanford, or shipments *via* Hawkinsville, on the St. John, nor the prolific groves of the Apopka and Eustis Lake region. One hundred and sixty thousand boxes of oranges alone, omitting limes, lemons, and vegetables, the gross returns for which, to all engaged in harvest, sale, and shipment, is a half million dollars annually. Perhaps a million would be a closer estimate, but I wish to be within limits.

Production is an absolute test of wealth; no fluctuations of market, speculative value, or theory of climatology affect the positive reality of the bushel of wheat or box of oranges. It is the production of twelve years' hard work, not the bonanza of an oil strike or of a metal vein.

Another absolute test of real, as distinct from speculative value, is a corresponding increase of wealth and population; for, if estimates of value increase without an increment of population, it is speculative. I give the orange-growing counties only.

COUNTY.	1870 POPULAT'N	1880 POPULAT'N	1885 POPULAT'N
Alachua, . . . .	17,328	16,162	36,253
Hernando, . . . .	2,838	4,248	7,127
Hillsboro, . . . .	3,216	5,814	8,285
Manatee, . . . .	1,931	3,544	5,484
Marion, . . . .	10,804	13,046	17,368
Orange, . . . .	2,195	6,618	15,125
Putnam, . . . .	3,821	6,261	9,672
Polk, . . . .	3,169	3,181	6,623
Sumter, . . . .	2,953	4,686	9,427
Volusia, . . . .	1,723	3,294	6,667

We compare these figures with the State assessment as the trees came into bearing:

#### WEALTH OF THE ORANGE-GROWING COUNTIES.

COUNTIES.	1879.	1884.
Alachua, . . . . .	\$1,780,790	\$3,440,490
Hernando, . . . . .	423,890	1,641,045
Hillsboro, . . . . .	751,380	2,111,323
Marion, . . . . .	1,182,864	2,901,559
Manatee, . . . . .	611,116	1,339,999
Orange, . . . . .	1,091,207	4,235,132
Putnam, . . . . .	1,027,035	2,532,983
Polk, . . . . .	318,414	1,686,373
Sumter, . . . . .	520,760	2,481,520
Volusia, . . . . .	529,877	2,354,000

These evidences of the substantial character of the orange-growing interest in Florida were as accessible to the editors of the New York press as to your contributor. What interest is subserved by attacking an American industry that adds over four hundred per cent to the national wealth in five years, by a hasty if not malicious attack upon it? If they believed all these splendid groves, whose annual crop equals one fourth of the whole assessed value of property in the county (Orange) in which it is grown, were destroyed, it was certainly a very grave disaster not only to us, but to the country at large. It was certainly worthy of inquiry, and the consular reports that the orange can bear a fall of the thermometer below zero, and even the test of a heavy snow-storm, were accessible. There was no call for regret nor any lamentation beyond the loss of a crop; a serious local embarrassment, indeed, but not fatal.

The influence of the Florida orange on the world's market is seen in the last government reports. Value of

Oranges imported in 1884, . . . .	\$2,901,228
Oranges imported in 1885, . . . .	2,088,204
Oranges exported in 1885, . . . .	2,504

We are driving the foreign fruit out.

#### THE WEATHER—ATMOSPHERIC NUTRITION.

The observant traveler, as he crosses the cretaceous belt into the alluvial zone of the



Gulf States, is met by a broad visible line of demarkation. There is every where a development of leaf surface. It is rolled in the needles of the pine, and appears in the weed-ing out of deciduous trees and the increase of evergreens. The mimosæ form increases by its bipinnate foliage, and other genera show a common thirst for atmospheric food, by broad-ening surface like the banana, or the porous stem like the cactus, which is all leaf. The multiplication and magnitude of the endoge-nous plants speak to the same effect.

In our consideration of the orange, its indif-ference to elements of soil, provided the tex-ture is loose, minute, and friable, is significant of the same effect. It is copiously air-fed.

The season of Florida, the result of physi-cal and mechanical forces in the earth's rota-tion, has its antipodal counterpart in India, whose dense and prolific foliage is of like char-acter. The tepid waters from the hot pools and swamps of the upper St. John's carries in descent a burthen of warm saturated vapors, which, meeting the cloud from the gulf caul-dron, by the law developed by Humboldt of the contact of different temperatures, discharges its burthen over the interior of Florida.

A similar effect is produced in New Zealand, where, as in Florida and India, the season is tempered by rains. In no other latitudes do we find this peculiarity, even in the Mediter-

ranean, where constant hand irrigation sup-plies its place. Our interior situation and the terrace form and forest growth equally protect us from those periodic winds which decimate or destroy the crop of our rival island and sea-coast cultivators. The equatorial current in the Bay of Bengal and our Gulf, the co-tidal wave and the peninsular form, all result-ing from mechanical laws of terrestrial dyna-mics, are the causes promoting orange culture.

But there are occasional outbursts, as if the sphere vibrated an atom from her equipoise of revolution, which sends the cyclone lapping over the interior under its fierce white flag of tropical storm and rain. In the midst of these rare outbursts, as in the sensuous sweetness of our seasonable summer rains, the fine electric display flings down the copious nitrates on our thirsty vegetation. All nature sings like the water-loving cicades and small batrachians in the trees; and leafing and budding go on with harp and horn.

In pomp of color, for these periodical rains break over us in afternoons, giving us sunsets in a blaze of rainbow hues that arch from horizon to zenith, and in melon ribs to form a splendid mock sunset in the East. The earth, steeped in rain all night, sees the morning come fra-grant, brilliant in roseate clouds, with a pure emerald green shading the horizon, as if our very skies were breaking out in leaf.

*Will Wallace Harney.*

## GOLDEN-ROD AND BITTER-SWEET.

With golden-rod in mellow glow,  
I decked, one day, my plain black dress;  
It seemed upon my face to throw  
A reflex of its loveliness.

I felt the mantling color rise,  
His guarded looks were grave indeed,  
But there was something in his eyes,  
A something that I dared not read.

Ah! golden-rod, fair golden-rod,  
You did not bloom in blooming spring,  
When lightly through the fields I trod,  
When violets were blossoming.

Ah! golden-rod, bright golden-rod,  
Why bloomed you not in blooming spring?  
You come too late in field and wood,  
I dare not take the gift you bring.

I tore its beauty from my breast,  
I strewed its blossoms on the sod,  
But tenderly I laid to rest  
In keeping safe its slender rod.

Ah me! how golden was its glow;  
It lighted up my somber dress,  
And seemed upon my life to throw  
A reflex of its loveliness.

One brought me bitter-sweet that day:  
"Alas!" I cried, "the gift is meet!"  
I threw the golden-rod away,  
And now I wear the bitter-sweet.

*Danske Dandridge.*

## U. S. GRANT AND ROBERT E. LEE.

A COMPARISON, BY A NORTHERN SOLDIER.

**P**LUTARCH, after writing the lives of two persons like Agesilaus and Pompey, or Aristides and the elder Cato, says the next thing is to compare them and bring together the points in which they chiefly disagree.

While Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, on account of the official positions they held, as well as by reason of their great ability and force of character, will, doubtless, for all time occupy the most prominent place in the political history of America for the four years covered by the civil war, it is equally certain that U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee will always be recognized as the most distinguished of the great captains whose achievements and failures constitute the military history of the most formidable unsuccessful rebellion on record.

Though both of them were trained in the same military school, belonged to the same army, and served in the only war in which their country was engaged during their lives prior to the war of the Rebellion, yet in respect of lineage, family associations, and surroundings they were not at all alike. While it is true that Grant's name is one of the most honorable in Scottish history, it is equally true that his own family had no public record, his father being a tradesman and his ancestry undistinguished, almost unknown.

Of Lee, on the contrary, it can be truly said, there has been no American whose name and family have been more illustrious. From the time of Charles the First, when his ancestor, Richard Lee, came to America and became the secretary of the commonwealth under Sir William Berkeley, Governor, there has been no period in the two centuries and a half since in which the Lees have not been among the most distinguished citizens of Virginia. A Lee was the first native governor of the commonwealth; a Lee moved the adoption in the Colonial Convention of the Declaration of Independence; a Lee, by the unanimous vote of Congress, delivered the funeral eulogy upon Washington, and uttered the forever memorable words, sublimely comprehensive of the highest human greatness, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The general moral maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—of the dead speak only praise—has no rightful place in history, and, moreover, has no

need to be observed even by the panegyrist of either Grant or Lee.

There has been as yet no critical or even impartial biography written of either of them. In reading some of those extant, we are reminded of Plutarch's comment upon Xenophon's account of the victories of Agesilaus: "Xenophon has the privilege allowed him that he may write or speak what he pleases in favor of his heroes."

It has often been asserted by intelligent men, soldiers, and civilians, who knew him well, and were familiar with his military career, that Grant was not a man of high endowments, and that his military renown, upon which his subsequent political eminence mainly rested, was largely due to accident; that the illness of General Smith before the battle of Shiloh prevented him from taking command in the place of General Grant, who had been relieved by order of General Halleck. But it is equally probable that, but for the shell that crippled Johnston at Seven Pines, Lee would not have the place in history he will now always hold.

It may be true that there was nothing in Grant's known character and antecedents upon which to rest a prophecy of his future renown. Yet from absolute obscurity, in a single year by his own acts, he rose above all the generals in the Western Union Armies, and from an unknown clerk in a country-store, in three years he made himself the most conspicuous military figure in the whole world; a soldier commanding larger armies and infinitely more powerful in destructive force than the armies of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon combined. After all the truest psychometers to measure military genius are the standards taken from the enemy. Yet all soldiers know how much there is in war, especially as applied to officers, of what we call luck; and it can not be denied that, in some respects, Grant's career furnishes remarkable illustration of this truth.

His fame began with Donelson; yet the completeness of his victory there was equally to his credit and to the discredit of the enemy, for, had Stonewall Jackson commanded in place of Buckner, no one believes that Donelson would not have been either evacuated or defended.

Moreover, had Shiloh been Grant's first bat-



tle it would have been his last; for it was the reputation of Donelson that carried him over the disaster at Shiloh. A commander, who, knowing he is liable to be attacked by an equal if not superior foe before reinforcements shall reach him, and yet who neglects to intrench, and thereby suffers terrible and unnecessary loss in repulsing the enemy, could hardly trust to such a victory for promotion or even for justification. But General Smith was too old and ill to be ambitious for the highest command—Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, and Logan were yet undistinguished—and Washburn, who had the ear of the President, insisted that Grant, so far as we could judge, was after all the best General we had. Yet, had the result at Shiloh been what it might have been under a more vigilant commander, it would have inspired such confidence both in the country and army that a year and a quarter would not have elapsed between Shiloh and Vicksburg.

For in that year, with over two hundred thousand men in the Western armies, the best equipped and as brave as any commander could desire, we had accomplished nothing. The men, as always, did good fighting at Corinth and Iuka, but seemingly to no purpose. The press of the country blamed the government for failure in the field, and demanded the appointment of competent commanders, and insisted that the army should go ahead and conquer the Rebellion. The Western farmers knew their boys would fight if they had a chance, and win if ably commanded. But the government did not know whom to trust, and *dare* not command the army to advance. But Grant feared the guns that lined the shore at Vicksburg. Precious months were spent in trying to dig that canal, that floated gold up to near three hundred, but would not float the troops past the batteries. Finally, the country talked so loud and threateningly that he was *compelled* to either resign or get behind Vicksburg in some way. On the first trial he found he could pass the city with his transports. He might have done so months before. Hannibal, Frederick, or Napoleon would have invested Vicksburg in 1862.

Thus, in the summer of 1862 and the winter following, while Lee was driving McClellan from before Richmond, defeating Pope at Manassas, and Burnside at Fredericksburg, and was even threatening Washington itself, Grant was accomplishing nothing to relieve the gloom that was settling over the country. Up to this time, at any rate, he had not exhibited to the

country the really great military talents which Sherman, McPherson, and Logan, his ablest generals, could already see that he possessed. But when, against the advice of all his generals, he began the Vicksburg campaign, his bold, rapid, brilliant strategy, all his own, which resulted in the speedy downfall of the great stronghold of the Rebellion in the West, demonstrated his real greatness as a commander, and filled the country with enthusiastic confidence in his ability to cope successfully with the ablest of the Western Confederate Generals.

The Vicksburg campaign did more than this; it changed, as if by magic, the *morale* of the opposing armies, transferring to the Union troops the hitherto confidence of the Confederate soldier. In doing this, Grant made certain the ultimate downfall of the Rebellion. Missionary Ridge confirmed that confidence, notwithstanding the blunders of the enemy as much as the genius of the Union General made that victory easier than he expected. Donelson, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge were the chief laurels with which Grant was crowned when he went to meet Lee.

The war had been in progress for a year before Lee had done any thing worthy of the public expectation of him. His West Virginia campaign against Rosecrans had even damaged the reputation he had gained in Mexico years before. But the battle of Fair Oaks, in May, 1862, showed the Army of Northern Virginia that the loss of Johnston was not, as they supposed, irreparable. The seven days of carnage ending at Malvern Hill—in which terrible battles, almost unexampled in history, one is at a loss which more to admire, the heroism of the persistent attack or the stubborn masterly defense and retreat—changed the hope of the Southern soldiers into enthusiastic confidence in their new commander. The second Manassas, in August, qualified later by Antietam, but followed by Fredericksburg in December, closed a campaign which left no doubt to the extraordinary resources and talents of General Lee. The victory at Chancellorsville in the succeeding May was not forgotten even in the great disaster that followed so soon at Gettysburg, so that, when the campaign of 1863 closed, Lee was universally regarded as the ablest of the Confederate commanders. It must, however, be admitted that the Maryland campaign which ended in the battle on Antietam, was both a political and military blunder. The immediate retreat of the Confederate commander across

the Potomac, after sustaining a loss in battle he could not afford, was the first serious damper upon the exuberant and well-earned confidence in its own invincible prowess of the Army of Northern Virginia. Still more indefensible, both from a political and military standpoint, and far more disastrous to the Southern cause, was the invasion of Pennsylvania, so suddenly and successfully arrested by General Meade at Gettysburg, which battle was a strategic blunder on the part of General Lee, and a real defeat, however leisurely, masterly, and successful his retreat. When he found that the Federal commander, from whatever cause, by whomsoever's fault, had with a superior force secured much the advantage in position, he should have withdrawn from Gettysburg and awaited the attack upon more equal ground, as counseled to do by his ablest generals. The third day's battle there, in which he vainly hurled his heroic columns against Hancock's intrenchments upon Cemetery Hill, and sacrificed the flower of his army in a charge glorious and immortal as any thing in history, but futile and fatal, will forever remain a cloud on the military fame of General Lee, and marked the turning point in the Confederate cause. Yet his conduct there was but the exaggeration of the very quality which distinguished both Lee and Grant, and made them great; that is, unwavering confidence, unflinching resolution, the one indispensable quality, and always predominant in all the great captains of history. In battle the real conqueror is without sentiment or pity, and knows that war is cruelty personified; that success and suffering are leagued together. With him the moral questions have all been settled before he puts on his sword. Lee saw and confessed the mistake of Gettysburg, and, in a silent agony of sympathy with his brave men, took all the blame. They forgave, trusted, and loved him still.

It must be admitted that when the two great captains met face to face upon the Rapidan, in May, 1864, Lee's reputation rested upon more battles fought, bloody, terrible battles, and victories won against greater odds, than could be claimed for Grant.

For three long years the whole power of the Federal government, with its unlimited resources, had not been able to reach the capital of the Confederacy, and when Grant took command of all the Northern armies, Richmond seemed to be really less in danger than Washington.

The maxim, "better is the place of the defendant," is as true in war as in law, and is especially applicable in a country like that between the Rapidan and the James. Moreover, modern earthworks, defended by modern artillery and repeating rifles, are much more difficult of successful assault than were Rodrigo, Badajoz, or Albuera, where Wellington won so much renown in his Peninsular campaign.

When Grant crossed the Rapidan he found he had a different army, under a much abler leader, to contend with than any he had met before. In the battle of the Wilderness, after repeated attacks, in which the Union troops, led by the ablest corps and division commanders, displayed prodigies of heroic, stubborn valor, and covered the ground for miles with the dead of both armies, Grant was repulsed, defeated, and compelled to retreat, and leave the field in possession of the enemy; and the killed, wounded, and missing of the Union army largely outnumbered the Confederate loss. But Grant was determined; he was unused to defeat; he proposed to "fight it out on that line, if it took all summer," regardless, seemingly, of the fearful cost. For the first time in his life, however, he tried to avoid the enemy, and by a flank movement to reach Spottsylvania Court-house. But when he arrived there and was prepared to assault, Lee was ready, intrenched, and awaiting the assault, which was as heroic, as persistent, as deadly as that in the Wilderness, and as unsuccessful. At the expense of over fifty thousand men Grant learned that in that kind of warfare Lee was invincible. The battle at Cold Harbor, fought within a month, ended the bloodiest campaign in history, and the Federal General, abandoning the attempt to take Richmond by assault, withdrew to the south of the James, and began the long campaign of siege and starvation.

He could have placed his army south of the James three months sooner than he did, and without the loss of the sixty thousand men who fought their last battle between the Rapidan and the James, and that, too, without danger to Washington.

After the siege of Richmond began the repeated and unavailing assaults of the Union army upon the Confederate lines, extending as they did for a distance of over thirty miles, and defended by less than fifty thousand men, are the best evidence of the skill of their commander, as well as the valor of the besieged. Not until the following year, and until his



base of supplies was threatened by other converging Union armies, was Lee compelled to evacuate the city.

Had it not been for the approach of Sherman from the south, and the brilliant and effective campaign of Sheridan, in which he easily routed the force sent by Lee to protect his communication with Lynchburg, there is no telling how long the Confederate capital might have held out.

The defense of Richmond will always stand out in history as one of the most remarkable military achievements of any age.

It is true that Grant's men had confidence in their commander, and in his ultimate success; it is not true that they had equal confidence in his strategy. His pounding methods, so prodigal of life, inspired no personal enthusiasm or attachment. Lee, on the contrary, had the profoundest sympathy, even the heart-felt affection of his men. They would die for him even sooner than for the cause on which they had staked their all. He embodied their ideal, both of manhood and military skill.

The Confederate camp was full of stories, either true or apocryphal, proving his personal sympathy with them in their sufferings, and his masterly superiority as a general. This enthusiastic confidence in a measure supplied the place of numbers and achieved victories where only defeat seemed inevitable. In this highest military quality that inspires the unquestioning devotion of his soldiers, Lee was indeed one of the most remarkable generals of any age.

In comparing the military career of those two men, the historian of another generation will say that they were strikingly alike in those characteristics that lie at the foundation of military success, in quiet confidence, in that combination of moral and physical courage, that heroic persistence which no calamity can defeat, which feels the assurance of victory in the very hour of disaster. He will also say that in mental power, in the capacity for rapid combination, in strategic invention, which is seen in the skillful disposition of his troops before and in battle, in the genius that enables a general with inferior numbers to gain the stronger position, and to have more men at the critical point and moment, and especially in the power of personally inspiring his men to endure and achieve, Lee was beyond question the greater commander.

In character they had many points of resemblance. Each was modest and unassum-

ing; and while fully realizing the vast responsibility resting upon him, involving life and empire, and conscious that his every act and utterance were looked at and listened to by the whole world with intensest interest, yet neither of them betrayed a sign of faltering or ever exhibited the least spirit of arrogance or vainglory. Both of them were men of the highest integrity, and were equally incorruptible; both were devoted husbands, and kind, indulgent fathers; both were statesmen of the largest views, comprehending the issues of the war, and the terms and value of the peace that followed.

Grant knew that the wisest political policy dictated the speediest reconstruction of the Federal Union. His statesmanship was much more comprehensive than the partisan spirit that sought to control him. Lee, too, felt that the highest duty of the Southern patriot was to set the example of loyalty, and to labor for the industrial recuperation of the South under the new *régime* of free labor. Thus far in character they were not unlike.

Grant could see nothing unbecoming in the reputed greatest military commander in the world, and the ex-President of the United States, engaging in various money-making ventures (sometimes carelessly lending his name to commercial schemes that would not bear investigation), and in accepting all sorts of gifts from a house to a box of cigars. He knew he was incorruptible, and he could not understand why, even when President, he should deny his grateful admirers the pleasure of giving. In this respect how different the character and conduct of Lee! With him the most refined dignity, the most sensitive delicacy, dominated all other feelings and controlled his whole conduct of life.

Reared in luxury, with his patrimony seriously impaired by the war, almost without income, and obliged to labor for the support of his old age, he nevertheless steadfastly declined all gifts. No moneyed consideration and no friendly interest could induce him to lend his name to the promotion of any private commercial enterprise. During the war he had his table supplied only with the rations the soldiers ate, and refused the gift of a house offered him by the citizens of Richmond. After the war, as the President of Washington College, he declined to accept any addition to his meager salary, because the college needed teachers, apparatus, and books. Though brilliant and tempting offers were made him, he

felt it unbecoming in a great commander to engage in commercial pursuits. He was always loyal in sentiment and conduct to the dignity of the cause he had served.

In Grant, sincere and enlightened patriotism was superior to all meaner passions, and he cherished no feeling of animosity toward the people so lately in rebellion. He was indeed a man of tender heart and warm personal attachments, which last often blinded him to the vices of his real and pretended friends. But he was also a man of strong personal animosities, a thorough and consistent hater where he felt that he had been wronged; sometimes, too, when only his measures had been opposed and defeated. Therefore, when in power he was sometimes unjust. In some respects he was a very human great man. In these respects Lee was much his superior; in fact, by this high test of human greatness Lee stands out as one of the noblest characters in American history. He was absolutely incapable of cherishing personal animosity or the spirit of revenge, not from weakness, but from loftiest controlling principle. His humanity was responsive to every suffering, whether of man or brute. He stooped in battle to replace in its nest a young bird that his cannon had shaken from the tree.

Grant ordered his soldiers to lay waste the country he invaded, so that it might furnish no support to the Confederate armies. Lee, while in Pennsylvania, ordered the arrest and punishment of any of his soldiers who should

be found guilty of taking or injuring the property of any citizen.

Grant had little use for books, and found his recreation in business and in social and domestic life. Lee, equally social and domestic, enjoyed the best classic literature, and delighted in the study of science. In mental resources and scholarly tastes they were wholly unlike. Thus were they in life and health.

The *memorabilia* of Grant, spoken from his death-chair in the long agony of dissolution, have added much to the value of the legacy he has left his country. To Stoic and Christian alike his death will forever be the most affecting illustration of heroic philosophy and Christian faith. To the exultant North, flushed with victory and desiring revenge, he had proclaimed in the hour of triumph, "Let us have peace;" and he died with that prayer for his country upon his lips.

The closing years of Lee's life recall what Plato says of the nobility, wisdom, and clemency of the great Socrates. His memorable words at Appomattox, spoken to his sorrowing comrades about to depart for their ravaged, desolate homes, interpret the high completeness of the character of this most remarkable man: "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity." This noble sentiment, his parting benediction to his army, so completely illustrated in his own life, and in the loyalty and prosperity of the South, will forever attest the beneficent influence of his great example.

*Henry Strong.*

## BONO BARCALDE.

**B**ONO BARCALDE believed that the complications of European politics grouped themselves in some wise about his fruit stand. He also believed that the unity of his "Italia," whose name he pronounced with such a lingering liquidity of tone, depended in no small degree upon his own activity. Bono Barcalde was not a conceited man, he was merely a little vain, and his faith in himself and his love for his native land, were both so closely connected, and both so sincere, that the few who knew him well merged the one in kindly appreciation of the other.

Bono had so long been in the habit of telling what he would do if he were "plass in dair

positione of meestair Beesmar-ck," or of King Somebody, or Prince Somebody, or of Queen Veecto-orea, that he had by an indefinable process of psychological development, evolved himself into the chief executive authority of a European power of the first magnitude. This process had, to a certain degree, been aided by the utter ignorance of his associates of all questions, even the most important, that claimed the attention and skill of foreign diplomats. These questions were the daily problems of Bono's active mind, and he projected himself into their solution with the earnestness of a true man of affairs.

The poor fellow had a history which was



never known; there was, also, a vague degree of romance in his life, but some of his friends doubted if Bono himself could have run a dividing line between the two. When he first attracted attention he had already opened, or rather organized and equipped, a fruit stand; and, before he could be fairly classed, he had drawn attention from his own immediate personality by almost precipitating Italy into a war with Austria. It need scarcely be remarked that Bono would now be a prominent and active member of the "Italia Irridenta" party. In answer to a question as to his origin, his reply had been: "From vair I been? Yo kno' Victor Emanuello? I am ov Italia—I am Piemontese." To most, in fact to all of his listeners, this was definite. Austria and France and Italy were to them the names of large foreign places—presumably cities or small districts of land as thickly settled as American towns. Naturally all Italians were from Italy, unless they happened to be from Rome or Naples.

Being asked once if he were from Rome, he had struck his breast fiercely and said:

"Non, non. Thair pope ees ov Rome; I am ov Tureen." The sharp contrast, however, was lost upon the interrogator.

Bono led a quiet, peaceable life. He subscribed to but one newspaper, which came to him at long intervals from abroad. It was observed that always, after the receipt of this periodical, Bono was serious and non-communicative for several days. For the rest, he read a dingy and tattered volume descriptive of the adventures and life of Garibaldi; besides this, he occasionally borrowed a morning paper to read the foreign telegrams; this, however, happened but rarely, and he never returned the paper he had borrowed in less than a week. The lender inferred from this that Bono could not read well; in fact, he had once confessed to one whose paper he had kept unusually long:

"I read nawt dair Ingles wail, nor, nawt wail; but Italie! I read Italie so wail. Yo don't—nor? I can wr-write, too; ha, yo shoold say 'ow I wr-write; nawt long-long lige yo papair, but shutt, quick, lige air gener-al wood wr-write avtair he ween air badle."

Bono at first was a kind of curiosity in his neighborhood. Then, as it was discovered that he talked much of kings and princes and generals and the pope, he became the rage, the fashion, as it were, and his neighbors bought liberally of his fruits; liberally at least for

their means. But public opinion rarely occupies itself for long, even with the greatest, and in time Bono became one of the figures of the quarter in which he lived, and to a certain extent lost his individuality in the larger life of the street of which his stand of fruits was one of the constituent parts. His neighbors did not desert him or spurn him, but they admitted him to fellowship, and this of course precluded all question as to greatness. This fact never became patent to Bono; he was always, if listened to at all, listened to politely and with acquiescence. The little drama of his life was playing to empty benches, but this he failed to notice. The first four acts had already passed, and the fifth was soon to close the drama with the day.

Among the acquaintances who had fallen to his share was a boy about fourteen years of age, who passed his stand regularly both in going to and returning from school. Who he was, and what his name, beyond Jack, Bono never inquired; perhaps he never thought of inquiring. Their acquaintance had begun under rather inauspicious circumstances; but it may have been that it thrived the better for that reason.

Bono, on hot afternoons when business was dull, generally indulged in a short nap, which he took lying on a narrow table that ran the length of the little booth which opened into the street display of fruits, four times the width of the booth itself. During these naps Bono justified an old adage in being quiet and mild; but if suddenly awakened he was apt to imagine that he had just been engaged in profound meditation, which had now been dissipated beyond hope of recovery. Naturally the instinctive philosophy of relations demanded an equilibrium of cause and effect. If this were lacking, or were tardy in showing itself, Bono's spleen was more than apt to escape through his tongue, and not seldom to the great trepidation of the offender. He had a habit on these occasions of hopping up from his table with a penetrating chree-e-isto! and stamping his feet and cursing in such a manner that the most stolid could see that he was vexed.

Before the occasion alluded to Jack had several times passed Bono's stand, but the Fates that dispense nickels and dimes had never before, at least since Bono's time, allotted to Jack such a surplus beyond the necessary purchase of marbles, tops, and balls, as to allow him the luxury of bananas and nuts; but on this particular occasion Jack's fortunes were

at high tide, and he had a quarter. In all the course of his life Jack had never had as many bananas as he could eat, and with a recklessness that came from a consciousness of the fact that he would never be called on to account for its expenditure, he determined to invest the whole quarter in his favorite fruit.

With this resolve Jack entered Bono's stand, and, seeing him asleep on his table, caught him by the heel, tilted it high in air, and let it fall heavily back. The effect was electrical; the two parts of Bono's body flew to right angles with each other like a half-opened knife, and his eyes flashed like a rat's peeping out of a hole. Seeing who it was and imagining a sale of a nickel's worth of nuts, he sprang to his feet like a squirrel, and began hopping about, waving his hands and swearing in Italian.

"Boyhee, boyhee! wat yo do? I sayee, *wat* yo do? I am buzee—so buzee you can't kno'; and yo keel, yes, yo keel my thods. Sacramento! yo air air ba-ad, ba-ad boyhee. Wat yo want?"

Jack's nerves were too well balanced, and too hardened to exhibitions of anger from persecuted Chinamen and enraged street-car drivers, to sustain any decided shock from so mild an explosion. The native element was strong in him, and he broke into a laugh.

"Well, if yon *ain't* one!" he said, as his laugh subsided into a grin; "what was you busy at, Dago?"

"Yo cood nawt undairstand. Wat yo want?"

"What a Dago it is!" answered Jack patronizingly. "I want some of them bananas there; how many 'll you give for a quarter?"

"My name nawt name Dago, young meestair. I am Meestair Bono Giuseppe Barcalde."

"Oh, well! let her drop," replied Jack, irreverently. "How many 'll you give for a quarter?"

"Tree for 'e dime, seven for 'e quarter."

"No, eight," higgled Jack.

Bono pulled one from the bunch, and then hesitated.

"Were tha-at quarter?"

Jack understood the laws of fruit stands, and produced his money, a small green slip of paper. Bono took it and stuffed it in his breeches pocket. He gave Jack nine bananas, adding, as he gave him the ninth, which was very small:

"Tha-at ees baycause I spoke quickly."

Jack accepted the compromise and the banana, and seated himself on Bono's table to eat his fruit. He peeled one after another with

decreasing avidity, until he had eaten seven, occasionally swinging his foot, and now and then glancing at Bono, who sat at the other end of the table. Finally he said:

"I believe I 'most got 'nuff. Putty good."

"Yo lige bananny?"

"Yes, so so," said Jack, sarcastically, "about seven at a time. How many can *you* eat?"

"I nor eat bananny. I eat bret an' cheese, an' saw-arsage. No likee bananny."

"Well, confound your buttons!" answered Jack, amazed, "what do you sell 'em for?"

"I mage money; I mage leevings. Too much bananny. Yo nor lige bananny for breakfas', 12 o'clock at ni-ight, eh?"

"I don't know, I ain't tried it."

"Yo wood nawt lige it. In Italie I lige bananny—nor say mainee, but 'ere I say too mainee."

"What kind of a place is Italy, any how?" asked Jack, peeling another banana.

"'Ow yo wood sayee wat ki-ind of plass ees Italie?" ejaculated Bono. "Italie ees air la-arge, la-large countree. I wood bay fole tor sayee Italie ees air ki-ind ov plass. Wat ki-ind yo main?"

"Well, now, 'tain't big as America, is it?"

"Nawt quite."

"I should say not! How do folks get along over there? Do they understand each other when they talk?"

Bono looked amazed.

"Yo air nawt air sma-art boyhee. 'Ow yo git along in Ameriga? Wail we dor thair same in our linguaggio."

"In America we talk English. I reckon you all in Italy don't talk English?" replied Jack, tentatively.

"Absurdeetay! we talk Italie, Italiano."

"I reckon so," answered Jack, as if still in doubt. "But I'll bet a quart-of-a-dollar I could give you something to say to one of 'em you could n't say to save your life, with me to watch you."

This was beyond the grasp of Bono's comprehension.

"Yo air giocose," he said. Then as a new idea struck him he asked, "Dor yo gor tor skole?"

"Don't I, though?" answered Jack, with emphasis. "I'm in the Sixth Reader, man, and I can do partial payments almost."

"Tha-at ees vairy gode," replied Bono, knowingly. "Yo shoold learn quick wile yo air boyhee. Youth ees thair time tor mage yor studees."



"So they say," replied Jack.

"In Italie, tha-at was ba-ad for me; I cood gor tor vairy leedle skole. I can learn nor mo-ore, nor mo-ore. I am sorree, sor sorree. But it was nawt my fault. It was thair fault ov thair Pope ov Rome, it was his fault an' I av' nawt foregave 'im. Thair pope an' me, we air ennemico, we lige nawt own anorther."

"The pope? why he's a preacher, man! What has he got to do with every-day schools?"

"Yo do nawt kno' thair Pope ov Rome?"

"No, I can't say I do; but I've heard of him often enough. Do you know him?"

"I 'ate 'im, I Italiano Catolico, I 'ate thair Pope ov Rome, lige thair diavol 'ate thair gross so!" replied Bono, fiercely, making the sign of the cross.

"What do you do that for?" asked Jack, in bewilderment, not understanding the gestures typifying the crucifixion. Bono failed to hear the question.

"Bah! I shood av been at Veela Franca! I wood av show thair Pope ov Rome tha-at he was air predicateur an' pray-chair, nawt air ke-ing. It was gra-and peetee I was nawt at Veela Franca."

"What's he done to you?"

"Mo-ore than I cood sayee in awl my li-ife."

Bono said this in a sorrowful, almost dreamy voice, as his head fell forward on his breast. He sat in silent reverie for a moment, while Jack looked at him in curious surprise. Directly he lifted his head and gazed at Jack with a sad, half-yearning look.

"Yo air boyhee! I am air man. I can nor mo-ore forevair bay air boyhee." Jack thought he saw a tear in Bono's eye, and his voice sounded as if his lip might be trembling as he continued:

"I 'av nor boyhee ov my own, tha-at wood mage me air boyhee own mo-ore time. I 'av nor leedle boyhee; I don't kno'; may bee I 'av nor leedle gi-irl; I don't kno', I can't tell."

"You got a wife?" asked Jack sympathetically. Bono seemed to rouse himself, and turned savagely toward Jack.

"Wat tha-at ees yo'r business? I got air wife—I nor got own; what thair deefrenz to yo?" Then, as it occurred to him he was at fault, he changed his tone to one of great tenderness, and said: "I be-eg yo'r indulgenz, yo'r perdon. I did not thi-ink wat I sayd. Yo air ni-ice boyhee; I lige talk weeth yo."

Jack had gotten up to go. He stuffed the bag, in which one banana still remained, in his pocket and stepped out of the booth.

"All right; next time I get a quarter I'll think of you," replied Jack with an air of millions. Bono's self possession had returned.

"Yo loog lige my boyhee; an wen yo come, I led yo have banany che-eap, so vairy che-eap."

This was the beginning of an association that shortly ripened into familiarity. Jack spent all of his money at Bono's stand, and Bono sold to Jack at the bottom of the market. Bono took a great interest in Jack's progress at school, and although Jack frequently used the little cuddy of a room at the rear when playing "hookey," as he phrased it—staying away from school without permission—Bono never failed to lecture him on his delinquency, and to urge him to study in order to become a great man in his own country. One day he said to him:

"Ow long yo thi-ink I leeve yet?"

"There you get me," replied Jack. "You ain't so old. I know a man eighty years old; but he's bigger than you."

"Yo thi-ink yo be man bayfore I di-ee?"

"I don't reckon it'll be so very long before I'm a man; I'm tall as you now, 'most."

"Wen yo man, I mage yo dor something for me. I payee yo, not banany, but mornay. Yo dor it?"

"Yes," answered Jack, cracking a filbert with his teeth, and then dropping the fragments of the shell in his hand to find the kernel, "I reckon so. I don't suppose it'll be so awful hard."

"Non, non, non! nawt ha-ard, essee."

"I don't reckon I could do it now?" asked Jack.

Bono laughed. "Nawt yet; Giovane too young. Yo cood nawt undairstand; baysides, you must lern Italiano."

Jack looked uncomfortable and suspicious. Learning Italian meant more study, and he labored under the impression that he was already doing his duty in legitimate channels. The suggestion made him feel as if Bono were harboring treasonable thoughts against him.

"Well, now, I don't know about that. I ain't learned Latin yet, and that allers comes first, you know."

"But yo can learn essee, vairy essee weeth me. I will ta-alk with you all thair time Italiano."

Jack, who began to feel a kind of wrathful despair, changed the topic of conversation to a discussion of the fruit crop.

After this, day after day and week after week passed without Bono's alluding to the

subject of teaching Jack Italian, or to the thing he wished him to do when a man. Jack was glad enough of the silence on the first point, but his curiosity was piqued to aggravation to know what it was Bono wanted him to do, and for which he would pay him money. He would have given all his pocket money for a month to have found out.

Bono appeared to have forgotten that he had even mentioned the subject to Jack; but the latter felt morally certain he had not forgotten it. His interest in Jack's progress at school was unabated; every Friday evening that Jack showed him a card with the figure ten at the bottom, he received a gratuity of one banana. Jack had explained the meaning of those figures to Bono, and he had patted him approvingly on the head as he gave him the first banana. After this a Friday evening rarely passed without Jack showing Bono the figures on his card, which indicated he had done well during the week. Bono's constant exhortation was:

"Be air gre-eat man, air sma-art man; but yo must studee."

Some months after the conversation which had excited Jack's lively curiosity, in the early spring of the year following the summer when Jack had bought his first bananas of Bono, an incident occurred which gave the former a kind of tangible foot-hold for the location of his curiosity, a kind of center-point of surmise. Jack, with increasing intimacy, had made himself more and more at home with Bono, and in cold weather frequently entered Bono's private apartment in the rear of his booth. Apartment was rather an expansive title for a room which could at most accommodate with ease three people of moderate physical development, but it was Bono's own term, and he best knew its deserts. The furniture of this apartment was scanty but sufficient. It contained one chair with wooden bottom, one three-legged stool, a long, narrow trunk or coffer studded with rows of bright brass knobs, a tiny table, and a cot capable of being folded up. In addition to this was a kind of cupboard, or *cassettone*, as Bono called it, in one corner of the room, in which he kept what little edibles he had, and under which were a dripping-pan, a skillet, and coffee-pot. A small upright stove was in the middle of the apartment, and served the double purpose of keeping Bono warm and cooking his food occasionally, also roasting his pea-nuts. After having gained entrance to this little place, Jack had been enraptured with

the romance of the idea of living in such a Robinson Crusoe manner in the very midst of every-day life. For the first time he began to regard Bono as enviable beyond merely the unlimited possession of bananas, nuts, peaches, and the like, and perhaps, also, for the first time he began to regard Bono as a human being like other human beings. Before he had been unable to think of him otherwise than as a kind of animal, whose attempts to imitate real people were about on a par with his long-drawn attempts to speak English.

One Saturday Jack was in this little place roasting pea-nuts for Bono, who was in front attending to some customers, when the latter came in and opened the trunk. He took out a wallet and drew from it a roll of paper bills, that to Jack's wonderment appeared to be twice as large as the wallet itself. Having changed the bill he had in his hand, Bono threw the wallet back and went out again. After a minute he returned, and before shutting the lid of the trunk he stood over it as if in reverie. Jack knew him too well to interrupt him at such times, and quietly waited, stirring the pea-nuts slowly with one hand as he shaded his face from the heat with the other. After a few moments he heard a sob.

"What's the matter with the old Dago, now?" was Jack's thought, as he continued stirring, without turning around. "Well, if he ain't the *durndest* old cuss!"

In a moment Bono turned to Jack, and came toward him holding in his hand a large package of papers. On one of them Jack saw a broad piece of red wax.

"Yo say," began Bono, with suppressed emotion, "the-ese papairs yo must redd—nawt now—wen yo air man. Wen yo air man I will 'av mooch, mooch monay. I payee yo, yo dor wat I sayee!" Then he turned and threw them into the trunk and shut down the lid with violence.

"Ah, 'ow I 'ate 'im, an' thair Pope ov Rome; 'e ees nor bettair tha-an 'im, thair scorpione an' thair *ragno*, they air fren. Boyhee, boyhee, don't yo kno' 'ow I 'ate 'im, an' thair man tha-at wood nawt gee-ve me jo-osticia. Vengenz; I 'ate 'im bowth!"

Bono's little black eyes flashed fiercely beneath their thin rim of eye-brows, and his swarthy face grew almost purple as he stamped his foot, and cursed and waved his hands in spasmodic excitement. Then, as he caught sight of Jack's wondering look, he grew suddenly calm.



"Wat air fole I am! Yo can nawt undairstand; but yo shall, in time." With this he started for the door. "Wen yo fine-esh, yo call me," he said, and he went out.

It was clear to Jack from this event that Bono hated some one, and that he himself was expected to do something when he was old enough; perhaps shoot somebody, or put on a black mask and do some stabbing with a stiletto, which would have a very slender and very bright blade, and which he would draw from his bosom with a foreign oath. But it was also clear that the papers had something to do with the affair, and here Jack's heart sank within him. The papers were in Italian, of course, and he would have to learn Italian in order to read them, or to be in a condition to do the stabbing intelligently.

If Jack had required any additional proof of the importance attached to the mysterious package of papers by Bono, it would have been furnished him a few weeks after he first saw them. Bono's only dissipation was the Italian opera, and the only relaxation of his dignity was when he, at intervals, whistled an Italian air, generally the "Sancta Lucia," or an *aria* from "Semiramis." About once a year he had an opportunity of hearing an Italian opera given by a traveling company, and he never failed to take advantage of it. It cost him little, as he always took a ticket for the least expensive seat he could purchase, and it afforded him great pleasure.

Having on the occasion alluded to gone to the opera, he returned rather late and found that his apartment had been entered and his trunk broken open. The wallet and package of papers were both gone. Wild with fear and rage, and maddened by his loss, he hurried immediately to the office of the chief of police, and procured the services of two detectives, muttering a prayer to St. Anthony on his way. The promptness of the pursuit saved him his stolen goods. Jack saw him next morning, pale and haggard, sitting on a small box in front of his stand, and muttering to himself. In reply to Jack's questions he would say, "I am ru-een! my proof ees gone."

It was impossible to get out of him any thing beyond this. While Jack was talking to him, one of the two detectives came up, and having asked Bono a few questions relative to the identity of his wallet, returned it to him with the remark that all his money was there. If the detective expected any expression of gratitude and pleasure he was disappointed.

Bono sprang to his feet and, not noticing the wallet which the officer extended, exclaimed: "But my papairs! were ees my papairs?"

The detective pressed the wallet in Bono's hand, with the request that he count the contents.

"That ees awl ri-right, I kno'; but I sayee my papairs—'av' yo nawt foun' them?"

"There is a package at the station house, I believe."

In a second Bono had darted frantically away. He returned in about a quarter of an hour, his eyes filled with tears of gratification and delight.

"I 'av' it—I 'av' it—it ees save!"

Jack was more puzzled than ever to know what the package contained. Proofs, Bono said; but proofs of what?

One day Bono received a letter, and his next-door neighbor, a maker of raw-hide whips and wicker-ware, who had not passed altogether unscathed through the examination which followed the theft of Bono's wallet and papers, saw the postman hand it to him. The neighborhood was soon whispering the fact from alley to corner, with the additional details that Bono had turned as white as a sheet, and had staggered into his booth, cursing and crying and stamping his feet till it was frightful for a body to hear. The postman, who was cautiously approached, refused to say whether it was an inland or foreign letter, but the neighborhood had seen enough to know it was the latter. Could Bono read it? This raised discussion. Some said, yes. Wasn't it a fact that he had occupied a high official position in Europe, and had been compelled to fly on account of heading a rebellion against the pope? Could a man do that and not know how to read? Every body knew he could read a newspaper.

But some said, no. True, it was rejoined, he could read a newspaper, but many a man could read printing when he couldn't read writing, especially in a foreign language. As for heading a rebellion, that might be, as also that he was a political refugee. Look at the Bonapartes and the French nobility; but that didn't prove he could read writing. Didn't some say that Garibaldi, the King of Italy, could not sign his own name? Besides, who had seen him read this very letter?

Finally one appeared more knowing than the rest—a kind of great pacificator. Both parties were right! Bono had gotten his, Tony's, employer to read it first, and Bono had been reading it ever since by himself.

"And what did Mr. Vetusta say was in the letter?" was the eager inquiry. Tony laughed; that was easy to answer. "Mr. Vetusta said nothing." "Bah! how disgusting!" was the disappointed comment as the party glowered at Bono's neighbor for having lead them into such a *cul-de-sac*. Nothing, of course, could be gotten out of Mr. Vetusta. Tony could give this assurance, saying in his own brilliant way:

"When the old man undertakes to be silent you could n't squeeze a letter of the alphabet out of him if he was a dictionary."

Tony knew this, however, that Mr. Vetusta had been to see Bono once a day ever since the letter came. This increased the excitement again to fever heat, and all were on the outlook to catch just a glimpse of him on one of his visits; but the fuel becoming exhausted the fire soon subsided, and in a few days, after a flicker or two, died wholly out. Bono's letter was soon forgotten; it helped him, however, to sell a great quantity of fruit to the curious.

Mr. Vetusta was a wine merchant—an Italian—and a kind of patriarch among his poorer countrymen. His purse was always open to them, and his mild temper, suave character, and strong probity, joined to his clear-headed and practical good sense, made them not only esteem but admire and obey him.

After the receipt of the letter Mr. Vetusta frequently visited Bono at his fruit stand, and had long and often animated conversations with him. Jack seeing him there supposed him to be either a book agent or a man with a bill. As summer advanced Mr. Vetusta's visits became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. One day Jack asked Bono who that man was.

"'Oo 'e was?" replied Bono, meditatively. "Ah! tha-at was air man—vairy, vairy gode man. I kno' nawt hees lige, but 'e ees too gode in something. I can nawt undairstand; I stayee 'ere, I wor-rk, wor-rk, wor-rk; I saff monay; I get moss rich; I fine yo, thair boyhee wat I wa-ant. Yo gro', gro', gro', an' learn; evrain Freidayee yo bri-ing me teen; yo bay-co-ome man; yo learn Italiano. I am reddee, but 'e sayee non, non, tha-at wood nawt dor, but I, ha, ha, boyhee yo undairstand; I sayee yis, yis, thair is time, thair is nor urree; wen yo man, I will be reech, and then; but I can wa-ait fife-teen year, but nor mo-ore. Chree-isto! but it will be—ah! it will be sweet, sweet, so vairy sweet; I leeve for tha-at."

Jack could no longer doubt; evidently some one was to be killed, and he laughed with glee at the very idea.

"If this ain't the *durndest* go," he chuckled to himself.

But alas! for the tragedies we know not of; and alas! for the hearts that are driven to our shore, to begin with battered helm and broken blade the battle of life anew! Bono must have been one of these. What the tragedy of his life was could not be found, and he who gathered from fragments and remnants what little is here set down could penetrate no farther. It was easy to see his heart was consumed with hatred of some object, and that he lived in hope of achieving some vengeance in which he who has figured as Jack was to play a part. His character, by nature kind, had lost its sweetness, and become harsh and crabbed in the ordeal of his misery. In the tragedy in which he had figured, for there could be no doubt of the tragedy, he had probably been but a side-figure, one of those stage supernumeraries who are brought on to say some empty speech, or to utter one supreme malediction against the Fates, and are then cut down. These are not the heroic figures, but they are the miserable. Bono was apparently one of these, and whatever in after years may have been the retribution brought upon those he hated, he was not one of the chosen instruments for its accomplishment.

The poor fellow fell sick in the autumn of the year in which he had received the letter that had excited so great commotion both in himself and his neighbors. At first it was ague and fever; but this soon left him. Some imprudence, perhaps, brought on another and more violent attack that confined him to his bed. The doctor, whom Mr. Vetusta sent to see him, pronounced it a kind of malarial trouble. It was a slow fever that at times attacks those who dwell on the banks of the Mississippi, and which is generally fatal.

After he became dangerously ill, Mr. Vetusta offered to pay his expenses at the hospital, but this Bono declined. He then sent a nurse at his own expense, but Bono dismissed her at once. Finally he proposed to take the poor fellow to his own house, but this Bono also declined.

"Yo air vairy gode man, but I can nawt. If yo can sell wat I got, yo can dor tha-at for me. I will ta-ake 'undred an' feeftee dollar for awl."

The next day Mr. Vetusta brought him two hundred and fifty dollars. He said he had hap-



pened to meet a man who wanted to buy a complete outfit, and he had gotten a hundred dollars more than Bono asked. Bono was to be allowed to use the little room as long as he liked, and the purchaser was to take immediate possession of the booth and the stock on hand. Bono, who was lying on his cot pale and weak, smiled faintly.

"'E was air fole, but I dor nawt payee his beels."

Mr. Vetusta insisted on Bono's using the extra hundred dollars to procure more comforts, but he would not hear of it. He required nothing more than usual, but he promised to take his medicine regularly.

He lingered on from day to day, sometimes delirious for hours together, and then again his fever would abate and leave him weakened and exhausted, but in no pain. Jack visited him constantly. He bought what his money enabled him to buy, and what he thought would please Bono. The latter always took what he bought under protest.

"Yo foleesh boyhee," he would say, "yo bet-tair buyee bananny;" and then he would add, with a grim kind of smile, "but I nor sell yo bananny nor mo-ore!"

"You ain't thinking of dying now, are you, Dago?" asked Jack, reproachfully.

Bono held up his hand, which was very thin, and looked at the veins, which were very prominent.

"I nor can tell. I thi-ink, yes. Wat yo thi-ink?"

"Stuff!" replied Jack, scornfully. "There ain't no die in you."

Bono shook his head doubtfully.

"It wood bra-ak my 'art ter die now. I 'av nawt done my wo-ork." He looked at Jack with sinister meaning. "But Meestair Vetoosta, 'e sayee I nor must ta-alk sor. 'E sayee thair Lord sayee, 'vangelz ees mine;' but I sayee, nor. It ees mine in the-ese gase."

He was too weak to make demonstrations, but whenever he spoke on this subject two red spots came on his cheeks.

Mr. Vetusta frequently sent Jack from the room to talk alone with Bono. Jack could have remained with perfect safety to the subject of their conversation when they spoke Italian together, but Bono always refused to speak any thing but English in his presence. After these private consultations Jack noticed that Bono was always more quiet and less vindictive in his talk. One day, as Jack came in, Bono said abruptly:

"Meestair Vetoosta sayee I must sen' for priest. Wat yo thi-ink?"

"What I think?" asked Jack, looking puzzled. "What'll a priest do?"

"Cornfess me. But I will nawt."

Frequently his mind would wander back to his native land, and he would talk of Italy by the hour, gazing out of the window at the skies. On bright days he had about a square yard of sunshine in his room for several hours, but it would soon begin to grow smaller and smaller until about three o'clock, when it would entirely disappear. As long as the little sheet of gold was visible, his eye was almost constantly upon it. One day, after a night of terrible suffering, he remarked to Jack:

"Yo say thair sun, it ees vairy fine. Thi-ink yo nawt?"

Jack nodded a suspicious affirmative.

"I lof thair sun, it baylong tor my countree. Italee ees sun." Then, as he bent forward so as to see the sun itself, he pointed upward and said, looking wistfully at Jack, "Boyhee, yo say thair sun. Tor-morror 'e will say Italie, 'e will shine in thair street ov Tureeno."

Jack could say nothing in reply. Bono dropped back on his pillow and shut his eyes. "Ah, Italie, Italie, my countree, my moth-air!" he murmured with wistful pathos.

After a time Bono appeared to sleep, and Jack, afraid of awakening him, stole quietly out of the room.

A few evenings after this, Jack was witness of an event that appeared to him the least explicable of all he had hitherto experienced since his association with Bono first began. It was Saturday, and Jack made it a rule to spend all of his free time with his friend, who, as he now knew, was rapidly approaching his end. Bono had seen Mr. Vetusta just before Jack came, and was silent and meditative. He occasionally addressed a few words to Jack, but it was evident that his thoughts were far away. It was late in the afternoon, and Bono was quietly gazing out of the little window. Jack was seated opposite him, trying to count the nails in the strip that ran across the top of the door. If he could make the number of them come out the same three times in succession he had pictured some great reward that would fall to his share. In the midst of his calculations the door was gently pushed open, and a man stepped so gently in Bono did not hear him, but Jack saw him. He was of ordinary size, dressed in clerical black, and was smoothly shaven. Any one but Jack would have rec-

ognized a priest. He was perhaps thirty years old, but his age had set deep marks of storm and struggle that showed in the earnest, grave penetration of the eye and an expression of infinite sadness on his face. The priest stood looking quietly at Bono's wasted figure, and Jack thought it best to let him look out for himself without disturbing Bono. After a moment Bono slowly opened his eyes, and, as his mind reverted to the days when he was still a child of the church, he murmured, half brokenly:

*"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis."*

The strange priest, in a subdued, tremulous voice, responded:

*"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem."*

"Bodee ov Gode!" almost shrieked Bono, turning in his bed. "Tha-at voi-eece! Sancta Maria!" The stranger replied something in a language unintelligible to Jack, as he approached Bono, and held out his hand to him evidently beseechingly. Bono, whose face, thin and wasted by disease, was livid, struck the outstretched hand violently with his! Then, turning to Jack, he said, pointing to the door:

"Gor, boyhee, gor quick!"

As Jack arose to go, slowly and almost dazed, he saw the stranger drop with pitiful abjectness in the chair he had just left, and bury his face in his hands. Jack closed the door and stood for a few moments in the booth. He could hear the violent, almost unearthly voice of Bono, whose rage sounded frightfully in its foreign garb. He could hear at times the pleading of the deep, soft voice of the stranger between the frantic outcries of Bono. But the meaning of what they said was unintelligible to Jack. Finally, feeling assured that no harm would come to Bono, he left, muttering to himself in earnest soliloquy:

"Tain't none of my bisness, but I'll just be dad rat if it don't beat my turn. But *ain't* he an old Dago!"

When Jack returned next morning Bono had a raging fever and was highly delirious. He spoke exclusively Italian. He failed to recognize Jack, but called Mr. Vetusta, who came in on his way to morning mass, "Papa," greatly to Jack's surprise, not knowing that the poor fellow imagined he was in the presence of the pope. Mr. Vetusta dismissed Jack with permission to return next morning.

Perhaps the end justified the means; but next day Jack played "hookey," and spent the

day with Bono, who was very weak and haggard, but who had entire possession of his faculties. He talked constantly about European politics, and what he would have done if he had had his own way on various occasions; if he had been Cavour, or Garibaldi, or Minghetti, or Louis Napoleon. Jack listened with complacent assent, occasionally asking Bono questions that nearly drove him wild with despair at his ignorance. Jack was unable to grasp foreign nations as a reality.

In the afternoon Bono again grew silent and meditative. Jack had a great curiosity to know who was the stranger of the Saturday previous, but his courage failed him when he thought of Bono's foreign oaths. After a while Bono turned to him and said:

"Meestair Vetoosta sayee I must bu-urn my proofs—my papairs—wot yo thi-ink?"

"I don't know; where could you burn 'em?"

Bono paid no attention to Jack's question. He was in profound thought.

"Wen yo thi-ink I di-ee?" he asked, looking wistfully at Jack's face. The latter's countenance fell.

"Look here, now, Dago, that won't do. You must n't come that on a fellow," replied Jack, with a fictitious attempt to appear cheerful.

"Oh! yo thi-ink I fear? ah, non! I 'av mooch suffair in thees wor-ld; maybee it will be bettair for me in thair nex'; maybee—I can nawt tell, norboddee can tell." Bono gazed at his favorite bit of sunshine, which was now only an inch or so wide. "Wat ees thair in thair nex' wor-ld, boyhee? can yo tell me wat thair will be?"

"Lor', Dago," exclaimed Jack, piteously; "what do I know about it! I never went to no Sunday-School."

Bono hardly expected an answer.

"Boyhee," he said, turning his attention to Jack, who was sitting in the chair, with one leg curled under him, looking at the floor, "I sha-all di-ee thees ni-ight." Jack shook his head with a gesture of remonstrance. "Yis, yis, I kno'. Thair time ees come. I am gla-ad, for I 'av suffair mo-ore than own wood thi-ink. I must 'av some pee-ace—'av some res', I am vairy ti-ired. But Meestair Vetoosta sayee I must burn my proofs, or I will nawt 'av res' thair. Maybee; I can nawt tell, I dor nawt kno'. Thair priest will be 'ere in air fi-ew min-oote. I kno' nawt if I will cornfess. Boyhee, yo kno' wat air Catoleec dor wen 'e cornfess nawt? I tell yo. Thair Pope ov Rome will nawt allow tha-at 'e gor tor 'evven. Meestair



Vetoosta sayee thair Pope ov Rome ees gode man. It maybee, I can nawt tell, I dor nawt kno.' I wood lige, wen I di-ee tor-night, tha-at I gor to 'evven. I wood nawt lige tor gor to thair purgatorio; non, non! I wood lige tor gor were ees thair Sancta Virgin, thair Jesu; thair Jesu and their Sancta Virgin, thay air gode, thay 'av always been gode. It was thair Pope ov Rome, I did nawt thi-ink 'e was gode; but Meestair Vetoosta sayee I was wr-rong. Maybee; I can nawt tell; I dor nawt kno'; Sor mainee stra-ange thing 'av 'appen in sor shor-rt air time. I kno' nawt if I baylif wat they sayee."

Bono again turned his attention to Jack, who had not moved.

"Boyhee, dor yo kno' wat air man dor wen 'e gor tor cornfess, for 'e di-ee? 'E tell ees fren' gode bye; I must tell yo gode bye, thair priest ees comin'. Yo air been air vairy gode boyhee tor me; I lige yo wen I di-ee. But you will know; Meestair Vetoosta will give it tor yo. Boyhee, come 'ere."

Jack got up and went to the bed; his lips were trembling. Bono had never before seen him betray any trace of deep feeling.

"Geeve me yor 'an. I tell yo yo 'av been vairy gode boyhee tor me. I lige yo; I 'av nor leedle boyhee, nor leedle gi-irl. I kno' now I 'av nor leedle gi-irl; I lof leedle cheeldren; I 'av alway lofed them. I will nevvir say them some mo-ore; I will never say yo again. I am sorree."

Bono's voice grew weak, and he closed his eyes for a second. Directly he began to stroke Jack's hand softly, and opened his eyes.

"Yo must gor now, boyhee; thair priest ees 'ere sone, and I will nawt be 'ere in the mornning."

Jack burst into a flood of tears, and dropped on his knees beside the cot and buried his face

in the cover. The tears then came to Bono's eyes:

"Oh, ho!" he murmured softly, with a slight and very gentle smile around the lips, "I wood nawt 'av thot thees; poor boyhee! yo lof me air leedle, dor yo nawt?" He patted Jack tenderly on the head. "I lof to say yo cry-ee for me. In awl my life bayfore I 'av not seen tha-at some own wood cry-ee baycause tha-at they lof me. And yo cry-ee baycause tha-at I wood gor away-ee? Ah! tha-at ees vairy sweet tor me; tha-at mage thair room tor 'av much li-ight." Bono raised himself on his elbow and looked around the room; a bright light was in his eye. He let his hand rest on Jack's head with clinging tenderness. "Yis, yis! thair Lord 'av dorn thees at thair la-ast, for tha-at ees vairy good. I lof thair Lord an' thair Sancta Virgin. I 'ate nawt thair Pope ov Rome. Boyhee," he said, with exquisite gentleness in his failing voice, as he slowly fell back on his pillow, "yo 'av mage tha-at I bur-rn my proofs. I will cornfess. I 'av been ba-ad. I am sorree, sor sorree. I foregife thair Pope ov Rome an' 'im. I wood tha-at I 'ad nawt been ba-ad. Boyhee, yo 'av mage tha-at I will confess. Yo lof me air leedle, an' I sayee thees mage much li-ight in thair room." His head turned uneasily on his pillow and was then still.

Bono had confessed. Perhaps there was a mercy that absolved him, even at the twelfth hour.

When Mr. Vetusta and the priest came, about an hour later, they found Bono smiling peacefully upon his pillow, and Jack crying and sobbing over his lifeless hand. The poor fellow had died—a stranger in a strange land—poor, miserable, friendless; but he had found at the last what few find with long-seeking—one loyal heart.

*Thomas Canebrake.*

## TO A CHILD.

The stars' untarnished gold gleams in the meshes of thy hair,  
The heavenly hue of April's blue lives in thy wondering eyes,  
The lips which kiss to crimson the pale clouds that flush the skies  
Have pressed thine own and lingered lightly on thy cheeks so fair;  
No wave of passion on thy heart hath sobbed in sensuous sighs,  
Nor hath ambition brought to thy smooth brow one touch of care.  
The gods, with gifts supernal and supreme, have dowered thee,  
Youth, purity, and beauty thine—a priceless legacy.

*Daniel E. O'Sullivan.*

## CERYLE ALCYON.

THE kingfisher is a dash of bright blue in every choice bit of brookside poetry or painting; he is a warm fragment of tropical life and color, left over from the largess bestowed upon our frigid world by one of those fervid periods of ancient creative force so dear to the imagination, and so vaguely limned on the pages of science. The bird, by some fine law, keeps its artistic value fully developed. You never see *Alcyon* out of keeping with the environment; even when going into the little dark hole in the earth, where its nest is hidden, the flash of turquoise light with which it disappears leaves a sheen on the observer's memory as fascinating and evasive as some fleeting poetical allusion.

*Ceryle Alcyon*! how sweet the name in the midst of those jarring sounds invented by science. Coming upon it in the catalogues is like hearing a cultured voice in the midst of a miner's broil, or like meeting a beautiful child in a cabinet of fossils. *Ceryle Alcyon* suggests sunshine, bright water, dreamy skies, and that rich foliage growing near streams—a foliage to which the adjective *lush* clings like some rather ornamental caterpillar, with an underhint of classical affinity very tenuous and filmy. It is a disappointment to one's imagination at first to find out that so beautiful a creature as the *Alcyon* can not sing; but there is just compensation in the knowledge which soon comes, that instrumental music is the bird's forte—he plays on the water as on a dulcimer, bringing out pure liquid notes (at long intervals, indeed) too sweet and elusive to be fixed in any written score. To watch *Ceryle Alcyon* strike the silver strings of a summer brook and set them to vibrating is worth the sacrifice of any leisure hour. It is the old touch of Apollo, swift, sure, masterful, virile, and yet tender as the very heart of nature. "Plash!" A sudden gleam of silver, amethyst, and royal purple, a whorl as of a liquid bloom on the water, rings and dimples and bubbles, and in the midst of it all, the indescribable sound from the smitten stream, its one chord rendered to perfection.

Nature sketched the kingfisher, in the first place, with a certain humorous expression, which still lurks in the overlarge crest and almost absurdly short legs; but the bird itself is always in earnest. It may look at times like a bright, sharp exclamation point at the close

of some comic passage in the phenakism of nature, but it is the very embodiment of sincerity; in fact, the birds are all realists of the prosiest kind. One might as well look for something large and morally lifting in a minutely analytical novel, as to expect a bird to be sentimental. A worm—in the case of the kingfisher a minnow—is the highest object of avian ambition—the realist dotes on one's motive in twisting one's thumbs—and ornithic life does not generate poetry. The kingfisher knows his brook from source to mouth, for he has conned it during countless ages. Not that he has lived so long individually, the knowledge exists in heredity—the transmitted sum of ten thousand ancestral lives devoted to the one end, analysis of the brook, minute observation of the minnow's tricky ways, the time to strike, in a word, how to get a living on the wing. He has gazed into the wavering, shadowy water so long that he has become habitually given to a see-saw motion suggestive of vertigo in a harmless form. I have lain on a favored spot and looked, with half-closed eyes, far down the sheeny course of a rivulet at the flight of this happy knight of the fish-spear as he came toward me, and I am sure there is some obscure correlation between the motion of his sky-mailed wings and that of the flowing water.

Evolution tinges every thing. One grows like what one contemplates, and *Alcyon* may well be said to have grown, through ages of transmitted and accumulating contemplation, like the swaying and lapsing water he was created to love. But his voice is the very irony of mirth, a derisive and soulless chuckle, sounding like one long, rasping note broken up into a score of rusty fragments and shaken through a sieve; indeed, his vocal organs, including his tongue, are rudimentary, shutting away the possibility of song. Wilson likens the cry to the sound of a watchman's rattle, but it has an expression of its own, in consonance with that of the babbling waves and rustling aquatic plants. Stripped of its *entourage*, it closely resembles the chattering, rarer cry of the tree-frog.

Our belted *Alcyon* is an expert flyer, balancing himself adroitly in the air above a pool or rapid, until he fixes the precise lurking-place of his prey, then swooping down with almost electrical quickness into the water to strike it.



When in level flight the bird has a peculiarly flattened appearance for one of its bulk, which gives its big head and long, thick bill an accentuated prominence verging on the ludicrous in effect. At rest it appears to sit unnecessarily close to its feet, so to speak, its short legs being much bent, as if in readiness for a leap into the air. Therefore, for obvious reasons, the kingfisher has been the despair of artists, luring them with incomparable colors and repelling them with absurdly unmanageable attitudes and outlines. The poet even must falter at the mouth of the bird's dismal subterranean den, wherein are stored the beautiful white eggs. This semi-reptilian nest habit, not much better than that of the land turtle, is singularly out of keeping with the beautiful cleanliness of the kingfisher's aerial and aquatic life. So nice, indeed, is he, for the most part, that water will not wet him when he plunges into it, and he even comes out of his dank, musty burrow without a touch of dirt on his resplendent feathers.

The family (*Alcedinidæ*) to which *Ceryle Alcyon* belongs, consists of nineteen genera and over a hundred species, but the fish-eating members are the only burrowers, probably, while the insect-eating and reptile-catching ones nest, as a rule, in the hollows of trees. We have but one genus (*Ceryle*) and two species in the United States, the second species being the Texas green kingfisher (*Ceryle Americana cabanisi*). *Alcyon* ranges as far north as Michigan, even much farther, oscillating back and forth with that weather temperature which keeps the small streams free of ice. Leaving Michigan in early autumn, where I saw *Alcyon* on the northernmost point of the Leelenaw peninsula, I reached St. Augustine, Florida, in the first week in November, finding the bird on all the streams that I examined between the two points.

It has always struck me as most singular that minks, weasels, and snakes do not exterminate *Ceryle Alcyon* on account of the burrowing habit. Many of the nest-burrows that I have explored have been quite large enough for an averaged-sized mink to enter, and the least of them would have been traversed easily by a weasel, to say nothing of snakes. Of course, in the incubating season the bird might guard the nest; but it would seem that the young must be terribly exposed; still not more so, perhaps, than those of the whippoorwill.

The burrow is usually in the clayey bank or bluff of a stream, entering almost horizontally

to a distance of from two to ten feet; but I found one that descended vertically two feet and then turned at about right-angles. This was near the edge of a brook bluff in Middle Indiana.

Drawing upon my notes and my recollections of *Ceryle Alcyon*, I see again the hundreds of trout-brooks and bass-streams I have whipped from the Manistee to the Kissimee, and all the little rivers I have voyaged upon from the Boardman to Pearl River, but the one stream that I remember as fairly haunted with this bird is the Salliquoy, a strong rivulet in the hill-country of Cherokee Georgia. In a half-rotten tulip pirogue I made a slow voyage down this stream during the last of April and the first of May, a season when the leaves and flowers of that wild, strange region are at the fullest stage of their development. I started far up among the little mountain billows that break around the northeastern rim of Dry Valley and worked down to the beautiful and deep Coosawattee. It appears to my memory now that nearly every bough that swung over the water bore its belted kingfisher, while the sound of their diving in the shallows was almost continuous. I dare say distance has trebled the number of birds and exaggerated their activity, but nowhere else have I spent so happy a fortnight with *Alcyon*. I remember that my companion remarked, with perfect youthful sincerity, that it was a comfort to realize the inability of the kingfishers to catch the two-pound bass we were angling for. This same companion, standing in the stern of our pirogue, balancing himself like the born canoeist that he was, and playing one of those gamey mountain bass, was as picturesque a figure as ever delighted an artist or emphasized a landscape. He was the prince of archers, too, and many a whistling shaft he sped at the wild things in the air and on the banks. So intense was his sportsman's delight in every phase of outdoor excitement that it was almost painful to witness his ecstasy of hesitation when one fine morning, just as he had hooked a large fighting bass, which was determined to break out of the water, he saw an ibis, a rare stranger in that region, standing not more than forty yards from him. His bow and arrows lay at his feet, the bass was demanding the strictest attention, a word would scare the bird away! I forbear to fill in the sketch. The reader may finish it to suit himself.

But to get back to *Ceryle Alcyon* and its ways. It is probable that *Halcorynis toliapi-*

*cus*, a fossil of the eocene, may have some remote relationship to our bird, but the testimony of this does not amount to evidence. We must take *Alcyon* as he is, without any genealogical table or ancient armorial relics. He is not an aristocrat, if the index of aristocracy is a well-formed foot, for, like all his family, he has but three good toes, and they are as rough and ugly as warts. Compared with those of the mocking-bird, indeed, his feet appear scarcely more than rudimentary (about on a par with his vocal organs, advancing the comparison so as to weigh his rattling laugh with the ecstatic song of *Mimus polyglottus*), still he perches very firmly and, after a fashion, gracefully. His descent upon a minnow is a miracle of motion, accompanied by a surpassing feat of vision. We will imagine him seated on a bough thirty feet above the brook-stream. The sunshine comes down in flakes like burning snow upon the twinkling, palpitating water, making the surface flicker and glimmer in a way to distract any eye. Down in this water is the minnow which *Alcyon* is to catch and swallow, a minnow whose sides are silver just touched with gold, fitting and flashing here and there, never still, flippant as the wavelets themselves. Mark the bird's attitude and expression as they blend into a sort of serio-comic enigma—crest erect and bristling, eyes set and burning, bill elevated at a slight angle, tail depressed, wings shut close, the whole figure motionless. Suddenly he falls like a thought, a sky-blue film marking the line of descent to where he strikes. He pierces the pool like an arrow, disappearing for a second in the center of a great whirling, leaping, bubbling dimple of the water, with a musical plunge-note once heard never forgotten. Rarely does he miss his aim. If your eyes are quick you will see the hapless "silver-side" feebly wriggling in the grip of that powerful bill as *Ceryle Alcyon* emerges from the dancing waves and resumes his perch, happier, but none the wetter, on account of the bath. Now the wonder of this vision-feat is not in seeing the minnow from the perch, but in continuing to see it during that arrow-like descent into the water; or, if you choose to refer the success of the stroke to accuracy of flight, then try to understand what amazing accuracy it is! For, in that case, *Alcyon* must take into exact account the difference between the apparent and the true position of an object in the water as viewed at an angle from without.

The negroes of North Georgia had caught from the Cherokee Indians the art of making

the blow-gun, and I found one old slave who firmly believed that a blow-gun arrow, pointed with the lower mandible of the kingfisher, was the only one with which the bird could be killed. This fanciful conceit may be added to the long catalogue of superstitions which cling to the history of *Alcyon*. My archer companion of the Salliquoy had the upper band of his quiver decorated with a kingfisher's head, to signify that his arrows would fly straight to the living target. And the badge was not an idle boast, for he stood in my canoe and killed a green heron, stopping it in mid flight with a pewter-headed shaft from a mulberry bow.

*Ceryle Alcyon* digs its own burrow, which it may be said to do on the wing, so rapid are the motions connected with the performance. The beginning of the excavation is made with the bill, while the bird balances on its wings close to the face of the clay bluff into which it means to project its adit. There is a fine suggestion of blended royalty and democratic self-dependence in the apparition of this splendid creature turning itself into a richly jeweled tunneling-machine or drifting apparatus, hurling itself beak foremost into the earth.

Day by day the digging goes on, the male and female both laboring, I am led to believe, until the mine is completed, a mine, by the way, admirably constructed for self-drainage, but scarcely ventilated at all; a grimy, dark, filthy den at best, and often unspeakably loathsome. No wonder *Alcyon* laughs as soon as he emerges from such a cavern into the sweet light and air of a May morning! No wonder, either, that the laugh has in it a strong touch of reptilian indifference to vocal harmony! Here is the best instance, speaking without any reference to comparative anatomy, of a bird still attached to the lower life of its archetype, the life of a burrowing, groveling, repellent amphibian, but enjoying also, to the full, the broad liberty, the sweet luxury, the inexpressible delight of avian pursuits by flood and field.

What would our noisy mill-streams and bass-rivulets be without *Ceryle Alcyon*? As for me, I should find a prime esthetic value gone from angling, were the kingfisher withdrawn from brookside nature. His laugh may come in now and then just in time to taunt one over a piscatorial disaster, and hence be very ire-provoking, but, as a rule, I have found it a rather refreshing giggle of delight over the landing of an unusually game fish.



"Pid-d-d-d-d!" sang out *Ceryle Alcyon* one morning on the Salliquoy, just as the archer saw a three-pound bass he was playing leap out of the water and shake itself free of the hook. "Pid-d-d-d-d!" It was the most inopportune jeer imaginable to the ear of the baffled angler. Down went the rod along with some classical allusion to hades, and up came the bow and arrow from the bottom of the pirogue. The archer had a most becoming phrensy in his visage as he poised himself and drew the arrow almost into the bow.

*Alcyon* sat on a dogwood branch, amid the clusters of great white flowers, distant sixty yards from the bowman.

There was a tragic pause for the aim, a knotting of the muscles on the straining arms, then the recoil of the bow, the low sibilation of the missile. I watched with attentive eyes, throughout the flat trajectory, the flight of the feathered shaft.

"Take that, you snickering idiot!" exclaimed the irate archer, just as he thought the arrow would strike.

"Pid-d-d-d-d!" retorted *Alcyon*, taking to wing just in time to give his space to the shaft, and away he went down the winding course of the stream until he was lost in the gloom and sheen of distance. A spray of dogwood blooms, severed by the shot, fell upon the water, and then the "tchick" of the arrow-head, striking among the pebbles of a shallow "riffle" far down the stream, came back like an echo of the bird's final note, to make the archer's defeat most emphatic.

The semi-comical *grotesquerie* of the kingfisher's ways is exemplified in his attitude while suspending himself in the air above the water by a peculiar alar motion, when his head is thrust forward and downward to the full extent of his somewhat constricted neck, with the crest erected so that each feather stands to itself, and the short tail spread like a fan. When, after a season of rain, the streams are not clear, *Alcyon* hovers in this way close to the water's surface, and plunges upon his prey from on the wing, after the manner of the prairie hawk.

A gentleman in Alabama told me that while trolling with a float and silver minnow in one of the bass-streams of the Sand-mountain region, he actually hooked and caught a kingfisher which struck at the bait. The incident, though unusual, is not wonderful, and might happen at any time when the troller should have out enough line to relieve the bird of fear.

The swallowing capacity of *Alcyon* is enormous; he makes nothing of taking down a stout minnow of three inches in length, an operation nearly always followed by a rasping snicker of gustatory delight and a wriggle equally expressive. Upon such an occasion he looks down upon the stream which has furnished him the delicious morsel with a glare of supercilious ingratitude in his half-fishy, half-beautiful eyes, as if he never should ask another favor or want another fish.

Near an old mill, in which I had my quarters for a bream-season, two kingfishers had their burrow, the entrance being just above the longitudinal timbers of the race-way. I used to sit on the cap of the fore-bay with the big water-wheel jarring and groaning under me, and cast my lure into the stream far below. From this same perch I could watch and study the busy *Alcyons* as they speared the minnows and bore them into the burrow to their young. The miller told me that for years the pair had nested in the same place, and he would not permit me to explore it. He went on to detail a number of reminiscences in which the birds figured picturesquely; one I remember was to the effect that a hawk had pursued the male kingfisher so savagely, once upon a time, that the poor fugitive had rushed into the mill and hidden itself in the hollow of a grain-shaft. This love of the miller for his birds struck me as beautifully romantic, especially as the mill was in a remote mountain "pocket" where any thing to love was as hard to find as were the deer in the pine thickets on the stony foot-hills, and considering the fact that he was an old sinner as tough in his fiber as the oaken beams of his race-way.

The kingfisher has inspired the genius of poets, legend-makers, superstition-mongers, and scientists all the way from Ovid down to Mr. R. B. Sharpe of our own day, who has published a brilliant and wonderful monograph of the *Alcedinidæ*, with many excellent figures. M. Rolland in his "*Faune Populaire de la France*" relates a legend to the effect that *Alcyon*, in leaving the ark, flew straight toward the setting sun, and that his back caught its blue from the sky above, and his breast was scorched by the luminary below to a brownish, clouded hue. Its head is worn as a charm by savages and was conspicuous on a fetich string I saw in the possession of a negro conjurer. Its dried body was once thought able to ward off lightning and to indicate the direction of the wind. But, no matter what may be true of the European and

other foreign kingfishers, our *Ceryle Alcyon* is not gifted with any *supra-avian* powers, and outside of his dismal den is a bonnie blue sprite of the water-ways, living a bright and happy life forever, perhaps; for I never have found a sick, a decrepit, or a dead one, nor have I ever heard of any body who could testify that any of our wild birds ever die of true disease or of old age.

The most beautiful kingfisher superstition or legend I ever have known of was told to me by an old negro in Georgia. How far it extended among the Southern slaves I have no means of knowing. Here it is:

"When you is a leetle boy, not mo' 'n six

year ole, ef yo' go to de ribber an' see de minner at sunrise fo' de kingfisher do, den yo' neber die 'ceptin' yo' git drowned; an' den ef yo' *does* git drowned, de kingfisher tote yo' sperit right off ter hebben, 'ca'se der's no use 'r talkin' 'bout habin' any bad luck ef yo' got de eye like de ole kingfisher."

I say the superstition is very beautiful, but in effect it is the same old story of the heavy chances against the seeker after lasting happiness, for how much harder is it for a camel to amble through the eye of a needle than for any living being to see a minnow in the water quicker than can the incomparable eyes of the *Ceryle Alcyon*?

Maurice Thompson.

## AN AUTUMNAL MATIN.

With butterflies light-winged at drowsy noon,  
 With song of lark and thrush's merry lay,  
 And distant sweetness of the cushat's croon,  
 Ripened the Summer to its closing day.  
 Now low-voiced Autumn passing o'er the leas  
 Spreads her rich fruitage in the orchard bowers,  
 Sends her fine gold to glint among the trees,  
 And crowns the hedgerows with her purple flowers;  
 While 'gainst the sky in yonder fields of grain  
 The gleaners pass; and here a toiling wain  
 Fulfills the bounteous harvest of the year.

Brave is the landscape, rich in gold and brown,  
 With tented fields of new-cut hemp and corn,  
 As some strange foe had swept with ravage down  
 And bivouac'd on the land its rage had shorn.  
 But all is peace and happy husbandry;  
 The plowman whistles gaily at his task,  
 The lusty lambs bleat loudly from the leas,  
 Or in the mellow sunshine idly bask;  
 A quail's far call breaks clearly from the hill,  
 And dwells upon the air that, hushed and still,  
 Binds not the golden-rod upon its spear.

Soon shall she pass, the spirit of these days,  
 With wistful longing in her dreamy eyes,  
 A strange, sweet sorrow woven in her haze,  
 And mournful raptures in her lull-a-byes,  
 The twittering swallows crowding in her train,  
 And dusty bees from her last cider-press;  
 Scarce her last footfall sleeps upon the plain  
 When, with a sense of finished fruitfulness,  
 All nature yields her to grim Winter's chill,  
 And wild north winds that riot o'er the hill  
 And leave the fertile meadows brown and sere.



## A Wine Ballad.

The night, it was misty, and phantasmagorical,  
For the Sun had set ashen as lead —  
As his beams shorn and ashen as lead;  
And many a shadow of ancient memorial  
Came up from the tombs of the dead —  
Came up on its mission phantasmagorical  
From the tombs of the legended dead.

They say there dwelled in parlours of shadow,  
With hearts chastely loomed  
Never to see the asphodel meadows  
As heroes entombed —  
Where never a narrower  
Breaks over their sorrow  
Thy haunted hearts are entombed.

### POE'S LAST POEM.

THE story of "Lilitha, Princess of Ghouls," is quickly told. In telling it I shall do away with further discussion regarding the authorship of the poem.

In the spring of 1882 I was on the staff of a morning newspaper in New York City. Associated with me was Professor Fairfield, an able and clever man of letters. Together we hunted up the lost, or expunged, verse of the poem "Ulalume." It is not true that the verse was "cut off the closing stanza when Poe republished it in the *Home Journal*," as the poem in its entirety can be found in the files of that paper at the date January 1, 1848.

One day the professor, who was an admirer of Poe and his works, handed me the manuscript of a poem entitled, "A Wine Ballad." A *fac simile* of two verses of the poem, in the original hand-writing, adorn this article. The last stanza given was left out of the recently reprinted versions of "Lilitha." The stanza should have followed the lines,

"Come make thy bridal bed  
With a soul like mine."

I read the poem the professor had handed me and exclaimed, "It is Poe's!" "Do you think the world would so believe?" queried the professor, in reply. I answered in the affirmative, and went about my accustomed duties.

The suggestion conveyed in the ambiguous reply of the professor lingered in my mind, and, after some weeks had passed, I determined to test the genuineness of the poem, the manuscript of which I had kept in my possession, by submitting it to the test of publicity and criticism. I am free to confess that my determination did not proceed from any settled conviction that "Lilitha" was written by Poe, but rather from the novelty of the experiment. To have published the poem as Poe's without substantiation would have been futile. It was necessary to embalm it in romance. The memory of Richard Realf was still green, and his name was used to herald the newly

discovered "Lilitha." I do not really think that Realf ever "pored over old books and the musty files of literary journals" in search of lost treasures, or sought for those of Poe. The recovered stanza of "Ulalume," and a forgotten sonnet by Poe, which I had brought to light, served as an introduction to "Lilitha." Preceding the poem as originally published in

lication and substantiation would have brought scandal upon those Realf had loved. The poem, now given in print for the first time, came from the hands of Poe by a pathway of intrigues, and through the jungles of grave infidelities. Realf did not betray the trust reposed in him, but on the day of his melancholy death, even more sad and touching than that of Poe, the poem, together with the data before referred to, came into the possession of the writer of this article.

No. 27 Stuyvesant St.,  
New York. July 19 /86

My dear Kent: - The article you have shown me by Mr. Austin proves how easily ingenious ratiocination may be mistaken for truth. I wrote the poem "Lilitha" as long ago as 1863, while resident in Hartford, N. Y. It was originally entitled "A Mine Ballad".

Sincerely yours, F. G. Fairfield

the *Sunday Gazette*, of Washington, D. C., in the summer of 1882, was this announcement:

The knowledge which led to the recovery of the last verse of "Ulalume," and the neglected sonnet, one overlooked and the other unremembered, was obtained from that chief of song and love, Richard Realf, who came to New York in 1856, before the old Bohemian days had faded, and was admitted into the charmed circle of the contemporaries of Poe. At that time he was an earnest student, and delighted to pore over old books and the musty files of literary journals. But, beyond his knowledge of Poe and his works thus attained, Realf became possessor of an unpublished poem by Poe, written but a few months after the production of "Ulalume." It was not an idiosyncrasy born of Realf's esoteric nature that led him to bury one of the last poems that Poe wrote—for Realf revered the memory of Poe—but because of the peculiar history attached to the poem. Its pub-

In the very clever attempt to prove that "Lilitha" was Poe's last poem, published in the April number of this magazine, the responsibility for whatever was written, beyond the quotation above given, rests upon the writer of that article. It is to be regretted that he was compelled to rely upon his memory, or perhaps merely upon his imagination, for his facts.

My experiment in placing "Lilitha" before the public was a failure, and the poem attracted but little attention. The seed sown, however, took root and blossomed later on. Little heed was paid to the recovered verse of "Ulalume," which was a real thing. It



is worthy of preservation, and I produce it here:

THE LOST VERSE.

"Said we then—the two, then—Ah, can it  
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—  
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—  
To bar up our way and to ban it  
From the secret that lies in these wolds,  
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—  
Had drawn up the specter of a planet  
From the limbo of lunar souls—  
This sinfully scintillant planet  
From the Hell of the planetary souls!"

The question of the authorship of "Lilitha" is now reached in this article, and is fully an-

swered by the communication from Professor Fairfield. It will be noticed that the handwriting is the same in the letter as that shown by the *fac simile*.

I am a self-convicted literary impostor, yet I have a desire to applaud the editors and readers who pronounced "Lilitha" an imitation of Poe, and a longing to commiserate those who believed it to be genuine; not because of the acumen displayed, or of the credulity exhibited, since in either case it was a matter of opinion rather than of judgment, but simply because my humble pie must be eaten in company with the latter.

*Mariner J. Kent.*

## THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

IN the *Century* for June, 1886, there is an article by General Longstreet on the invasion of Maryland, in which he says:

The movement against Harper's Ferry began on the 10th. Jackson made a wide sweeping march around the Ferry, passing the Potomac at Williamsport and moving from there on toward Martinsburg, and turning thence upon Harper's Ferry to make his attack by Bolivar Heights. McLaws made a hurried march to reach Maryland Heights before Jackson could get in position, and succeeded in doing so. With Maryland Heights in our possession the Federals could not hold their position there. McLaws put two or three hundred men to each piece of his artillery and carried it up the heights, and was in position when Jackson came on the heights opposite. Simultaneously Walker appeared on Loudon Heights, south of the Potomac and east of the Shenandoah, thus completing the combination against the Federal garrison. The surrender of the Ferry and the twelve thousand Federal troops there was a matter of only a short time.

Again he said:

Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the hero of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, and his was the severer and more important service.

The statement of facts in these paragraphs is as unfair as the tone of the last one is unworthy of General Longstreet in speaking of his great colleague. On September 10, 1862, Jackson left Frederick. Next day he crossed the Potomac near Williamsport and spread out his command so as to close General White's avenues of escape from Martinsburg to the north and west, and to force him to retreat toward Harper's Ferry. This White did on the

night of the 11th. Jackson occupied Martinsburg on the 12th, and proceeded thence toward Harper's Ferry. About eleven o'clock on the next morning (13th) the head of his column came in view of the enemy drawn up in force upon Bolivar Heights. (Jackson's Report.) Thus Jackson made his sweeping march of over fifty miles, drove the troops at Martinsburg to Harper's Ferry, and appeared in front of the latter place on Saturday, 13th. He had been directed to be at Martinsburg by Friday night (12th), and he had been there at the time named.

General McLaws left Frederick on the 10th, and entered Pleasant Valley by way of Middletown and Burkitsville on the 11th. On the 12th he sent Kershaw, with his own and Barksdale's brigades, along the top of Elk Ridge to seize Maryland Heights, while the mass of his troops moved down Pleasant Valley toward the Potomac. The Maryland Heights were held by a small force of Federal troops—two regiments, I believe—under Colonel Ford. Their position was a strong one, and defended by abatis, but no serious attempt was made to hold it. Kershaw carried it with slight loss, but this was not accomplished until 4:30 P. M. on the 13th. In General Lee's order, directing the investment of Harper's Ferry, McLaws was expected to possess himself of the Maryland Heights by Friday morning (12th). He actually got possession on Saturday afternoon, some thirty hours later, and several hours after Jackson had appeared before Bolivar Heights. The distance that General McLaws had to



THE COUNTRY ABOUT HARPER'S FERRY.

march was about twenty miles; that is, less than half of that traveled by Jackson. Now, without intending to detract an iota from the skill and courage with which McLaws managed his part of the campaign, is it not evident that if he made a hurried march to reach Maryland Heights, then Jackson must have made one more than doubly as hurried in order to reach Bolivar Heights? But though in possession of Maryland Heights, McLaws was not in a condition to assist in the capture of Harper's Ferry until he had gotten some of his artillery up there. This was a difficult undertaking, as General Longstreet says, and it was 2 P. M. on Sunday, 14th, before the guns were in place.

Thus, so far from its being true that McLaws had reached Maryland Heights before Jackson

could get in position, the latter was at Bolivar fully twenty-four hours before McLaws was ready to open his pieces, and was waiting to learn the whereabouts of his colleagues.

General J. G. Walker, whose command was to seize the Loudon Heights, gives a most interesting and vivid narrative of his operations in the same magazine which contains General Longstreet's article. He crossed into Virginia at the Point of Rocks by the morning of the 11th, reached the foot of Loudon heights about ten o'clock on the 13th (Saturday), and by 2 P. M. that day had taken possession of the mountain without opposition. In Lee's plan it was expected that General Walker would have been able to effect this by Friday morning, the 12th. Walker got guns in position on the heights by 8 A. M. on the 14th, and soon



after midday opened effectively on the enemy. Jackson's guns quickly followed suit, as did those of McLaws shortly after. As the rivers intervened between McLaws and Walker and the Federal garrison, Jackson's troops were the only ones who could come to close quarters with the enemy, and on the evening of the 14th he advanced his infantry against the Federal position. A. P. Hill was on Jackson's right, next the Shenandoah. Hill sent Pender to seize and hold a commanding position on the enemy's left, and during the night Colonel Lindsay Walker and Lieutenant Ham. Chamberlayne brought up a mass of artillery and placed it there. Branch and Gregg pushed on during the night, and at daybreak were in the rear of the enemy's line of defense. Lawton's and J. R. Jones's division stretched from Hill over to the Potomac, and advanced at the same time. During the night Colonel Crutchfield took ten guns over the Shenandoah and placed them near the base of Loudon Heights so as to enfilade the enemy's works.

The utmost activity characterized Jackson's operations on the evening and night of the 14th. The investment of Harper's Ferry had been postponed by the obstacles which delayed McLaws and Walker, and made each of them a day late in occupying the mountain heights. Then the difficulty of communicating with them had caused loss of time on Sunday, the 14th; but up to the evening of that day Jackson was unaware of the peril which had suddenly come to General Lee by the rapid advance of McClellan against Crampton's and Turner's Gaps. General Walker says, that at midday on the 14th Jackson thought the firing at South Mountain passes was only a cavalry affair; before nightfall of that day, however, a dispatch from General Lee had informed him of the urgency of the case, and hence the vigorous all-night work of Jackson. Colonel H. K. Douglas, whose graphic sketch of the campaign is also in the *June Century*, says he carried orders to J. R. Jones at 3 A. M. At an early hour on the 15th Jackson's batteries opened, followed by those of J. G. Walker and McLaws. The distance of the latter's guns, as well as a fog along the Shenandoah, interfered with the firing from the mountain heights, but the effect of shells plunging down from those heights was very demoralizing upon the garrison. Jackson at close quarters and from a large number of guns poured in an effective fire. The enemy's fire gradually weakened, and, just as A. P. Hill was about to assault, the

white flag was run up and the garrison surrendered. This was about eight A. M. Every thing in Harper's Ferry was captured except about thirteen cavalymen under Colonel Davis, who escaped during the night by making their way up the north bank of the Potomac, at the foot of Maryland Heights. This avenue of escape was on McLaws's part of the line, and his attention had been called to it by General J. E. B. Stuart. Jackson had also reminded him of the danger of an attempt on the part of the garrison to escape into Maryland; but General McLaws probably thought the road in question sufficiently guarded by his troops on the heights, and the result was the escape of this body of cavalry, who in their flight next morning fell foul of Longstreet's train near Sharpsburg, and did some damage.

That the failure to hold Crampton's Gap and the advance of the Federals through it, upon McLaws' rear, placed him in peril is true, and he deserves great credit for the manner in which he withdrew on the 15th, but that his part of the capture of Harper's Ferry was equal, either in importance or in the manner of its performance, to that of Jackson is, as the preceding statement shows, a flight of fancy without any more solid foundation than the indignation of General Longstreet at the "Virginia papers."

General Longstreet is very decided in criticizing General Lee for his investment of Harper's Ferry, and seems to favor the idiosyncrasy of General D. H. Hill about the lost dispatch, viz., "That, after all, this dispatch damaged the Confederate cause but little if at all, and probably did McClellan more harm than good." Longstreet gives us distinctly to understand that the responsibility in the Harper's Ferry matter was with Lee and Jackson, and none of it rests on his shoulders. He tells us, too, that he disapproved of the fight at South Mountain, and also says that battle should not have been given at Sharpsburg.

He says:

This lost order has been the subject of much severe comment by Virginians who have written on the war. It was addressed to D. H. Hill, and they charged that its loss was due to him, and that the failure of the campaign was the result of the lost order. As General Hill has proven that he never received the order at his headquarters, it must have been lost by some one else. . . . McClellan planned his attack upon D. H. Hill under the impression that I was there with twelve brigades, nine of which were really at Hagerstown, and R. H. Anderson's division was at Maryland Heights with General McLaws. Had he exercised due diligence in seeking information from his own re-

sources he would have known better the situation at South Mountain and could have enveloped General D. H. Hill's division on the afternoon of the 13th or early on the morning of the 14th, and then turned upon McLaws at Maryland Heights before I could have reached either point.

Again he says: "The great mistake of the campaign was the division of Lee's army."

No great soldier, from Alexander to Napoleon, has escaped the criticism of rashness when relying on the resources of his own genius as an offset to the superior strength of his enemy, and why should Lee and Jackson be exceptions? As to the loss of the order, it has never been charged upon General Hill, we think, since he explained that he never received it. General Hill's statement, of course, settled that matter. Not so, however, his queer notion that the loss of the dispatch had little or no effect upon the campaign.

The part played by this lost dispatch is a perfectly simple and plain one, and nothing but special pleading can obscure its importance. There are few soldiers, we believe, on either side who do not recognize its decisive influence. General Lee not only "seemed inclined to attribute the failure of the campaign to the lost dispatch," we know he looked on it as a controlling factor in all the operations subsequent to its capture, and that there was no doubt in his mind as to its supreme importance.

Besides transferring the theater of war from Confederate territory and securing supplies for his army, General Lee expected that his invasion of Maryland would force the Federal army to leave Washington to oppose his progress. To inflict further damage upon that army was, of course, his prime object. Nor were his expectations ill-founded, for as soon as he entered Maryland the Federal army set out from the lines of Washington to meet him. This army, though largely superior in numbers to Lee, was much hampered in its movements by many causes. The half of it had just suffered a terrible defeat, and the work of reorganization must be carried on while the army was moving. The change of commanders had taken place under discouraging circumstances, and General McClellan, though restored to power, did not possess the confidence of the Washington administration. An excessive sensitiveness as to the safety of Washington was the idea uppermost in the mind of Halleck, the Federal commander-in-chief, and caused him to clog McClellan still farther by incessant cautions, lest his bold adversary should

make a flank movement upon the Capitol when once the Federal army was out of reach of it. Add to this that McClellan was one of the slowest and most cautious of commanders. Some of these things General Lee, of course, did not know, but he knew well the bad condition of the Federal army; indeed, probably underrated the rapidity with which it was recuperating. He knew the sensitiveness of the Federal government in regard to Washington; he knew the military character of the man opposed to him. Lee did not intend to fight McClellan east of the South Mountain, nor to dispute the passage of that barrier with him. On the contrary, he desired to draw him into the country west of that range, and then, when the Federal army was out of reach of Washington, he proposed to give battle on his own terms.

While awaiting the slow advance of the Federal army, the feebleness of Halleck, or his antagonism to McClellan, gave Lee an unexpected chance to strike a blow. Some ten thousand men had been retained at Harper's Ferry, and invited capture. To Lee's bold but accurate judgment it was evident that a part of his army might be employed for some days in the capture of this garrison and its large material of war, and that his force could then be reunited in the Hagerstown Valley before McClellan would be ready to fight. It seems, from General Longstreet's article, that Lee first proposed to him (his senior lieutenant) to undertake to capture Harper's Ferry, but finding Longstreet unable to appreciate the bold enterprise, he next turned to Jackson and confided to him the execution of the plan. We have already seen how well it was carried out. Now, we believe no one can sit down and read the history of the Federal movements at that time without being convinced that, but for the captured dispatch, McClellan's progress would have been even slower than Lee anticipated. He was creeping along at a rate that would have given Lee all the time he wanted, and the farther McClellan got from Washington the more urgent became Halleck's cautions. The movements, to the south side of the Potomac, of Walker and Jackson to complete the investment of Harper's Ferry confirmed Halleck in his fears. On September 12th President Lincoln telegraphed McClellan, "Jackson is crossing at Williamsport. Probably the whole rebel army will be drawn from Maryland." September 18th Halleck telegraphed, "Until you know more certainly the enemy's



force south of the Potomac you are wrong in thus uncovering the Capitol." Again, on the 14th, Halleck said, "I fear you are exposing your left and rear." Even as late as the 16th Halleck expressed the conviction that Lee's plan was to recross the Potomac, turn McClellan's left, and cut him off from Washington. Halleck's fears thus made the case more favorable than Lee could have anticipated. But apart from this there was no ground then, as there is none now, for deeming Lee's expectations unreasonable.

General Longstreet says that McClellan was "close upon us." Lee's infantry left Frederick on the 10th; McClellan's entered it on the 12th. Not a very keen pursuit one would say. On the 13th McClellan obtained the lost dispatch, and at once every thing changed. The groundlessness of Halleck's fears was evident; the movement of Confederate troops to the south of the Potomac was designed against Harper's Ferry, not, as Halleck thought, against Washington. Lee's whole plan of campaign was revealed to his antagonist; not simply his present position, but the movements for some days to come of every division of his army became known to McClellan. General Longstreet says McClellan's scouts could have gotten him better information than the lost order gave him. Read Halleck's dispatches; look at McClellan's career in the peninsula, the hesitation with which he led forward an army that had not been defeated, his tardy marches, his cautious strategy; consider the movements of the army for the preceding week, and remember that his army was recovering from a crushing defeat. Is it not morally certain that McClellan would have been contented to creep cautiously forward as he had been doing, had he not been relieved of all doubt and anxiety as to the plan and purpose of his enemy? McClellan was not fortunate, as a rule, in the information he obtained as to his enemies, for he always greatly overrated them; but in this case no scout could have informed him as to the movements of the Confederate army for days to come, nor as to the designs of its commander. General Longstreet can hardly have been serious in his suggestion. McClellan, it is plain, did not underrate the importance of the dispatch; he gave vent to demonstrations of joy at his good fortune in finding the lost order, and at once set to work to relieve Harper's Ferry, and seize the opportunity presented by the division of Lee's army.

Lee learned at Hagerstown, on the night of

the 13th, of McClellan's change of movement and the cause of it; he ordered Longstreet to return to Boonesboro to help D. H. Hill hold the gap there. General Longstreet thinks this a mistake, and that Lee should have withdrawn Hill to Sharpsburg, but General Longstreet gives one no idea how, in this case, McLaws was to be protected until Harper's Ferry should fall, or how the relief of that place was to be prevented. General Longstreet's plan undoubtedly involved the breaking of the investment of Harper's Ferry. Lee was compelled to hold the South Mountain passes or withdraw McLaws; nor does it seem unreasonable that Lee should have preferred the mountain passes as the points where he could best delay McClellan's advance to the far more open and more readily approached position at Sharpsburg. Inferior numbers had an immense advantage in the narrow mountain passes. Lee gained a day by the fight at South Mountain, and this proved to be enough to secure the fall of Harper's Ferry. Before he reached Sharpsburg next morning Harper's Ferry had fallen, and orders had been issued for the reunion of the Confederate army behind the Antietam.

Two days' delay on McClellan's part—one day's even—would have secured the fall of Harper's Ferry without the fight at South Mountain; would have enabled Lee to concentrate his army at Sharpsburg or Hagerstown and carry out his programme in his own way. It was these two days, perhaps more, that the loss of the dispatch cost Lee, and that changed the whole face of the campaign. He was thrown upon the defensive by the unexpected advance of McClellan, was forced to oppose with a small body the passage of the whole Federal army over the South Mountain, and was compelled either to fight at Sharpsburg with terribly depleted ranks, or yield the moral results of victory without a struggle by retreating into Virginia. General Longstreet thinks he ought to have chosen this latter alternative; Longstreet does not tell us whether he thought so at the time, but in the light of subsequent events his criticism is one in favor of which much can be said.

If General Longstreet's vision is distorted in regard to the capture of Harper's Ferry and the part played by the lost dispatch, it is more so when he comes to speak of the battle of Sharpsburg itself. Of the page which he devotes to the battle, one half is taken up with the description of the gallant manner in which General Longstreet and his staff aided Colonel

J. R. Cooke in one of the memorable crises of the day. Deserved tributes are paid to the courage and determination of D. H. Hill, but only the meagerest allusion is made to Jackson or the fearful struggle which he carried on for hours early in the day. The battle opened with the assault of Hooker's corps, not upon "Jackson's right and D. H. Hill's left" simply, but upon the whole of Jackson's line, which constituted the left wing of the army. This assault finally bore back Jackson's line through the cornfield on the east side of the turnpike, but the supreme effort exhausted Hooker, and when Hood's and part of D. H. Hill's troops came to Jackson's assistance Hooker's corps was shattered to pieces. Mansfield came to Hooker's aid by 7:30 A. M., and after a most sanguinary contest Jackson and his supports were again borne back by greatly superior numbers to the Dunker church on the west side of the turnpike. History records no severer fighting than occurred to the north and east of that little church on that calm September morning. Half of Jackson's men were *hors de combat*, and of the two Federal corps which had been dashed against his lines there were left but fragments which no longer had any power of offense.

Then came Sumner, leading Sedgwick's division against Jackson, and it seemed as if he must go down before this new onset, but the skill and courage of Early (whose brigade was the only one not seriously engaged up to this time) and the pluck of Stuart, Grigsby, and Hood held back the storm until McLaws and J. G. Walker reached the field. Never did sorely pressed men need help more than Jackson's and Hood's did, and never was it more gallantly and more effectively rendered than by McLaws and Walker. Striking Sedgwick's flank like a thunderbolt they demolished this splendid division of five or six thousand men in half an hour, killed and wounded two fifths of its number, and drove the rest in confusion to the Federal batteries near the "East Woods." This ended the serious fighting on the Confederate left. It was during this last struggle that Sumner sent orders to French and Richardson (his other division commanders) to press the Confederate center in order to relieve Sedgwick. They attacked D. H. Hill, and after a fierce resistance drove him and R. H. Anderson back. Lee's center was in danger of being carried, but the gallant efforts of D. H. Hill, of Longstreet, and of others, and the splendid work of the Confederate artillery at

this juncture checked the Federals. The latter continued to hold, as General Longstreet says, some of the ground they had gained at this point, but gave up their efforts to pierce Lee's center. The battle on the Confederate left and left-center is thus summed up by General Palfrey, himself wounded in Sedgwick's charge, and the ablest and fairest of the historians who have described this campaign. The extract shows how the fighting on that part of the Confederate line appeared to the men who were making the assaults:

The right attack spent its force when Sedgwick was repulsed. Up to that time there had been close connection of place and some connection of time between the movements of the first (Hooker's), twelfth (Mansfield's), and second (Sumner's) corps, but after that the attacks were successive both in time and place, and good as were some of the troops engaged and gallant as was some of the fighting, the movements of French's and Richardson's divisions excite but a languid interest, for such use as was made of these troops was not of the kind to drive Hill and Hood and Jackson and Longstreet and Lee from a strong position from which six divisions of the Federal army had already recoiled, and recoiled in a condition which left them for the moment almost incapable of further service.

Time may have dimmed General Longstreet's memory of what was done on the Confederate left, where he did not command, but how about the right wing, of which he did have charge? One can hardly read without astonishment his obscure allusion to the splendid service of A. P. Hill. The day at Sharpsburg was one so full of brave deeds and braver sacrifices, there was so much imperishable glory won there by Southern soldiers from every State in the Confederacy that it is not easy to pick out the brightest in such a galaxy of grand achievements. But if one may venture upon this, surely the part played by A. P. Hill will be among the most glorious upon any list. Toombs' brave Georgians had held Burnside back for many hours, but the latter, after mid-day, had crossed the Antietam on the Confederate right, and with overwhelming forces had pushed D. R. Jones' division back from point to point until the Federals were in the very streets of Sharpsburg. All that men could do was being done to check the progress of defeat, but the "battery that D. H. Hill brought;" and all the other batteries which were pouring their fire on the advancing lines, were unable to stop Burnside. Just when disaster seemed inevitable A. P. Hill, after marching seventeen miles and wading the Potomac, appeared on the field, and, striking with the utmost skill and vigor



the front and flank of the victorious force, drove it staggering and bleeding back to the bridge. This charge decided the day, and gave Lee final possession of the field. The great rapidity of Hill's march is evident when we remember that McLaws left Harper's Ferry sixteen hours before Hill, and yet reached the field of battle only about five hours in advance of him, while the vigor of his attack is shown by the fact that with march-worn and hungry men he struck a corps in the full tide of success, and defeated forces three times as numerous as his own.

Not one word about all this from General Longstreet, though it took place under his own eye and upon his own line. Is it a sin with General Longstreet to be a Virginian? or do the honors which the world pays to the memory of his dead comrades in arms provoke him to jealousy?

Of one thing we feel certain, and it is, that the Virginians who followed Lee, Jackson, and Hill will not cease to cherish as a noble possession the fame of General Longstreet himself. Forgetting his eccentricities since the war they love to think of him as he was at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Marye's Hill, The Wilderness; to recall the earnest, able, patriotic soldier who won laurels on so many Virginian fields, and shed his blood so freely on Virginian soil. If his judgment of his comrades is sometimes unfair, and his criticism of the great captain, under whom it was his privilege to serve, is too carping, they will attribute this to age and misfortune, and prefer to recur to the days when he was Lee's "old war-horse," when heart and head were both ever ready to serve his commander, or to strike an effective blow in aid of Jackson or Hill.

*W. Allan.*

## EXPERIMENTS IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

### NASHVILLE.

OUR old city government was the ward system; the farce of two houses, elected by wards—forty-two members in all. Under this system, when a man made up his mind to become a professional ward politician, he established a grocery, or had a friend to do it, in the ward, and with one year's work his election was assured over the best man in the ward.

I got in my head the idea that if this fellow was spread out over the whole city he would be too thin, and so we organized to beat the ward politicians, and we got two thousand one hundred men into a city relief association. This organization prepared a charter abolishing the two houses, and fixing the number of the city council at ten, without salary, and giving this body the right to make laws, city ordinances, but putting the entire business of the city in the hands of a board of public works, composed of three men elected by the city council, to be well paid—the salary of each was fixed at four thousand dollars—and they were permitted to do nothing else.

One half the city council were to be elected every two years, and one member of the board of public works was to be elected every two years. The mayor under our charter is a

cipher. Relieving the city council from all work, except say what could be done at a meeting in one hour every two weeks, we supposed we could get ten first class men to serve, as we did; and we supposed the salary would secure us a board of public works of first class men, as it did.

The ward politicians who regarded the city government their property made a desperate fight before the legislature, but our organization was too strong, and we passed the bill giving us the new charter, so that the ward politicians who were candidates had to come before the whole city.

Putting up well-known citizens, we elected them easily. The important thing was putting the business of the city in the hands of three business men; this is the secret of success, wherever there is success, in city government. The management of a city's affairs is simply business, just as much business as operating a railroad. Politicians—even a much higher class than ward politicians—can not transact business. The experience of all our cities, without an exception, is that ward politicians have no more fitness for the business to be transacted in a city than pirates would have for holding a religious service. It may be set down as a fixed fact that a gang of politicians

could not run a hen-house. These ward politicians have had control of all our cities ever since they learned the art of manipulating the wards and making contracts which divided, but kept the books straight, and hence the bankruptcy of all our American cities. New York owes more money than thirty English cities, including London, Liverpool, and Manchester. The ward system of city government is an evil that can not be doctored; it has to be taken out by the roots, and the whole question turns upon the character of men managing the business of the city. The feature of our new city government, after breaking up the ward system and adopting the general-ticket system, lies in paying good salaries for managing the business. Business men alone can manage the business of a city—and they can not be had without good salaries; the average politician can no more do it than he could manage a bank whose borrowers were voters at the next election.

Our new government has been in existence scarcely three years. Our taxes have been reduced; our streets made passable; indeed, most of them have been changed from mud-holes to delightful highways. Our fire department has been greatly improved. We have made a magnificent bridge across the Cumberland River, connecting East Nashville with the main part of the city. Our water-works are being built, which will be the greatest of all our improvements. Our bank account is always on the right side, and our bonds, from being peddled about at whatever we could get—always below par—have gone up to \$1.05. In fact, the business of our city is as well conducted as the business of any bank here.

Instead of people being in bad humor when they pay their taxes, they pay them cheerfully, always knowing that the money will be used for the good of the city.

I have given the subject of city government much thought. Many years ago, when this city was in the hands of a gang of thieves, left over after the war, and when our white people had no voice in selecting the officials, I applied to a court, and had a receiver appointed—appointed upon the ground that the management of city affairs was simply a trust. And this caused me to look carefully into the American system of city government.

The greatest evil and the most vexatious feature of democratic government comes from our idea of political rights in city government, where a tramp who came in yesterday and goes

out to-morrow, as it were, has the same influence as the largest tax-payer.

We have regarded city government as a political government instead of a trust. The remedy is to break up the ward system and create a business department, and put in first-class men, and manage city affairs as business men would a bank or a railroad, separating this business from the political department of the government.

*A. S. Colyar.*

#### MEMPHIS.

On the 29th of October, 1878, the yellow-fever epidemic in Memphis was declared by the health authorities to be at an end. More than five thousand people had died of the pestilence; houses were deserted; streets were encumbered with rotten pavements; the city was hopelessly in debt, and the prey of miasmatic politicians. In the ruling despair, it may be that not a few anarchic citizens wished to repudiate the city debt entirely, and even among the most rigid constructionists of the obligations imposed by the debt there was an unmistakable hankering after a compromise. Discontent was the captain of the hour; a huge dissatisfaction with the politicians, the bondholders, and with the very form of municipal government prevailed every where. Out of this desperation sprang a public resolve, that the city of Memphis should be wiped from among the things that are, and a new form of local rule established. The citizens held a number of meetings, and the determination was formed to resolve the city back into the body of the State. The "taxing-district" form of government was the child of this resolution.

I will not pretend to invade the minds and cry out the motives of the men who were responsible for this experiment in municipal government. They have repeatedly asserted that the object in creating the taxing district was not to repudiate the debt of the old city of Memphis, but to secure an economical and non-partisan administration of local affairs, so that the streets might be paved, the city sewered, and the sanitary condition improved. It would be outside the design of this review to theorize upon their motives; but as the question of good municipal government is now, and will be for some years to come, one of paramount importance in all cities of the Union, I conceive that a citation of facts bearing upon this experiment will not only be of interest, but may bring in its wake a train of useful lessons.



The legislature of Tennessee, on the 29th of January, 1879, passed an act in terms general, and applying to all municipal corporations having thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Under this act Memphis had the privilege of surrendering her charter and powers of taxation and becoming a taxing district. The act provided that the necessary taxes for the support of a taxing district should be imposed by the General Assembly and not otherwise. To administer the local affairs, the act provided for a board of three fire and police commissioners, a board of five supervisors of public works, a board of health, and other instrumentalities for the proper government of the taxing district. The old city council was abolished and a "legislative council," consisting of three fire and police commissioners and the five members of the board of public works, was substituted. The validity of the act creating the new form of government was soon afterward tested before the courts, resulting in a victory for the taxing district before the Supreme Court on the 4th of June, 1879. The payment of taxes was stopped during this litigation, but money was borrowed and the government was maintained.

The new governmental child was, however, destined, like other infants, to a certain allowance of childhood's ills. The payment of taxes had hardly been resumed before the yellow fever, on the 10th of July, 1879, made its appearance again, and payment was switched off until the 1st of November. The taxing district had now passed through the trials of pestilence and unpaid taxes, and every day that passed thereafter emphasized the wisdom of the men who devised it.

The three fire and police commissioners are practically the governing power of the city. Elections by the people are held every two years, two commissioners being chosen at one election, and one at the next, the term of office being four years. These commissioners elect from their number a president of the taxing district, who may be considered the successor of the old-fashioned mayor. It is his duty to preside over the public meetings of the legislative council; and he is also invested with judicial authority to hear and determine all cases of offenders against the ordinances or local laws of the taxing district; in short, he is *ex officio* a justice of the peace. He is paid a fixed salary, and the fines imposed by him are credited on his salary. The other two commissioners are paid a nominal salary. The five supervisors of public works are non-salaried offi-

cials, whose duties are mainly adjunctive to those of the fire and police commissioners. The government is hedged about with wise conditions. The commissioners are inhibited from issuing bonds, notes, or scrip, as well as from making contracts in excess of the amount of tax levied. They are likewise deprived of the power to levy any tax for any purpose. It is made a felony for any member of either board to have a direct or remote interest in any contract to which the taxing district is a party. All contracts are made on a cash basis, and the government has no authority to go into debt. Every two years a budget is prepared by the legislative council, and sent to the legislature, where it is adopted, rejected, or amended, as the case may be. In this budget the proportion of tax for each object is specified, and the fund collected for one purpose can not be diverted to another. The powers of the legislative council are limited, in the main, to the business of making ordinances, or local laws for the taxing district.

The members of the two boards are elected from the entire city. This fact has practically eliminated the ward boss from the geography of Memphis, for the reason that the influence of such an individual, though paramount in a single ward, could not be buttered over the whole community. Results are the best arguments, and the three elections with which the writer is personally familiar are suggestive. At the first a ticket was put forth by the best element in the city; there was opposition to merely a part of it, and the original ticket went through. In the second election there was no opposition, the citizens by petition announcing their candidates. In January, 1886, the third election was held. The old politicians had galvanized themselves and made desperate efforts to resurrect a following, but they were able to poll only 273 votes as against 6,038 for the then incumbents.

A meeting of the legislative council is certainly a novelty in local legislation. The president of the taxing district sits at the head of a long table, around which are seated the other seven members, the secretary of the taxing district and the reporters. The president is a well-to-do business man, gifted with what is popularly known as "horse sense;" one of the fire and police commissioners is the owner of a steamboat line; the other is president of the Cotton Press and Storage Company; all are thoroughly practical men. The members of the board of public works are a cotton factor, a butcher, a

foundryman, a dealer in pipes, and a proprietor of a line of drays. None of these councilmen have ever taken any conspicuous part in politics; some are Democrats, some are Republicans, and one is a negro. A man's political views have, so far the writer knows, never even been mentioned as a reason or a disqualification for his election.

At the council meetings there is a delicious absence of oratory. The windy ignoramus and the aspiring pop-gun are both unknown. Questions of privilege, points of order, and parliamentary tactics in general are unheard of. The "previous question" would cause as much consternation and ridicule in the council as a proposition to divert the Mississippi River through the center of the city. The commissioners impress the observer as business men consulting informally about their common interests. They talk and vote and there's an end on't. Happily, so far, the legislative council has never embraced among its members a quibbling attorney or an impecunious doctor, anxious to advertise himself; and considering the fact that its deliberations have been deprived of the alleged value of professional members, it is surprising, though mournfully true, that few if any material mistakes have been made.

For reasons set forth in the first part of this article it is evident that the real life of the taxing district began about January, 1880, when the work of improvement was inaugurated with a vim. Since that time about twenty miles of streets have been paved, forty miles of sub-soil drains, and a like quantity of sewer lines have been constructed. The aspect of Memphis has been completely changed. From being the filthiest it has become one of the cleanest cities in the country. The value of sanitation has never been established more successfully than in the city of Memphis. Impassable streets have been opened, rotten Nicholson pavements have been removed, sewer connections have been rigorously insisted upon, and there is no doubt that the thorough sanitary methods now prevailing have stayed forever the return of the grim pestilence.

Civil service reform, too, has in this government attained an almost perfect development. Changes in the police and fire departments are never made except for cause. The present chiefs of these departments rose from the ranks, and were promoted when vacancies from death in one case, and resignation in the other, occur-

red. During the yellow fever so great was the mortality among the police that a good many vacancies were filled with negroes. Most of these men are on the force to-day. A few have been dismissed for notorious neglect of duty, and have invariably been succeeded by men of their own race. Changes in the departments have been caused by death, voluntary retirement, or discharge based on reasons universally admitted to be valid. In no case has a man's political faith been powerful either to secure him a position or to prevent his just discharge. It may be of interest to state, *en passant*, that the negro policemen have, with few exceptions, discharged their duties admirably. In a community like Memphis, where a large portion of the populace is black, they will be found good instruments for detecting and capturing rogues of their own color.

I believe it is customary with some people to facetiously refer to Memphis as the city which surrendered its name and its charter in order to escape the payment of its debts. This is an unjust as well as an untrue view of the case. At the coming of the yellow fever the city was mired in debt. The most flagrant local misrule helped to expand the indebtedness. I will cite a few instances. By a single "arrangement" of the old Board of Aldermen, \$568,000 of six-per-cent bonds were issued to take up \$369,000 of open accounts. It has been calculated by a steadier mathematical head than mine that to settle this \$369,000 of debt, the bonds and interest would cost the people of Memphis \$1,590,400.

A great many paving bonds were issued at various times, some of which sold as low as sixteen cents on the dollar. Indeed, in one instance sixty-two bonds actually brought an average of twenty cents on the dollar. In 1881 these bonds represented in the bondholders' debts, \$62,000 principal, plus \$52,080 interest on principal, plus \$12,807 interest on coupons, making a total of \$130,000, for which the city had actually received some \$12,000. Again, the bonds for 1867, 1868, 1869 sold for \$772,-913.17 less than their face value, and this loss, with interest on principal and coupons, was a part of the city debt. I could cite other cases to show that the city did not receive anything like a fair equivalent for what she stood pledged to pay.

When the refugees from Memphis returned to their homes after the yellow fever, they had no police station, no property, no paved streets. The insignia of the plague appeared upon



every house; five thousand citizens had been swept away, and untold capital had been destroyed. The taxing district, though harassed by all these things, made no attempt to repudiate the debt; on the contrary, each president, in his biennial report to the governor, distinctly denied that any such intention was entertained. About four years ago the members of the government themselves began agitating the question of a settlement. Mass meetings were held, at which the largest bondholders, or their representatives, were present. Bills were submitted, rejected, amended, and finally all opposition except the captious objection of a few rampant demagogues was overcome, and a bill, satisfactory to a large majority of the bondholders, was sent to the legislature for approval. It has been said that the bondholders had no alternative but to take the half a loaf. Certainly, in advance of any legislation on the subject, they were not compelled to as-

sent to the conclusions reached by the mass meetings. No coercion could exist until the passage of the bill to settle the debt, and it was the cordial assent given by them which encouraged the citizens to send the bill to the legislature.

The entire debt has been funded, and for the first time in her history Memphis has begun to retire her debt. So far more than \$300,000 has been redeemed. These facts show that the taxing district was not a mere convenience for escaping creditors; it has relieved Memphis of political bossism; it has reduced the expenses of all the departments and yet enhanced their value; it has paved and sewered the city; it has instituted sanitary reforms, and effectively carried them out; it has brought about a settlement of the old city debt. It seems somewhat strange that the best form of local government ever devised should not have its counterpart except in far-off Australia.

*Walker Kennedy.*

## AN AUTUMN IN MEXICO.

### FIRST PAPER.

**D**URING the journey thither, and on a sunny afternoon of November, 1885, the ruins of the Pecos Pueblo were pointed out by the obliging conductor soon after Glorieta, New Mexico, was passed. It was in that Pueblo Montezuma was born, and in due time became the head of the tribe and chief priest of its religion. A short time after he attained to these honors he organized a migration to the south, a portion of the tribe consenting to accompany him. To-day the stone is pointed out to travelers on which Montezuma stood, shod with golden slippers, and he is told of the farewell address of the "founder of the Aztec Empire." Commanding the priests, who were to remain behind, to keep the sacred fire burning until he would return to escort the entire tribe to their new home on the shores of a mighty lake in the far away south, he exclaimed, "The dynasty I will found will stand until yonder sapling has grown to be a sturdy oak and afterward fallen into decay." Saying this he placed himself at the head of a chosen band of warriors, and took his departure for the south.

The learned Baudelier, in his report to the Archeological Institute, mercilessly criticises

this charming myth, declaring that "not a single one of the numerous chronicles of the past, up to the year 1680, mentions the Montezuma story." Nevertheless, the Pecos traditions do mention it reverently, and the holy fire was kept burning until 1840, when the remnant of that pueblo, which smallpox had not slain, removed to Jimez, carrying the fire with them. To be sure it is only a myth.

The entrance into Old Mexico, that land of mystery and enchantment, was through the ancient Paso del Norte, and the flight to the Valley of Mexico, in a palace car of the Mexican Central, was over sandy deserts, through fertile valleys, amid saw-shaped mountains, through varieties of climate; over fields bearing, side by side, wheat, maize, and sugar cane; by cities teeming with people of a bronze hue, silent in manner and subdued in appearance; within sight of lagoons and aqueducts that recalled landscapes in Southern Europe and the East; rolling over parallel rails of steel with peon and Spaniard, the former ignorant, superstitious, and hating the convenience his necessities compelled him to employ, the latter scorning the fellows who rode third-class, and permitting no

more association than is seen among the whites and blacks of our Southern States.

No matter how carefully one reads, it is quite impossible to comprehend the contrast until that republic is visited. The dining-halls of the railway—some of them in coaches on sidings—remind you of home, but the tortillas, tomares, and goat's ribs spread out on the white sand, upon not overly clean mats of palm, call you back for centuries, and to the realization of the agreeable fact that you are within the bounds of a country that was ruled by the Spaniard before "John Smith" or Pocahontas was born, or the oldest of the Fathers who landed at Plymouth had seen the light of day. The simple articles of food were served by sympathetic-looking women with soft, low, musical voices, deep, languishing black eyes, each wearing a black shawl over her head—the majority of them barefooted. The Mexicans feasted silently, and a squad of armed soldiers, clad in white cotton and sandals, looked on lovingly while the venders spread out the tortillas and tomares which they wanted but were unable to purchase. From here on there was a charm in all that we saw, save, perhaps, in the splendid churches which so often lifted their towers out of the grossest ignorance and the most abject squalor. With the deepest interest the fertile fields were examined, fields being plowed with crooked sticks drawn by oxen, after the manner of the days of the Pharaohs! Presently surprise reached a climax when the grain was being threshed near the roadway on cemented floors by horses, and in one place by goats, and then washed in baskets into which fell a small stream from an aqueduct. The laughing passengers tasted the national beverage, pulque, at first with a little shiver, after a while with a prolonged draught. Some nibbled the tortillas, besmeared with *chile verdi*, with an unconcealed shudder, and others swallowed the blood-red fruit of the cactus approvingly. This fruit was plucked from the old, gnarled-looking trees over in the fields surrounded by fences of the maguey plant. All would have been uninterrupted pleasure had we not learned from a hot-headed patriot of the shooting of Don Miguel Hidalgo, the author of Mexican independence, at Chihuahua, and from a most sanctified-looking person of the righteous murder of Maximilian at Querétaro. In these two incidents had we proof of the ferocity of the Spanish character in Mexico.

The train halted at Huehuetoca, an ancient Aztec city, built in a depression of the moun-

tain rim of the Valley of Mexico, just as the sun's brilliant disk arose above the wall over toward the east, lighting up the snowy caps of Popocatepetl and Itztaccihuatl. The rainy season was lingering in the lap of winter, and the vines and flowers, the roses, and the geraniums (the latter as tall as a man) filled the air with their fragrance. The valley, with its lakes and white-walled cities, lay at our feet.

The ascent to this mountain city was along the bosom of the great tajo of the Nochistongo hills, stopping just as the day dawned at Tula, the ancient capital of the Toltecs, who abandoned the valley one hundred and fifty years before the Aztecs arrived. The descent was by Cuantitlan, with Lake Zumpango to the left, and by Barrientos, with lakes Xaltocan and San Cristobal, that were visible a few moments before the mountain spur of Guadalupe shut out the view of Lake Texcoco. At Tlalnepantla Texcoco came into view again, and in the midst of the plain on its western shore, a plain almost on a level with its shimmering surface, sat the City of Mexico, the most magnificent city built on the western continent by Europeans.

This small valley, sixty by thirty miles, in which so many lakes and cities nestle so quietly, is inclosed by volcanic mountains rising from four hundred to nine thousand feet above its lowest lake. The ten extinct volcanoes in these mountain walls tell of fire and smoke in ages gone by. Above them all tower Popocatepetl and Itztaccihuatl, both capped with snow, the former grumbling as if in condemnation of the legal foreclosure that is about to dispossess its present obliging, but financially unfortunate owner.

The appearance of this basin at the time of the Conquest must have been very little like that of the present. Then the smoke of volcanoes darkened the cloudless sky, and the waters of the lakes Texcoco and Mexico surrounded the capital of the Aztec Empire.

The destruction of the dike of Nezahualcoyatl resulted in the absorption of the Lake of Mexico by Texcoco, and the changes of three centuries have contracted this latter lake until its normal boundary is miles west of the city. When the conquerors came the mountain sides and the valley were covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, and their nakedness to-day bears testimony to the short-sightedness of those brave but thoroughly selfish men. Granted that the soil of the valley and mountains is now carefully cultivated, even to



heights exceeding nine thousand feet above the sea, a thousand evils arising from the destruction of the forests is the heritage of Mexicans. The waters have receded from the city gates, but the plain on which it stands is secured with wide, deep ditches, filled with the vegetable clad, potable waters of lakes Xochimilco and Chalco. Causeways and dikes appear to be as useful now as when the second Montezuma reigned in his water-begirt capital.

The dangers which threaten the capital of the Mexican Republic will be appreciated when one remembers that the floor of the main plaza is only nine feet above the bottom of the greatest depth of Lake Texcoco, and that the greatest normal depth of Lake Texcoco is six feet eight inches in the rainy season, bringing its surface to within two feet four inches of the Plaza Mayor. The surface of lakes Xochimilco and Chalco—practically one lake—is ten feet above Texcoco, which receives their overflow by a wide canal, of which special mention will be made hereafter. To the north San Cristobal and Xaltocan, also practically one lake, are eleven feet above, and Zumpango, still further north, is twenty-four feet above Texcoco. The northern lakes communicate with the lowest by sluice-gates in the dry time, and by overflows in times of disastrous rains. Into Texcoco the sewage of the city of two hundred thousand people flows through the open canal of San Lazaro, and festers upon its surface beneath the burning rays of an unclouded sun. The sewerage of the city is bad, very bad, and on the same plan as that of New Orleans.

I can not describe my sensations while rolling into the city by the hovels of the poor, the gardens and white-walled fortresses—called dwellings—of the rich. I felt as if I were dreaming, and that I realized I was dreaming. We were entering a city builded before Cartier saw the St. Lawrence; before Raleigh landed on Roanoke; before Gosnold named Martha's Vineyard; before Champlain founded Quebec; before the first settlement at Jamestown; before Pocahontas (Lady Rebecca) had married John Rolfe; before the settlement at Plymouth, or Roger Williams was banished for heresy. Ancient, beautiful city! its history stained with crimes, its churches abandoned to superstition and the peons, its aqueducts and water-carriers unchanged for centuries, its recollections of Spanish chivalry, tyranny, and ferocity, its conservatism actually appalling! But why continue the dream!

There were no noisy hackmen at the iron

gates of the station, and a fleet-footed peon messenger, with a collar and a metal badge, brought a hack in a jiffy, and this delivered us at the enormous door of a patio of the pink and white Iturbide for four reales.

This hotel, the first in all respects in the city, is now as comfortable as reasonable travelers may demand. Its patios are large, one devoted to shrubbery and pagodas for the restaurant; its chambers well provided with all necessities except soap; its pretty parlor being a startling concession to American ideas. The Mexican arrangement of meals puts coffee at nine, breakfast at noon, chocolate at four, and dinner at seven. Americans can secure meals at American hours in the first-class restaurants; they are always apart from the hotels, which supply only lodgings, after the fashion of the European establishments.

From the balcony of my chamber—every outer window has a balcony—I had many favorable opportunities of witnessing a Spanish courtship on the balcony opposite. There the black-eyed señorita appeared every afternoon, a little after four, to gaze on her gesturing lover on the pavement beneath. From my prominent balcony could be seen the burros passing silently and patiently by, not daring to be careless lest they fall beneath the burdens bound with ropes to their backs; the peon trotting along, bearing on his stout back furniture, cases of goods, lumber, and even tombstones; the chivri moya, tomale, and lottery-ticket venders crying their wares with a most agonizing wail; the hacks with their painted flags, and the dandies in charro dress cavorting their horses among burros and peons as if such had neither existence nor rights. The burden-bearers, water-carriers, and fruit-venders were either shod with sandals or barefooted; no shoes nor stockings did I see on a peon at any period of my stay. I mean on the common laborers, and in that sense "peon" is used by me almost exclusively.

The rainy season had now passed, and the cloudless sky, bright sun, and dry atmosphere would have been most enjoyable had not the elevation been so great, 7,347 feet. It was not at all comfortable for two or three days, yet unimpaired lungs more quickly adjust themselves to the surroundings. Mexico was wearing its prettiest plumage, the debris of the slight inundations had been removed, and the streets were clean and dry and not dusty. The evenings and mornings grew to be cool, and overcoats made up for the absence of all grates

and stoves, or other means of artificial heating. It is no easy task to convince the visitor that artificial heat would not add to the comfort of the cooler winter days; a stranger can scarcely believe that its rarifying effects would be as injurious as the physicians declare. Several of the more recently erected residences have introduced grates, and I am told a few oil-stoves are already in use, but as a rule grates, stoves, hot air, and steam as generators of artificial heat in dwellings, are unknown in the city of Mexico.

The writer, being somewhat in excess of the average height and size, was an object of polite but curious examination wherever he went; large men are rarely found among the Mexicans. That peculiarity was specially startling when attempting to take a seat in a slight canoe for a trip up the Viga Canal. The pretty Indian girl, squatted midships, gave a little start and then smiled timidly while I stumbled to a seat on a couple of folded up zarapes. Even the solemn looking boatman, with cotton drawers and straw sombrero, could not entirely restrain his mirth as he pushed off into the deeper water of the canal, and began to paddle softly and slowly toward the city gate and San Anita. It was Sunday, and every body was going to San Anita and the Chinampas, or floating gardens. The willows, the poplars, the flowers, the happy throng of careless toilers, the bamboo huts, the Mexican (peon) restaurants and their soft-voiced attendants, the loving attentions paid the children, the dancing, the ballad-singers, the embrace of welcome, the extravagance of salutation, the polite familiarity of those seeking our patronage were a revelation; they were Mexican, and Mexican only. And they were enjoyed to the fullest every hour of that sunny Sabbath day.

American travelers are no little surprised to find the better classes dressed so near like themselves, inasmuch as books of travel have dealt lavishly in descriptions of the flashy charro attire so common at the time of the Mexican war, and for many years afterward. Mexican gentlemen at the capital dress as do Americans and Europeans, and the ladies dress as do ours, saving and excepting that the colors are always subdued; black lace veils are worn instead of hats, and a most crippling contrivance supplants our comfortable shoe. The men are slender, have regular features and exceedingly small hands and feet, with an air of gentility, inherited through an avoidance for generations of manual labor. The

great majority of the whites weave not, neither do they spin, and derive their support from the toil of the peon they are so apt to despise. The dress of those who went up the Viga that Sunday was entirely Mexican, zarapes, white cotton, straw hats, black shawls, and sandals being most prominent. To be sure there were many triggered up like their "masters," but they appeared to be out of place or intruders. One could not help being surprised at how differently they appeared from those seen in Puebla on the following Sunday, and who were decked out in colored skirts, ribbons, scarfs, heads crowned with red turbans, and necks encircled by beads falling over delicately stitched chemisettes. Such warm colors are rarely if ever seen at the capital, only one hundred miles distant.

The line separating the upper from the lower classes is broad and well-defined; intermarriage being no more frequent than among the whites and blacks in the United States. Standing one Sunday morning on a cement walk of the Alameda I saw the upper class promenading between grassy, flowery parterres, clad in the elegant stuffs which wealth can purchase, and the lower class moving solemnly along the outer pavement, the women in white cotton skirts and deep blue rebozos, the men in white cotton zarapes, and sandals. All are "Mexicans" to the newly arrived stranger; a very brief residence teaches him the use of "Mexican" and "peon."

A solemnly prolonged toll came down to my seat in the Zocola from the lofty tower of the Cathedral one beautiful morning while I sat dreamily reviewing the upheavals that began with the sequestration of the property of the clergy in 1856! I recalled how differently they rang the bells in free Santa Fe, and I remembered that the Mexicans do not allow the forty bells of this Cathedral to be rung at the same time now, as was once their custom. No, neither do the priests go any more in procession, nor force the populace to kneel when the bishop passes with the "host." Times have changed, and hence I saw only a few of the upper class on bended knees upon the seatless floor of the Cathedral, or its annex, the parochial church called the Segratio. There were no lack of cripples and beggars, injecting their soft pleadings into the hum of the army of priests and the chantings of the choir.

The fashionable church of the city is the Profesa, and within its elegant precincts many a



first glimpse is sometimes caught of the maidens afterward wooed and won on the public thoroughfares by the beaux of the upper crust! There the lover silently kneels in full view of his innamorata, and the soulful petitions he offers are devotions to his beloved rather than pious supplications to the Virgin. There is nothing of this at San Domingo! The memories of the cruel Inquisition eternally excludes the little god from the somber inclosures. Only the most superstitiously pious worship there now.

The half hour spent amid the splendors of that church of San Domingo was gloomy indeed; our thoughts being occupied with the horrors the fanatical monks conducted here and in the building on the east side of the handsome plaza to such bloody extremes. The church's splendors are tarnishing daily, and the Inquisition building was sometime since changed into a medical college, whose votaries are no longer taught that the curing of the soul is best accomplished by the rack and the flames. They are now taught how to overcome those bodily distempers which so often involve the future of the soul, but not as the Dominicans dreamed.

"I wish you could send us some American dairyman to open an extensive establishment in our city," said a young Spaniard, whose education was "finished" in the United States, while breakfasting with me one noon. It was a pleasure to discover that even a few appreciated the inferiority of Mexican *leche* and *mantequillas*, even while the latter were being so prettily crimped in our presence by the not overly-clean fingers of the *criado*. An American dairy is a necessity to the American Colony, as is also a well-managed American restaurant.

From that noontide breakfast onward careful attention was paid to the preferred diet, in the restaurants, by natives and foreigners. One misses many of the popular vegetables of home, but with fruit and dulce he is surfeited. It was difficult to shun the grease, yet *chile* was never offered unless called for. The breads were somewhat remarkable for variety, there being lard, sugar, egg, milk, and water bread ready for every meal, and tortillas subject to order. Of course one's nose goes high in air when dishes purely Mexican are first mentioned, nevertheless *chile con carne* (red peppers boiled with meat) and *chile relleno* (green peppers stuffed with mincemeat and fried with eggs) are, after a trial or two, admitted to be quite palatable. And as for *tomates* (ground maize and mince-

meat boiled in a corn-shuck) no extended experience is needed to prefer them to a score of our popular dishes at home.

The food of the upper classes is nearly the same as that preferred by Europeans; they never indulge the pies and puddings of the Americans. The wines are imported from Europe, English ale and American beer having a liberal patronage. Whisky is not a Mexican beverage, though European brandy and Mexican *ardiente* are popular. The peons are content with tortillas and *chile* washed down with copious draughts of pulque. The artisans add coffee and frijoles, *chile con carne*, and *ternera con papas*. They are never obese, and though they drink freely of pulque and mescal are rarely intoxicated on other than feast days.

Every body smokes cigars and cigarettes. Even the sweet señoritas, I am told, do not scorn the soothing luxury in the secluded boudoir of their fortified homes. The señors smoke every where, in the horse-cars, theaters, restaurants, parks, stage-coaches, and, for aught I know to the contrary, in the churches and in the chambers of their wives. Experts say the tobacco is the best grown on the continent, its purity being maintained for centuries through the monopoly practiced by the government.

One naturally plans his tours of the city from the Plaza Mayor, the starting point of nearly all of the tramways. Walking thither from the Iturbide you will pass along the handsome "Avenida Cinco de Mayo," entering the plaza west of the Cathedral, and south of the charming artificial grove known as the Flower Market. This "5th of May" is tenderly cherished by all patriotic Mexicans. On the 5th of May, 1862, they defeated the disciplined army of the French at Puebla, and a nation so often buffeted and defeated may, without a sneer, be permitted to boast of such a victory. Not only has this day been made one of rejoicing, but parents are inflicting the name upon their children in preference to the long-preferred "Jesus," "Jose," and names of the saints. There was another "Cinco de Mayo," one more interesting to the Mexican Republic. On the 5th of May, 1877, Porfirio Diaz was inaugurated twenty-fourth President. There may have been method in the choice of that day for his assumption of office.

To the right of the plaza, from your seat in a tower of the Cathedral, are the sombrero stores, the national pawn-shop, no longer the most important financial institution of the country. It is still in the ancient residence

of Cortez, whose quaint doors, windows, carvings, and staircases are the delight of travelers in that land of enchantment and quaint aggregations.

Looking away over the densely shaded Zocalo, and the long line of portales in front, there can be seen in every direction the lofty, massive towers of sanctuaries, reminding one of what Rome could do before the reformation under Alvarez and Juarez. To the west the Alameda resembles an emerald, in a setting of silver, and the huge stuccoed tanks that receive the potable waters from the aqueducts of Chapultepec suggest diamonds brilliant as the sunlight. Following the silver thread of the canal imagination perfumes the clear air with the fragrance of flowers on the *chinampas* just beyond San Anita. To the northwest the "Grasshopper Hill" of the Aztecs—Chapultepec—shaded by lofty cypress and crowned with a "castle" containing the military school of the Republic and the official residence of its President, stands forth a perpetual condemnation of the bad judgment exhibited by Cortez when he failed to rear the walls of Mexico around its base. Close on the shores of Texcoco, toward the north, the Capilla of Guadalupe perpetuates the myth of the Virgin's appearing to San Juan Diego, and reminded our little party of Americans that the treaty which concluded the Mexican war, and plundered the conquered, was signed in a room at its foot.

Lake Texcoco shimmered east of this sacred hill, the sewage of the city entering it from the mouth of San Lazaro, and millions of wild ducks settling down upon its marshes. Bounding the valley on every side were the treeless mountains, the snow-capped peaks of Popocatepetl and Itztacchuatl, weird and cold, above them all. So far as I know, no similar view is to be obtained any where else on earth.

The straight, clean, well-paved streets of the city can be easily distinguished from that lofty perch in the Cathedral tower. One great thoroughfare extends from the Garita del Vellejo, on the north to del Olcampol on the south. The eastern line of this street is nearly straight, but the western is quite jagged, at places making the thoroughfare twice as wide as at others; and more surprising still is the changing of its name every two or three blocks. The main *calle* from east to west is afflicted in the same way. The splendid boulevard, Paseo de la Reforma, extends from the statue of Charles IV, a little below the Alameda, out to Chapultepec, with its statues of Columbus and Guatamoc-

zin, and is the afternoon drive of the fashionables. Along the bank of the Viga Canal is the Paseo de la Viga, where the beauty of Mexico enjoy the afternoon air during the serious days of Lent. Seven market places were in sight, the one nearest bearing the euphonious name "Mercado de Jesus," and a fragrant mercado we afterward found it to be. The city's general aspect was solidity, regularity, security from fires, cleanliness, and peacefulness. While investigation does not always sustain this first impression, it does give you assurances that the City of Mexico is one of the most remarkable cities of the world.

The more recently erected buildings recognize the improvement in public security, and partake of the light and airy features of northern architecture. It must not be understood that these radical attempts to engraft modern gew-gaws upon a semi-Moorish architecture are approved, they are rather condemned as an impertinence. Very likely some travelers will dissent from this opinion, and insist that the out-of-door structures of our northern homes are to be preferred in this dreamy land, but time and residence will modify such opinions. The much-betiled house (domestic blue tiles from Puebla), next door to the Guardiola Plazuela, has a dudish flash that one can not fail to resent.

My excursions about the city began in the Zocalo, after swallowing a cooling drink from a brown pitcher of noble form, held to my lips by a pretty Indian girl with melancholy black eyes and sympathetic expression. I purchased a little bunch of blossoms at the flower market, that lovely aggregation of the posies brought from the Chinampas, beneath an airy pagoda roofed with glass and supported with coquettishly striped iron pillars. I looked up gratefully to the luxurious shade trees that surrounded this pagoda and the grotto-inclosed pulsometer with which they sprinkle the surroundings. Moving silently around me were dusky peons, listening reverently to the tolling of the great copper bell, while they hurried along with their burdens across the plaza to the Palace or the Portales. The absence of all noise save that of the unmusical bell, of loud talking or boisterous laughter, affected my heart as it had never been before. Surely it is a city of another world, or of a long-past age.

The valley in which this city of two hundred thousand souls is builded was once densely wooded with cedars, and afforded great attrac-



tions to the nomadic tribes, whom tradition says came thither from the North. Hence came the Toltecs, Chichimecs, Nahuatltecs, Acolluas, and at last the Aztecs. Each remained masters of the land until dispossessed. The Aztecs came in small numbers, and after a while sought the barren islands in the western portion of the great lake as places of security, and thereon built their bamboo huts. On the spot where stands this cathedral an eagle was seen perched upon a cactus growing out of the crevice of a rock holding a serpent in his beak, and this being the fulfillment of a prophecy, the Aztecs renounced their nomadic habits and founded an empire. Sometime after the tribal name, Aztec, was changed to Mexican, in honor of the war god, *Mexitlo*. The island homes were next connected to the mainland by causeways, and protected from inundations by dikes and mounds, the most remarkable of which was that built by the famous nephew of Montezuma, Nezahualcoyotl, monarch of the Chichimecs.

Montezuma Ilhuicamina became emperor about the year 1450, and Montezuma II was on the throne when Cortez came in 1519. The country was then known as *Anahuac*; its inhabitants were of various tribes, the chief being Mexicans, whose capital was Tenochtitlan, where now stands this great city of Mexico. That city boasted a population of three hundred thousand souls, with sixty thousand houses, many of whose roofs bloomed with parterres of flowers; with broad streets and canals, the latter crossed by bridges under which canoes glanced up and down; with an enormous market-place, and a temple to the war god, Huitzilopochtli; a palace for the emperor, and scores of other public and private establishments conducted with all the "splendor and pageant of barbaric pomp." The city was entirely surrounded by a lake of sweet water, known as the Lake of Mexico, and formed by Nezahualcoyotl's dike, which extended from Atzacapozcalco on the north to Itztalpalapam on the south, leaving the salt water of Lake Texcoco on the east, and allowing the potable waters of the Xochimilco and Chalco to surround the city west of that stone wall. Beautiful gardens were planted at Tenochtitlan and Itztalpalapam, not only on the mainland but actually floating upon the water. The gradual destruction of the dike, through the neglect of the conquerors, resulted in the disappearance of these gardens, and the remains of the Chinampas are regretfully pointed

out to the tourist to-day by the venerable Aztec at the gate of San Anita.

When Cortez came Texcoco was taken for an inland sea. He speaks of it as such in his dispatches to the Spanish Emperor. Indeed, he mentions only two lakes in the valley, those known to us as Texcoco and Xochimilco and Chalco—then as now practically one lake—although the three farther north were in marshy existence. He came when the Mexican monarch was awaiting the arrival of messengers from Quetzalcoatl, and hence secured peaceful admission to the seat of the empire. Guatimoczin was less superstitious than his uncle, whom he succeeded, and drove the invader out to weep at the foot of that tree which is sacredly preserved to this day in memory of that *noche-triste*. Cortez wept during one night only, and then began the ordering of plans for the reduction of the city from the lakeside. That scheme was successful, but Tenochtitlan did not surrender until the streets were strewn with festering corpses, slain by famine, pestilence, and war; then the gallant Aztec surrendered to fate, and Tenochtitlan, with its palaces, its great temple of Huitzilopochtli, its well-paved squares and market-place, its palace of the Montezuma, its sixty thousand houses and three hundred thousand inhabitants, alive and dead, its beautiful gardens on ground, water, and roof-tops, fell into the power of a handful of representatives of the then greatest empire of the world.

These houses, palaces, and temples were thrown down, the canals filled up with the *debris*, the present Cathedral reared upon the site of the temple of Huitzilopochtli, and the palace of the new government upon the foundations of the "Halls of Montezuma"! The fanatical bishop, Zumarrago, ordered the destruction of the picture-writings of the conquered, and the burial out of sight of their idols, calendar, and sacrificial stones, and all other "evidences of the idolatrous religion." Idolatry, with its temples, writings, and evidences of civilization, was destroyed by a people who converted its votaries to Christianity by fire, sword, and torture, and set up in the places of their idols images of the Savior and his mother, and of saints and martyrs. The Aztecs were forbidden human sacrifices, but were sacrificed themselves when recalcitrant by their Christian rulers.

Sixty-four viceroys, sent out by the King of Spain, reigned arbitrarily and tyrannically from 1535 to 1821, enslaving the natives and discoun-

tenancing education. In 1810 the country arose against this tyranny, and in 1821 Spain acknowledged its independence. In 1822 a republic was proclaimed, and in 1824 the usurper Iturbide was shot. From 1824 until 1877, when Porfirio Diaz became President, the history of Mexico is written in blood. Four years of peace and reasonable quietude passed, and Gen-

eral Manuel Gonzales succeeded to the chief magistracy. Barring the nickel riot and the unfortunate features of the proposed settlement of the English debt, peace was continued. Porfirio Diaz is now President for the second time, the twenty-sixth the Republic has had, though only one died in office. Mexicans have practiced short methods in their revolutions!

G. C. Connor.

## MY FIRST CONQUEST.

LOVERS, like poets, are born, not made. Indeed, about the only difference between these inspired classes is in the gift of expression. Nature kindles the Promethean fire in their hearts, and they either suffer in silence or cry out in song. The dumb minstrels, the voiceless who never sing, but die with all their music in them, are the predestined victims of the Blind God. Every man at some period of his life fancies himself in love; but, as he about the same time imagines himself a poet, neither of his conclusions can be relied on. They are good enough in their way, but, as Doctor Johnson said of the whisky virtues, "they won't wash."

Just how I came by the fiery particle, it would be difficult to tell, though my father was expelled from college for flirting with an actress, and the old files of *Godey's Lady's Book* are full of erotic verses over my mother's initials. It may go for what it is worth as an evidence of ante-natal influence, that recently, while visiting the home of my childhood, which was also, some years later, the birthplace of a very charming woman, an old friend said to me, after pointing out the chamber in which I first saw the light, "It was just like you to go into the back room to be born, and leave the front one for Miss O." I will add, too, that my nurse always attributed the peculiar roll of the eyes which I gave in drawing my first rations to a tender sentiment for herself.

I think I must have reached the mature age of six before I began to take cognizance of my own emotions or discriminate between the sexes. I had rolled and tumbled with many a girl, wrestled in blind-man's-buff, and wrangled over jack-straws without once discovering a divinity or feeling an impulse to worship, but suddenly a little bunch of pink silk dawned upon my vision, and all was changed. From a

bold bad boy who could have kissed the queen without wincing, I became the shyest of youths. No retreat was obscure enough to hide my blushes. Timidity is the first sign of love in a boy as boldness is its first symptom in a girl; the two sexes tending to unite, each takes on the qualities of the other. Urged by a vague consciousness that I must reveal myself if I expected to be loved in return, I crept out of covert only to see my little charmer turn a double summersault over the clothes-horse. The illusion was gone in an instant, the spell was broken, and no effort on her part or mine could ever restore it. I have tried many times since to revive a decaying passion, both in my own heart and in the hearts of others, but always without success. In love, as in the mineral world, material which has once been oxidized can never be burned again.

As I have never been able to decide whether the skinning of that cat resulted from a too liberal appropriation of my nature, or was simply the involuntary exploit of a young hoiden, I lay no claim to her as a conquest. There is quite a disposition springing up in my heart to take the public wholly into my confidence; but, as this purports to be only the history of a single event, I shall content myself with saying that my early loves were so unfortunate that, like Davy Crockett, I came to feel that I was born odd—that, after making me, nature had forgotten to make my mate. But a lover soon learns, like the bee, to distill sweetness from the most noxious plants. I think it is agreed among men that the happiest portion of life is that spent in courtship; it matters not how pleasant they may find marriage, they constantly recur to the alternate hopes and fears of love-making as their most delightful experience. Through the whole winter long we spend evening after evening over the card-



table, shuffling and dealing those little bits of board in the hope that sometime they will be arranged to suit us. It is the perpetual surprise they hold in store for us which constitutes the pleasure of the game. The philosophic tramp who creeps timidly to the back door of a farm-house, not knowing whether he is to receive a square meal or have the dogs set upon him, enjoys something of the same sensation. From these illustrations it is clear that he is an unfortunate lover who finds himself accepted at his first venture. In a world full of lovely women it is a hard fate indeed to be appropriated on the threshold of life by any one of them. The jolliest fellow I ever knew was an Irishman, who for thirty years addressed every *debutante* of his town, till in the end it became so much the fashion to reject him that no woman could be found who would receive his attentions. It is one of the strangest caprices of this most whimsical sex, that when the seal of disapproval is once put upon a fellow they all indorse it, and it is about the only instance, I believe, where they are ever known to agree.

In my seventeenth year, in company with a young school-fellow, I started east to college. We reached Niagara about five o'clock in the afternoon, just in time to dress for dinner. As it was to be my first appearance there I entered the great dining-hall of the Cataract House in the most elegant apparel my tailor could turn out. I hope no one will accuse me of vanity for saying that in looking around I soon saw the handsomest woman in the room was not unmindful of my presence. Why should any woman have two such eyes as she turned upon me? One would have established her empire—there was tyranny in two. She was one of those diaphanous blondes whose tissues are pellucid, and whose eyes seem to transmit light. Like a chronometer cased in crystal, the very pulsations of her heart were seen.

There was to be a *german* in the parlor that evening, and, though we knew no one, we determined to accept the hard conditions of wall-flowers and attend. In one of the earliest pauses of the dance my divinity let her handkerchief fall at my feet. I returned it with the feeling that, while it was probably an accident, it might be an overture; though in a little while she contrived to remove all doubt by dropping her bracelet, and, when I handed it to her, giving me a smile that warmed like a sun-glass. I retreated to the veranda to hide my burning

face, when, *mirabile dictu!* she and her escort soon took seats behind me. She complained of the heat, and he had an engagement for the next dance. We were alone. Every fiber of my being thrilled and sung.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Though my soul should go pulsing through every grade of celestial transport, it could know no higher rapture. The fear lest the silence should be broken only intensified my joy. . . .

In sheer desperation I sent her my card next morning, asking her to meet me in the parlor as an old acquaintance. Of course she returned it without an answer, but wherever I went that day she and her friend were sure to be. If I paused at a catch-penny bazar long enough to purchase a souvenir she toyed with a similar article. In descending from the tower I met her on the stairway, and I was nearly stifled with spray in the Cave of the Winds because she stood at the entrance on my return, and I would not for the world have permitted her to see me in drenched apparel.

It was not the roar of the cataract which kept me awake that night, for when morning dawned I had resolved upon a second note, announcing my purpose to leave in the afternoon for Montreal, and begging for some assurance that I should not be forgotten. She sent me in reply a small hand-painted, heart-shaped pin-cushion, with a silver arrow driven through it. What more could hopeful lover ask?

The complaint is often heard that ladies are more restricted in the choice of husbands than men are in the selection of wives—that a gentleman may pass all the ladies of his acquaintance in review and deliberately choose whom he will have, while a lady must sit quietly at home till some chance *stick* discovers a preference for her. A little reflection proves this to be a most transparent fallacy. In affairs of the heart all men are cowards, and the fancied necessity of their taking the initiative still further terrifies them. One rejection demoralizes the stoutest heart. Courtship is like dueling, it is the first encounter which frightens. But the ladies know larks may be caught without waiting for the skies to fall. When a man's heart is plastic, in the spring for instance, when the sap rises in the maple and the blood quickens, almost any engaging girl may capture him. A deprecating glance of the eye, an embarrassed pressure of

the hand, or, above all, a timid assurance that no woman could refuse him, will usually bring down the most obdurate. Every body has observed how easily widowers are caught. Before our present laws of inheritance were established the person first upon the ground after the death of the occupant succeeded to the estate, and the woman, be she maid, spinster, or widow, who has earliest access to a bereaved husband is sure of her game. A belle is made, not by the possession of superior beauty, but by the subtlety with which she reveals a preference. Very little partiality shown a man unaccustomed to social success assures an easy victory. Every man may not think himself an Apollo (though the human eye is the most easily adjusted instrument in the world and quickly enables us, when adroitly manipulated, to see ourselves as we wish to appear), but every mother's son believes himself possessed of that subtle, anonymous nothing fatal to all women (sometimes yclept magnetism) which fools prate about and wise men can not discover. She who most successfully humors these illusions is his mistress. He loves the image of himself which she reflects. The fewer his admirers the easier his conquest. Your handsome man may be a little obstinate, for, accustomed to such tribute, he accepts it as a matter of course and pays no attention to it. It is for this reason that the heroes of society scandals are usually vulgar, common-place fellows who have lived below suspicion. They are betrayed by their own vanity. Inexpert and awkward, they are both slow and bungling. "What shall I do?" asked a young fellow of Sir Walter Raleigh, "Old — caught me kissing his girl." "Use more dispatch," answered the gallant knight.

Few men are beyond the reach of an artful woman who has the art to conceal her art. There were no doubt a dozen ladies in the Cataract House quite the equals of my charmer, but from the moment her eyes swept over me she was peerless. I lost all consciousness of the others and saw only her. But my friend insisted upon our leaving at the appointed hour, and so, full of undefined purpose, I took my leave of Niagara and of a Sweet Possibility.

The loss of sleep the night before, my halcyon mood, the soporific quality of the air, and the rocking of the steamer all conduced to the profoundest slumber. But the next morning I awoke to a new sensation. I had been robbed. This, however, was not without its compensation, for it made me something of a hero among my fellow-passengers. An old New York phy-

sician, very eminent in his profession, from sympathy and the resemblance he fancied I bore to his deceased son, became my fast friend.

To a youth bred in the country where the travesties and exaggerations of *D'Aubigné* pass for truth, and the only Catholic ever seen is an occasional beggar, whose crosses and genuflections excite a superstitious fear, the objects of greatest interest in a Cathedral City are the monastic orders of the church. My venerable friend had formerly lived in Montreal, and during his residence there had been physician to both the Gray and Black nunneries. These sacred cloisters, closed to the general public, opened at once to him, and as I had become his inseparable companion and *protégé*, their hospitable impulse was made to include his "young friend." On the very threshold of one of them we encountered a little blue-eyed apothecary, whose shrinking manners and pathetic face melted my heart, and all my old loves were fused in the new. The Niagara nymph was as completely extinguished as though she had been dropped into the sun. Truth may once have dwelt like a hermit at the bottom of the well, but it found a new home in the apothecary's eyes; they seemed to hold tears as violets hold dewdrops, suspended and ready to fall, yet never quite relinquished. When seemingly impassable barriers separate one from a beautiful woman whom it is a sin to love, who can resist her?

While the doctor was engrossed with his contemporaries, I had to be entertained. The interview was necessarily short, and a long life was curdled into one hour. We talked of every thing, and every thing terminated in her. Reverence and awe are essential elements in my love; in her presence the last faint suggestion of the earth was forgotten. I felt that if I could but lay my hands on her I should touch heaven; but there were footsteps in the corridor. "Had she no wish to return to the world?" "Yes; I have many strange longings to suppress, but then I know they are the temptations of the devil, and close my heart to them." I joined the doctor and was shown through the convent.

It was with no hope of escaping her that I packed my trunk next morning for Boston. A man may lose his own shadow, but he can never leave the woman he loves behind. All day long she journeyed with me; I closed my eyes and her vision rose before me; I stopped the currents of thought and she filled my brain; the clouds did not obey the quick fancy of



Polonius more readily than they took on her likeness when I looked at them. Even thick darkness would gather and mold itself into her image at my bidding. Every thing in nature could be made to resemble her but other women—there the finest frenzy failed. To the poor slave fleeing from the scourge, what mattered it that the heavens were inlaid with patines of bright gold, when there was but one that could deliver him from bondage.

It was while in this mood, and when I had been in Boston only twenty-four hours, that Haydon Parker said to me, "There is a young lady in the hotel who wishes to see you." "No, it can not be, for I don't know a woman in all New England." There could be no mistake, he had been careful to inform himself, and I was the man. "Who is she," I asked. "I do not know; she only came in a few moments ago from Montreal." Still convinced that he was mistaken, I sent up my card, and sure enough it brought down a most beautiful woman. I am near-sighted, and her dress was strangely altered, so I did not at first recognize her, but when I rose—Great Heavens! who do you think it was?

I had read Joseph's account of his little affair with Mrs. Potiphar, but the *ex parte* statement of a young man with his antecedents could only be received *cum grano salis*. The vanity he displayed in his dress, and in such heated visions as that the sun, moon, and seven stars stopped in their courses to pay obeisance to him is not specially calculated to inspire confidence. Indeed, every thing in the life of this Egyptian dude tends to discredit his story. I

hope no one will suspect me of jealousy or of a desire to monopolize this class of adventures, for, if I know my heart, it is free from both; besides, I have always believed the story of Scipio, and resolved the instant the young lady came into the parlor to emulate his example. The greeting I gave her was hardly what she had a right to expect, nor, in fact, what she would have received at the other end of the route, but nothing daunted by the frigid dignity of my manner, she asked me to her room. I knew the situation was serious, but despite myself a very comfortable feeling gathered about my heart. With some hesitation and a great deal of embarrassment I followed her up two flights of stairs; when, ushering me into her chamber, she closed the door and locked it. More as if distraught than from any consciousness of my own motion, I sat down upon the side of her bed. Closing her hands in an attitude of entreaty, she fell upon her knees at my feet and exclaimed, with passionate energy, "Young man, have you a heart?" "Yes, my dear girl, a most tender and affectionate one; but what do you want?" "A husband, a husband! What else could have brought me here?" "You beautiful creature! I am but a boy, and can do nothing for you in that line." "Yes, you can! yes, you can! for you have—you have my poor, dear husband in jail for stealing your pocket-book."

Did I strangle her? No; but it was only the recollection of our tender passages at Niagara that saved her, and it required all her beauty and all her eloquence to coax me into forgiveness of her husband's crime.

Nicholas Smith.

## GENERAL ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON.

THE following letter first appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* early in 1862, shortly after the evacuation of Bowling Green and just before the battle of Shiloh was fought. Its author, Colonel Robert W. Woolley, was intimately associated with General Albert S. Johnston during the occupation of Bowling Green by the Confederate forces, and was admitted to a larger share of his confidence than was usually given. He had been offered a position on the General's staff, and was only awaiting the arrival of his commission to assume its duties. The close and constant personal communica-

tion which Colonel Woolley held with General Johnston afforded him opportunities of learning the views and intentions of that officer, and a correct understanding of the military situation at that period, which very few others could have had. The facts recited by Colonel Woolley, in the letter we herewith publish, were obtained directly from General Johnston, and his statement of the attitude, at that time, of the opposing armies, of their relative strength, and of the difficulties which embarrassed the Confederate commander, may be relied on as peculiarly accurate. The letter was written at the

urgent request of many leading citizens of New Orleans, where General Johnston had always been esteemed with admiration and affection.

To the historical student, and even to the general reader, this letter will have especial interest as the expression of intelligent and competent opinions formed at the time upon the best information :

When people are unfortunate, their first impulse is to look for some one to whom they can attribute the cause. When a victim is found they do not stop to see whether he is innocent or guilty. It is sufficient that they have framed a mode of excusing themselves, and of fixing the blame on another. The Southern people furnish one more instance of this rule of human conduct.

Disaster has come upon their arms. Cities have fallen, armies have been defeated and have surrendered, property has been seized, homes have been invaded, and portions of the country are held by a vengeful and hated foe. The scene which was so bright and cheering yesterday, to-day is dark and depressing. Who has caused this sudden change? Whose neglect, cowardice, or imbecility has thus imperiled life, honor, liberty, and social relations? When there has been a crime there must be a culprit. Punishment should follow crime, provided the guilty be discovered. But who is guilty? The people are threatened with dishonor and ruin, and, in the wildness of disappointed security, cruelly accuse the soldiers who have stood on the frontier, amid storm and winter, to keep back an overwhelming foe; yet it never seems to have occurred to the people that they themselves are the authors of the misfortunes which are unjustly charged upon others.

The President, who until lately held the unlimited confidence of the nation, is now denounced as an imbecile, and charged with not doing in time past what the whole active mind of the country, keenly bent on discovering what was necessary for its protection, and with unrestrained right of speech and thought, never suggested to him should be done. Scores of papers circulated through the Confederacy, scores of people gathered on the streets, declare that he is unequal to his post, for not doing this thing or that thing, the necessity for which, even if the means existed, was never discovered by press or people who denounce the President for not seeing what they themselves did not see. Sydney Johnston, who for many years was considered the noblest soldier of the Federal army, and who, until deserted by the peo-

ple he was defending, was esteemed the chief hope of the Confederacy, is condemned for not holding Nashville for more than six months, when the wonder is that he held it for two, and many demand that he shall be removed from the command of an army that still desires to follow him in advance or obey him in retreat. The guilt of the evacuation of Bowling Green and of the surrender of Donelson is charged to those whose talent and labor postponed those great calamities four months later than they would have occurred had other men been in command, and which would have been forever avoided had the people done for their soldiers what the soldiers were doing for the people. I was in Bowling Green for five months, and a statement of what I saw and heard will show that great errors were committed, but neither by the President, whom some now denounce, nor by the General in whom all lately confided.

The war had been raging for four months on the Potomac. A great victory had been won, but which, like the victories of the Pontic, was more disastrous to the victors than to the defeated foe. It became evident that an entrance into the South could not be made over Manassas, and that the war was shortly to be shifted from the East to the West. Troops gathered for a while upon the shores of the Potomac, but only to hold the Federal capital until an army could be massed upon the Ohio to seize the Cumberland and the Mississippi. So long as the war was in the East the enemy permitted Kentucky to indulge her foolish hopes of peace and security in the cowardly policy of Crittenden's neutrality, but when Manassas drove the enemy from Richmond, the Federal President declared that such a policy was treason, and that the State must open her roads to the advancing armies or be the battle-field between the North and the South. Money, wrung by unequal taxation from the South, was scattered lavishly among a people who seemed to have forgotten their history, and to be careless of their future. There soon sprang up a lively "trade in congressmen and mules." Armies were forming along the border, only awaiting numbers and organization to pour through the State into the very heart of the South. It was then that Sydney Johnston was ordered to the West with instructions to raise forces and to station them along the northern line of Tennessee, but under no circumstances to violate the neutrality of Kentucky so long as it was respected by the enemy. But soldiers were scarce. Manassas



had convinced the people that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, and the most popular school of politics was that "King Cotton" and his prime minister, "Southern Chivalry," could "clean out" the North, and carry the Texas Ranger to "water his horse in the running stream of the St. Lawrence." There was no law to draft. The people were too confident to volunteer. In vain did those who are now denounced point to the vast armies that were massing close by, and assure the people that there was no difference between soldiers except drill, numbers, and the cause for which they fought; and in this war each thinks his cause is just. Along the whole line of the Cumberland camps were commenced to protect Nashville and the South. Full one half of the recruits were refugees from Kentucky. The Southern people were brave and patriotic, and none more so than those of Middle and West Tennessee, but with such generals as Beauregard and Sydney Johnston, and with armies—one fourth of what the people believed they were, or could be made to believe they were—they declared that there was no need of great forces on the borders, and that the States should keep the troops that had not yet been moved at home to protect their own firesides in case of reverses on the line, unwilling to be convinced that the true mode of protecting those firesides was by driving back the enemy from the gateway that passes through Bowling Green.

Along the Ohio, from Cincinnati to Cairo, the Northern army was gathering and preparing like an Asiatic emigration. About the middle of September it was ready to move. The exertions of the Southern generals could not induce the people to send soldiers to the frontier, for they thought they knew better than the generals how to defend their country; but if the generals did not get soldiers, which was not their fault, they left nothing undone which was in their power. They possessed themselves of full information of what the enemy was doing, and what he intended to do. General Johnston knew the exact hour at which the Federal army opposite to Louisville intended to move into Kentucky to seize the stronghold of Bowling Green, and the hour at which the army at Cairo, under General Grant, intended to seize Columbus. So as not to offend Kentucky, by being the first to violate her already broken neutrality, he waited the last moment—in fact, until the Federal armies were secretly on the march—and then, and not till then, ordered forward General

Polk, who, with extraordinary speed, reached Columbus one hour in advance of the Federals, and shortly afterward moved forward General Buckner—another of the abused generals, but combining in one, soldier, patriot, and gentleman—who reached, with his advance, Green River the very night the Federals were crossing at Louisville.

These two strategic points were thus possessed, but the question was how to hold them. The army of the enemy in Kentucky, two days after Buckner's advance to Green River, was sixty-two hundred, as appears by a copy of a memorandum of that date, made by the Federal general, Anderson, then in command, and which, by curious ingenuity, was sent to General Buckner the third day after he was in the State. Twenty-seven regiments were on railroads centering at Louisville, and, in point of time, closer to the enemy than Buckner was, as the railroad upon which he was stationed had been obstructed by the Unionists of Kentucky. His force, to meet the sixty-two hundred of the enemy, with reinforcements near at hand of twenty-seven regiments, was five thousand all told; nor could any more be then obtained.

General Johnston went first to Columbus; finding that Bowling Green was attracting the attention of the enemy, he moved his headquarters to that place. An army must be obtained or else he must evacuate the citadel that guards Nashville. A small army was obtained, but where or how it will puzzle the historian of this war to relate. By extraordinary exertions he secured a regiment here and another there, but few with any drill, and only five of them for three months with uniforms.

The army had to be built up, and the General had not only to organize the troops, but had, himself, to search for them. Of transportation, without which an army can not subsist, he had none. Eight hundred wagons were needed. He had no workshops, yet he got the wagons. In the mean time the enemy was massing in front, and threatened an advance with twenty thousand strong. Hospitals and medical department were necessary, for the sick were never less than twenty-five per cent. The great object was to secure Bowling Green against attack until it could be fortified, and succor obtained. This was most skillfully done. The place in front soon became, in strength, the second fortress in America, and impregnable every where, had infantry been sent to protect its wings. While the work was progress-

ing, and while every effort was being made to get more troops, Johnston, by skillful maneuvers, threw his men near the river which divided the two armies, and made the forces of the North believe that he was trying to decoy them across and then attack them, with a river in their rear; when, in fact, the last thing he wished was a battle, when the odds were four and five to one. His strategy succeeded. The enemy declined to cross, and Johnston continued to fortify his post and to gather a few more regiments.

On the 1st of February the army at Bowling Green reached its highest figure. The morning reports showed about eighteen thousand infantry; the morning reports of the enemy, at that date, showed Buell's force in front to be one hundred and three regiments—seventy-five thousand strong. By this force Bowling Green was threatened.

Halleck's army was, and still is, larger than Buell's. This force threatened Columbus and the Cumberland. At Columbus there were ten thousand infantry. There had been more, but they had gone to make up the eighteen thousand at Bowling Green. General Crittenden was on the Cumberland with thirty-five hundred, commanding what was properly called the right wing of Bowling Green. General Hardee was at Hopkinsville with less than three thousand, and Tilghman at Donelson and Henry with four thousand. A fleet of gun-boats, clad in iron, swelled the strength of the enemy. Thus stood the armies of the West about the first of February, the enemy about one hundred and seventy-five thousand strong, with thirteen gun-boats, the Southern army thirty-nine thousand and no gun-boats.

And thus, in the same proportion, had they stood for weeks past. Yet, such was the terror of Southern arms, and the well-known skill of the brave soldiers who commanded them, that the enemy hesitated for five months before he dared to attack.

In the latter part of January, General Crittenden, with Zollicoffer, commanding the right wing, discovered that the enemy was endeavoring to surround him, and that it was necessary to attack or be cut off. He was overpowered by numbers, and was defeated; yet such was his skill and bearing on the field of battle that the Senate shortly afterward confirmed his nomination as Major-General. It was evident that the enemy had commenced an advance, and that either Bowling Green, or the posts constituting the left wing, would be

soon attacked. Either point might be defended, provided the forces of all were concentrated at the one which was threatened. The armies of the enemy were in front of both. The distance was more than a hundred miles. All was done that could be done. Ten thousand of choice troops at Bowling Green were moved on the railroad so as to be in supporting distance of either point. It was evident that the enemy was not then in a condition to make a land attack upon the forts, as the preparations for transporting large numbers of troops would give General Johnston timely notice. But the gun-boats were always afloat with crews aboard, and could move at any moment. All reports were that the forts could not be taken by the gun-boats alone, and these reports were true. But in the early part of February there fell a most unprecedented flood. Fort Henry had been located before Johnston assumed command. Whether the site was well or badly chosen, it was almost an impossibility to remove the guns in the face of the enemy's boats. The river reached the fort, and submerged a part of it. The enemy's guns were higher than our own. There became no fort, as the water elevated the boats above the breast-works and enabled the guns to bear directly upon the unsheltered garrison. The officer in command surrendered to the flood, which General Johnston neither produced nor could control.

Information was received that Donelson would be immediately attacked. The ten thousand troops stationed on the railway were started at once. Clark's brigade was ordered to move in the direction of Donelson as soon as possible. The enemy commenced the attack six days after the fall of Henry. The rear of the reinforcements barely reached the fort in time. But few if any more could have been sent—first, because there was no way to send them, and next, because there was none to send. There was but one road, and that almost bare of transportation. The locomotives had not been repaired for six months, and many of them lay disabled in the depots. They could not be repaired at Bowling Green, for there is not, I am informed, but one place in the South where a driving wheel can be made, and not one where a whole locomotive can be constructed. I have said that no more reinforcements could have been sent to Donelson; perhaps two or three thousand might have reached there by the night before the surrender, but that would only have swelled the number of prisoners there, and have endan-



gered the small remnant of an army still at Bowling Green. If seventeen thousand men were not able to resist fifty-three thousand and eleven gun-boats, I think it fair to presume that three thousand more would not have changed the melancholy result.

Johnston still kept his force in advance of Bowling Green, as if he were still courting a battle; but the time had come when that place must be evacuated. The right wing under Crittenden had been defeated; the left wing at Donelson was being attacked, and the Cumberland, with full flood, was in the rear. The evacuation was accomplished, protected by a force so small as to make one doubt the fact. Fifteen hundred sick had to be removed; large quantities of stores and ammunition had accumulated; the provisions were nearly all secured, except a large lot of spoil pickled beef; not a pound of ammunition or a gun was lost. The engineer who destroyed the bridge in front of the town told me that there was not powder enough left to explode the mines, and that he succeeded only with one small gun and seven shells, the last of which did the work.

The ammunition, stores, and sick being saved, the order for retreat was given, and the first intimation the enemy had of the intended evacuation, so far as has been ascertained, was when Generals Hindman and Breckinridge, who were in advance toward his camp, were seen suddenly to retreat toward Bowling Green. The enemy pursued, and succeeded in shelling the town, while Hindman was still covering the rear. Not a man was lost, and the little army reached Nashville only in time to hear of the disaster of their comrades in arms.

In the mean time General Johnston was in Nashville receiving constant dispatches of the battle of Donelson. He was informed truly that the gunboats on Friday were defeated and disabled by the water fort. On Saturday, during the whole day and until late at night, dispatch after dispatch came that we were successful. He had done all that could be done; he had placed seventeen thousand of the best troops that ever marched upon an American battle-field under the command of his ablest lieutenants, and told them to fight like men charged with the sacred duty of defending country, wife, and child. Right well did they do it, and Johnston was informed all day that they were successful. His plans were being formed on the belief that this was true. The morning did not see the commencement of

that great battle, nor evening witness its conclusion. Over hill and valley the invaders fled, leaving on the field as many as the little band of brave men who were pursuing them. At last night and exhausted nature put an end to the struggle. Still the Southern troops held possession of the field; but there is a limit even to the efforts of the noble. Scarcely had the brave men, who for three days had fought so well, fallen upon the cold earth without blankets, to sleep with their arms in hand, when eighteen transports, containing a larger force than our whole army, landed fresh troops, and commenced moving to our rear. A council of war was held. Brave men were at that council. Did they do right in surrendering? They say that victory was impossible, and that an attempt at escape was destruction. Did the general left in command, who could have escaped, do right in saving the lives of the faithful men who had fought so bravely by his side? Let the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the South decide, but let no censure come from the men who refused to go to the battle-field when their country's fate was being determined.

But who is to be blamed? The answer is given by every flash of lightning that comes from the coast. I shall not be believed if I state the number of letters General Johnston wrote, while at Bowling Green, urging that an indefensible coast and unimportant towns be abandoned, and that troops be sent to enable him to give battle and win a great victory. But his warning was unheeded, his requests denied. Nor was the President at fault. He knew what Johnston knew. Go to Richmond and the truth will then be learned. Each little town on the sea-coast thought that upon its defense depended the salvation of the Southern Confederacy. Senators and congressmen, afraid of unpopularity, demanded that the troops of their States should be kept for home protection. They formed parties against the President, and threatened him with serious opposition if he did not conduct the war as they recommended. In vain did the President remind them of the fable of the old man and the faggot of sticks, singly they could be destroyed, together no power could break them. Except a few large towns there were no points on the sea-coast of any strategic importance. The presence of garrisons at little places only invited the naval expeditions of the enemy. Had there been no troops at those points there would have been no attack. Had all the troops

which were stationed at Roanoke, Hatteras, Port Royal, Newbern, and Pensacola, simply because the people demanded that their own soldiers should be kept to protect their own homes, been given to Sydney Johnston when he begged for them, we should now have an army of more than twenty-five thousand infantry in addition, twelve thousand men would have been saved at Donelson, and we should now be at Louisville blockading the Ohio, instead of struggling for existence low down on the Mississippi. As it is, those places have all been taken or abandoned, a large portion of the forces lost, and yet the work has just begun.

Still there is hope for the future. But no people can long be prosperous who are unjust. On a memorable occasion Rome decreed a triumph to a consul who had lost a battle. Let us decree confidence to a general who has been unable to drive back the enemy because of our own neglect. And above all, if we are not lost to all sense of shame, let us not slander and disgrace one who, in all the elements that make a pure gentleman and true soldier, was by universal acclaim the pride of the nation and the chief anchor that held firmly against the Northern storm the ship in which are freighted all our hopes of liberty and of honor.

W.

## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

**The famous First New York Independent Battery of Light Artillery met on the 3d of July last, on the battle-field of Gettysburg, to celebrate the anniversary of that tremendous combat, and to lay the corner-stone of a monument which the survivors of that battery propose to erect to the memory of their comrades who fell there. An address was delivered by Colonel Andrew J. Cowan, now a resident of Louisville, Ky., who commanded the battery as Captain in the great battle, and was subsequently promoted for arduous, gallant, and efficient service with his brave comrades—a service covering the whole period of the war. We publish a part of Colonel Cowan's address. It has the true soldierly ring, and in brief compass gives a vivid and thrilling picture of a contest which will excite interest so long as history has readers.**

*"My Comrades:* We are standing now where twenty-three years ago to-day we stood serving our country. How different was the scene! The blue sky was over us and the sun shone upon us with fervent heat; but then, from Culp's Hill on our right to Round Top on the left, eighty thousand of our comrades stood in battle array.

"Yonder, beyond the Emmitsburg road, almost hid by the sheltering woods and hills, stretching away over through Gettysburg and enveloping our right, crouched the Confederate host. We knew their courage and heroism; it had been proved on many a hard-fought field.

"We realized fully all that the coming struggle meant for us and for our country. If hearts beat painfully, or thoughts of life and home and loved ones moistened our eyes, what matter; the bravest are often the tenderest. How well I recall the perfect stillness of the morning, while the fog lingered and enveloped our lines. The voices of the men seemed hushed, and, since the fighting over at Culp's Hill had ceased, no sound of war disturbed the silence.

"The sun mounted higher and the heat grew intense. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, the sound of the enemy's cannon smote upon our hearts, and instantly the roar of two hundred and fifty guns filled the air. The earth trembled, the

hill-tops shook, while screaming shot or bursting shell flew fast on their dreadful errand.

"For nearly two hours, just here to the left a hundred paces, you fought cannon against cannon, until at last, through sweat and smoke, we saw the rebel colors waving over yonder among the trees. It was the enemy's infantry preparing to assault our lines.

"Brown's Rhode Island Battery until now had fought on this spot as gallantly as your own over there. A shot from the enemy lodged in the muzzle of one of Brown's guns, breaking and disabling it. Crippled and exhausted, the remaining guns were then withdrawn, and into their place, on the higher ground where we now stand, our six guns instantly rushed at a furious gallop 'into battery.'

"Here was Webb's Pennsylvania Brigade of three small regiments, and Cushing's regular battery, its young commander already wounded but fighting his guns until death smote him a few moments later.

"Forth from the trees into the open fields, like crack regiments for review, Longstreet's men advance and form for the grand assault on Cemetery Hill.

"Every Union gun, from the Cemetery to Round Top, is trained upon the rebel lines. Right in our front are Pickett's Virginians. Shot and shell tear wide gaps in their ranks but they close to the left and press steadily forward; every moment drawing nearer, every moment their number growing less.

"The rebel left wavers, halts, and retreats; still on come Pickett's men, forcing back part of our infantry and seizing Cushing's guns close joined to your right, their gallant commander dead at his post. As the rebel colors are planted on the Union battery, the regiment in your front, posted behind a slight defense of rails ten yards in advance, wavers and breaks, but is rallied by Webb, their gallant General, round the colors in rear of Cushing's guns.

"Three times you have swept the front beyond the low stone wall or fence with canister at point blank range, and now in this supreme instant of the contest, while victory hangs tremblingly over blue and gray, with twelve killed and wounded, both your first lieutenants shot and a third disabled, with your infantry support in momentary confusion or flight,



and Pickett's wild Virginians rushing forward, yelling, 'TAKE THE GUNS!' you load every piece with *double canister*, and sweep the enemy from before them at ten yards.

"The names of thirty battles are inscribed on your colors. On every field you fought well, often nobly; at times you suffered even more than here, but it is my judgment that the grandest example of your courage and discipline was 'DOUBLE CANISTER AT TEN YARDS' on Cemetery Ridge. The last canister fired, you hastily dragged the guns below the crest for shelter, but there was no enemy left able to follow or seize them.

"Here on the summit the blue uniforms lay thick as leaves in autumn; there at the wall blue and gray intermingled; beyond, nothing but the gray-clad Virginians, *immortality their guerdon*.

"While gallant deeds are told in song or story, the heroism of the men who crossed you mile of undulating field and valley, in the face of such iron hail

as beat upon them, can never be forgotten. Let it be remembered that as we gathered up the wounded soldiers to bear them away in their blankets or on stretchers to the little house, where surgeons strained every nerve to save life and relieve suffering, we passed no man by because of his uniform, but in the room secured for our wounded lieutenants, at a farm house near here, a wounded Confederate captain also was sheltered and nursed by men we left behind to care for their officers.

"From Yorktown all the way round to Appomattox you nor I ever saw aught but kindness shown to wounded or prisoners, and our comrades captured by the enemy testified to equal kindness from Lee's men. The suffering of prisoners can never be charged to veteran soldiers serving with the armies at the front. Now, when peace and good will prevail all over the land, it is well to recall how soldiers felt in the day of battle, and rejoice over pleasant memories."

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

NO book which purposes to treat of the civil war and describe the salient military events of which Northern Virginia was the theater, no biographical work which has been produced in the memory of this generation, will be welcomed with profounder interest, and read more generally, than the "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," now in course of preparation, and shortly to be published.

It is in excellent hands. The names of the two gentlemen who have it in charge are, of themselves, guarantees that the material, much of which we are assured is original and hitherto not given the public, will be accurately and judiciously used, and that the work will, in all respects, be thoroughly well done. The author, General A. L. Long, was military secretary to General Lee during much of the period which covered that great leader's command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was afterward chief of artillery of the Second corps of the army. He not only knew intimately him of whom he writes, and was personally and directly cognizant of the greater part of that which he relates, but, as an experienced soldier, he possesses the practical knowledge which can make plain and available the information which his position enabled him to obtain.

The prospectus of the work justly declares that: "Manifestly such a book can only be written by one who possesses a personal and intimate knowledge of the individual himself, who has the necessary qualifications to place upon record the intricate movements of armies in a clear and forcible way, and who was entitled to the confidence of the leader by whom those movements were directed. Such a man is General A. L. Long. From the earliest days of the war to the closing scene at Appomattox he was in direct personal association with General Lee. As his military secretary he was the medium through which a great number of important orders were put in force, and afterward, as a chief of artillery, General Long was still in intimate relations with his commander, and occupied a position which made

him also an actor in the many important movements and great battles of the Virginia campaigns."

In the collection and editing of much of the material General Long will be assisted by the ablest and most competent coadjutor whom he could possibly have selected. General Marcus J. Wright, who is associated with him, is eminently adapted to the task—too arduous for an ordinary biographer—of assorting, collating, and arranging in condensed and symmetrical form, a vast amount of information contributed from many reliable sources, but not heretofore published, and which relates to General Lee's private as well as public life, and illustrates the civil and social as well as military history of the time. General Wright was also a soldier of large experience and acknowledged ability in the late war, having an intimate and extensive acquaintance with the topics with which he is required to deal. But he is peculiarly fitted for any work of the character which he has undertaken, because of the occupation in which he is now and for some years past has been engaged. As agent of the United States for the collection and compilation of the Confederate War Records, he has acquired both the information and the training requisite to a faithful and complete presentation of every historical feature of the conflict, and which would be impossible to one not in his position. No other government, we believe, has ever undertaken just such a work as that which has been intrusted to General Wright, and which, it is universally admitted, he has performed with the most perfect system and painstaking care and industry. It has been said of him: "Probably no living man has so accurate or so wide a knowledge of the military and civil policy and history of the Confederate Government as has General Wright, nor has any one ever enjoyed in a larger degree the confidence of the people and statesmen both North and South. There have been placed in his hands letters, memoranda, sketches, sayings, anecdotes, material of a private and confidential nature, contributed by great numbers of people, all uniting

in one universal tribute to the memory of the man they delight to honor."

The memory of no man ever has been, perhaps no man's memory ever will be, held in such veneration by the people of the States which composed the Southern Confederacy as General Lee's. Throughout the civilized world his name has become familiar to all who know the great characters of history and revere the lives which have illustrated the best and highest capacities of human nature. That name—*clarum et venerabile nomen*, an epic in itself of heroism and virtue and mighty achievement—will be uttered centuries hence, by men of nations yet unborn, who may not be able to recall the titles of the fields on which he triumphed, but will have learned that he was the type and representative of the noblest attributes of their race.

General Lee's character is almost exceptional among that comparatively small number of celebrated men, who by the people of every land, language, and era will be as well remembered as the chiefs of their own generations.

History has furnished scarcely another example of greatness and goodness so eminent and so perfectly combined. Great men have been, as a rule, so palpably lacking in some essential moral quality, that mankind have almost reached the belief that the very greatest are, in some sort, monsters in whom the intellectual faculties are developed at the expense of the arrest, or, at least, subordination of the moral. Especially has this been true of those who have been distinguished for political and military genius and success—of the leaders and rulers of mankind.

But the genius of Lee and the energy which made it efficient were united with the most disinterested and unselfish patriotism, and were absolutely free from every alloy of personal or professional pride or ambition. He cared not for rank; so far as his aims and aspirations could be ascertained from his conduct and example, he thought little of glory—his whole life seemed one hope, resolve, and effort to faithfully discharge duty. His will was as strong and determined, as o'ermastering as ever urged conqueror upon his mission, and yet as placid and exalted as that which carries the martyr to his fate. With a spirit so high and dauntless that it placed him, without effort, in the van of the most fiery and impetuous of his martial countrymen, an intrepidity so perfect and serene that danger seemed to lose its character in his presence—his temper was so kind, so amiable, that even the respect and admiration he inspired was not equal to the love he attracted from all hearts. Had Burke known one such man, he might have hesitated to declare that chivalry had passed away from earth, for Lee was the embodiment of all that was best and worthiest in its loftiest ideal. Romance never imagined, nor the real world has seen a more

perfect model of all the knightly virtues than this peerless Virginian. Arthur or Godfrey, Bayard and Sidney would have hailed in him a kindred spirit. The gallant soldiers who combated the host marshaled by his sword are proud of his glory, because after all it is America's, and even political enmity, in reluctant admiration, might say of him,

"Dire rebel though he was,  
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts  
Was he endowed—courage, discretion, zeal—  
An equal temper and an ample soul,  
Rock-bound and fortified against the assaults  
Of transitory passion, but below  
Built on a surging subterraneous fire  
That stirred and lifted him to great attempts.  
So prompt and capable and yet so calm,  
He nothing lacked in soldiiership  
Except good fortune."

The wonderful story of how this master of offensive-defensive warfare for three years protected Richmond and held Virginia against vast odds will be told in the forthcoming memoirs more circumstantially, and we have reason to think more vividly, than it has ever been. General Lee's true place in the list of the great captains of history will be asserted, and his right to rank very high vindicated. Some idea of the position which will eventually be assigned him on that roll may be gained by comparing his strategy and methods and the results he accomplished with those of Wellington, a commander who, while he has not been ranked with such captains as Napoleon and Frederick, has been justly regarded as entitled to a first place among those who are mentioned as generals of the second class.

We think General Lee deserves to rank higher than Wellington. We can attempt here no discussion of this interesting theme; but if the campaigns and battles of the two are carefully compared, we venture to say that a candid discussion will declare Lee the superior. In the three years, during which he commanded the Army of Northern Virginia, he inflicted severer loss on an enemy not less formidable even than the imperial troops who were opposed to Wellington, than the latter General did the French during all the years of the Peninsula campaigns and at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

We may expect in this forthcoming work a juster and more elaborate treatment of every thing relating to General Lee's character as man and military chief, and completer information more carefully presented of what he accomplished than we have yet had from any source. The general reading public will hail it with interest and pleasure, and the millions of his Southern countrymen, in whose memories the hero is canonized, feel that the estimate of his greatness and his virtue will be increased as the story of his life is more fully and exactly narrated.



## SALMAGUNDI.

**Aunt Maria's Opinion of Witches and 'Possums.**—Aunt Maria has been our cook for twenty years, and though she sometimes nods in the chimney-corner, she is not so old as to burn the roast-beef or scorch the biscuits.

Her face is very black, but is often lit up by a pleasant smile, revealing two rows of teeth which have taken good care of themselves.

She is almost as round as a barrel, but stoutness does not deprive her of activity, except after work-hours, when she is partial to "dipping."

Those who "dip" purchase tobacco in the form of snuff, and use it by means of a small stick which is chewed upon until the end becomes soft and the snuff adheres to it; after that it is rubbed like a little mop against the teeth. Many elderly females are addicted to "dipping," but it is less frequently met with among their descendants.

Aunt Maria generally wears a bright-colored handkerchief upon her head in the shape of a cornucopia. When she puts on one as crimson as a scrap of sunset and very stiff with starch, she is in a talkative mood.

At such times she loves to sit upon an old horse-hair sofa in the corner of the kitchen, and tell what she calls, "De tales my gran'daddy tole me w'en I wuz a gal."

Not long ago she was instructing a sympathetic listener on the subject of witches.

"I b'leves," she was saying, solemnly, "dat dar wuz witches in de ole times, but dar ain't enny ob dem lef' now."

"I'll tels you a tale dat my gran'daddy tole me w'en I wuz a chile. He sed dat witches wuz larger in de day an' small at night, an' dat dey wuz made like humans. Dey wuz people dat wore gowns in de day, an' at night dey wore skin, like fokes' human skin, so dat dey could git in an' out ob hit."

"Wunst dar wuz a drinkin' man dat lobed whisky mo' dan wuz good fer him, an' kep' a lot ob hit in de cellar. He kep' missin' hit frum de jugs, tel' he 'spected dat de witches wuz a-stealin' hit. He b'leved dat dey wuz gittin' inter de cellar throo de key-hole; fer witches kin git little w'en dey wants ter. Dey comes frum de bad-place, an' lobes lick'er an' bilin' hot-water."

"Wun night de man went ter de cellar, an' foun' de wicked witches drunk in dar. Dey wuz motionin' like dey ginerally dus, but wuz so drunk dey could n't git out. Dey has a conjurin' word dat dey uses, but wuz drunk enuff ter furgit hit."

"De man had 'em tuk up, an' wuz gwine ter hab 'em hung."

"De gallus wuz made, an' de rope fixed! But de debil-frens ob de witches come ter help 'em an' teched 'em under de arms an' sed, 'I'm fer de Bollin' Green, I'm fer de Bollin' Green!'"

"An' de witches sed, 'I'm atter you, I'm atter you!' Den dey all banished throo de eliments."

"An' de man dat lost de witches and de whisky had seed mo' dan enuff ob de badness ob bofe ob dem; so atter dey wuz gone he lobed his wife an' chillun, an' jined de chu'ch."

\* \* \* \* \*

During the Christmas holidays Aunt Marie entertained her young nephew from the city with an opossum story, evidently intended to "point a moral" through the medium of the supernatural.

"I'll tel you," she said, with an air of infinite instruction, "w'at a 'possum's like."

"He's 'bout twict de size ob a growed-up cat, an' he's gray an' sorter shaggy, wid long wool, but hit ain't kinky like a nigger's. He's got feet like a cat, an' his tail is ez cl'ar ob har ez a hoop-staff. Dat's de descreibement ob him."

"He's a powerful deceivin' animal. He acts jest like he dead w'en he ain't. He lays on de groun' quiet-some ez a corpse, an' dey ain't nuthin' kin beat his deceivinniss."

"I knows some humans dat plays 'possum ter keep frum gwint ter work, an' I ain't got no use fer sich trash."

"A fat 'possum is better eatin' dan a roas' pig. He's greasy an' good ter de tase. Some people ruther chaw on de bones ob a 'possum dan meat ob a rabbit."

"Dar's a mighty big diffrunce 'twixt a 'possum an' a 'coon. 'Coon meat is a heap stronger ter de tase dan 'possum meat, an' dey don't favor wun anudder enny ways."

"Dar's a teetotal diffrunce 'twixt all de animils. I'm gwint ter sing a song fer you dat de cullud fokes' sings 'bout de 'coon, de 'possum, an' de rabbit."

Without further preface, Aunt Maria plunged into the liveliest of tunes, which she sang in a somewhat cracked, but very energetic voice. The words of the chorus were these:

" 'De raccoon tail got a ring all 'roun',  
An' de 'possum tail go bar,  
De rabbit he got no tail at all,  
But a leetle bunch ob har! '"

Aunt Maria's delighted listener asked her enthusiastically to sing something else.

"I'm obleeged ter you, honey," she replied, with evident gratification, "but I'm fleshier dan I use ter be, an' I'se got de asmatics in my chist. I'se afeard ter sing, 'cept wunst in a while. But I'll tel you a tale dat my gran'daddy tole me 'bout a man dat use ter hab de wickedniss ob huntin' on Sundays. Gran'-daddy sed de man—he wuz a nigger man dat wuz n't converted by baptizin'—folloed huntin' fer a bisniss all de days ob de week, an' Sundays, too."

"He wuz a big 'possum hunter. He went out wun Sunday nite wid a gang ob dogs ter hunt fer 'possums."

"Atter awhile de dogs got on de trail ob a 'possum, an' treed hit. De dogs wuz a good ways ahead ob de man, an' he called ter dem, an' kep' dem baying at de tree tel he come."

"Wen he got dar he seed a big w'ite thing civering up de limbs ob de tree. He tuk his ax, an' struck a a heaby lick inter de tree, an' cut hit down. But 't waz n't a live 'possum he cotched, 'twuz de gose ob wun!"

"De sperit spoke ter him an' sed, 'Munday nite, Chuseday nite, Wensday nite, Thursday nite, Friday nite, Sad'day nite, Sunday nite poor 'possum can't git no res!'"

"Den de gose pitched on him from de tree, an' wrapped him an' his dogs up in a sheet. An' w'en de sperit onwoun' hit, de dogs runned off an' nebb'er wuz seed no mo' by nobody. De man went home, an' tuck ter his bed an' died."

"An' I b'leves de killin' wuz done by de Lord, 'cause de hunter man neber minded w'at de Good Book ses 'bout de keepin' ob de Lord's day."

William H. Hayne.

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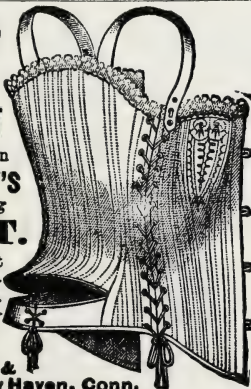
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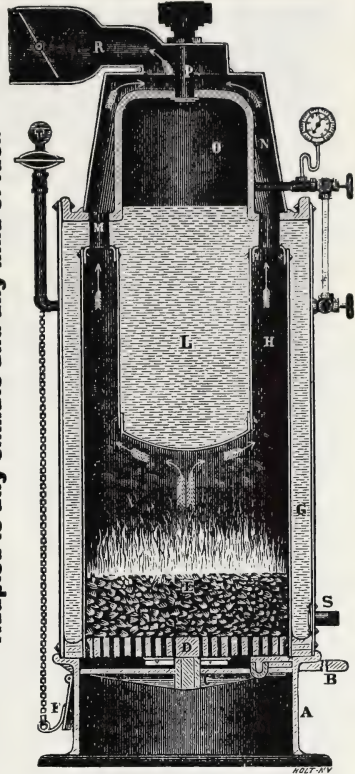
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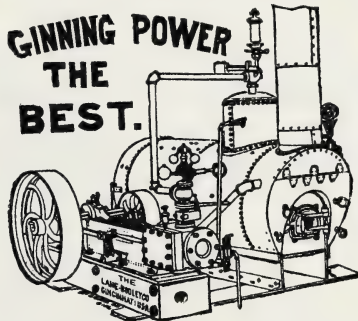
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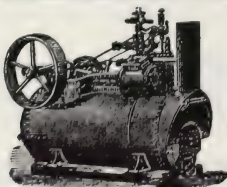
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In the same number E. M. LAW'S paper on the "*Defense of Richmond*" will be published, a war paper of more than ordinary interest.

The second paper of JAMES W. A. WRIGHT, on "*War Prisons and War Poetry*," will appear in November.

HENRY W. AUSTIN has prepared for the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC some papers on the "*Pilgrim Fathers*," in which are described the follies and the frailties, as well as the rugged strength and virtue, of the men who drove the Indians from the New England coast.

In November will appear a paper, by LAFCADIO HEARN, "*The Last of the New Orleans Fencing Masters*;" and the beginning of a story, by O. B. MAYER, entitled "*The Two Marksmen of Ruff's Mountain*."

These sketches will be followed by short stories, by Miss FITZHUGH; "*At Rickett's Party*," by H. S. EDWARDS; "*A Government Clerk*," by M. SHEPPEY PETERS; "*Hi Roark's Lost Shadow*;" "*Jasmine*," by LEE C. HARDY; "*Old Scipio*," by H. W. CLEVELAND; and others.

Other papers relating to outdoor life, to Indian legends, to half-forgotten history, to war memories and war heroes are in preparation.

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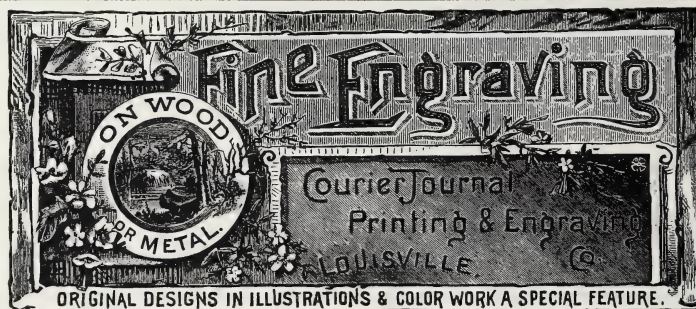
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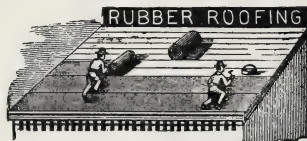
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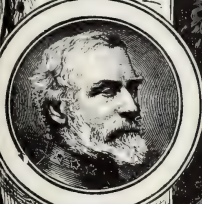
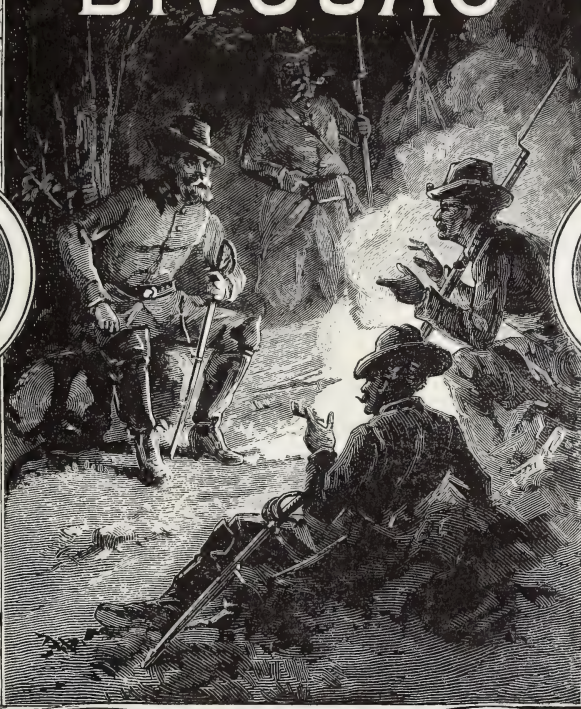
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WHAT WAS THE NORTHWESTERN CONSPIRACY? IT WAS A WELL ORGANIZED ATTEMPT BY THE AUTHORITIES AT RICHMOND TO RELEASE THE LARGE NUMBER OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IMPRISONED AT THE NORTH.

IN CARRYING OUT THIS DESIGN, THE OFFICERS TO WHOM IT WAS INTRUSTED DISCOVERED THROUGHOUT THE NORTHWEST, ESPECIALLY IN THE STATES OF OHIO, INDIANA, AND ILLINOIS, DEEP AND WIDE-SPREAD DISSATISFACTION WITH THE GOVERNMENT AT WASHINGTON, WITH EITHER THE PURPOSES OR THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR. THESE DISSATISFIED CLASSES WERE THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED UNDER ONE NAME OR ANOTHER, THE MOST FAMOUS AND EXTENDED SOCIETY BEING THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS DETERMINED TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS DISSATISFACTION; TO ORGANIZE, RELEASE, AND ARM THE PRISONERS, AND IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF THE NORTH TO BRING ABOUT AN UPRISING WHICH WOULD SERVE TO DIVERT THE FORCES WHICH WERE CONCENTRATED AT THE FRONT.

THIS WAS THE SO-CALLED "CONSPIRACY." THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS WERE THE HON. JACOB THOMPSON AND THE HON. C. C. CLAY, WITH HEADQUARTERS IN CANADA.

JUDGE, THEN CAPTAIN, THOMAS H. HINES WAS IN CHARGE OF ALL THE ACTIVE OPERATIONS WITHIN THE LINES, WITH JOHN B. CASTLEMAN AS HIS CHIEF ADVISER. THE PLANS WERE LAID WITH GREAT CARE AND CAUTION, AND WERE FOLLOWED WITH COURAGE AND DETERMINATION. THE RAMIFICATIONS OF THIS CONSPIRACY WERE WIDE-SPREAD. THE SONS OF LIBERTY WERE THOROUGHLY ENLISTED IN THE UNDERTAKING. SECRET CONFERENCES WERE HELD WITH A NUMBER OF PROMINENT POLITICIANS, AND AN ALLIANCE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WAS FORMED. TWICE WAS THE DAY FIXED FOR THE UPRISING; TWICE WAS IT POSTPONED.

THE STORY IS ONE OF GRAVE POLITICAL IMPORTANCE, OF GREAT HISTORICAL VALUE. IT IS A STORY OF INNUMERABLE PERILS, OF ALMOST OVERWHELMING



## **THE SOUTHERN BIVOUC ADVERTISER.**

DIFFICULTY. IT IS A LONG RECORD OF THRILLING ADVENTURE, OF ARREST, IMPRISONMENT, EXECUTION, AND ESCAPE. SEVERAL ENGAGED IN IT WERE SHOT; OTHERS WERE ARRESTED, WERE TRIED, AND ESCAPED FOR WANT OF EVIDENCE. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WAS VIGILANT AND SUSPICIOUS, BUT ITS OFFICERS NEVER FULLY REALIZED THE EXTENT OF THE PERIL; THEY NEVER KNEW WHO WERE INVOLVED IN IT.

THE FACTS HAVE NEVER YET BEEN MADE PUBLIC. MR. THOMPSON AND MR. CLAY ARE BOTH DEAD. JUDGE THOMAS H. HINES HAS RECENTLY RETIRED FROM THE SUPREME BENCH OF THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, BECAUSE OF ILL HEALTH. HE HAS BEEN INDUCED BY THE SOLICITATION OF HIS FRIENDS, AND FROM A REGARD FOR THE TRUTH OF HISTORY, TO ARRANGE HIS PAPERS FOR PUBLICATION. TO THE PAPERS AND OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS IN HIS POSSESSION HAVE BEEN ADDED THOSE IN POSSESSION OF COL. JOHN B. CASTLEMAN, AND TOGETHER THEY CONTAIN A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF ALL THE EVENTS RELATING TO THIS IMPORTANT UNDERTAKING.

THESE PAPERS HAVE BEEN PUT IN THE HANDS OF THE EDITORS OF THE SOUTHERN BIVOUC FOR PUBLICATION. THE UTMOST CARE WILL BE TAKEN IN PREPARING THEM FOR THE PUBLIC. NOTHING OF THE LEAST PERSONAL OR HISTORICAL VALUE WILL BE OMITTED. ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS WILL BE PRESENTED TO SUSTAIN EVERY STATEMENT MADE.

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LOUISVILLE. KY.

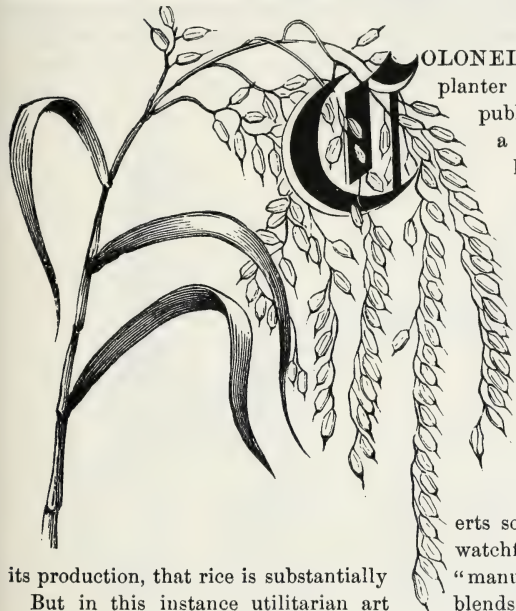
# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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## THE RICE-FIELDS OF CAROLINA.



COLONEL JOHN SCREVEN, a distinguished rice planter of Savannah, some four years since, in a public address, referred to a rice plantation as a "great agricultural factory." Mr. Trenholm, of Charleston, lately a prominent member of the United States Civil Service Commission, a year or two afterward made use of nearly the same words, though evidently in ignorance of their previous employment. That authorities so high and entirely independent should mutually employ the same expression is most excellent *prima facie* evidence of its applicability and epigrammatic fitness.

And a factory truly a rice plantation is, in the fullest sense of the word; for Nature—passionless step-mother that she is—exerts so slight and attentive art so complete and watchful a control over every process attending "manufactured," not cultivated.

its production, that rice is substantially

But in this instance utilitarian art blends unconsciously a wondrous beauty with its practical economies. No fairer prospect exists in the whole realm of agriculture than the landscape of a well-appointed rice plantation, whether viewed in early spring before planting, with the tawny seams of its embankments intersecting the checkered squares, the mellow mold yet steaming from the plow, and the whole visible area apparently as cleanly swept and garnished as a parlor floor; or later, during the nursery reign of the fostering "stretch water," each square a lake, its wavelets rippling under the fresh sea breeze, with the tops of the young plants immersed, for forcing—in long, waving lines of tendrils floating on the water, and the russet banks, separating lake from lake, now paths of emerald, their grassy carpet blowing in the April sun; or later still, during the "long water," the entire landscape one waving sea of green, broken only by the crystal ribbons of canals and quarter drains; or, finally, in the full noontide of harvest-time, the level fields, now lakes no more, but vast stretches of stubble dotted with stacks of golden grain, as if an army tented there.

The wheat lands of Dakota are impressive, but their unbroken, unrelieved monotony is almost painful. The vine-clad hills of the Upper Ohio are novel and interesting; the velvety slopes of the valley of the Roanoke and Kentucky's blue-grass meadows pretty and attractive; but a study of the rice-fields of the Atlantic deltas is simply fascinating.

In other agricultural pursuits man's efforts are the sport of the elements, and largely dependent upon the caprice of nature. In this man works with God, in the very shadow of his presence, with intelligence and judgment regulating the wayward freaks of nature, grafting chemical affinity and physical force, and directing both to an end, reasonably certain if properly compassed.

The high plane of thought necessarily traversed by the planter pursuing this avocation from generation to generation, naturally induced a broader intelligence, greater elevation

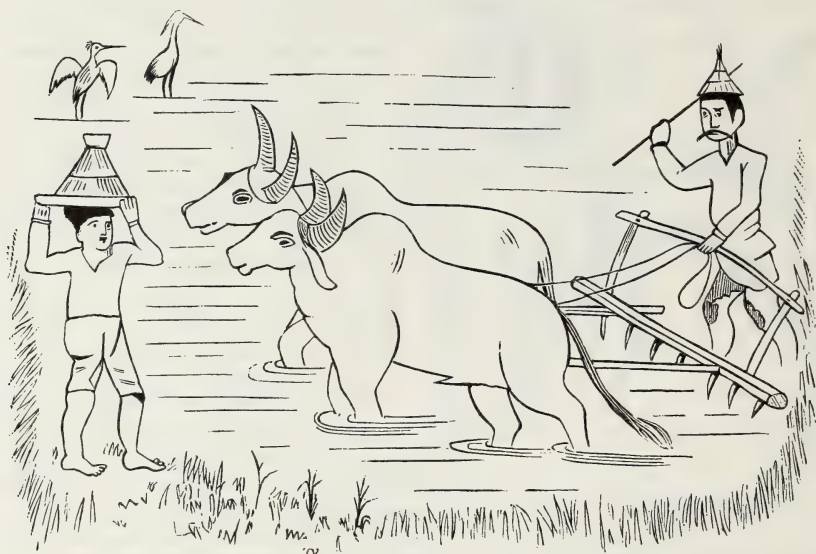


of mind, superior refinement, and a more universal and thorough cosmopolitanism than has ever been attained either before or since in any other kindred employment.

Yet this incidental super-refinement was far removed from effeminacy. During the late war, whenever a caisson stuck fast in the mud, the first volunteer shoulder under the wheel was that of the young rice planter, who a month previous had daintily aired himself in his spotless white-duck suit; while Jake and Pat, the stevedore and the ditcher, invariably "stood

time of the Roman occupation, it certainly, as an industry, attained no prominence in Europe until comparatively modern times, and it is generally believed to have been introduced by the Moors into Andalusia during the eleventh century, and to have crossed from Spain into Italy about a century later.

Rice is now grown in nearly every portion of the globe—in Java, Brazil, Hawaii, America, Italy, Japan, India, but principally in China and Burmah. The Burmese crop is nearly all exported, the inhabitants subsisting on some



FAC-SIMILE OF A BURMESE DRAWING, SHOWING PLOWING PROCESS.

afar off" watching the performance, nor lent a helping hand except "under orders."

The word "rice" is evidently of eastern origin: Tamil, *arisi*; Arabic, *aruz*; Latin, *oryza*; Italian, *riso*; French, *riz*. It is only second in importance among the cereals to wheat, and forms the grain food of over one third of the human race.

Its use by the inhabitants of China and India extends as far back as the earliest records of either country. A Chinese classic describes minutely the drainage and irrigation works constructed by the Emperor Yu on the Yangtse-kiang four thousand two hundred and thirty-six years ago. It was cultivated in Egypt fully fifty centuries ago, though not the principal food of the latter country. Frequent Biblical references to rice are found. Herodotus fully describes it, as does Pliny in his treatise upon the food plants of India. While Gibbon considers that it was cultivated in Spain at the

cheaper food, as millet or dourrha; that of China is principally consumed at home, though a good deal finds its way into this country.

Rice varies as greatly in its appearance as it does in its cultivation and habits of growth. An English authority, H. B. Proctor, to whom acknowledgment is here made for much valuable information on this subject, says: "There are far more cultivated varieties of rice differing more from each other than there are of wheat or any other of the grain foods. The Karens, a hill-race in British Burmah, have names for forty varieties. Doctor Moore mentions one hundred and sixty-one varieties growing in Ceylon, besides which there are those grown in Africa, China, Japan, and other parts of the world. The colors of the grain vary from coal black, dark red, pink, yellow, to ivory white. The shapes are various, and differ much from each other: some varieties are sweet, others bitter; some oily, others dry;

some hard and translucent, others soft and chalky. Botanists have classified the varieties into four divisions: Early Rice, Common Rice, Clammy Rice, and Mountain Rice."

*Clammy Rice* is little known to commerce. It is said to mature its seed in five months, and to have the advantage of growing on wet or dry land.

*Mountain Rice* grows on the Himalayas and is very hardy. It does not require irrigation, and will stand severe cold, sometimes pushing its way through the snow.

*Common Rice* is wholly an aquatic or marsh plant. It can not exist without water, and soon withers away if the ground becomes dry

plowed by dragging a species of rake or harrow over them, oxen and men, as seen in the annexed *fac-simile* of a Burmese drawing, sometimes sinking ankle-deep in the soft mud. This certainly would be an anomalous procedure in our own country!

The "paddy" or rough rice is sowed some time in June, after the rains have fully set in, *on the surface of the water*, to form nurseries. In September, when the young plants are a foot or more high, they are "drawn," tied in bundles, and carted, or rather boated off to the fields prepared for their permanent reception, where they are transplanted by hand in rows, generally by women and children, who wade



FAC-SIMILE OF A BURMESE PICTURE, SHOWING THE PROCESS OF RICE SOWING.

before harvest time. To this division belongs Burmese rice, and the process of cultivation is highly peculiar.

A great portion of British Burmah, in the provinces of Pegu, Arracan and Tenasserim, especially in the delta lands of the Sutang and Irrawaddy, is very low and flat, and the rainfall excessive, amounting to one hundred and thirty inches during the season. The result is that the country is flooded from one end to the other with from one to twelve feet of water. Locomotion can only be accomplished by boat, and the inhabitants are confined to their houses. There are only three seasons, the cold, the hot, and the rainy. At the commencement of the latter, or about the end of May, the fields are prepared by cleaning them of weeds and burning the stubble, and then

about in the mud and slush like so many pelicans.

No further attention is then given the crop. It is never plowed or weeded. The only care taken is to stop the openings or sluices—corresponding in some measure, to our "trunks"—in the embankments or "bunds" surrounding the fields, thus retaining the copious rainfall to nourish and protect the plant.

In some parts of India the land is cropped three times a year, in Burmah only once. No manure is used; rotation of crops is unknown. The heavy rains are all the land receives to bring forth an abundant harvest. Yet the average yield of the country is about thirty bushels per acre. In some instances it has reached sixty or seventy bushels. Still the success of the crop is very uncertain. Proctor says: "Where so



much depends upon rainfall, it is no exaggeration to say that an inch or so of water, more or less, determines whether the receding flood shall leave a bright and fertile plain full of promise, or a ruined waste of drowned and rotted crops. With a late and heavy monsoon thousands of acres are sometimes submerged and the crop ruined; should the floods, however, not be too late in the season, the ground is replanted a second time, and sometimes a third time, and the cultivator possibly saves his harvest. . . . With an early and deficient monsoon, on the other hand, the plants are not nourished and they yield but a scanty return."

The Burmese method has been partially detailed on account of its distinctive difference

rice, or "Carolinas" as it is known to commerce, besides the varieties raised in China, Japan, India, and Java. Japanese, however, is principally upland rice and grown by dry culture. Chinese rice, on the other hand, is generally irrigated.

And here an important distinction must be made. Common rice, or "Rangoon," as before stated, is essentially an aquatic plant; water is its life, without it, even temporarily, it withers and dies. It is sown in the water, transplanted in the water, and ripens in the water. Early rice, or "Carolina," has also generally been termed an aquatic plant, but most incorrectly. It is in reality amphibious, if a strictly zoological term may be applied to vegetation.



FAC-SIMILE OF A BURMESE PICTURE, SHOWING THE RICE RE-PLANTING PROCESS.

from the American system, and its essentially novel features. With the Burmese every thing is adventitious. With us little is left to chance, and only extraordinary cataclysms or other disastrous visitations of Providence affect the result; and yet these have, of recent years, occurred so frequently as to make even the American system, despite the safeguards with which science surrounds it, one of extreme hazard. Moreover, the price of labor and consequent cost of cultivation is now so great, compared with the Burmese happy-go-lucky methods, that the average cost of production per pound is greatly in favor of the latter, as will be shown hereafter.

*Early Rice* is to us the most important of the four divisions, for it includes American

Like its congener, the alligator, it thrives in two elements, demanding each at its proper time and interval, and perishing if confined unduly or excessively to either.

But both rice and alligator are hardy and tough, and can withstand considerable abuse. The latter can be removed from his swamp and manage to exist in discomfort and impaired vitality for quite a while, with merely periodical supplies of his favorite element. And so may rice be subjected to dry culture in this country, and, watered only by the rains of heaven, exist and produce a moderate harvest.

Under dry culture from fifteen to twenty bushels per acre is an average crop, while under wet culture the yield has sometimes reached as high as ninety bushels.

But it is not with upland rice that we have to deal. Produced from the same seed as that of the deltas, or *vice versa*, its cultivation is uninteresting, and very similar to that of a dozen crops familiar to every one, as may be seen by the illustration.

Wet culture, however, on the Atlantic sea-board, possesses features of unusual and striking interest, and the remainder of this paper is devoted exclusively to its processes and incidentals.

The oldest staples of the South-Atlantic States were tobacco, rice, and indigo. The two former still survive as important industries, although cotton has usurped the principal position; but the cultivation of indigo has long since fallen into "innocuous desuetude," and few are familiar with even its appearance.

Rice was introduced into Carolina about the year 1700, a planter by the name of Woodward having obtained a small amount of seed from a brigantine, just from Madagascar, that had touched at the port of Charleston. For a long time little was cultivated, as it is the most difficult of all the cereals to prepare for food. But gradually, as methods were devised for cleaning it, and as the number of slaves in the colonies increased, it sprang into prominence, and by the year 1724 the produc-

choicest variety, and commanded the highest price.

Then came war and the Federal gun-boats. Monitors crawled up the creeks and shells sang



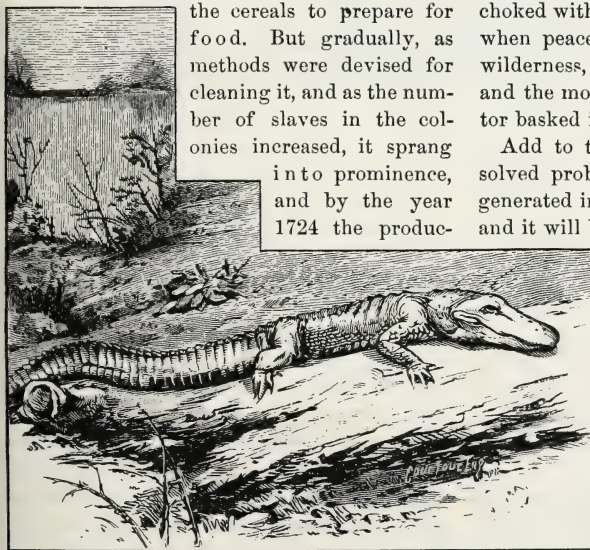
UPLAND RICE.

over the deserted quarters. Lines of intrenchments bisected the fertile fields; embankments and canals were demolished; barns, dwellings, and mills destroyed; the neglected squares soon choked with reeds and sedge and saplings; and when peace finally came it found a desolated wilderness, tenanted only by the marsh-hen and the moccasin, while as overseer the alligator basked in undisturbed serenity.

Add to this the then untried and still unsolved problem of free negro labor, a motor generated in delirium and ending in paralysis, and it will be seen that the participle demoralized will but feebly describe the condition and prospects of the rice industry in 1865. The wonder is, not that it should have failed to make greater headway in the interval, but that it should have recovered at all.

In order to fully appreciate the wrecked state of affairs at this time it is necessary to understand the physical construction of a plantation. Two modes of irrigation are employed in America—the

"tidal" and the reservoir or "back-water" system—the former on the Atlantic seaboard, the latter in Louisiana. The process of cultivation in each case is similar, and they differ only in the means by which the flow is obtained.



"AS OVERSEER."

tion had reached 10,800,000 pounds. This had increased to 187,167,032 pounds in 1860.

But Carolina rice, like Orleans cotton, had, during this period, forced its way to the top of the European market, was considered the



Of late years many of the old sugar plantations of Louisiana have been adapted to the culture of rice, and it is possible, in almost any portion of that State of innumerable bayous, to irrigate more or less successfully by establishing a reservoir of back-water, to be drawn upon at the proper intervals. But the supply

nah and the rivers south of it, also enjoys this privilege to some extent.

The rice lands of the Atlantic sea-board occupy the deltas of the rivers from Pamlico Sound, in North Carolina, to the St. Mary's River, in Georgia. They are confined in every instance to the *fresh tide-water*, the tidal flow

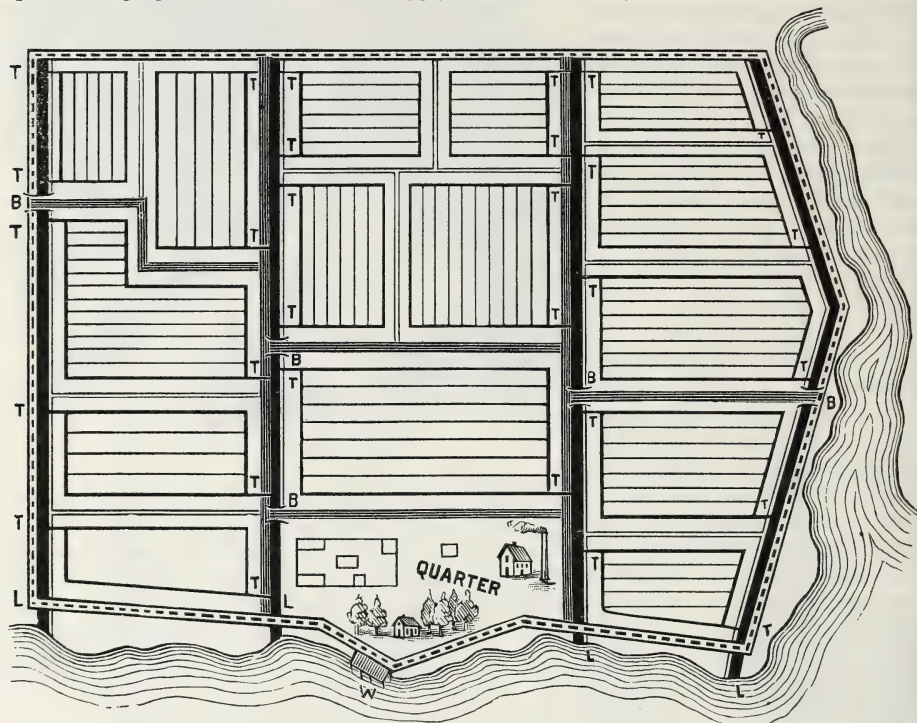


CHART OF RICE PLANTATION.

- |                              |            |
|------------------------------|------------|
| ———— Quarter Drains.         | L—Locks.   |
| - - - - Margin Ditches.      | T—Trunks.  |
| ==== Check Banks.            | B—Bridges. |
| ———— Canals.                 | W—Wharf.   |
| ▨▨▨▨ Roadways.               |            |
| - - - - Exterior Embankment. |            |

must evidently be dependent upon the rainfall in the up-country, and this is capricious. Nevertheless, when the water is abundant, the Louisiana cultivator has the advantage of not being compelled to wait for spring tides, but can flow his land at pleasure. The North Carolina planter, on the Cape Fear and Waccamaw rivers, where the tides were less and the land levels relatively lower than on the Savan-

being necessary for inundation, and the water, of course, must be free from salt.

These narrow river strips consequently extend from the extreme limit of brackish water to the extreme limit of available tide-water, a distance varying with the volume and location of the rivers. They are pure alluvium in formation, and all very similar in character. The soil, in many cases, is ten, twenty, or even thirty feet in depth to the underlying stratum of sand. Often the remains of prostrate forests, the result of ancient hurricanes, with layers of ashes and Indian remains, lie buried in this alluvium, the logs and stumps frequently so near the surface as to present a serious obstacle to the ditcher, and greatly enhancing the cost of reclamation. This must have been excessive, and only under the thorough discipline and economy of slave labor was at all possible. As a proof of this, on the whole At-

lantic coast not one new rice plantation has been established since the war; on the other hand, many have been abandoned.

The rice lands, being practically on a level with the sea, or elevated but a few inches above it, are of course, like the salt marshes, subject to tidal overflow. Therefore, it is necessary to surround every plantation, unless joining banks with a neighbor, with an exterior embankment. This must be sufficiently high and strong to resist the encroachments of spring tides and ordinary storms, and is generally constructed about five feet high, with a base of ten feet and a width on top of four feet. Even with this protection it is impossible to prevent extraordinary storm floods from sweeping over the plantation, as they have been known to rise twelve feet above low-water mark, or about six feet still-water level over the fields.

Taking an illustrative plantation of six hundred and forty acres or one square mile for easy calculation, it will be found that the exterior embankment is four miles in length, and the interior embankments, along the canals and those used for roadways, as seen in the chart, about six miles more. The plantation is subdivided by lesser embankments, called "check banks," into fields or "squares," whose areas differ according to the character of the ground. Generally, the more irregular the surface the smaller the squares, some containing as many as thirty-five or forty acres, others as few as five or six. They will average, however, seventeen or eighteen acres each. This adds in check banks a further length of eight miles, making the gross length of embankment eighteen miles, with gross solid contents of one hundred and eleven thousand and seventy-nine cubic yards, or one hundred and seventy-four cubic yards to the acre.

But the original cost of the embankment is greatly exceeded by that of the necessary drainage.

Colonel Screven, who is probably the best authority on rice in the South, says: "The drainage of the rice-fields and its annual maintenance is a servitude more burdensome than their embankments. It is, however, also true, that while the rice-plant of the tidal lands is aquatic, or perhaps, more correctly, amphibious, it is paradoxical in demanding the most thorough drainage for its successful growth. . . . The drains imperatively require to be not only thoroughly excavated in the origin, but to be constantly kept down to their original

depth, and, as the land settles, to be lowered to the same relative depth.

"A properly arranged plantation of six hundred and forty acres, looking to the best control of flowing water and to thorough drainage, would require four parallel canals, each twenty feet in width and five feet in depth. The total length of these would be three and one third miles. Each would require a flood-gate at its extremity on the river, so arranged as to admit or bar the tide-water at pleasure. Along these canals, one on each side of each field or two to the field, are laid small flood-gates commonly called 'trunks,' by which the watering and drainage of each field is independently regulated. The main flood-gates of the canals are frequently true locks, so that canal and river navigation may be united. The four canals mentioned call for the excavation of forty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine cubic yards, or seventy-six cubic yards per acre.

"In addition to these canals, which are the great arteries of the rice-fields, each square or field must be surrounded by a main or margin ditch cut six feet wide by four feet in depth"—generally about fifteen or twenty feet off from the check bank, leaving a cultivatable margin between ditch and bank all around the square—"and parallel drains, called 'quarter drains,' must be sunk through the fields one and a half to two feet in width by three feet in depth, usually seventy-five feet apart, but, in some instances, still nearer. . . . The lineal measurement of this drainage will be ninety-four miles and the excavation one hundred and fifty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-six cubic yards, or two hundred and forty-six cubic yards per acre."

Summing up, the combined embankment and drainage on this illustrative plantation of six hundred and forty acres amounts to one hundred and fifteen and a third miles, or eighteen miles to the acre, and demands an excavation of three hundred and seventeen thousand two hundred and ninety-four cubic yards of earth, or four hundred and ninety-six cubic yards per acre.

Some commensurate idea may thus be obtained of the immense original cost of constructing a rice plantation, or even renovating a damaged one, and also of the attendant "servitudes," as Colonel Screven aptly styles them, constantly menacing the planter. Nor is it surprising that in 1860 some rice lands were held as high as two hundred dollars an acre, and paid an excellent per cent on that figure.



To-day, owing to the difference in the price of labor and the corresponding profits, these lands could be purchased for much less, and in every instance at a figure greatly below the original cost of construction.

The equipment of a rice plantation varies with its size and location. From three hundred to five hundred acres is about the average size. It scarcely pays to cultivate less than one hundred acres. On a place of average size, sufficiently near a city or town, a rice mill is now a rare adjunct. Previous to the war nearly every large planter milled his own rice, doing toll work as well for his neighbors. Now it is found more convenient to carry the rough rice or paddy by boat to the big steam mills in the nearest city. A thresher, however, is necessary on every plantation of any size. In addition to the common laborers who are employed by the day, and engaged and discharged as convenience requires, a well-appointed plantation generally has an overseer, a trunk minder, who is always a carpenter, and a foreman or "leader" for the negroes, besides a few regular hands to care for the stock, all of whom are engaged by the month or year.

As many mules are necessary as on a cotton plantation of the same size; for although at times they have nothing to do and enjoy altogether an easy life, nevertheless, when they are wanted they are wanted badly and in considerable numbers, as is the case during "rolling time" in sugar planting, in order to hurry through a certain process by a given time.

The planter's busy season commences with the new year. The squares are cleared of stubble, plowed, and harrowed. The stubble is in some cases plowed in, but is commonly burned on the land. The ditches are cleaned out annually, as they foul quite rapidly from abrasion, silt, and water vegetation; and the stuff so thrown out of the main ditches is laid on the banks. One would think that in course of time the latter would become considerably enlarged by the accumulation of vegetable matter and ditch mud thus piled on them year after year; but in many instances, so light and porous is the original soil of which they are composed, and so spongy and liable to rapid decay is the added trash, that the banks are annually shrinking and growing smaller under a process of gradual consolidation, so much so, indeed, that in even a well-kept plantation it is frequently the case that two or more squares temporarily join their waters by portions of the bank giving way.

Single-horse plows are generally used in breaking up, but successful attempts have been made to introduce sulky and gang plows and screw pulverizers. The fields, however, are so cut up by the quarter drains that commonly light, portable bridges have to be employed in crossing the ditches, and heavy machinery, in consequence, is not always convenient. Besides, the soil, contrary to the necessity in sugar planting, does not require deep breaking.

As a rule the land is not fertilized, although it will not be long before the contrary will become the common practice. Many plantations that have been under constant culture since colonial times still yield good harvests; but the land is gradually, though fortunately very slowly, losing its native power. Usually the older fields produce rice of superior quality though less in quantity than the fresher lands.

Where a field has recently been "taken in," and is consequently composed of light, porous soil, it is not productive on account of the absence of mineral matter. On such a field phosphate and potash salts are used to advantage; on some of the older fields nitrogenous fertilizers are occasionally applied, but not with as satisfactory results as in other crops.

The paddy is sown from the second week in March to the middle or end of May. March sown rice will mature in about five months and fifteen days. Later plantings sometimes mature in advance of the earlier.

The principal motive of the planter, aside from important cultural objects in selecting the period of sowing, is to avoid harm upon the visitation of that vicious pest yet succulent dainty, the rice-bird. He comes in swarms twice a year—in the late spring and early fall—and the rice must be planted at such intervals as to be protected from his ravages. And here another factor comes in, available spring tides.

Both the early sowed rice and that planted later are protected by the "sprout" and "stretch" waters when the birds come in the spring. The former is harvested and safe from their visitation in September, and the latter is not fully ripened until after they have taken their flight further southward.

Should a mistake be made in regard to either of these conditions, the rice-bird to the unprotected crop is as disastrous and annihilating as the torch or a tornado. Therefore, if the planter misses one spring tide, he must wait and carefully make his calculations so as to be able to utilize another for flowing.

Before the war the variety commonly used on the coast for seed was known as "gold-seed." At that time white rice was planted almost exclusively in the interior. This has now generally superseded gold-seed, on account of its more certainly yielding a superior pearly luster, because it is more readily cleaned, and because of its earlier maturity. Bearded rice is sometimes used, but never on the tidal lands.

The process of seeding is very simple; grain drills, similar to those in use for wheat the country over, with a slight adaptation suiting them for rice, are employed. The drills are set fifteen inches apart, and the land is sowed a little more heavily than for wheat. It is a noted fact that the white rice of the uplands affords better seed for wet culture than tidal-raised seed, and is preferred by planters.

As soon as the rice is planted the "sprout water" is turned on to swell the grain and force germination. It is allowed to remain, according to temperature, from forty-eight hours to fifteen days, and then drawn off.

Now comes a picnic for the birds. The grain is only slightly below the surface, soft and succulent, and crows, jackdaws, blackbirds, and sparrows know when the sprout water is off as well as does the overseer, and they flock to the fields like school-boys on a holiday.

Each square, according to size, is guarded by one or more dusky Nimrods, and from dawn to dark the constant popping of the old army musket sounds like a regular skirmish. It is nothing unusual for one planter to use eight or ten kegs of powder a year. Strange to say the negroes do not relish this employment. It keeps their attentive faculties on the alert all the time. Not for a moment can they relax their vigilance, for the birds will be down on the fields, and yonder is the overseer's horse on the canal bank, outlined against the sky, and detection will follow instantly. Your genuine darkey loves to plow; the occupation suits him nobly; he can go "half to sleep" between the handles and yet manage to hold a pretty straight furrow. But put him at any work that requires the slightest mental exertion, or is otherwise than absolutely mechanical, and he is at once out of his element and worried accordingly.

In from ten days to six weeks, according to the season and temperature, the "stretch water" is put on, and according to the exact stage in which the young sprout is at the time, is called either the "stretch from the point" or the "stretch from the fork."

The careful planter always endeavors to stretch from the point. It is well known that in all vegetation certain roots and sets of roots beneath correspond with certain leaves or other portions of the plant above, and this is especially true of rice, the greatest care being necessary in watching their relative developments.

As soon as the germ root pushes out underneath the grain in search for food, a minute point is visible above ground, reaching up for light and air. This is the embryo stalk, and corresponds with the germ root. The plant is now in the proper stage for forcing, and the stretch water should be put on at once.

It sometimes happens, however, that the water, from tidal or other causes, is delayed, and the point, which is similar to that of barley or wheat, only sharper and more delicate, divides and assumes the "fork" stage, and the stretch that follows is from the fork instead of from the point. This contingency is undesirable, as the plant is thereby somewhat lessened in vitality.

The water is at first turned on deep, entirely covering the surface of the squares, and the young plant, drinking in the life-giving fluid, commences to rear its head aloft and reach up for light and air. The river-water is seldom clear—always more or less tinged with mud—and the tender shoot battles manfully with its semi-translucent covering to bask in the comforting rays of the sun.

After the rice has become sufficiently stretched, or a few inches high—a period extending through from two to ten days—the water is slackened down to what is known as "slack-water gauge," so as to show the tops of the plant and give it necessary air and sunshine. If the plant is longer than the water is deep, which is generally the case, it floats its upper leaves on the surface in long waving lines across the squares—a singularly attractive and beautiful picture.

It seldom happens, however, that the whole plantation is under the same treatment at the same time; for, with five or six hundred acres to sow, it is a difficult matter in early spring, with frequent interruptions from rains and bad weather, to seed down so large an acreage in time for utilizing any one spring tide for flowing. A large plantation will run five or six grain drills at once, and put in sometimes sixty-five or seventy acres daily; but even with as rapid work as this it is impossible to get all in contemporaneously. Consequently it is a common thing to see perhaps one fourth of the



squares under the stretch water; another fourth under charge of the "gun squad," waiting for the tender point to shoot; another series under the sprout water, and the remainder in process of planting, all at once. This necessarily adds greater interest and diversity to the process and prospect.

Sometimes, too, the rice comes up mixed with "volunteer;" this is the product of the grain shaken out during the previous harvest and scattered broadcast over the land. This can generally be removed by the hoe, but where it is very thick it sometimes necessitates replotting and seeding, thus throwing late a portion of the crop. This volunteer rice is hardy and prolific, and externally similar to white rice, but the objection to it is that the berry is *red*, and greatly reduces the grade of rice with which it is mixed, besides totally unfitting it for seed. To destroy this obnoxious tare, the fields are sometimes thrown into dry crops for a year or two, or kept under water for a like time.

It will be remembered that each square is under separate control, and, except where two or more are temporarily united by the check banks washing through, can be flowed and drained independently at the pleasure of the planter.

A walk over the banks of a plantation at this period is replete with interest; at every step the "fiddlers," scurrying from under your feet and ducking into their holes, each one, as he disappears, waving aloft in defiance his disproportionate manicle. Yonder are small squads of negroes in twos and threes, dragging with long wooden rakes the floating trash and stubble blown by the wind in masses against the lee banks, and piling it on the pathways. Over there the rattle of the grain drills is heard seeding down the few belated squares. Here is the trunk-minder with his assistant hard at work repairing a leak. On the canal bank is the overseer in consultation with the planter on his daily visit to the fields, his little sail-boat rocking at the wharf down by the quarter. Attention is called to a defective trunk or a dangerous bank; stretch water, to-morrow, must be turned on number six and number eight, and sprout water let off from seventeen and twenty-three. The long cord of the submerged thermometer is drawn in hand over hand, its reading carefully taken, and the mean temperature of the water for the month in the overseer's handy note-book is compared with that of last year, and dependent operations de-

duced and determined. From the high and dry squares on the further side comes the casual pop of the musket, while flocks of daws and hungry crows circle overhead, awaiting their opportunity to settle down on the sprouting grain. Every thing works in its appropriate groove and little is left to chance.

The stretch water is held at the slack gauge from twenty to forty days, when the "dry root" and the leaves corresponding to it have put out. The amphibious and pampered plant has now had enough of its stimulating though strictly temperance beverage, and is ready for a period of "prohibition," or dry growth.

The development of the dry root is manifested to the skilled planter by its accompanying and corresponding leaves. To one ignorant of the subject the external appearance of the plant would indicate nothing at all, but the close student is familiar with every shoot and joint, and reads their story as from a printed page. Generally, however, the leaf alone is not depended on, but for certainty's sake the plant itself is pulled up and examined, and if the dry root has attained a length of from one half to three fourths of an inch, the plant is considered ready for the change.

The stretch water is now taken off gradually through a period of two to three days. As soon as the ground is dry—and these rice lands are so thoroughly drained that they dry much more quickly than one would suppose—the plow and the hoe commence their work, sometimes the one preceding sometimes the other, but always at proper intervals.

The dry growth lasts from two to six weeks, in latter May and June. After the crop has been sufficiently cleaned the young plant, being a foot or more high, and the open joint containing the embryo head having appeared at the base of the stalk, the "harvest flow" is put on.

This works oppositely from the stretch water, running up from shallow to deep as the plant grows. The water, however, is put on deep at first so as to cover the land, and held at this depth for two days in order to destroy insects and give the soil a uniform wetting. It is then slacked down to what has been hitherto called the stretch-water gauge. Here it is kept until the joint raises itself sufficiently high, the young head being in its embryo form on this joint. After this the water is raised from time to time with the growth of the plant, until finally, when the ear shoots out, it has attained its greatest

depth, and covers the whole surface of the land in depressions—two feet and more. It is kept at this depth until the grain ripens.

Before proceeding it is perhaps best to devote a few words to the enemies of the rice plant. These are numerous, and comprise both bird and insect. Its worst ravagers are the rice-bird, already incidentally referred to, and, little less destructive, the red-winged blackbird. But birds attack openly, and their depredations are at once detected. The insect is more insidious, destroying in ambush, as it were; and the greatest care and watchfulness are necessary to detect their appearance before it is too late.

Besides the weevil found in and destroying stored rice, there is a species of "water weevil" which attacks the young sprout and rice, usually during the stretch water, and sometimes the grain in its sprouting state before the stretch water is put on.

The "grub" attacks during dry growth the root of the rice, usually in June. It is destroyed easily by the harvest water.

The "borer," a species similar to the sugarcane borer, beds itself in the stalk during harvest water. During this period, also, the "maggot" attacks the root. The last is destroyed by removing the water, and replacing it with fresh water. A fuller description of these pests, while interesting, is rendered impossible by limited space.

The crowning glory of the planter—harvest time—is now at hand. The varied processes in the cultivation of rice have been detailed in order from the first sowing of the seed; and in them all it has been shown that water, judiciously handled, is the very essence and life of the plant—how with this, "the most potent vegetative agent known in nature, the seed is germinated, the tender seedling stimulated and fostered to phenomenal growth, the more dangerous weeds and grasses drowned and extinguished, the plant prepared for subsequent dry growth and cultivation by hand, plow, and hoe, and finally the water restored and raised to the very collar of the spathe until the last grain on the gravid ear is ripe. Then so re-

sponsive is the apparatus that the swollen flood may be dismissed in a night, and on the following morning, with the rising sun, the swish of the reap-hook may be heard in the teeming fields. In four and twenty hours, if the skies are propitious, the straw and the grain are dry and cured, and far over the level lands the stacks are pitched like the regulated tents of some great army."

The implement used in reaping is the ordinary reap-hook, primitive in its origin, but very effective in the hands of the skilled operators. Attempts have been made to introduce

machinery in harvesting, and so far with some little success. Possibly in the future some adaptation may be devised that will be found wholly available. At present the chief difficulties in the way are the presence of the innumerable quarterdrains, and the fact that the straw, when cut, has to be placed carefully on top of the thick stubble



MARGIN DITCH AND SQUARE DURING HARVEST FLOW.

to dry. If a self-bridging and straw-depositing harvester could be invented, cutting its ten or twelve acres a day, it would prove a boon to the planter and a fortune to the inventor; for the work at present costs from one dollar and twenty-five to one dollar and fifty cents per day per hand, and returns in amount only about one half of an acre per hand, another most burdensome servitude.

In from one to two days of favorable weather the straw on the stubble is cured and dry. It is then tied in bundles and cocked in stacks, generally about four to the acre. It can be threshed in a week or ten days after stacking; and here comes in the only really dangerous and adventitious period of the whole year's work, for the autumnal equinox is approaching, and with it its invariable companion, a blustering northeaster, its severity uncertain, and gauged only by the prescient God of storms. None can be sure that his crop will ever feed the thrasher. In a day the upheaved deep may ride the dams and riot amid the golden sheaves, and, departing, leave a salted,



sodden mass of worthless pulp behind. He can but wait and hope.

Some plantations in badly exposed localities have, at great cost, constructed wooden platforms above the reach of the waters, upon which one or more acres of grain is stacked, intended to be safe and secure. But this is another servitude too expensive to be ever put in general operation, being, besides, unsatisfactory

sends the sunshine through the rifts may stay the dreaded tempest and still prosper the work of their hands. Truly, man may curb the stated tides, but the Lord alone, who 'rideth upon a swift cloud,' can bit the hurricane, and the farmers pray through the changeful rifts that their work may not be 'as the grass upon the housetops, which withereth before it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.'

The process of preparing rice for food is extremely complicated, far more so than that employed in fitting for consumption any other grain used by man. At the same time its features are highly interesting, though lengthy and involved, the same delicacy of manipulation and watchful care being necessary in milling as in producing the grain. Its economies, too, have been reduced to a science, little or nothing being wasted.

No two mills operate precisely alike, each employing certain processes of its own, which are claimed to be superior to those in use by any other mill. They differ only in trifles, however, the general processes being in the main identical.

The above chart presents a clearer idea of the various processes and their respective products than could a dozen pages of detailed description. A few words only are necessary to understand it.

After the rice is threshed on the plantation, it is generally conveyed by flats, sail, or steam vessels, to the nearest city, and delivered to the planter's favorite mill. Here it is stored in bulk and cleaned at the pleasure of the owner, whenever, in his opinion, the market justifies a sale.

Omitting the details of elevating and storing the rough rice, which are similar in great measure to the processes used in wheat elevators, it is only necessary to start with the rice from the bins where it has been stored either according to apparent grade or according to ownership.

The first process is "screening" to remove foreign particles, trash, and foot-stalks. The paddy then passes to the "milling stones," where the outer husk is removed. The rice falls through an opening in the upper stone, and the revolution of this stone, or "runner," as it is called, over the "bed-stone," which, as its name indicates, is fixed, produces, or is supposed to produce, a draught, which causes the grains to fall into a semi-upright position at an angle of about 45°. The runner, revolving

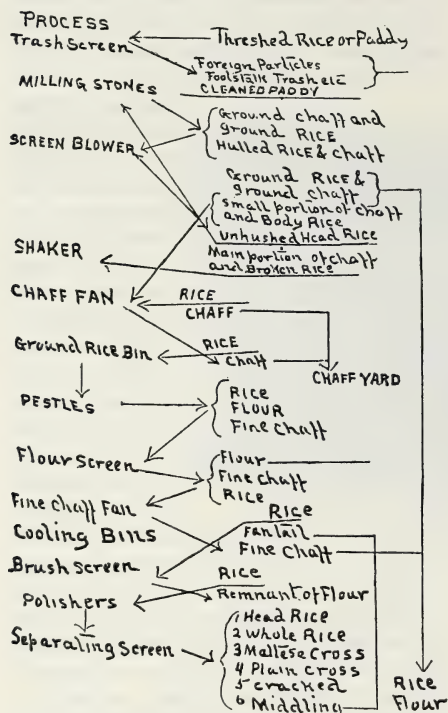


CHART OF THE PROCESSES OF RICE CLEANING.

in its results. As a rule, the planter must run his chance after the hook has visited the field.

Incomplete, indeed, would be this description of the harvest without a last quotation from Colonel Screven:

"Now this great agricultural factory is at rest. Its strong gates are turned against the tides. The late cultivated morass is dry and firm as the 'red old hills.' The stately heron takes his ponderous flight, the noisy marsh-hen stops its cackle to the coming and returning tide, and the peaceful cricket chirps its shrill roundelay in the protecting stubble, sweet as by the mountain hearth. The harvest is wholly ended, or in part, and now the eager farmers, weary with the toil and care of many months, turn their anxious gaze among the tumultuous clouds of the equinox, and pray that He who

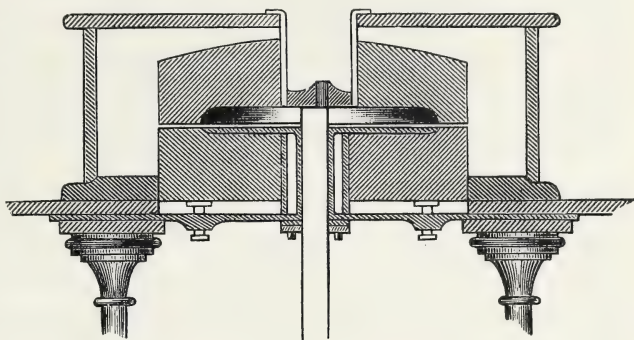
over the bed-stone at a distance above it equal to about two thirds the length of the rice grain, then cracks or splits open the husk, the grain dropping out, and husk and grain both passing out together. The moving grains have a uniform centrifugal motion from the center of the stones to their circumference. They can be raised or lowered, and regulated with nice adjustment for large or small grain.

From the stones the material passes into a horizontal screen, called the "screen blower," where the ground-up chaff and small particles of ground grain, reduced by the action of the stones, are separated and blown out. This is used to mix with the rice flour. Some grains of rough rice have gone through the stones without being husked; these now pass over the head of the horizontal screen and are conveyed back to the stones. The main portion of the chaff blown out of the screen is carried to the "shaker," where the small particles of broken rice still remaining are separated, in order that nothing may be wasted, and then passed from the shaker to the "chaff fan," where they join the residue from the screen blower (see chart) consisting of all heavy particles other than the unhusked head-rice and a little remaining chaff, which is left to give the rice elasticity under the pestles.

Passing from the chaff fan, which separates still more of the chaff, the rice goes into the "ground rice bin." This is a long gallery over the pestles, so arranged that the rice is distributed regularly over the holes or sluices leading to the mortars beneath, into which it is delivered in a constant stream that may be increased, diminished, or stopped at pleasure.

The rice is now of a white or mixed white and yellow color. The outer covering or husk has been cracked off and nearly all the loose chaff removed, and the next process is the "skinning" or decortivating process, which is accomplished by the pestles. It is necessary to remove the yellow, gluey covering of the grain to give it the creamy color so much desired. This the pestles do by friction. The mortars hold from four to six bushels each, and are made of wood cased with iron; the pestles are also of wood cased with iron at the lower end, are about ten feet long and four hundred pounds each. The mortars

are ranged in a long row, boarded in so as to resemble somewhat the counter in a shop, only lower. The pestles are raised and dropped into the mortars by means of a huge horizontal revolving drum as long as the mortar counter and fitted with spokes, which, as the drum revolves, pass into and under slots in the pestles, raising them up, passing out and dropping them suddenly with a heavy thud into the mass of rice in the mortars. Each one can be stopped and pinned in place without interfering with the others.



MILLING STONES.

Strange to say, the heavy weight of the pestles breaks very little grain.

When sufficiently decorticated the contents of the mortars, consisting now of flour, fine chaff, and cleaned rice of a dull, filmy, creamy color, are removed to the "flour screen" where the flour is sifted out. From thence the rice and fine chaff go to the "fine-chaff fan," where the fine chaff is blown out and mixed with the other flour. This rice flour, as we call it, or more properly "rice meal," as our English neighbors term it, is very valuable as stock feed, being rich in hydro-carbons as well as albuminoids. It sells readily at about twelve and a half dollars per ton, and is cheap at that price.

From the fine-chaff fan the rice goes to the "cooling bins," which the heavy frictional process through which it has just passed render necessary. It is allowed to remain here for eight or nine hours, and then passes to the "brush screen" whence the smallest rice and what little flour is left pass down one side, and the larger rice down the other.

The grain is now clean and ready for the last process—polishing. This is necessary to give the rice its high pearly luster, and makes all the difference imaginable in its appearance. The polishing is effected by the friction against



the rice of pieces of moose-hide, tanned and worked to a wonderful degree of softness, loosely tacked around a double cylinder of wood and wire gauze.

From the polishers the rice goes to the "separating screens," composed of different sizes of gauze, where it is divided into its appropriate grades, then barreled, headed, and made ready for market.

After it gets there it is by no means certain that a profit passes into the planter's pocket. The margin is so small that the average cost of production per pound nearly equals the selling price, and the profits altogether depend on the ability of individuals either to exceed the average yield or to reduce their operating expenses below the average cost.

The average production is in the neighborhood of thirty bushels per acre, and the average expenses, including interest on land, amount to about \$1.17 per bushel, or 4.33 cents per pound. In the Savannah market, fair rice is now quoted at 3.25 to 3.75; good, at 4.25 to 4.75, and prime, at 5.25 to 5.50, thus leaving but a narrow margin, and to secure even this the grade must be of the highest quality.

Still rice planting, aside from its hazard, can be classed as a moderately profitable employment; but all planters agree that as an industry it can only exist by sufferance. So long as the national government protects our planters from competition with the Coolie and Ryot labor of the East—a labor costing eleven cents a day against sixty cents in this country—just so long and no longer can the rice industry survive. Before the war American rice required no protection. Our slave labor was sufficient in itself to bar competition. Now things are different. Asiatic rice can be landed at our ports for 2.90 cents per pound. The existing import duty of 2½ cents per pound would bring the cost of Asiatic rice up to 5.15 cents per pound against 4.33 for home rice, leaving a margin of only .82 of a cent in favor of American rice. This is further reduced in the case of domestic exports by the cost of transportation from Southern to Northern ports.

This advantage is consequently so small that even under it the increase in the importation of foreign rice for some years past and at pres-

ent is considerably greater in proportion than the increase in American production. The aggregate imports are also greater than the total American crop, and while the former increases yearly in greater ratio than the latter, the price to consumers is being steadily lowered.

The home crop, in the year 1870, amounted to 47,348,000 pounds and the imports to 43,123,939. In 1885, the home crop was 108,028,760 and the imports were 119,074,517. During this period there has been a decrease of about fifty per cent in the price. This speaks for itself.

Nearly one third of the total importation, or 37,997,167 pounds consisted of granulated or broken rice, not subject to the tariff of two and a quarter cents per pound, but admitted under an *ad valorem* duty of twenty per cent. One fourteenth of the whole amount is Hawaiian rice, admitted duty free under the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty—if any treaty can be termed reciprocal which admits of a balance of trade against this country of over one hundred per cent!

Were the rice lands capable of utilization for any other purpose, the threatened abandonment of rice culture would not mean, as it does, overwhelming disaster. No other crop than rice can profitably respond to the heavy servitude of wet culture; and to adapt the lands to successful dry culture requires a number of years of intermediate preparation, delay, and loss, which, under existing circumstances, means little less than absolute and irretrievable ruin.

But American genius is fertile in expedients, and new adaptations are daily made. And it can not now be long ere machinery shall completely supplant fingers, steam harvesters shriek defiance in the rice-fields to Ryot and Coolie, and the tariff itself become a matter of absolute indifference. Until then, as now and of old, the mellow furrow will be turned, the seed planted and nurtured, the harvest tides will ebb and flow, the reap-hook ring merrily on the stubble, and in the prosperous seasons the pregnant barges roll from field to mill weighted to the water's edge with their loads of golden grain in the cool reflex of a past and harmless equinox.

*Hugh N. Starnes.*

## AT TWILIGHT.

Last eve I heard a merry-piping quail  
Call like a flute upon the uplands cold—  
A door of autumn turned on hinge of gold,  
What time the twilight walked the thickets pale;  
In the deep woods the falling nuts like hail  
Dropt to earth, and, like an outlaw bold,  
The frolic squirrel sought his airy hold,  
Bearing his booty in his fingers frail.  
The leaves fell down on all the forest ways,  
Shook by the wind, and 'neath the neighboring hedge  
The cricket rang his mass-bell in the grass,  
Calling the dusk to vespers; low in praise  
Twittered the robins on the woodland's edge  
With jocund calls whene'er a mate did pass.

Ah, many leaves that deep wood lay within,  
Brown, purple, gold, upon the chilly earth!  
And on the boughs the gum-balls in sere mirth  
Like castanets shook whenever the night wind thin  
Stirred the unsleeping leaves within the glen.  
A sleek, gray rabbit wondering had come forth  
Upon the paths; and lo! the Dusk had birth  
When the clear treble of the piping wren  
Smote all the woodland with its liquid calls,  
That seemed to bind the twilight into sheaves;  
And down thro' all the hollows, moist and musk,  
Feeding and chattering o'er the cones and balls,  
Gathered the robins on the crackling leaves—  
God's little children nutting in the dusk.

And lower still the sunset sank, and far  
The twilight's girdle flashed within the west,  
Hung on the low horizon's woody crest,  
Flowing beneath, far through, a ruby bar  
Becalmed in heaven below eve's crystal star:  
Low barked the squirrel from his swaying nest;  
Nuts fell, leaves shook, the birds sought place of rest  
With much of gossip and low-chittering war;  
And still, scarce heard beneath the clumps and boughs  
Where leaned the hazels in the rushing wind—  
Their nuts down-dropping in the mad wind's flight—  
Like Hagar, driven from her master's house  
In hunger, careless where the path may tend,  
Wandered His robins in the gathering night.

*Charles J. O'Malley.*



## WAR PRISONS AND WAR POETRY.

### SECOND PAPER.

SO desirable an opportunity for permanent and convenient record of war's doings do the pages of the *BIVOUAC* furnish for Southern soldiers, and for our comrades of the Blue as well, that a few more relics of war verses, written mostly in military prisons, will be here drawn for your readers from dusty and time-worn note-books, handed down from the prison-days of more than twenty years ago.

Not more than two of the specimens of war verses here presented for record have ever appeared in print, so far as the knowledge of the writer goes. These are the shorter pieces—"My Love and I," and the "Vacant Chair." These were published only in fugitive form, in newspapers during or soon after the war, and the "Vacant Chair" has appeared also in more lasting form as sheet-music.

First will be given one of the best poems of that most gifted and versatile of our Southern prison-poets, Colonel William S. Hawkins. Since my former sketch, seeking to embalm some of his beautiful, soul-stirring verses in the pages of the *BIVOUAC*, friendly inquiries have been made of me by letter whether any of Colonel Hawkins' poems were published in book or pamphlet form soon after the war. I do not know that they were. A residence of nearly sixteen years in California since the war—so far removed most of the time from our war-scenes and war-thoughts—prevented my being posted with certainty on this and similar points connected with war comrades, our interest in whom can not flag while life and its memories last. But I learned, in some way, soon after the war, that Colonel Hawkins' devoted wife designed to publish a collection of his poems. It would have been worthy of his memory and his themes. I am not aware, however, that any of his writings have ever heretofore appeared in print, except in the fugitive and very perishable form of newspaper literature, and that during and immediately following the war. If any of the verses of that truly brilliant and vivacious soldier-poet—who died about the close of the war, so far as I have been able to learn—have ever appeared even in pamphlet form, the writer, for one, will be pleased to know. Will not some surviving friend of Colonel Hawkins give us some incidents in his life, and some of the thrilling adventures of the noted "Hawkins' Scouts"

of Middle Tennessee, gallantly commanded by him during the stirring scenes of 1863? Such adventures they certainly had, as the fading memories of many a prison chat will bear witness. Such scenes should not be allowed to die with their actors. It can scarcely be that all the members of that heroic body of Tennessee cavalry now lie buried and forgotten with that buried past whose history they aided, not in writing, but in making.

It is pleasant, even at this distant day, to recall the extreme and admiring devotion to Colonel Hawkins, even amid the trying scenes of a rough and doleful military prison, as shown by several young members of his "Scouts" who shared with him his prison-life. The pleasant companionship of a Lieutenant Spence, I especially remember, and often recall his peculiar and bold mode of escape from a really strong prison-guard in broad daylight on the streets of Nashville. Here are the facts of his remarkable escape.

Whenever enough prisoners were collected in the distributing prison, the Nashville penitentiary, they were marched under guard to the provost marshal's office, a plain brick building not far from Mrs. James K. Polk's beautiful and noted residence. One bright cold day in January, 1863, with streets and sidewalks covered in places with packed snow and ice, a batch of fifty or sixty prisoners, mostly officers, were marched along the rather retired streets from the penitentiary to the provost marshal's and thence to the handsome State Capitol, to have their names properly recorded before they were sent to some permanent prison-camp.

They were guarded by twenty or thirty men of the Veteran Corps with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed for immediate action in case of any attempt at escape. Near the head of the column was Lieutenant Spence, dressed in a citizen's suit, including a black felt hat and heavy black overcoat, sent him by some of the Good Samaritan ladies of Nashville. By the time we reached the provost marshal's office, the guard had become somewhat social with the chatty prisoners, and rather careless; and more or less citizens, passing to and fro, were near the column, at times conversing with some of the prisoners.

When the order to halt was given at the provost's door, Spence did not stop, but quietly and

boldly walked on near a citizen or two that happened to be passing. The attention of the guards in front being luckily called to the rear at the time, none of them detected Spence's act, and he passed on unmolested. Turning down another street at the next corner, he disappeared and was never seen by any of our party again. Some of his fellow-prisoners, who watched his surprising venture, expected every moment to hear a "halt" or a bullet sent after him; but, much to their joy and relief, nothing of the kind occurred.

We afterward learned, through fellow-prisoners, that he soon reached a friend's house in Nashville, and escaped in safety from the well-guarded city to his command; but was subsequently captured and returned to the old penitentiary. What was the final fate of this courageous young officer we never knew.

But Spence was not the only man who escaped from our batch of prisoners the same day. A Captain Anderson, a small man with dark complexion and thick black hair and beard, had quite a similar escape just a few moments before our friend Spence "took French leave." As the hard snow and ice on some of the sidewalks put them in fair skating condition, we occasionally passed boys sliding up and down them. At a cross street, where a crowd of boys were so amusing themselves, Captain Anderson, having on citizen's clothes, and taking advantage of his size, used a good opportunity and slid off with the boys. That was the last either we or our guard saw of Anderson.

Your contributor did not witness these remarkable escapes, as he was on crutches from a severe wound, and could not keep up with the column, but I learned the details from rejoicing comrades upon our return to our cells after enrollment. From incidents related to me by Captain Anderson, in our prison companionship previous to his escape, his career as a soldier must have been marked by many similar adventures. He was in the secret service on our side. As a type of such adventures, he told me an incident that happened while he was engaged in such service for General Leonidas Polk. He had, on one occasion, managed to make his way as a Confederate spy to General Buell's headquarters. While in the tent of Buell's adjutant-general he had occasion to especially notice an officer, in Federal uniform, looking over official papers there. On his return to General Polk's headquarters soon afterward, what was his astonishment to rec-

ognize this same officer in Polk's tent, only this time he wore the gray. He at once indicated to Polk his uneasiness, and the General withdrew with him outside of the tent. When he told Polk of the astonishing recognition, the General reassured him by saying it was all right, as this man was in his employ and confidence, just as Anderson was.

Another escape, which occurred from the Nashville penitentiary about the same time, is equally worthy of record. Among us, in that noted prison, were a few Federal soldiers, sentenced there by court-martial, all of us occupying together the front building, under the old belfry, but kept entirely separate from the convicts, whom we could see, going to and fro in their striped clothes, only through our back windows, which were strongly grated with iron bars. The only entrance to our quarters, a narrow front door, was always securely guarded by an armed sentinel, and the only gate in the high brick wall which surrounded the small front yard of the penitentiary was always guarded by another armed soldier in the day-time, but he was occasionally removed at night.

Among the "Boys in Blue" who shared our prison quarters on the kindest of terms, for "a fellow-feeling made us wondrous kind," was a bright, manly young fellow, whose name and offense I have forgotten; but, if I remember rightly, he had been a courier for some general, and his offense was grave enough to confine him for some months within those rather repulsive brick walls, where some thoughtful "reb" had written the couplet:

"This was once a felon's cell,  
But now it is where patriots dwell."

Becoming tired of his confinement, he determined to escape, and hitting upon the following plan, he made it "work like a charm." He observed that, whenever Federal couriers came with letters in large official envelopes, they were allowed to pass the sentinels, in and out, "without let or hindrance." Having occasional access to the office of Major Horner, the commandant of the prison, he managed to secure a big official envelope. Filling and addressing it properly, and buttoning up his neat blue uniform in regulation style, he walked out of prison one fine morning, merely showing his fat, official envelope to the two sentinels, who saluted him in regular military style as he marched with soldierly step to his well-earned freedom.



My first selection of war verses for this sketch is one of Colonel Hawkins' most popular poems entitled,

#### TRUE TO THE LAST.

The bugles blow the battle call,  
And through the camp each stalwart band  
To-day in serried column forms  
To strike for home and native land.  
Brave men are fighting by my side,  
Our banners floating glad and free,  
But yet amid this brilliant scene  
I give my thoughts to thee!

The horsemen dashing to and fro,  
The drums with wild and thunderous roll,  
The sights and sounds—all things that tend  
To kindle valor in the soul—  
These all are here, but in the maze  
Of squadrons moved with furious glee,  
Still true to every vow we made,  
I give my thoughts to thee!

The deep booms spite the troubled air,  
Each throb proclaims the foeman near,  
And, faintly echoed from the front,  
I hear my gallant comrades cheer.  
With joy of heroes marching on,  
Through blood this glorious land to free,  
I give to freedom here my life,  
But all my thoughts to thee!

And yet, beloved, I must not think  
What undreamed bliss may soon be mine;  
It would unman me in the work  
Of guarding well my country's shrine.  
Here on this sword I write my troth,  
These words shall yet thy solace be;  
They'll tell how in this last fierce hour  
I gave my thoughts to thee!

Along the east, the holy morn  
Reviews life's many cares and joys,  
This hour I hope some wish for me  
Thy pure and tender prayer employs;  
Another beauteous dawn of light  
These eyes, alas! may never see,  
But even dying, faint and maimed,  
I still would think of thee!

And then in coming years that roll,  
When scenes of peace and brightness throng,  
And round each happy hour is twined  
The wealth of friendship, love, and song,  
Go to his grave whose heart was thine,  
And by that spot a mourner be—  
One tear for him, thy loved and lost,  
Whose last thoughts clung to thee!

In a former prison sketch, last May, it was mentioned that Major Lamar Fontaine was one of our prison companions at Camp Chase, and that he sometimes wrote verses for *The Camp Chase Ventilator, or Rebel 64-Pounder*. He occasionally showed his friends other poems to aid in substantiating his claims as the reputed author of "All Quiet Along the Potomac." Two

samples of these are now given, for which I am indebted to the prison note-book of a fellow-prisoner of those days, General R. B. Vance, now the Assistant Commissioner of Patents at Washington. It is entitled,

#### ONLY A SOLDIER.

"Only a soldier!" I heard them say,  
With a heavy heart I turned away,  
And heaved a sigh;  
Then watched the tramp of the horses' feet,  
As the hearse moved slowly down the street,  
And hot tears dimmed my eye.

"Only a soldier!" confined in there—  
A father's joy and a mother's care,  
Torn from his home.  
Now a maiden sighs for his return,  
On his sister's cheek the tear-drops burn,  
For her soldier-brother's gone.

"Only a soldier!" I thought anew,  
As fancy came, and I quickly drew  
"The parting hour"—  
That hour he left at his country's call,  
To place himself as a living wall  
Where sterner men might cower.

In dreams he'd seen friends kneeling down  
To raise his head from the battle-ground,  
And thus he'd say,

"Tell my father that fighting I fell,  
'Mid hammering shot and screaming shell,  
When the South had won the day."

Alas! he never had dreamed of death,  
But as borne on whistling bullet's breath,  
'Mid muskets flashing,  
And where the war-dogs howling loud  
Breathe with sulphur-smoke a battle cloud,  
The shells with thunders crashing!

But a fevered cot is his battle-ground,  
And slowly, calmly in death he's bound  
To the "Far-off Land."  
No gentle sister's spirit is there,  
E'en in stranger's form, with tender care  
To bathe his dry, burning hand.

The dark sod hides the form of the dead,  
Dew-drops kiss no more that pale forehead  
Nor gleam on his hair.  
Life's hope is gone! Life's sorrowings o'er,  
His spirit is on the "echoless shore,"  
Dwelling with angels up there.

Thus unwept, unmourned he sank to rest,  
E'en by human sympathy unblest,  
To an unknown grave!  
God, who notes e'en the sparrow's fall,  
Shall, in the dread resurrection, call  
To Heaven the soldier brave!

Major Fontaine informed us that he wrote the above lines before his capture and imprisonment, in April, 1862, while serving in Mississippi.

The following verses were written by Lamar Fontaine in Camp Chase on the death of a fellow-prisoner:

THE PRISONER'S FAREWELL.

AIR: *Bingen on the Rhine.*

A prisoner from a Southern clime lay dying in Camp Chase,  
And not a ray of hope lit up his ghastly, sunken face;  
While a comrade sat beside, as his spirit winged away,  
And bowed with listening ear to hear all he should say.  
Then the dying prisoner faltered, as he took his comrade's hand,  
And said: "I ne'er again shall tread the South, my native land,  
Here, take this letter and these rings to distant friends of mine,  
For I was born in Southland where the pale moon loves to shine.

"Tell my brothers and my sisters, when they meet and gather round  
To hear this shameful story in my childhood's playing ground,  
That I met death's struggle firmly, and when at last he'd won,  
I gently lay, a silent corse, beneath this Northern sun;  
But that I might and could have lived again to greet them there,  
Had but the cruel Northman shown the least of mercy here.  
Tell them how oft I longed to stand beneath that old tall pine,  
And list to the mock-bird carol where the pale moon loved to shine.

"Tell that 'other,' not a sister, that no more those days shall come,  
That I used to spend with her in her happy Southern home,  
That she seems to stand before me, as when she bade me go  
To fight my Southland's battles against her Northern foe.  
Now her little hands seem lying so soft and dear in mine,  
And again I see the tear-drop steal and on her fair cheek shine.  
But I never more shall meet her in that distant tropic clime,  
Nor hear her gentle voice with the sea-born zephyrs chime.

"Then tell my dear old mother, these tears I can not check,  
That I ne'er again shall twine my arms around her neck,  
And feel her gentle kiss when my evening work is done.  
Oh! friend, I know that those blest days are now forever gone,  
And I feel the chilly death-damp as it stealeth o'er my face,  
And my shackled form now soon shall sleep in its narrow resting-place;  
And I never more shall wander in that noble Southern clime,  
And hear the mock-birds carol where the pale moon loves to shine."

His voice grew hoarse, and on his "bunk" he moaned death's sullen rattle;  
His form was cold; he'd nobly fought a hard life's final battle.

Silent I gazed upon his form, as swift his spirit fled,  
And felt the prisoner from Southland in bleak Camp Chase was dead.

Tearful, where wintry northern blasts may sound his funeral knell,  
Calmly and sad we buried him in a lonely, quiet dell.

His bones now rest there bleaching in that dark, wintry clime,  
But his spirit's wandering where the pale moon loves to shine.

These lines, written by General R. B. Vance while in Fort Delaware, were prompted by the following sentiment in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*:  
"We know a great deal about war now; but, dear readers, the Southern women know more; blood has not dripped on our door-sills yet, shells have not burst above our homesteads—let us pray they never may."

WAR'S DOINGS.

Many a gray-hair'd sire has died,  
As falls the oak to rise no more,  
Because his son, his prop, his pride,  
Breathed out his last, all red with gore;  
No more on earth, at morn, at eve,  
Shall youth and age entwine as one;  
Nor father, son, for either grieve—  
Life's race, alas! for both is done!

Many a mother's heart has bled,  
While gazing on her darling child,  
As in its tiny eyes she read  
The father's image, kind and mild;  
For ne'er again his voice will cheer  
The widowed heart, which mourns him dead,  
Nor will his kisses dry the tears  
Fast falling on the orphan's head!

Many a little form will stray  
Adown the glen and o'er the hill,  
And watch with wistful looks the way  
For him whose step is missing still,  
And when the twilight steals apace,  
O'er mead, and brook, and lonely home—  
And shadows cloud the dear, sweet face,  
The cry will be, "Oh! papa, come!"

Many a home's in ashes now,  
Where joy was once a constant guest,  
And mournful groups there are, I trow,  
Who've neither house nor place to rest;  
And blood is on the broken sill  
Where happy feet of erst did go;  
And every where, by field and rill,  
Are sickening sights and sounds of woe!

There is a God who rules on high—  
The widow's and the orphan's friend—  
Who sees each tear and hears each sigh,  
That these lone hearts to Him may send;  
And when in wrath He tears away  
The reasons poor which men indite,  
The record-book will plainer say  
Who's in the wrong and who is right.



Among the most spirited and admired verses from General Vance's facile and prolific pen were the following, written at Fort Delaware, near Philadelphia, in April, 1864:

#### THE SOUTH.

My sunny South! my sunny South!  
 Thou land of joy to me,  
 The blissful clime where sinless youth  
 Was spent in peaceful glee;  
 To-night from bars and prison walls,  
 On pinions light and free,  
 My spirit breaks its many thralls  
 And wildly seeks for thee.

On hill and brake and rushing tide,  
 And city's lofty spire,  
 And silver stream and valley wide—  
 The home of son and sire—  
 With tireless wing and swelling heart,  
 Which naught around may stay,  
 I'll burst these cords and chains apart,  
 And seek thee far away.

The eye may droop, the form may bend,  
 The hair be touched with gray;  
 Nor night, nor morn, blessed peace may send  
 To cheer the captive's way;  
 But sentry's tread, nor musket bright,  
 Nor all the dread array  
 Which Northmen use to show their might  
 Can cause the soul to stay.

I'll seek thy fields and woodlands wild,  
 Thy own savannahs fair;  
 And be again the happy child  
 That lived and sported there;  
 And when in sleep I view thy streams,  
 Which flow forever free,  
 My gladdest, brightest, sweetest dreams  
 Shall be of home and thee.

Uncomfortable and dispiriting as close confinement in a rough war prison was likely to be, a vein of humor would sometimes creep into the effusions of prison-life. Witness the following, published anonymously during the war, from a prisoner at Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie:

#### MY LOVE AND I.

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—  
 A "bunk" have I;  
 A couch of feathery down fills up the same—  
 Mine's straw—but dry.  
 She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh,  
 With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in State—  
 And so do I (!);  
 The richest viands flank her silver plate—  
 Coarse grub have I;  
 Pure wines she sips at ease her thirst to slake,  
 I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake!

My love has all the world at will to roam—  
 Three acres I;  
 She goes abroad, or quiet sits at home—  
 So can not I;  
 Bright angels watch around her couch at night,  
 A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between  
 My love and me;  
 For her this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,  
 I waft my plea,  
 And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,  
 To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole!

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again—  
 My love and I;  
 We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then,  
 Her lovelit eye  
 Will all my many troubles then beguile,  
 And keep this wayward "reb" from Johnson's Isle.

Permit me to close these selections by repeating our prison version of the touching and popular song, "The Vacant Chair," as it was sung in those prison-days of vivid, though now distant memories. They are copied from an old prison-diary, and may differ slightly from later versions:

#### THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
 There will be a vacant chair;  
 We shall linger to caress him,  
 When we breathe our evening prayer.  
 When a year ago we gathered,  
 Joy was in his bright, blue eye,  
 But our golden cord is severed,  
 And our hopes in ruin lie.

Sorrow fills our fireside lonely,  
 But with pride our bosoms swell  
 At remembrance of the story  
 How our noble Willie fell;  
 How he strove to bear our banner  
 In the thickest of the fight,  
 To uphold our Southern honor  
 With the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of honor  
 Shall entwine his youthful brow;  
 But that soothes the anguish only  
 Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.  
 Sleep to-night, thou early fallen,  
 In thy green and narrow bed,  
 Dirges from the Southern cypress  
 Mingle with the tears we shed.

Let us not forget these humble contributions to poetry, nor the trying scenes which gave them birth—such scenes as we can but hope our children and our children's children may never witness.

*James W. A. Wright.*

## THE LAST OF THE NEW ORLEANS FENCING-MASTERS.

### I.

PERHAPS there is no class of citizens of New Orleans—the Marseilles of the western world—about whom so little is generally known as our Spanish element. I do not refer to those numerous West Indian and foreign residents who speak Spanish—Cubans, Manillamen, Mexicans, Venezuelans, natives of Honduras, etc.—or even to our original Spanish Creoles, descendants of those colonists who have left us few traces of the ancient Spanish domination besides a few solid specimens of Latin architecture and a few sonorous names by which certain streets and districts are still known. The old Spanish Creole families exist, indeed, but they have become indistinguishable from the French Creoles, whose language, manners and customs they have adopted. The true Spanish element of modern New Orleans is represented by a community of European immigrants, who preserve among them the various customs and dialects of the mother country, and form an association of about three hundred families. They are more numerous than the Greeks, mostly heavy cotton-buyers and wholesale merchants, who have their own church; more numerous than the Portuguese, who have a large benevolent association; but much fewer than the Italians and Sicilians, who control the whole fruit and fish trade, and own fleets of sailing craft and lines of steamers. Yet, for various reasons, the Spaniards are less publicly visible than the other Latins; they live in the less-frequented parts of the city, they pursue special callings, and form special industrial organizations; they have their own trades-unions, their own benevolent associations, their own priests, physicians, and lawyers, and before 1853 they formed an excellent militia corps, the *Cazadores*. This fine body voluntarily disbanded because of the refusal of the governor to permit them to suppress a great anti-Spanish riot, incited by Cuban refugees. The governor wisely preferred to trust the work of suppression to the cooler-blooded and disinterested American militia, justly fearing the consequences of giving rein to the rage of the Spanish soldiery, mostly Asturians, Catalanians, and Biscayans. Since the disbandment of its military organization the Spanish community, though numerically as strong as ever, has almost disappeared from public view.

Whether Catalanians, Biscayans, Gallegos, Asturians, or men from the Balearic Islands, nearly all of these Spaniards are inter-associated as brothers of one order, and Catalan is the prevalent dialect. At their meetings, indeed, Castilian is supposed to be the official tongue; but should any discussion of an exciting nature arise, the speakers involuntarily abandon the precise speech of the *Academia* for the rougher and readier argumentative weapon of dialect.

A great number of these men are in business on their own account; those who are not independent are, for the most part, fresh immigrants or elder sons beginning life; and the trade generally followed is tobacco manufacturing. Many Spaniards own factories. So soon as a young man lays by a certain sum, he marries—usually either a Creole of the poorer class or a European woman, Irish, English, or German—and thus it happens that almost every one of our Spaniards above thirty is the head of a large family.

The New Orleans Spaniard has all the self-reliance, the shrewdness, the economy, and the sobriety of the Italian; he has less patience, perhaps, and is more dangerous to provoke; but strangely enough, crimes of violence are almost unheard of among the Spaniards, while they are fearfully common among our Sicilians, who practice vendetta. Moreover, the Spaniard is rarely found among the criminal classes; if he happens, by some extraordinary chance, to get into trouble, it is because he has used his knife or other weapon, not as a skulking assassin but as an open enemy. Colonel J. A. Fremaux, for many years in command of the second police district, and for many years also captain of the prison, tells me that in all his experience he did not remember a single case of crime among the Spanish immigrants, with the exception of a few assaults made under extreme provocation. In one instance, which appeared at first to form an anomaly, the arrested party proved to be not a Spaniard but a gypsy. Here, as well as elsewhere, the Spaniard is reserved, grave, pacific; but if aroused beyond endurance he becomes a very terrible antagonist. As a rule, he fraternizes with the Creole, but has more or less antipathy for the Cubans and Mexicans, who do not share his patriotism.

There are few Spanish houses in the antiquated portions of the city where a visitor will



not observe a certain portrait or photograph—the likeness of a vigorous, keen-eyed man, with a slightly curved nose, long firm lips, facial muscles singularly developed, and a fair beard having that peculiar curl in it which is said to indicate a powerful constitution. The face is a very positive one, though not harsh, and the more you observe it the more its expression pleases. If you should happen to visit a Spanish home in which the photograph is not visible, it is more than probable that it is treasured away in the *armoire* or somewhere else; it has become one of the Spanish *penates*. But a few years ago it was an even more familiar object in Havana, perhaps also in far Madrid; and the Havanese soldiery, the *voluntarios*, the loyalists, the Spanish ladies, were eagerly purchasing copies at the rate of two *pesos* per copy. Thousands upon thousands were placed in Cuban parlors. Still, the original of that picture, photograph, or engraving (for the likeness of the man has been reproduced in many ways) is not a prince, a diplomat, or a soldier, but a private citizen of New Orleans, a member of our Spanish community. His face is now seldom seen on Canal Street, but he is still a very active and vigorous man, despite his three-score and ten years. He is a hero, and a titled hero who won his fame by sole virtue of those qualities named in enamel upon the golden cross he is privileged to wear: *Virtus et Honor*—“*Virtus*,” of course, with the good old Roman signification of the word, which is valor.

## II.

Señor Don José Llulla, or Pepe Llulla, as he is more affectionately styled by his admirers, is a person whose name has become legendary even in his life-time. While comparatively few are intimate with him, for he is a reserved man, there is scarcely a citizen who does not know him by name, and hardly a New Orleans urchin who could not tell you that “Pepe Llulla is a great duelist who has a cemetery of his own.” Although strictly true, this information is apt to create a false impression of some connection between Pepe’s duels and Pepe’s necropolis; the fact being that none of his enemies repose in the Louisa-street Cemetery, which he owns, and that he has never killed enough men to fill a solitary vault. There is, in short, no relationship between the present and the past occupations of the cemetery proprietor; but before speaking of the former, I may attempt to give a brief outline of the ca-

reer of this really extraordinary character who won his way to fortune and to fame by rare energy and intrepidity.

Pepe was born near Port Mahon, capital of Minorca, one of those Balearic Islands whose inhabitants were celebrated in antiquity for their skill in the use of missile-weapons, and have passed under so many dominations—Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Moorish, Spanish, French, and English. His own uncommon dexterity in the use of arms, however, does not appear due to any physical inheritance from ancient Balearic forefathers, as he traces back his family to a Moorish origin. This assertion, in view of Pepe’s chestnut hair and bluish-gray eyes, would seem untenable unless we reflect that those desert horsemen who first invaded Spain in the cause of Islam were mostly Berbers, kindred of the strange nomads who still preserve their fair skins and blue eyes under the sun of the Sahara—the “Veiled People,” who are known afar off by their walk, “long and measured, like the stride of the ostrich.” I can not say that Pepe is really a Berber; but he possesses physical characteristics which harmonize well with the descriptions in Henri Duveyrier’s “*Les Touareg du Nord*,” and Southern Louisiana is full of surprises for the ethnographer. The photograph, which obtained so much celebrity, was taken more than fifteen years ago, and Pepe has but slightly changed since then. He is only a little grayer, and remains very erect, agile, and elastic in his movements; a man about the average height, rather vigorously than powerfully built. He attributes his excellent physical preservation to his life-long abstinence. No liquor ever passed his lips, and his nerves still retain the steadiness of youth.

Pepe’s imagination was greatly impressed during early boyhood by the recitals of sailors who used to visit his father’s home at Port Mahon; and his passion for the sea became so strong as he grew older that it required constant vigilance to keep him from joining some ship’s crew by stealth. Finally, when an American captain—John Conkling, of Baltimore, I believe—made known in Port Mahon that he wanted an intelligent Spanish lad on his vessel, Pepe’s parents deemed it best to allow their son to ship as cabin-boy. He remained several years with the Captain, who became attached to him, and attempted to send him to a school to study navigation, in the hope of making a fine sailor of him. But the boy found himself unable to endure the constraints of study, ran

away and shipped as a common seaman. He went with whalers to the antarctic zone, and with slavers to the West African coast, and, after voyaging in all parts of the world, entered the service of some merchant company whose vessels plied between New Orleans and Havana. At last he resolved to abandon the sea, and to settle in New Orleans in the employ of a Spaniard named Biosca, proprietor of a ball-room and *café*. Being a very sinewy, determined youth, Pepe was intrusted with the hazardous duty of maintaining order; and, after a few unpleasant little experiences, the disorderly element of the time recognized they had found a master, and the peace of Biosca's establishment ceased to be disturbed.

Pepe soon began to visit the popular fencing-schools of New Orleans. He was already a consummate master in the use of the knife (what thorough Spaniard is not?) but he soon astonished the best *tireurs* by his skill with the foils.

At that time fencing was a fashionable amusement. It was the pride of a Creole gentleman to be known as a fine swordsman. Most of the Creole youths educated in Paris had learned the art under great masters; but even these desired to maintain their skill by frequent visits to the *salles d'armes* at home. Indeed, fencing was something more than a mere amusement; it was almost a necessity. In New Orleans, as in Paris, the passions of society were regulated if not restrained by the duel; and the sword was considered the proper weapon with which gentlemen should settle certain disputes. But the custom of dueling prevailed in New Orleans to an extent unparalleled in France since the period of the Revolution. Creole society in Louisiana was an aristocratic and feudal organization based upon slavery. Planters and merchants lived and reigned like princes; the habit of command and the pride of power developed characters of singular inflexibility; passions, tropicalized under this strong sun of ours, assumed a violence unknown in calmer France, and the influences of combined wealth and leisure aided to ferment them. Three or four duels a day were common; this number was often exceeded; and young men seemed anxious to fight for the mere ferocious pleasure of fighting. A friend tells me this queer reminiscence of the old *régime*: "A party of young Creoles, slightly flushed with wine, are returning from an evening entertainment. The night is luminous and warm; the air perfumed with breath of magnolias; the sward is smooth,

level, springy as an English turf. Suddenly one of the party stops, feels the sod with his foot, and, leaping nearly to his own height, vociferates, '*Quel lieu pour se battre!*' (What a place for a fight!) His enthusiasm proves contagious; a comrade proposes that the party shall take all possible advantage of the situation. Sword-play begins, at first jestingly; then some fencer loses his temper, and the contest all at once becomes terribly earnest, to end only with the death of several participants."

The demand for fencing-masters was amply supplied by foreigners and also by some local experts, *maîtres d'armes* whose names are now remembered only by a very few venerable citizens. The most celebrated were L'Alouette, an Alsatian; Montiasse, also an Alsatian and Napoleonic veteran; Cazères, of Bordeaux; Baudoin, of Paris; the two brothers Rosière, of Marseilles; Dauphin, a famous expert (killed at last in a shot-gun duel which he had recklessly provoked). Behind these fading figures of the past, three darker ghosts appear: Black Austin, a free negro, who taught the small-sword; Robert Séverin, a fine mulatto, afterward killed in Mexico, and Basile Croquère (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly), also a mulatto, and the most remarkable colored swordsman of Louisiana. Those of my readers who have not seen Vigeant's beautiful little book, "*Un Maître d'Armes sous la Restauration*," may perhaps be surprised to learn that the founder of the modern French school of swordsmanship, and the greatest swordsman of his century, was a mulatto of San Domingo, that famous Jean Louis, who in one terrible succession of duels, occupying only forty minutes, killed or disabled thirteen master-fencers of that Italian army pressed into service by Napoleon for his Peninsular campaign.

### III.

It was under L'Alouette that Pepe principally studied; and the fencing-master, finding after a time that his pupil excelled him, appointed him his *prevôt* or assistant. In a succession of subsequent encounters the young man proved that, though he might have one or two rivals with the foils, he had no real superior among the *maîtres d'armes*. Then he began to study the use of other varieties of weapons; the saber, with which he became the most expert perhaps in the South; the broad-sword, with which he afterward worsted more than one accomplished English teacher. With the



foil, which is only a training weapon and allows of a closer play, fine fencers have been able to make some good points with him; but with the rapier or small sword he was almost invulnerable. With fire-arms his skill was not less remarkable. Pepe's friends were accustomed to hold a dollar in their fingers or a pipe between their teeth for him to shoot at. Twenty years ago he would often balance an egg on the head of his little son, and invariably break the shell with a Colt-ball at the distance of thirty paces; with a rifle he seldom failed to hit any small object tossed in the air, such as a ball, a cork, or a coin.

L'Alouette and his pupil became very warm friends; their intimacy was only once chilled by an unfortunate incident. At a time when the bowie-knife was still a novel arm in New Orleans, L'Alouette insisted upon a public contest with Llulla, the weapons to be wooden bowies with hickory blades. Pepe had no equal, however, in the use of a knife of any sort; and L'Alouette, finding himself repeatedly touched and never able to make a point, lost his temper and made a violent assault on the young Spaniard, who, parrying the thrust, countered so heavily that the fencing-master was flung senseless to the floor with two ribs fractured. But the friendship of the two men was renewed before long, and continued until L'Alouette's death several years later. Llulla, in whose arms he died, succeeded him as a teacher, not only of fencing, but also of the use of fire-arms. He did not, indeed, teach the knife, but he has often given surprising proofs of his skill with it. A gentleman who is quite expert with most weapons, told me that after having succeeded in persuading Pepe to have a sham contest with him only a few years ago, he received the point of Pepe's mock weapon directly in the hollow of his throat almost at the very first pass, and was repeatedly struck in the same place during five or six vain efforts to make a point. None of the serious contests in which Pepe has engaged lasted more than a few moments; he generally disabled his adversary at the very outset of the encounter.

Although remunerative in those days, the profession of fencing-master did not suit Llulla's energetic character. He kept his *salle d'armes*, but hired assistants, and only devoted so much of his own time to teaching as could be spared from more practical duties. He had already laid down the foundation of his fortune, had brought out from Minorca his mother and brother, had married, and commenced to do

business on his own account. Few men have attempted as many different things as he has with equal success. He built slaughter-houses and speculated in cattle; he bought up whole fleets of flatboats and sold the material for building purposes (working all day up to his waist in water, and never getting sick in consequence); he bought land on the other side of the river and built cottages upon it; he built a regular Spanish bull-ring and introduced bull-fights; he bought a saw-mill and made it pay, and finally purchased the Louisa-street cemeteries, after accumulating a capital of probably several hundred thousand dollars. During the war he remained faithful to the Union, declaring that he could not violate his oath of allegiance to the *United States*. After the war he bought the island of Grande Terre, in the Gulf (excepting, of course, the government reservation on which Fort Livingston and the Barataria Light-house are situated) a wild, wind-swept place, to which cattle from neighboring islands sometimes swim in spite of the sharks. In summer it is a fine pleasure resort for sea-bathers, and Pepe could never wholly separate himself from the sea.

During all those years Pepe kept his fencing-school, but rather as a recreation than as a money-making establishment. He is now the last of the old fencing-masters, and although he has practically retired from public life will not refuse to instruct (*gratis*) pupils introduced to him by personal friends. For nearly half a century he was the confidant and trainer of New Orleans duellists, and figured as second in more than a hundred encounters. The duello is now almost obsolete in the South; and Creole New Orleans is yielding in this respect to the influences of Americanization. It is fully three years since Pepe's services were last called into requisition.

While his formidable reputation as an expert often secured him against difficulties and dangers to which another in his position would have been exposed, it did not save him from the necessity of having some twenty or more affairs of his own. In half a score of these affairs his antagonists weakened at the last moment, either apologizing on the field or failing to appear at all, and that only after having attempted to take every advantage attached to their privilege of the choice of weapons. One individual proposed to fight with poniards in a dark room; another with knives inside a sugar hogshead; another wanted a duel with Colt revolvers, each of the principals

to hold one end of the same pocket-handkerchief; another proposed that lots should be drawn for two pistols—one empty, the other loaded; and a Cuban, believing no such weapons procurable in New Orleans, proposed to fight with *machêtes*; but, to the horror of the man, Pepe forthwith produced two *machêtes*, and proposed to settle the difficulty then and there, a proposal which resulted in the Cuban's sudden disappearance. Only once was Pepe partly thwarted by a proposition of this sort, when some Havaneſe filibuster proposed that both principals and witnesses should "fight with poisoned pills," lots to be drawn for the pills. Pepe was willing, but the seconds declared they would not take the pills or permit them to be taken. Several of Llulla's duels were undertaken in behalf of friends, while he was actually acting in the rôle of second only, and when one of the principals could not fulfill the duties of the moment. On a certain occasion the second of the opposite side, who was a German fencing-master, declared his principal in no condition to fight, and volunteered to take his place. "We accept," replied Llulla instantly, "but in that case you shall deal, not with my principal but with me!" Ten seconds later the German lay on the ground with a severely gashed arm and both lungs transpierced. It was seldom, however, that Pepe cared to wound an antagonist so severely; and although he has had duels or difficulties with men of most European nationalities, only two men died at his hands, after having placed him under the necessity of killing or of being killed. In none of his duels, even at the time when the duel regulated society, was he actuated by other motives than friendship or pride; and the only gift he would ever accept from the man whose part he assumed, was a weapon of some sort. But his admirers have treated him so well in this respect that he now possesses a perfect arsenal, including all kinds, not only of swords but of rifles, pistols, revolvers, poniards, cutlasses, etc., which forms quite a curiosity in itself. Since the war Pepe has had no personal difficulties, except those assumed in the cause of Spanish patriotism; but these affairs first made him really famous, and form the most interesting incidents of his singular career.

#### IV.

After having long been the headquarters of the Cuban filibusters, New Orleans was vio-

lently convulsed, in 1853, by the fate of the Lopez expedition, and serious outbreaks occurred, for the results of which the Spanish government subsequently demanded and obtained satisfaction from the United States. It was Pepe Llulla who at that time saved the Spanish Consul's life, by getting him out of the city safely to the plantation of a compatriot. Pepe's own life was then menaced; and though none ventured to attack him in broad daylight, his determination and courage alone saved him from several night-attempts at assassination. After the Lopez riots the anti-Spanish fury died down to be revived again in 1869 by another Cuban tragedy. But in 1869 the United States garrison was strong, and there was no serious rioting. The rage of the Cuban revolutionaries vented itself only in placards, in sanguinary speeches, in cries of *Death to Spain!* and in a few very petty outrages upon defenseless Spaniards. Pepe Llulla challenged one of the authors of the outrages, who, failing to accept, was placarded publicly as a coward.

Then he resolved to take up the cause of Spain in his own person, and covered the city with posters in English, in French, and in Spanish, challenging all Cuban revolutionaries, either in the West Indies or the United States. This challenge was at first accepted by a number, but seemingly by men who did not know the character of Llulla, for these Cuban champions failed to come to time, a few declaring they respected Pepe too much to fight him; yet at the same time a number of efforts were made to assassinate him—some by men who seemed to cross the Gulf for no other purpose. Fortunately for himself Pepe has always proved an uncommonly hard man to kill; moreover, he had become so accustomed to this sort of danger that it was almost impossible to catch him off his guard. Even gangs bold enough to enter his house or place of business had been terribly handled; and a party of seven drunken soldiers who once attempted to wreck his establishment left five of their number *hors de combat*, felled by an iron bar. Again, a Mexican, who had hidden behind a door to attack Llulla with a knife, had his weapon wrested from him and was severely beaten for his pains. The Cuban emissaries and others fared no better in 1869. Two men, who concealed themselves in the cemetery at dusk, were unexpectedly confronted with Pepe's pistols, and ordered to run for their lives, which they proceeded to do most expeditiously, leap-



ing over tombs and climbing over walls in their panic. Another party of ruffians met the Spaniard at his own door in the middle of the night, and were ingloriously routed. Once more, hearing that a crowd of rowdies were collecting in the neighborhood after dark with the intention of proceeding to his house, Llulla went out and attacked them single-handed, scattering them in all directions.

At last the Cubans found a champion to oppose to the redoubtable Pepe, an Austrian ex-officer who had entered the Cuban revolutionary service, a soldier of fortune, but a decidedly brave and resolute man. He was a good swordsman, but considering the formidable reputation of his antagonist, chose the pistol as a weapon more likely to equalize the disparity between the two men. The conditions were thirty paces, to advance and fire at will. When the word of command was given, the Spaniard remained motionless as a statue, his face turned away from his antagonist; while the Austrian, reserving his fire, advanced upon him with measured strides. When within a short distance of Llulla he raised his arm to fire, and at that instant the Spaniard, wheeling suddenly, shot him through both lungs. The Austrian was picked up, still breathing, and lingered some months before he died. His fate probably deterred others from following his example, as the Cubans found no second champion.

The spectacle of a solitary man thus defying the whole Cuban revolution, bidding all enemies of Spain to fight or hold their peace, evoked ardent enthusiasm both among the loyalists of Cuba and the Spaniards of New Orleans. Pepe soon found himself surrounded by strong sympathizers, ready to champion the same cause; and telegrams began to pour in from Spaniards in Cuba and elsewhere, letters of congratulation also, and salutations from grandees. There is something particularly graceful and sympathetic in Spanish praise; and in reading those now faded missives, hung up in pretty frames upon the walls of Pepe's dwelling, I could not help feeling myself some of the generous en-

thusiasm that breathed in them: "*Felicítamos cordialmente y afectuosamente al pundonoroso y valiente Señor Llulla; ofriciendole, si necesario fuere, nuestras vidas*" (*Voluntarios de Artillería*). . . . "*Los Voluntarios de Cardenas admiran y abrazan al valiente Señor Llulla*" (*El Comandante La Casa*). . . . "*Felicítamos al Señor Llulla por su noble, generosa, y patriótica conducta, ofriciendole nuestra cooperación en todos tiempos y lugares.*"

Such telegrams came fluttering in daily like Havanese butterflies, and solicitations for Pepe's photograph were made and acceded to, and pictures of him were sold by thousands in the streets of the great West Indian City. Meanwhile the Cubans held their peace, as bidden. And then came from Madrid a letter of affectionate praise, sealed with the royal seal, and signed with the regent's name, Don Francisco Serrano y Dominguez, el Regente del Reino, and with this letter the Golden Cross of the Order of Charles III (*Carlos Tercero*), and a document conferring knighthood, *libre de gastos*, upon the valiant son who had fought so well for Spain in far-away Louisiana.

But I have yet to mention the most exquisite honor of all. Trust a Spanish heart to devise a worthy reward for what it loves and admires! From Havana came one day a dainty portrait of Pepe Llulla worked seemingly in silk, and surrounded by what appeared to be a wreath of laurels in the same black silk, and underneath, in black letters upon a gold ground, the following honorific inscription: "A DON JOSE LLULLA, DECIDIDO SOSTENEDOR DE LA HONRA NACIONAL ENTRE LOS TRAIDORES DE NEW ORLEANS." But that woven black silk was the silk of woman's hair, the lustrous hair of Spanish ladies who had cut off their tresses to wreath his portrait with! It hangs in the old man's parlor near the portrait of his dead son, the handsome boy who graduated at West Point with honors, and when I beheld it and understood it, the delicious grace of that gift touched me like the discovery of some new and unsuspected beauty in human nature.

Lafcadio Hearn.

## GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

THERE has been among the biographers of General Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) a disposition to dwell upon his brilliant achievements and remarkable exploits as a military man to such an extent that the peculiar excellences and virtues of his private life are hardly known beyond the circle of his acquaintance at his home in that quiet, old-fashioned town, Lexington, Virginia.

I was associated with General Jackson almost daily for about five years, in the *ante-bellum* days. I was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute four years, while he was professor of natural philosophy and instructor in artillery tactics. Later I was a member of Judge Brokenbrough's law class a year, a part of which time General Jackson boarded at the Lexington Hotel. Ordinarily he was very quiet, but very polite, giving respectful attention to every remark addressed to him.

The Virginia Military Institute was organized in 1836. Early in the present century, when all the territory west of the Blue Ridge was exposed to Indian attacks, the State erected an arsenal on Jordan's Point, a high hill overlooking North River and about a half mile from the town of Lexington. A company of regularly enlisted men were kept here as a garrison. When the country west of them was settled up, the Indians were driven back and the soldiers, having nothing else to do beyond a little guard duty, fell into bad habits, committed petty depredations, and became drunken and worthless.

The staid, orderly Scotch Irish citizens, who predominated largely in that part of the Valley of Virginia, were not very tolerant of the vices and excesses of the soldiers, and steps were taken to disband the garrison and substitute therefor a military and scientific school. The legislature approved the scheme, passed the necessary laws, and soon an efficient corps of students was enrolled.

The United States Military Academy was taken as a model. Its uniform, rules, and regulations and course of instruction were adopted, and graduates of West Point were employed, commissioned by Virginia, and assigned to duty as instructors. This school was in successful operation when General Jackson returned from Mexico at the close of the war with that country. His health had been so seriously impaired by that trying campaign that he felt it his duty

to resign his commission of Brevet-Major in the army, and return to his native State. The army register shows that T. J. Jackson graduated from the United States Military Academy, July 4, 1842, and was assigned to duty with General Taylor. He soon gave evidence of that genius which has since been acknowledged and commended by the greatest lieutenants of modern times. His first promotion was in 1847, when he was made First Lieutenant in Magruder's Battery; then brevetted Captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco;" again, and very soon, brevetted Major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec." In 1853 he was commissioned Major by the Governor of Virginia, and assigned to duty in the Virginia Military Institute.

My introduction to him, when I was a cadet and fourth-class man, is as follows: In September Major Jackson returned from his summer leave of absence, was at his post preparing the second class for its course in applied mechanics. I was, in cadet parlance, "a *plebe*," had been in school about a month, and had heard from the old cadets wonderful stories of Major Jackson's strictness in adhering to discipline. One day about ten A. M., as I was going to my quarters from the class-room, I was hailed by an officer, as I supposed, and called into a room on the second stoop of the barracks. There I found several cadets, dressed in blue coats, with swords and sashes. The one who had hailed me said rather sharply to a secretary, who was seated by a table and busily writing, "Make out that requisition and send it by this *plebe* to the quartermaster, and you, fellow, take it to that office," pointing to a room. "Get the officer there to sign it, and then go up town and bring what it calls for. Be quick about it, I must have it here before dinner roll-call." I touched my cap, as I had been taught when I spoke or was spoken to by an officer, and walked briskly to the door of the room that had been designated. I knocked, a cadet opened the door, and asked what I wanted. I informed him that I had a paper for the officer in there. He took in the situation, and allowed me to enter. I walked up to the officer, who was seated on a rostrum, looking at a book before him. Before he had time to raise his eyes, I had doffed my cap and was presenting my requisition in as polite a manner as I could assume. He took the paper,



gave it a hasty glance, and, without changing countenance, pointed to a bench near him, and ordered me to wait until he dismissed the class. The cadets who were not at the blackboards gave me significant looks, and with difficulty concealed their merriment.

I was woefully uncomfortable, but kept my seat until the recitation was concluded and class dismissed. The officer or instructor then addressed me with a kind, pleasant smile on his face, "Do you know what this paper contains?" I had risen from the seat I occupied and stood before him cap in hand; in reply to his question, I told him how it came into my possession, and what I was ordered to do with it. That I did not know one half the officers, and as the gentleman who gave me the order wore a blue coat, sash, and sword, I supposed he had authority. He said he did not censure me at all, that the cadets were in the habit of quizzing the new-comers, and some one was playing a joke on me. The order I brought was a bogus requisition for high-heeled socks, pickled crow-bars, and a box of Spex's best cigars. I had not dared to open the order, and when advised of its absurd nature my embarrassment was painful. He observed this, and to relieve me, asked how long I had been at the Institute, from what part of the State I hailed, etc. His manner before the class was stern, he sat erect with his coat buttoned to the chin, but now he was kind and pleasant, and I shall never forget my first encounter with Stonewall Jackson.

Owing to his rigid adherence to duty and the extreme care he took to fulfill the rules and regulations to the very letter, the cadets and sometimes the professors would say he was crazy, or what we would now denominate a crank, but I always felt assured he was a great and good man.

The next time I remember seeing General Jackson was at the grave of his wife, Miss Julia Junkin, daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, President of the Washington College, to whom he was married the first or second year of his life at the Military Institute. She died, after a brief illness, in November or December; I remember the corps of cadets escorted her body to the place of burial. It was a cold, snowy day, and General Jackson's appearance is indelibly impressed upon my memory. With cap in hand he stood by the side of the open grave. He was extremely pale, but calm and resigned. He did not shed a tear, yet every one who saw him was impressed with the intense agony he was enduring. Referring to this great trial

some months after, to a particular friend, he said, "I do not see the purpose of God in this, the most bitter, trying affliction of my life, but I will try to be submissive though it break my heart." In a day or two after the interment of the body he was at his post, and pursued his even, quiet, regular life. He had grown paler, but beyond this, and the bit of crape on his cap and the handle of his sword, no one would have known the severe ordeal through which he had passed, nor the bitterness of that intensely passionate soul. His sorrow was too deep for tears, too sacred for the eye of the curious, unsympathizing world.

It was customary for the corps of cadets to devote several weeks each spring to artillery drill, General Jackson commanding the battalion. We had a four-gun battery; the carriages and caissons were trim and light; the pieces, six-pound caliber. The cadets managed them by hand with ease and dexterity. At one of the drills, a cadet, whose name I forbear to mention, became offended at Major Jackson, and when he thought he was unobserved, the Major's back being turned toward him, he threw a brickbat at him with all his strength. The Major did not notice the cowardly act. The next morning, when Major Jackson was coming to his class-room, he had to pass immediately under the windows of the barracks. This same cadet sought to gratify his base, cowardly nature by throwing a brickbat down upon him from the window of a room on the fourth stoop. Again he failed to notice the act, although the brick came near striking him. He passed on without looking up. Of course such conduct was condemned by the cadets, some of whom were cognizant of both acts. At last the professors heard of it, and one asked Major Jackson why he did not seek to discover the miscreant and report him. He replied, "The truth is, I did not want to know that we had such a coward in the corps of cadets." He was proud of the corps of cadets, and sought by precept and example to impress the very humblest with a high sense of honor and true courage. He had by far the most difficult branches included in the course of instruction pursued by the school; that is, the application of mathematics to natural philosophy. Bartlett's Mechanics was our special dread. He was, however, thoroughly conversant with every principle, and had the elaborate equations at his fingers' end. This required the closest application, and he did not shrink from subjecting his mind to severe discipline.

During his hours for study he would discard paper and pencil, turn his face to the wall, that nothing might distract his attention, and work out in his mind the most difficult problems. He preferred studying in his wife's chamber, but was not disturbed by conversations carried on between her and her intimate friends, whom she often received in her bed-room.

I never was close to him on the field of battle but once; that was on the hill not far from the Henry House, at the first battle of Manassas. He was extremely pale, but his eyes glared with an unnatural brilliancy. It was on that occasion that Colonel Baylor, of Augusta County, rode hurriedly up to him and said, "General, my men are armed with the old flint-lock musket, and not half of them will fire." He replied, "If you will examine it, you will find that old musket has the best bayonet in the world. Use the bayonet, Colonel." In a short while the Federal troops began to give way, and it is possible that this circumstance turned the tide of battle. I have seen the statement somewhere, that General Bee said to him, "General, they are beating us back," and Jackson's reply was, "We will give them the bayonet, sir." This may be true, but it is probable that the remark made to Colonel Baylor was afterward claimed to have been made to General Bee. I will never forget the terrific fighting that evening about three o'clock—the roar of artillery, the screaming, bursting shells, the rattle of small arms. The smoke blinded me; I stooped low to see how to lead my men. We were almost exhausted, and burning with thirst. Beauregard galloped by; this gave us some hope, and we cheered him and pressed on. The Federals fought desperately. At last I saw Jackson, and I felt safe, for his presence always inspired his men with confidence. That evening he was shot through the bridle-hand. General Imboden approached, called his attention to the fact, and suggested surgical aid. Jackson said, "It is a mere scratch, sir." His hand was bound up with a sash, he continuing on the field until the engagement ceased. He then repaired to the place where the wounded had been collected. The surgeons were busy, of course. One of them seeing General Jackson, approached, and offered his assistance. The General insisted that the surgeon attend to those who were more seriously hurt than himself, saying he preferred waiting until the private soldiers were relieved.

To return to his life at the Military Institute I remember the following incident:

Ten days previous to the 4th of July—the commencement day of the school—the Board of Visitors, who were annually appointed by the Governor, met in Lexington to supervise the examinations of the classes, etc. One day was appointed for artillery drill, and on that day two or three of us concluded we would have some fun at the expense of the Board. We secreted the breast of an old cadet-coat, with its numerous brass buttons, in the ammunition chest. A half dozen members of the Board were sitting near the Superintendent's house, when, in the course of the drill, we were ordered to fire (we were using blank cartridges) in that direction. I managed to ram home the piece of coat upon the charge of powder. The gunner was in the secret, and ranged the piece to strike the side of the house above the heads of the spectators. At the discharge of the gun the buttons rattled against the shingles and weather-boarding, causing the Board to scatter in haste. Though we secretly enjoyed this piece of folly, General Jackson was deeply mortified at our indiscretion. He remained silent until the close of the drill. He then ordered the squad of men who were working the piece to appear before him. He told us how much he was mortified by our conduct, and more especially on that day when he wanted to make a fair display of our skill before the Board of Visitors. He did not seek to discover the guilty parties, nor did he report the officer who had charge of the gun. After making a short speech to us, he started to his quarters. I was heartily ashamed of myself, and told my confederates I thought we ought to go to Major Jackson and apologize for the misdemeanor. Only one agreed with me, and he, poor fellow, was afterward slain in battle. We immediately followed the Major. Overtaking him I, as spokesman, told him how sincerely we regretted what we had done; that we had no idea of harming any body or thing. He paused a moment, then remarked, "I, too, young gentlemen, am very sorry you were so thoughtless; but I am glad you have had the courage to acknowledge it."

The year before this he made a hasty tour of Europe, returning in October, as well as I remember. He was invited to deliver a lecture before the old Franklin Society—the literary society of the town. It was my privilege to hear that lecture. It was clear and concise, full of thought and facts, showing that he was a close observer and careful thinker. There was no effort made at display. He lectured as I had



often heard him in the class-room. His audience was deeply interested, and a common regret was expressed that the hour was so short. We had often when studying artillery tactics, asked him to give some account of the battles in Mexico. He rarely gratified us. If he spoke at all he did not allude to himself or to the success that attended his valor.

He was eminently a pious man. I do not remember at what time he was admitted to the communion of the Presbyterian Church, nor was there any manifest change in his daily life. He was strictly moral and temperate, ever taking the Word of God as the rule of faith and practice. He was chosen and ordained deacon, and faithfully performed the duties that devolved upon him. He was decidedly a duty-man, but by no means the stubborn, severe fatalist some writers have represented him. He believed in prayer, and few men ever availed themselves of its privilege more frequently. He laid every plan, purpose, and desire before his Great Master, implored his direction, and when assured as to what the will of God was, he never deviated one hair's breadth from the path of duty. On one occasion he had a difficulty with a cadet; I forget the particulars, but the cadet threatened to shoot him, and it was supposed he would make an attack when the Major went to his boarding-house. The cadet was a determined fellow, and one of Major Jackson's friends, really apprehensive of trouble, advised him not to take his usual route to his meals. He answered, "I have but done my duty, and if Mr. — contemplates making an assault upon me I will defend myself, and he had better beware of the consequences."

The attack was not made. This cadet was a brave man, but was afterward expelled. I can not recall all the details of the difficulty that led to his leaving the school, nor do I remember who was at fault; but I know that years after, during the Civil War, this cadet rose to distinction in the army, was in Jackson's command, and by him highly honored.

General Jackson was a worker in his church. The laws of Virginia at that time antagonized the education of her slaves. We can now see the folly of such legislation, and no people are more eager to properly educate the negro race in the broadest sense than the Virginians, but before the war it was different. There were many slaves in and around Lexington, and a few philanthropic men were anxious to improve their moral condition. General Jackson was largely instrumental in organizing a Sabbath-

school in which to teach them the fundamental principles of God's truth. I do not know that he taught, but I know he fully sympathized with the organization and supported it liberally.

Political excitement ran high in 1860 and 1861. Some of the best men in Lexington were Union men who deplored and openly denounced secession. Palmetto flags were displayed from the houses of secessionists and the Southern sympathizers. The Union men raised a Union flag in the town. That night a party of cadets from the Institute declared they would pull it down. I forget whether they succeeded; at any rate the attempt brought about a difficulty, which, but for General Jackson's coolness and force of character, would, in all probability, have ended in bloodshed. A rumor was started to the effect that some of the cadets had been put in jail. This aroused the whole corps, which at once prepared for an attack on the citizens. The cadets filled their cartridge-boxes from the arsenal, ran the battery out to rake the town, and, under the guidance of hot-headed spirits, hurried to give battle. The officers appealed to them in vain. General Gilham, the commandant, seeing that he could do nothing to check them, and feeling that a collision was inevitable, called out in his quick, nervous way, "Well, if you are going, form a line of battle; don't go into action like a herd of sheep." Major Jackson had been sent for; he met the battalion within a short distance of town, and called a halt. He asked the cadet officers where they were going, the cause of the excitement, etc. He ordered a sort of council of war. They said some of their comrades were in jail, and they meant to release them. Jackson replied, "Let's see; send a few of your number to ascertain the fact. Be sure that you are right before you proceed to hostilities. Let a resort to arms be the last expedient. If you are wronged, and that wrong can not be righted, I will go with you." These are not his exact words, but about the spirit of them. The battalion halted; the cadets soon ascertained that they had been misinformed, that none of their comrades were in arrest or in jail, and they returned to the barracks. A cadet who was present told me he never knew what was in "Old Jack" until that day—General Jackson, by force of character, could make men do his will. The drummer-boy at Winchester was ordered by him to beat the long-roll when his men were giving way in disorder. He stood with his hand on the boy's shoulder

in open view and in short range of the enemy's guns. Some one asked the boy how he could stand there and beat his drum? He answered, "Old Stonewall was there by me, and I wasn't afraid." The boy's drum was heard; the confused troops saw their leader and rallied to him. Thus brought back to the attack, they were successful.

To return again to Lexington. The last day of every cadet's life is indelibly impressed on him. I shall never forget mine. It was the 4th of July. The active work of four years was done. Examinations all passed. I was that day to pull off the old gray coat. At 9 o'clock we formed column in full dress, and marched up to the Presbyterian Church in Lexington, which, being the most commodious building, we were permitted to use it for the commencement exercises. There the usual addresses were made and diplomas delivered. We marched back to the parade-ground; formed in line. We stood at parade rest while the band passed up and down the line, playing "Auld Lang Syne." General Gilham stood in front of us. The first class men were sad at heart, and many a cheek was wet with tears. The commandant dismissed us with, "Gentlemen, farewell." His heart was too full to say more. The musket and sword were given up, and we were cadets no more.

And truly, "Full many a change has taken place sin' auld lang syne." During the afternoon, two of my classmates and I called at Major Jackson's house to bid him farewell. He received us with his usual kindness. Very few words were spoken; he brought Mrs. Jackson to join him in wishing us God-speed. As my hand rested in his warm grasp I noticed a tear glisten in his large and peculiarly expressive gray eyes. My two classmates fell in battle not long after our noble chieftain passed "over the river to rest under the trees."

I was in the West when the late war began. In returning to Virginia I took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We arrived at Harper's Ferry one evening in May, 1861. A squad of soldiers, commanded by a captain, entered the coach in which I was seated, and proceeded to arrest a gentleman, who was dressed in citizen's clothes, who proved to be General Harney, of the United States Army. I do not know by whose authority the arrest was made, but he was only detained a few hours, then proceeded on his way to Washington City. General Jackson was in command of the troops at that point, and was sorely perplexed to con-

trol the raw militia who had been ordered there by Governor Letcher.

I left the railroad there, and endeavored to reach Richmond via Staunton, Virginia. I called the next morning to pay my respects to my old preceptor and friend, General Jackson. He was busy, and invited me to return later in the day. This I did, and had a long talk with him on the grave issues of the hour. He was an advocate of States-rights, but said he deplored the necessity of war, and regretted the hastiness of the cotton States. War was terrible, but now it seemed inevitable. He had settled the question of duty, as far as he was concerned; he held a commission from the State of Virginia, and he owed allegiance to her. He anticipated trouble in disciplining raw recruits and getting them ready to meet the well-drilled and well-officered troops of the North. He was afraid our people underrated the valor and power of the enemy, and were relying too much on political disaffection in the free States. He said we would not fight Mexicans, but men who equaled us in every respect, and vastly exceeded us in numbers and resources. He spoke of some of the Federal officers, but in complimentary terms. His ideas as to the conduct of the war were Napoleonic; he would advise prompt action, rapid movements, and hard fighting. I have often recalled that interview with him, and have lived to see the force of the opinions he expressed at that time.

He was thoroughly honest in his appreciation of merit, and readily acknowledged it regardless of surroundings. The following incident shows the man:

At Winchester, the winter of 1862, Captain —, who graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, and stood first or second in artillery tactics, applied to General Jackson to sign his petition to be promoted to Major of Ordinance, and assigned to certain duty. The General's reply was characteristically brief and to the point, "I can not sign this, Mr. —. I know you stood high in my course at the Institute, I believe you have sufficient capacity, but I have never seen you in action, have never seen you under fire. When I see this I'll sign your petition with pleasure." That was "Old Jack" of early days—the true, impartial, unflinching, noble soldier, and man!

Governor Letcher had requested all the old cadets from the Virginia Military Institute to report to him at the State capital. I soon arrived in Richmond, and met a large number



of my former associates. The war was the chief topic, of course: what we intended to do, where our officers would probably be put, etc. Almost every man would say, "Now is the time for 'Old Jack' to make his mark." He had not been popular with the cadets, nor was he a favorite *then* with some of the professors. At one time he was so much mortified by some action of the Board of Visitors, he talked of resigning his commission; but now even those who had not hitherto appreciated him, felt assured he would do his duty. The world knows how well he played his part. His fame is as

lasting as the solid stones of his native hills; his name is written in the galaxy of the world's chieftains, and yet there is for him a purer, nobler record—his quiet Christian walk in private life, his right words, his faithful, manly bearing, his victory over self, his known devotion to the word of truth. He was indeed a soldier of the cross. Napoleon declared that God was on the side of heavy artillery; Jackson demonstrated his power in the heart and life of a true believer. Religion was with him the philosophy of life—the controlling power of every wish and act in every hour and day.

*Thomas M. Boyd.*

## PICKETT'S VIRGINIANS AT GETTYSBURG.

Ye, who in your native hills,  
Where once peace and plenty reigned,  
Hills where fury now distills  
War and ravage unrestrained,  
Rose like lions, sword in hand,  
At your country's dread command!

Ye, who at the cannon's mouth,  
Freedom seek with glory there,  
Children of the fiery South  
Vow to death your bosoms bare!  
Lo! the echo of your tread  
Fills a nation's heart with dread.

Onward! massive, dark, and stern,  
Up the long, long slope ye go;  
Who shall read the thoughts that burn  
Deep in each pent bosom's glow!  
Life behind, the grave before,  
Fame shall sound ye evermore.

Death your sinews can not tire;  
On the flaming heights ye close,  
Few, but mighty in your ire,  
Steel to steel with countless foes.  
Lo! your valor is in vain,  
Thousands rise o'er hundreds slain.

All the world your war-cry hears,  
Rising from the fatal field!  
All your country's praise and tears,  
As your guerdon time hath sealed.  
Souls heroic, left alone,  
Glory claims you for her own.

*William Perry Brown.*

## THE TWO MARKSMEN OF RUFF'S MOUNTAIN.

THE singular and interesting short chain of three eminences, situated six miles below and to the right of the town of Prosperity and known as Ruff's Mountain, is rarely seen from the car window in traveling by railroad to Columbia. Ruff's Mountain is singular because, suddenly rising four hundred feet or more above the jabbering stream at its base, it stands on the line dividing the undulating stone-hills from the level pine-woods: and it is interesting because, from time immemorial, gold hunters searched for gold along its base and up its acclivities without finding any of the precious metal, though this story narrates that Faustus Wolfram, a miner who had emigrated from the Hartz, in Saxony, to the Dutch Fork, knew a spot near the junction of the western with the middle eminence of Ruff's Mountain where there was a considerable quantity of lead ore (galena)—a secret which he kept to himself.

Midway between Prosperity and Pomaria there is only one point on the railroad from which a momentary glimpse of a part of this mountain can be caught. I demonstrated this to myself very pleasantly one fine day in the autumn of 1870; in fact, during my last visit to this secluded locality. I was sitting against the large rock that lies upon the highest point of the mountain, lazily looking forth upon the really beautiful landscape toward Newberry. Suddenly, through a gap in some distant foliage, I saw a white puff of smoke. Knowing at once what it was, I set myself to counting intervals as nearly seconds as I could. I had made twenty-four vibrations with my hand, like the motions of a pendulum, when I heard the faint whistle of a locomotive, about a quarter of a mile toward Columbia, from the place where I had seen the puff of steam. Pleased with this little exercise in natural philosophy, by which I concluded that the distance between me and the railroad could not be much under six miles, I directed my gaze to other points in the landscape before me. On my right, not far beyond the rocky bed of the rivulet, where once a bustling little mill rattled in noisy importance, my eye rested upon an opening among the trees. There I had several times, many years ago, visited the remains of an ancient dwelling constructed of hewn oaken logs. It had but one chamber, and that was perfectly square. Two doors opened into this room from opposite sides, and there had

been a small window facing the capacious fire-place.

What was of thrilling interest in this humble ruin was the appearance of two large blood stains—unmistakably such, from instant suspicion being afterward confirmed by legendary explanation. The one of these stains was to the left of the fire-place upon the face of the fifth hewn log from the floor. It was said to have been occasioned by a man's head having been crushed against that log by a heavy stone thrown through the little window. The other stain was on the floor near the center of the chamber, and was produced, according to legend, by the body of Walter Hawberman, found there weltering in its blood. I closed my eyes and musingly gathered in my memory the accounts handed from sire to son relating to these fearful indications, and this is what came of my musing:

A hundred years ago (this being 1886) as many as fifty families had settled around Ruff's Mountain in near proximity, though the mountain did not then bear its present name, which dates from the time it fell into the possession of Henry Ruff. The families were all German, with a strong neighborly love actuating them, shown conspicuously in their hearty gathering together whenever the Rev. Emanuel Fromhertz visited their meeting-house, or, in wild merriment, whenever a couple of young people among them hazarded matrimony. It is proper to mention the names of a few of these people, and make some short biographical allusions to them.

Faustus Wolfram, as has been already stated, came from Saxony, where he had been a miner in the Hartz Mountains. He had considerable practical knowledge of metallurgy, and was, no doubt, attracted to Ruff's Mountain, as many have been since his time, by the expectation of finding gold in its sides. Disappointment in this, however, inclined him to a half-pastoral life, in view of the fine grazing ground lying between the mountain and the Saluda River, and half-agricultural, enticed by the high fertility of the valleys in the stone-hills; but the other settlers around the mountain believed that Wolfram was in the habit of digging lead from some locality, the knowledge of which he kept to himself. He confessed the truth of the suspicion, but defended himself from the charge of selfishness



by maintaining that the mine was entirely too small for the wants of the whole neighborhood, and therefore he considered it right for him to appropriate it, as he was the discoverer.

The ore was the sulphuret of lead (galena), very easy to reduce by simply driving off the sulphur with heat, and thus obtaining the metal pure. But in doing this an odor of burning brimstone was given out, which afforded a basis for suspicion that an infernal compact had been entered into by Faustus. These surmises were evidenced by deploring shakes of the head among the neighbors, and murmurings such as these, expressed in the *naïve* dialect growing out of their attempts to speak English:

"It was a great bitty dat an honesht, hardt-workin' man like Wolfram should gif his soul away for a half a pushel of rifle pullets." At the same time they declared, "Dat dey would haf nottink to do wid it; dey would not shoot one of the tefle's pullets for the whole worldt." Notwithstanding these pious abnegations, each one of them, separately, kept an industrious espionage upon the movements of Wolfram, to discover the place where this treasure lay, with the underlying determination upon finding its location to make midnight depredations upon it.

The old miner had two sons, one by the name of Bartholomew properly, but Bartlamy by familiarity, the other by the name of Billy, or "Prudder Pilly," as Bartlamy was in the habit of calling him.

While Bartlamy was a mere lad he attracted notice by his uncommon skill with the rifle; when he grew to manhood his performances with this weapon were witnessed with so much amazement, that it was impossible to suppress the surmise of such skill being the result of using the lead which old Wolfram was suspected of procuring from the devil. Bartlamy himself was so satisfied with his own precision in taking sight that, with the right sort of a bead drawn, he never bestowed further regard in the direction of his aim after firing, until he had first deliberately applied his mouth to the muzzle of his rifle, blown the remaining smoke through the touch-hole, and wiped the bore with tow twisted around the screw-wipers at the end of his ramrod. Then he would straighten himself up to his utmost height and show a willingness to discuss the result of his shot.

Bartlamy was also remarkable in his personal appearance. He was tall to some inches

above six feet, with shoulders very broad and arms very brawny. His legs were capable of a stride of four feet, as noiseless and unfaltering as the stride of an Indian. A slight beard, of the same color as his golden hair, embellished his prominent chin and thin compressed lips, which at the corners of his mouth curled into pleasant smiles even when he was in anger. An eagle-beaked nose and blue eyes, which, under the sense of injury, never gave out an expression beyond earnestness, completed the traits that indicated calm resolution in a man who never was known to break into rage, nor renounce a determination. From peering over the undergrowth at deer and other game, he had acquired such a habit of elongating and retracting his neck, that his comrades fell into the saying: "If you looks at Bartlamy from pehindt wen he is a sneakin' trou' de woodts after a deer, it really does ab-bear dat he schwallers his head effery now and den."

Billy Wolfram was altogether different from his brother. He was short, and just bow-legged enough to give him, seemingly, a good hold upon the ground whereon he stood. His arms were unnaturally long, with the muscles of the right much more developed than those of the left, which resulted from the constant exercise he gave them in throwing stones. His hair was black and curly; and, though he was truly affectionate, his countenance wore too fierce an expression to be inviting. As to the matter of throwing stones, he had in his mature manhood attained such power and dexterity that he could, without failure, strike a bullock dead, at the distance of twenty-five paces, by crushing his frontal bone with a stone as large as his fist. He began in his early boyhood by practicing with pebbles—throwing them at sparrows. As is the manner of urchins in this kind of exercise, he, previously to casting the pebble, would point at the object with the fore-finger of his left hand, and close his right eye so tightly as to distort that side of his face. Much to his annoyance the habit clung to him through life, although he often endeavored to throw it off. "For," said he, "dare is no more use in it dan dare is in shpittin' on a fish-hook to make de fishes pite."

From his general appearance he certainly belonged to his mother's side of the family. She came into Saxony from the Black Forest, and won Faustus Wolfram's heart, according to his own confession, by the tenderness with

which she picked a gravel out of his eyeball—using a bodkin for that purpose.

Walter Hawberman was already an old man when he came to Ruff's Mountain to dwell in the house, the ruins of which have already been described. He brought with him his niece, a young woman of such rare rustic beauty as to defy picturing. Her real name I never could ascertain; for, by a spontaneous *poetism* (I am compelled to introduce the word) often springing up in the rudest communities, she was always alluded to under the appellation of *Kottreena, of the rosemary breath*. As I will soon narrate, she married Bartlamy Wolfram. In one of my frequent conversations with them after they had become great-grandparents, I asked Bartlamy how his wife came to be named Kottreena, of the rosemary breath. His reply is worthy of record. "How she came by de name," said he, "I don't know; but I knows dat it is de Gott's troot. Dat is de reason wy I neffer made use of topacker. I tought it wouldt pe a tamt dishgraisch for me to ruinat my bret wid sich nashty shtuff as topacker, wen my wife's bret shmelt like rosemerry."

"Yesh," added Kottreena, wagging her head, "and dat is de reason, also, wy Bartlamy neffer took to trinkin' licker, for wishkey shpiles a man's bret shust as much as topacker."

An old tear stuck fast in the corner of Bartlamy's eye, as he exclaimed, confessionally, "It is de Gott's troot, shust de same as de odder!"

Strung along the rivulet, beyond the mill, lived three other notable heads of families: Stolzer Hartnack, Dietrick Einwillig, and Fertig Einerlei. My recollection of these men—they died while I was quite young—inclines me to say of Hartnack, that he had a habit of insisting upon his notions, with abrupt positiveness, indicated by a quick ducking of his chin toward his chest; that Enwillig assented to whatever Hartnack asserted, with, however, a toss of his face upward, to impress the hearers with the fact that he had already been of that opinion for weeks, if not months; and that Einerlei, bowing his head obliquely to the right or left, yielded his accord to both the others, from sheer dislike of disagreement. I shall take occasion to exemplify these traits, at the marriage of Kottreena and Bartlamy, if not sooner.

I have only one more old gentleman to mention. His name was Plotz Heftig. He was subject to sudden and violent outbreaks of anger, and was kept in perpetual worry by his

wayward daughter, Rose. On her account quite a thicket of apple-sprouts had been permitted to grow near the house, with every one of which Rose had been threatened, but had escaped them by well-timed repentance. A rumor had for some time been current that she and Billy Wolfram were plotting together for some purpose in the direction of matrimony. This pleased Mr. Heftig, as he was anxious to get rid of his daughter, through fear that he might some day, under overwrought temper, strike her, and be made miserable by it upon the recovery of his equanimity. So he was planning a festivity on a grand scale for the celebration of the marriage, when Rose strained his testiness to its utmost tension in a way that shall come up presently.

Such were some of the types of the people that lived in the vicinity of Ruff's Mountain one hundred years ago. Although a fierce war was raging around them, it occasioned them little alarm. They listened to the rumors of it as a family in a secure house would listen to the wind blustering around the corners. They had no commerce to be interrupted. Their last supply of powder, lead, salt, pepper, and spice, procured two years previously from Granby by bartering wool, was not more than half exhausted in the summer of 1781, when the action of this story begins. Such complicated managements as store-bought clothes were unknown. The fleece and the flax furnished fully the every-day and the Sunday apparel; for the cotton plant had not been heard of. A community like this, it would seem, ought to escape the notice of the war demon. But no longer, back than the January of that year, 1781, the little settlement was made to tremble by the passage of Tarleton, within ten miles of it, on his way to the Cow Pens; and now, about the middle of June, it was to be alarmed a second time, and, before the end of the month, to have its peacefulness outraged. It happened in this way:

As Kottreena, of the rosemary breath, was returning home one afternoon from visiting a neighbor beyond the eastern eminence of the mountain, she was surprised to see two strangers, mounted upon fine horses, dash by her along the road leading toward the Saluda. The one who rode a large glossy bay, and who seemed to have the other as a servant, was dressed in a tight-fitting scarlet coat and yellow pantaloons, with a hat—according to Kottreena's account—"dat resempled a friedt apple pie"—that is, was the shape of a half



moon,\* and he had upon his "right shoulder sumtink dat looked like a punch of yaller mulperries"—that is, by interpretation, an epaulet. His right eye was out, which somehow or other gave his face such a repulsive expression, "dat she didn't pelief she couldt haf gif'd him a cup of water wid de right sort of a feelin'."

The other person was mounted upon a powerful black horse. He had on a red jacket with brown trousers, and he wore a black leathern cap. From his side (as well as from his master's) clattered a heavy saber, "wich," said Kottreena, "shined like as if it mout pe made out o' silfer."

In fact it was a British officer and his servant or subaltern, dashing through the country on some adventure. As they passed Kottreena the one with the evil countenance gave her a scrutinizing gaze by looking back at her over his shoulder until he had gained the distance of a hundred yards, when he halted, and, after speaking with his servant, they both commenced retracing their steps toward her. But a loud, distant sound, like a peal of thunder, caused them to pause and listen. After a minute the sound was repeated, and it was soon heard a third time, a circumstance which had such an effect upon the strangers that they wheeled their horses and cantered swiftly toward the river.

Kottreena hastened home and told her adventure. The neighbors soon got together, and there was many a misgiving shake of the head and low-toned utterance of alarm. The incident betokened danger, though no one could surmise how or when it might happen. Far into the night old and young sat in the cottage doors and discussed the meaning of this mysterious visitation to their secluded community. Suddenly, about midnight, they heard a voice shouting to them from the top of the mountain; it sounded like a voice passing through a fist for a speaking-trumpet. The words that reached them were certainly calculated to excite terror, and most of the young women ran screaming into the cottages.

"Friendts and napors!" so spake the voice,

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\*A fried apple pie is, up to the present day, a favorite delicacy in Dutch Fork. It is prepared by stewing with sugar a quantity of dried apples and spreading them over thin pastry rolled into a circular shape as large as a dinner plate. This is folded upon itself so as to form a semi-circle, and then fried in butter or lard. When ready for the table these pies do certainly resemble the old-fashioned military cocked hats.

"hurry up here and look at de sight dat I sees, and tell me wat is de meanin' of it."

"I'm ferry mootch mindted," said Stolzer Hartnack, "dat we hears de woice of Faustus Wolfram. He is up dare on de top of de mountain after a loadt of lead, and it is ferry likely dat de Olt Poy has made uckly faces at him and shkeerd him."

"Dat was my obinion shust as soon as I heardt him," remarked Dietrick Einwillig, "and now if we will hurry up to him while he is in a shkeer, we can findt out ware de lead mine is."

"As dare is no time to loose, I am ferry mootch of the same pelief," said Fertig Einerlei. "So let us go up shpeedily to de assish-tance of our napor."

An irregular procession started up the side of the mountain and soon gained the top, where, sure enough, they found Faustus Wolfram with his sack well filled with lead ore, but before they could make any search for the devil or the lead mine, a spectacle met their gaze that made them speechless with consternation. They saw, on the other side of the Saluda, the highlands illuminated for more than a mile, and they heard a shrill kind of music, accompanied with a strange clattering noise.

"Dat is trums and fifes wat you hears," said Faustus. "I haf heardt dem a many a time wen I was a poy in the Faderlandt, and wen de great Fretterick marched trou' our town. De Prittishers musht pe ofer yondter."

"Wat pizziness has dey got to be apout here?" inquired Plotz Heftig.

This was answered by a deep, unanimous sigh, followed by a silence which was unbroken by their voices until they descended to their dwellings.

Wolfram was right. What they saw was the encampment of Lord Rawdon, on his way with two thousand men to relieve Colonel Cruger, closely besieged at Ninety-Six by General Greene. It is well known that the approach of this army caused General Greene, on the 18th of June, to make an assault upon the fort, from which he was repulsed with considerable loss. The next day he retreated across the Saluda, and Lord Rawdon, supposing that his antagonist was leaving the State, began in a short time his return to Orangeburg. One night, near the end of the month, his camp-fires again terrified the little settlement around Ruff's Mountain, and the next day occurred the event in the house of Walter Hawberman

that caused the people to mourn for many a day.

As Billy Wolfram, with a sack of rye upon his shoulder, was on his way to the mill he heard screams in Hawberman's house. Upon looking in that direction he saw two horses, one a glossy bay and the other a black, standing at his neighbor's gate. He heard the old man's quivering voice in earnest remonstrance, and he recognized Kottreena's shriek for help. He threw away his sack and rushed to the window in the end of the house, through which he saw a sight that chilled him with horror, while it aroused him to ten-fold manhood. There lay upon the floor Walter Hawberman, with his head cloven, and weltering in his blood. The weapon that had slain him—a heavy saber—was in the hand of a stranger who wore a half-moon military hat, and on whose right shoulder was an epaulet. Kottreena was held by another man, against whose attempts to remove her she was struggling with more than woman's strength. Horror-stricken by the killing of her uncle, she had ceased screaming as if to economize all her strength for resistance. Her hand was clutching the hair of her aggressor, and pressing his head against the wall of the house. Wolfram seized a stone of twice the size he was accustomed to handle, and hurled it with the power of ten men. It went true to his aim, and the surface of the log, against which Kottreena was holding the head of the miscreant, was bespattered with his gore. The officer, looking quickly round to discover the source of this amazing projectile, and perceiving that another was about to be thrown at himself, sprang through the door. In another moment he was in full gallop, but not too soon to escape the consciousness of mortal peril, for a large stone flew past his ear, not six inches from it, with the whiz of a cannon-ball.

In a short time the little valley resounded with lamentations. The suddenness and mysteriousness of the event had a stunning effect upon the simple minds of the people. In agony of feeling they could only wring their hands and utter incoherent cries.

"Wy," exclaimed one, somewhat recovered from his amazement, "wat couldt enny poddy haf agin olt Walter Hawberman!"

"And," cried another, "wat man on de face of de ert couldt haf de heart to do enny harm to Kottreena, of de rosemary bret!"

The struggle between the sense of injury and the emotion of pity was severe; but true hu-

manity—the grand Teutonic *gemuetlichkeit*—prevailed, and they said:

"Let us perry dem side by side, so dat, when de time comes, he who knows wat was in dair hearts can jutch petwixht dem."

## II.

About the middle of the afternoon of the same day when Mr. Hawberman was so cruelly slain, it became known that a stranger with a bay horse was concealed in the undergrowth on the southern slope of the mountain. Instantly the two Wolframs were in swift movement. They were soon over the ridge, and commenced their search among the dwarf blackjack oaks. A half-hour's cautious creeping resulting in nothing, Bartlamy handed his rifle to Billy with the intention of climbing a tall tree, so as to enlarge the field of his search. He had ascended to the middle branches of the tree, when a horseman, whom Billy recognized as the man who had just slain Mr. Hawberman, emerged from the the thicket scarcely two hundred yards from them.

"Bartlamy!" exclaimed Billy, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yesh, prudder Pilly, I sees him!" answered Bartlamy, and began to descend the tree as fast as he could; but before he could reach the ground his brother, in his impatience for vengeance, had discharged the rifle at the stranger without injury to him.

"Dare now, prudder Pilly!" cried Bartlamy, "see wat you haf done! You ought to haf hadt sense enough to know dat it neffer will do to tetch de trikker of a rifle ontel you haf traw'd de right sort of a pead; and you ought to know, likewise, dat you is no petter kakkilated to traw a pead dan you is to breach a surmunt. Shust look at dat feller now! He is comink towarts us wid a pishtol in each hand, and he will kill us bote pefore a minit goes py. Git behint a tree, quick!"

Instead of obeying this seemingly wise command, Billy advanced boldly to meet their antagonist, who, with his pistols presented, came forward against the brothers in the belief that he had it in his power to dispatch them before the rifle could be reloaded. But he was brought to an unexpected pause. Probably he had, for a moment, forgotten the amazing manner in which his subordinate had come to his end a few hours before. If such was the case, the fact was all at once brought back to his recollection by Billy Wolfram, who, at a distance



of fifty yards, dashed at him a stone as large as a child's head, knocking the pistol from his right hand. Bewildered by this extraordinary feat, and not knowing whether he had before him the same man whom he had already encountered, or whether all the men in that part of the country possessed the same singular skill in casting stones, but rather inclining to the latter opinion, he awkwardly discharged his other pistol and fled toward his horse.

"Prudder Pilly! prudder Pilly!" cried Bartlamy, running with all his speed and making attempts to reload his rifle, "don't forgit nexht time to pint wid your finger before you trows."

"Aw, Bartlamy!" returned Billy, "shust do you mindt your own pizziness. You knows as little apout trowin' of rocks as I do apout trawin' of a pead."

This little colloquy enabled the stranger to reach his horse and to mount him. But his pursuers were now close upon him. Billy soon had another stone ready, which he cast with all his might, doggedly refusing to point with his left forefinger. The stone struck the horseman midway between his knee and hip-joint.

"Py ching!" exclaimed Billy, stooping forward and pressing his hands upon his knees as he gazed after his retreating foe, "did n't you hear his tigh-bone snap like cuttin' trou' de shank-ponc of a peef wid a dull meat-axe?"

"Ah, prudder Pilly!" said Bartlamy, deploringly, "you shouldt haf pinte at him wid your left forefinger, and den you wouldt haf knocked his prains out like you didt wid de odder feller, and safe'd us a great teal of onneedful truple."

"I hit him," replied Billy, "shust ware I wanted to. If I hadt knocked out his prains, wich I couldt haf done ferry easy, he wouldt haf died beaceful and happy, and wouldt not haf felt enny of de misery he has got now. I only wish I couldt ride behindt him to hear him groan ontill he trops from his horse, wich he will do to-night apout de time Job's coffin rises, and de pears of Pears' Creek will make his pones crack worse dan I haf shust done."

"Ah, prudder Pilly! prudder Pilly! prudder Pilly!" sighed Bartlamy, "wy did n't you den shstrike de odder feller someware elsh, so dat he wouldt haf had some sufferin', too?"

"Wy, you see," answered Billy, "dare wouldt haf pin some risk of preakin' of Kottreena's arm, and dat wouldt not haf suited you so well."

"Ah, prudder Pilly, prudder Pilly," murmured Bartlamy, "I see I will haf to kill him

myself. Oh, if I can only git de time of four ticks of de clock to traw a pead!"

"Ware does you tink of aimin', if you shouldt effer oferdake him agin?"

"If I can git widin a hundert and fifty yards of him," replied Bartlamy, with artistic thoughtfulness, "I tinks I shall aim, wid a midlin' coarse pead and a charger heapin' full of powder, at de shpot ware de root of his nose jines onto his forred."

"Dat will do ferry well," said Billy, "if de pullit don't range too much downwards. But don't you think, Bartlamy, dat we mout as well let him go? If he effer gits well from wat I haf done for him, it will pe after a tousant times more torment, dan he brought on olt Walter Hawberman; for he killed him wid one cut of his swort."

"Ah, prudder Pilly," groaned Bartlamy, "dat is not de ting. It is not wat he has done, but wat he has not done, dat makes it my pounden obleegement to dake his life. De wrong he intended to do Kottreena he carries away wid him in his heart."

"Den, Bartlamy, you shouldt put de pullit trou' his heart."

"No, no, prudder Pilly, it's wid his prains dat he tinks apout it. It is de prains dat keeps de tefflement alife in him apout Kottreena."

"Well, well, Bartlamy, you is may pe right after all. It is a mighty pad time of de year to leave de farm; pecase de landt ought to pe proke up wid de firshst plowin', and de sheeps shouldt haf pin sheared a mont ago."

"De napors will do all dat for us," said Bartlamy, confidently.

"Well, den," asked Billy, "wen shall we shtart? Say de wort; for I will go wid you, Bartlamy, and shtick to you like a prudder. Dare is nottink on dis ert dat can effer make me desert you; no, nottink but deat can effer trag me away from your side. But firshst, let us make a sarch to-morrow, after de funeral is ofer, and see if de pears of Pears' Creek haf left ennytink wort trawin' a pead on."

"Ah, prudder Pilly, I feels it here in my preast, dat de pears haf nottink to do wid him. But see, yondter lies de feller's pishtols!"

They stepped forward and picked up the pistols which had dropped from the stranger's hands. For ten minutes they stood entranced by the splendor of the workmanship visible on these weapons. The finely polished barrels were fixed in some kind of wood which was ornamented with curious delineations, of inlaid silver. The guard to the trigger was of solid

silver, and had engraved upon it the name of the possessor.

These pistols, together with the pair left by the man whom Billy Wolfram slew, remained in the neighborhood of Ruff's Mountain until they were carried away by some of Kilpatrick's men in the terrible raid of 1865.

"Lo, and beholdt!" exclaimed Billy, "here is de feller's name upon de guardt!"

"Yesh," returned Bartlamy, "I see; but wat is it?"

"I don't know," replied Billy; "I can shpell de letters, but I can't bronounce dem."

"Well," suggested Bartlamy, "subbose you shpell out de letters, and wen you gits a pa'eil of dem togedder I will dry to bronounce dem; and keep on so ontel we gits trou' wid de whole name."

"Ferry well, now git ready: C-Y-R—"

"Py ching!" muttered Bartlamy, "it's a goin' to pe Cyrus."

"I-L," continued Billy.

"No," said Bartlamy, "dat shpells Cyril."

"P-O-N—"

"Pon."

"S-O-N—"

"Son."

"B-Y—"

"Paunchpy!" exclaimed Bartlamy, exultantly. "Two headts is petter as one."

"Well, I belief it is sometink apout like dat," said Billy.

After this orthographical exercise the brothers returned to the house of Walter Hawberman to assist in the preparations for the burial of the slain men. It was the first day of gloom around Ruff's Mountain within the recollection of the oldest. It is not necessary to interrupt the narrative by giving the particulars of the funeral. I merely mention the fact that the people, bowing their faces low, buried the dead men side by side, with their heads at the base of the mountain and their feet toward the point in the horizon where the sun made its first appearance, leaving it to the great unerring Wisdom to give, at the proper time, justice and judgment.

Early on the next day Bartlamy and Billy made a search for the body of Cyril Ponsonby. They followed the tracks of his horse until they came to the river, where they found unmistakable evidences of his having crossed the river in a flatboat, which, no doubt, had been waiting for him.

"Ah, Bartlamy," cried Billy, "you will neffer oferdake Mishter Paunchpy agin."

"Since de pears haf not got him," said Bartlamy, "I am sure dat de pullit is now in my shot-pag wich is to bass trou' his prains."

They abandoned further pursuit, and retraced their steps to the north side of the mountain.

Kottreena, by invitation from the Wolfram family, took shelter under their roof. This forced a delay of three weeks in the departure of Bartlamy and Billy; because it was necessary to build an addition to the Wolfram house for her accommodation. So there commenced a felling of timber and hewing of logs to build an additional room to the side of the house facing the mountain, and opposite to where the two brothers had their sleeping apartment, which looked toward the stone-hills. It was near the end of July before the work was finished; and then the two marksmen took leave of their friends. The black horse—by common consent the property of Kottreena—was committed to competent hands for indoctrination in the work of drawing the plow. Billy handed to Kottreena the pistols which had been found in the holsters, the property of the man who had attempted her abduction, saying to her at the same time:

"Dey is not much account at long dishtance, but dey will kill if dey is tetchin' enny poddly wid de muzzle. I don't pelief dat Bartlamy couldt hit a parn-door wid one of dem at twenty shteps."

"Pecase," replied Bartlamy, "de parrels is too short to traw a pead on dem. I will try dis one at dat poplar tree down yonder."

He fired, but no one could find that the ball took effect upon the tree.

"I wouldt not gif a rock de size of my fisht," cried Billy, "for a hundert of dem. But, Kottreena, do you take dis one dat is shtill loaded, and if any of dem rashkuls tries to carry you off before we gits pack, wy put de pishtol agin' de bit of his shtummik and pull trikker. Does you know ware de bit of a feller's shtummik is? Yesh, dat is right. Now don't try enny egshpeeriments wid his liffers, or his lights, or his heart, or his prains; for I haf heardt oldt folks say dat a man may pe shot trou' effery one of dem and git well agin', and do all kinds of teflement; but if he is shot trou' de bit of his shtummik, I'm consarned if it ain't all ofer wid him for de palance of his tays."

Amid tears and dissuasions the young men took their way along the rivulet, and disappeared around the eastern eminence of the mountain.

*O. B. Mayer.*



## BIRD-LIFE IN RECENT LITERATURE.

ONE of the pleasantest and most healthful tendencies of recent literature is to be found in the numerous studies in bird-life that have been put forth within a few years. It may be said to appeal to a universal sentiment. There is scarcely any one who does not readily confess to a love for the song of birds, who does not in more or less distinct expectation look forward to it in the early spring days. Among the majority of people, it must be confessed, this sentiment is very crude. Many of those who make the largest pretensions to it have really the least refinement of it. To them a bird-song in spring is a bird-song, nothing more. Little they know and less they care if it be a song sparrow or a painted bunting, a lark or grossbeak. It is a song, blithe, indeed, and debonaire; but it is as a harbinger of spring or as falling in with and completing the rhythm of their mental ecstasy that they value it. To them the far and fitful cuckoo-call bears as sweet a burden as the catbird's morning melody, and the noisy rasping of the woodpecker is as full of suggestiveness as the allegro of the dainty little wren. Doubtless they would deny this; and they would tell you of the unmatched sweetness of lark or thrush or nightingale, and in the telling show how plainly they had gathered their ideas of these songs at second-hand. But, though the sentiment is crude, it is none the less present, and it is quickly and readily cultivated. The ear, that had once only noticed the general melody of the choir in full song, speedily learns under instruction to choose out of the most mingled medley the brief sweet lyric of the song sparrow, the robin's flute-notes, the piping whistle of the grossbeak, and the thrush's fugue.

The Old World poets sang to please. They caught the great salient points of this sentiment and tuned their songs to it. Nobody in England could by any soul-blindness have missed the message of the skylark's matin song, nor the angelus of the nightingale. Neither could they any more have missed the masterful transcripts of these birds' song into English verse in the hands of Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. The appeal was sincere and true to nature, but it was by sympathy rather than by any other power that the world of human hearts was drawn to the feathered minstrels through them. They knew no more of the birds themselves, of the quality of their

songs, and the many little traits that make bird-life so attractive, than they did before. And so, though the poet soul within them had led many singers into the inner courts of nature's noble temple, and even though they have spoken with heavenly sweetness, the oracle on their lips has been a mystery save to those initiated like themselves. The poet may have been indeed the seer, but he has not fulfilled his other mission as the teacher here.

It was reserved to a school of prose writers to take the place left vacant by the poets, and to win all who should read their instructive lessons in bird-lore into a fuller and broader knowledge of the world around. The mere natural historian, while powerful to command attention from those who sought knowledge, was not broad enough in his scope; the ornithologist, properly so-called, was too technical; but those who, in the absence of a better name, we may call bird-lovers, brought the feathered songsters to every reader's heart. It was natural that those who wrote of such a theme should use directness and sweet simplicity of speech. And such has been the case. They have told their stories in the purest diction and the plainest language, leaving the beauty of the theme to supply all needful ornament, and the resulting products have been models of pure English. As a class these writers have possessed in common the merits of instructiveness, of opening up a new sympathy in nature, and in supplying in a higher type a rival of that class of literature whose chief, if not only, object is to afford a pleasant pastime.

The literary descent of all the writers of this class is traced from Gilbert White, the vicar of Selbourne. In his quiet, West-of-England vicarage, where, even to this day, the woods seem more filled with verdure and the hedge-rows more replete with bloom than elsewhere, even in merry England, where the nightingale still sings his choicest song, and nature holds the world in close embrace, he wrote the "Natural History of Selbourne." His spirit had communed with nature, and by some subtle alchemy he mixed and mingled that spirit and the sweet south air in the language of his book. Some men to-day may find it hard reading. They may find its tone too quiet, its content in rustic ways too listless. But men to-day also find Virgil's "Bucolics" wearisome, and can not sympathize with Horace's longing for a Sabine

farm. For such there is no help and little hope. The scheme of color is indeed low, but in it is depicted the daily doings of that little world, at once so narrow and so wide and catholic. Its charm was like that of mother earth in its recurring fruitage, and year after year and generation after generation only brought new readers and new imitators, both of whom were new lovers. Like and yet unlike are the disciples that have followed him. Some modifications have always been necessary from the changes of taste and of methods of thought, and the theme had not admitted of any but genuine, true-hearted hands to treat of it, so full of ingenuousness is it itself.

In this country Audubon and Thoreau were the earliest products of this spirit. The beauty of the text of the former has been obscured by the splendor of its illustrations and the vast scale on which it was projected. But it stands *facile princeps*. Thoreau breathes a different air. His somewhat erratic writings are the natural outcome of his erratic life. Though they are full of an exquisite and thorough knowledge of bird-life, they yet are so full of the half-wild nature of the man, that many who read his works read them fully as much for the self-revelation of a singularly untrammelled nature as for the picture of woodland wanderings he would fain portray. Thus, while possessing a real power, he has not the same grace that characterizes his fellow choristers, for, though they speak in prose, they scarcely miss rising to song when the essence of their speech is reached. These two were the beginnings. Now there are more than half a dozen who constantly treat of these themes. They have largely contributed essays to the various periodicals and also published numerous volumes. Perhaps John Burroughs is to be esteemed as foremost of the throng. He has been longest in the field and has achieved an international clientage who read with eager interest whatever comes from his pen. From his little home, cozily nestled in among the highlands by the beautiful Hudson, he issues forth, and with erotic feet watches and studies as chance may lead. He will never write to order. What his inclination prompts, to that, and that only, will his pen relate. The purity of his themes, the complete devotion to the simple woodland pictures, are no doubt due to this. To be sure he does occasionally write on other subjects, but when he writes on this theme he feels and he makes his readers feel the clear beating of the real lover's heart.

Some time ago he published a little book of studies in Great Britain which he called "Fresh Fields," and it was just as clear-voiced as his talks on the birds of the highlands of his home, showing that his habit of treating only of what would out played its own part in regulating what was said, so that only that which was worth the saying was ever spoken. His latest book, now just published, he calls "Signs and Seasons." In it we remark much of the old spirit. In the opening chapter, "A Sharp Lookout," he reveals how much may be seen in the most familiar country if we only choose to see. That is the great trouble with the world in general: seeing, they see not. More than that, they are generally far afield in their conclusions from what they see. The natural tendency of city life, one is almost tempted to say of our modern life, is to tear the human heart away from nature. You may point to the growing habit of city people to seek the country in midsummer, but you will point in vain until you find them following different pursuits than the universal one of dawdling over a novel all day and strolling blindly along well-beaten roads on moonlight nights. If Mr. Burroughs could but be the guide of more of these people, and with one of his books in lieu of the trashy novel, and a secluded moss-grown bank be substituted for the hammock on the veranda, then, and then only, will the wintry storm have a residuum of sweet memories of the woodland's inhabitants and of knowledge of their ways.

In "The Tragedies of the Nests" and "Bird Enemies," we have a sympathetic glimpse into the world of toil and trouble that the average mind rarely connects with the birds. This field is one of the least worked. It has less of a sentimental attraction, and yet really brings out most clearly the best traits in the sprightly little fellows. It is no less bird nature than human nature to woo with the best foot forward. Even the English sparrows—the ruffians among birds—are quite attractive in the days of courting. But the day of adversity brings out the true heart. When we see the constancy and devotion to each other and their young, the repeated efforts to build after being interrupted by various destructive foes, we are able to pay a more discriminating and a loftier homage to the little songsters that hitherto we had forgotten had any more serious business than some feat of vocal gymnastics. So our guide leads us over hill and moor, by sea and water-course, and if we follow we will learn much any where, and if we



will choose a fit place for our reading we will find a new world open to us.

Maurice Thompson differs very widely from Mr. Burroughs in his methods and his points of view. From a purely literary point of view he is very much beyond him. His literary sense is very fine and delicate, and his style pure and limpid as the running brook. At the same time there is in all his writings less abandon to nature as she is than is to be found in such books as "Wake-Robin" and "Pepacton" from Mr. Burrough's pen. You see the world about you more from the point of view of the student than from that of just taking the bird world as you find it. The result is we have a series of delightful essays on a single bird in its various life phases, or on a single family in its manifold variations. His study of the mocking-bird, which is the last paper in his "Bye Ways and Bird Notes," is at once the most complete and the most charming treatment of the ways and wiles of that sweet mimic of the woods. He gives us the results of investigations pursued in many years and widely separated localities, and enlarges on the strange sweet traits which were so aptly summed up in that delightful sonnet of Mr. Wilde's:

"Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool,  
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?  
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule  
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe;  
Wit—sophist—songster—Yorick of thy tribe,  
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,  
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
Arch scoffer and mad abbot of misrule!  
For such thou art by day—but all night long  
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,  
As if thou did'st in this, thy moonlight song,  
Like to the melancholy Jacques, complain,  
Musing on falsehood, violence, and wrong,  
And sighing for thy motley coat again."

Perhaps the pleasantest type of the other class is the study of the woodpeckers, which is one of the most interesting families of birds, even though nature was not lavish to them of vocal charms, under the title of a "Red-headed Family." It is mostly given, it is true, to a single member of that family, the great ivory-billed woodpecker, whose loud tap, tap, tap, and wild trumpet-like cry is nearly hushed even in our most secluded woods.

But, as we have already said, Mr. Thompson's power is more literary than in the sphere of natural history. This was evinced in his early books on archery, which he called "The Witchery of Archery;" and certainly he managed to instill a strange witchery into it. It was full of touches of woodcraft, and breathed

very sweetly the wildwood's spell. It was even plainer in his poems, contained in his "Songs of Fair Weather," but plainest, perhaps, in several critical reviews published in various periodicals, where, with an exquisite touch, he used his figures won from wood and stream to illustrate and illuminate his text. Not that his essays are not charming—on the contrary, they are; and the same skill as the *litterateur*, that makes all he writes pleasant reading, could not fail to make his accounts of such delightful things as he has chosen from nature's lap most fascinating; indeed, he possesses a special charm, for while others may be read for their subject's charm, many more will read his work for the way in which he tells whatever he finds to write of.

Bradford Torrey, in his "Birds in the Bush," in a very pleasant way discourses of the birds of New England as he found them in their native haunts. To abundant notes of what he saw and heard in many a ramble he subjoins a running fire of criticism, which is so full of the spirit of his subject that it is very good reading indeed. Perhaps the pleasantest of these essays is one entitled, "Philda and Coridon," which is a study of the wooing of the light-winged little fellows. Its tone is well suited to its theme, and the whole is so happily conceived that we feel as if we could ourselves hear the glad-voiced carol of our New World troubadours. His haunts seem to be largely in the remoter parts of the country, in the White Mountains and the northern hills, but by way of variation he gives us a chapter of the city birds that make their homes in the more aristocratic region of Boston Common.

Very different in its field, and very remote in its tone from this last, is the "Bird-Ways" of Olive Thorne Miller. Throughout this most delightful volume runs a thread of quick, clear-sighted femininity, and from it radiates a constant sympathy, an appreciation of all the doings and sayings—or more properly singings—of the minature world into which she is peering. A woman's heart and a woman's mind seems naturally far better fitted for such a field of study than a man's. The refinement of the natures of both would seem to draw them together. Certainly in this case we find not only a different method of study, but a different series of inquiries from the most of those who had preceded her. Her birds, as far as possible, are made prisoners, and her house largely converted into a home for them, and being made comfortable, somewhat after the feminine

notion, it is true, with all the modern improvements, she sets about studying their ways. If it is true of birds, as it is said to be of men, that their true nature is only revealed when thrown upon unfamiliar ground, and required to act under hitherto unknown circumstances, then surely she should have discovered many undreamed truths and run upon strange revelations. But there is a doubt of the value of this method, and the results, though affording pleasant reading, are not the most reliable. There are more valuable studies made in a little private, bosky park, where the catbird especially loved to lead his noisy life. These are even more delightfully told, and, having the additional charm of an ever-present freedom from restraint and conventionality of every kind, which is so characteristic of the whole family of the *mimi*, and equally of the larger group that includes all the thrushes of whatever ilk. Here there is no such danger of missing the truth if the conclusions arrived at

are accepted, as there was in those based upon the unnatural life even in the widest prison-house.

Taken as a whole this group are all characterized by a freedom and freshness that is very grateful. On the title-page of each and every volume might well be written,

"Ope me and read, the wildwood's smell  
Steals o'er the senses like a spell."

A better corrective for a taste cloyed by too frequent resort to light French literature can scarcely be found. They are frank and full of the virility of an untainted nature, and while they while away an idle hour, or ease a painful one, they leave a fragrance behind them like the bruised sassafras on the hill, or the mint by the water-course, and ever and anon in the days when we think they are wholly forgotten their memory will awaken like the curlew's call across the upland meadows, or the vesper sparrow's tender evensong.

*Ethelbert D. Warfield.*

## THE SUMMIT OF THE SOUTH.

THERE is a remarkable analogy between the geographical distribution of the civilized nations on both sides of the Atlantic. The Gulf of Mexico, with its volcanoes and rocky islands, is the Mediterranean of the West. Mexico, the mountainous stronghold of bull-rings and orthodoxy, is the American Spain. The perennial industries and short summers of New England justify her name. The German element prevails on the plains of the grain-producing middle region. And on both sides of the Atlantic Nature has her geographical favorites. Climate, fertility, mineral wealth, honesty, and hospitality of the inhabitants, healthfulness and scenic grandeur make the Alpenland of Southern Austria the paradise of the Old World, and a similar variety of advantages combine to favor certain highland regions of our own Sunny South.

That exuberance of sunniness has its disadvantages where the Father of Waters spreads his swamps around. North of the Delaware, hills, even of moderate elevation, aggravate the rigor of the long winter, but further south they become more and more desirable, till mountains and latitude seem to unite in the happiest climatic medium. South of the thirty-

eighth parallel winter almost ceases to be formidable; the sheltered valleys with their abundance of fuel makes it a pleasant change of pastime to weather an occasional snow-storm, and the main problem is to find a reliable summer asylum. But below the Virginia border the peaks of the Central Alleghanies begin to surmount that difficulty, till at last in the heart of the North Carolina Alps a whole mountain group with its plateaux and highland valleys rises wholly above the summer zone.

As seen from the heights of the Blue Ridge above Marion, the Black Mountains tower gradually above all the hill-ranges of the central plateaux; but while those lower hills abound with treeless summits, the culminating range is densely wooded to its highest tops. About the beginning of this century that apparent paradox attracted the attention of several naturalists, and the botanist Michaux called attention to the almost arctic character of those highland forests and the probability of their habitat being the highest land of the whole Appalachian mountain system. Just fifty years ago (November, 1835,) that conjecture was conclusively, though unintentionally, confirmed by the altimetrical surveys of Pro-



fessor Mitchell, who visited those highlands for the purpose of establishing a theory biased by the apparent height of the Roan Mountain peaks. His first excursion to the central plateau sufficed, however, to convince him of his mistake and reduced his project to the task of examining the rival claims of the principal peaks in the main chain of the Black Mountains.

There is no doubt now that here, too, the first impression (still propagated by numerous geographical text-books) of the distinguished explorer was erroneous. Not Mount Mitchell, but the *Black Dome*, several miles further north, is the summit of the South and the apex of all the broad Atlantic coast-lands from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. The Honorable T. L. Clingman's measurements and the mean of three independent, though closely corresponding surveys, give that summit an elevation of 6,720 feet. That height exceeds that of Mount Mitchell by about one hundred and fifty, and that of Mount Washington by more than four hundred feet, and rivals the altitude of Mount Kosciusko, the highest peak of the Australian continent.\*

The easiest ascent of the main ridge, and perhaps the most picturesque trail in the southern highlands, leads up from the headwaters of Turkey Creek (an affluent of the Catawba) some ten miles west of North Cove. The trail leaves the Marion pike near the junction of Turkey and North Cove creeks, and some six miles further northwest enters the gorges of the "Humpback" Mountain. These gorges, like all the surrounding mountain slopes, are heavily timbered with forests of balsam fir and

red pine, getting freer from underbrush as the trail approaches the uplands. Higher up the somber green of the spruce pines gives these woods a rather solemn look, though the gloomy silence that broods over the pineries of the Gulf coast is here broken by the multitudinous babble of waterfalls and the twittering of pine-bits, "sap-suckers," and other restless wood-birds.

As the horizon widens, a peculiar arrangement in the structure of the Black Mountain group becomes more and more visible, viz., the traverse trend of its axis, as compared with the general range of the Southern Alleghanies. The Blue Ridge, the Big Smokies, the Bald Mountains, and their parallel ranges, all cross its valleys at right angles, and thus give the prospect from its summit ridges that peculiar panoramic character. The altimetrical rank of the mountain group is also indicated by the remarkable divergence of its watersheds. The springs along our trail find their way to the Catawba and thus southeast to the Atlantic Ocean, while the branches of the Great Kanawha run due north, and those of the Holston and French Broad northwest and west.

Leaving North Cove at sunrise, a persistent pedestrian can reach the summit soon after the noon of an October day, and will be rewarded by the grandest view in the highlands of the Old Thirteen States. The "Black Dome," "Guyot's Peak," and "Cat-tail Peak" compete for the supremacy of lookout points, but from either of their summits the prospect far surpasses that from any point in the Adirondacks, or even in the Northern Rocky Mountains with their sand-storms and treeless slopes. All along the northern horizon the Great Smokies mingle their summits with the clouds. The west is a wilderness of peaks, clustering about the gap of the French Broad and culminating in the jagged crest of "Snow Bird," on the Tennessee border. The panorama of the Catawba Valley, with its thousand coves and cliffs, rivals any birds-eye view in the Tyrolese Alps. In the northeast, the "Grandfather Range," with its broad plateau, rears its front like a flat-topped house. The gaps of the Smokies reveal glimpses of the Clinch River Mountains, and the highlands of South Carolina rise magically blue in the far southeast. On a clear day the view toward the sea is limited only by the optical capacity of the spectator, for the Black Mountains overlook the southern chain of the Blue Ridge, as that ridge overlooks the undulating hill-country of Central Georgia.

\*In 1855 General Clingman called attention to three points in the east range of the Blacks and one peak near the headwaters of Pigeon River in the Great Smokies as probably exceeding the height of Mount Mitchell; but the final authority on the question is Professor Guyot, who surveyed the Southern Alleghanies in 1857 and again in 1859, and published the following scale of altitude in the Black Mountain group:

	<i>Feet.</i>		<i>Feet.</i>
Black Dome.....	6,760.	Sugar Loaf.....	6,400.
Mount Guyot .....	6,660.	Potato Top.....	6,380.
Sandy Knob .....	6,610.	Grassy Top.....	6,370.
Hairy Bear.....	6,590.	Black Knob.....	6,365.
Cat-tail Peak.....	6,590.	Bowler's Pyramid	6,345.
Gibbe's Peak.....	6,580.	Roan Mount.....	6,320.
Mitchell's Peak...	6,576.	Roan, High Knob	6,300.

Professor Mitchell's friends, on the other hand, still contest that he measured, or at least visited and marked, the true summit in 1844, and that the mountaineer Patton misled subsequent surveyors by cutting his bridle-path to a point several miles too far south.

The eastern slope of the plateau, crowned by the "Black Dome" and the "High Pinnacle," is cleft by deep wooded ravines, where the first settlers of these highlands killed more game than they could utilize, even by feeding their dogs on bear-meat, and where more than one exploring party fell among the ambushed Indians who here defended every rock of their old hunting-grounds. Here, too, poor Mitchell found his untimely end. All who have inspected the scene of the accident agree that its cause remains rather problematic, the cliff overhanging a pool of "Cat-tail Creek," where the veteran mountaineer broke his neck, being the only steep point of a long-stretched rocky slope, which he could have crossed any where else without any unusual difficulty. What induced him to risk his life at that one fatal point seems a mystery, but it has been suggested that (unless he was caught in a mountain-fog and lost his way entirely) some curious object or other, an unknown animal or mineral, may have attracted his attention to the precipitous cliff that proved the Matterhorn of the bold explorer.

For the site of a summer camp the Black Dome plateau could not be easily surpassed; nor must it be supposed that winter in those airy heights asserts itself with the rigor of a North Scandinavian climate. There are years when

snow up here stays never more than a week on the ground, and when for days together the winter air is as mild, though not as humid, as in the valley of the Tennessee. And even in cold winters there is a peculiar charm in the grand solitude of the snow-covered highlands with their clear, cold skies, and the contrasts of the glittering rocks with the somber hue of the pine forests. On frosty nights the air sometimes rings with a peculiar metallic sound—the vibration of the jarred icicles, perhaps, or the voice of the night-winds in the frost-stiffened pine-tops.

Professor Mitchell has been censured for attempting that fateful excursion at his time of life, but, like the chamois-hunter of the Austrian Alps, he had perhaps no choice in the matter. The mountains claim their own, and the very sense of danger tempts the habitué to repeat the venture. The highlands claim their own; more than one family of North Carolina emigrants have returned to their homestead on the Catawba after a year's exile on an alkali-prairie which the circulars of a land-shark had represented as a western paradise. Further up here are "coves" where such circulars have never been popular, and where few land agents could induce the poorest squirrel-hunter to leave his home in the summit-hills of the South.

*Horace D. Warner.*

## A DAINTY FOP.

So jaunty, free, and debonnaire,  
And winning welcome every where,  
A dainty fop has passed me by!  
I did not see, but felt him nigh,  
And though he dared to kiss my cheek,  
He did not speak, he did not speak.

Shall I confess, beneath the rose,  
A secret you must ne'er disclose,  
That almost every summer day  
This lover kisses me in play?  
But whence he comes or where he goes,  
No mortal knows, no mortal knows.

A cultured taste in him I find,  
And proof of an esthetic mind,  
He winnows first the clover fields,  
And next the rose aroma yields;  
Now who can tell me, from the scent,  
Which way he went, which way he went?

A connoisseur of rich perfumes,  
To-day he steals from lilac blooms,  
To-morrow leaves the garden belles,  
And flies to woodbine-scented dells;  
Who could resist the sighing swain,  
Nor kiss again, nor kiss again?

Like Psyche, in my arbors green,  
I wait for him I ne'er have seen;  
His fragrant breath betrays him nigh,  
His fragrant breath and gentle sigh,  
As though a burden on his breast  
Was ne'er confessed, was ne'er confessed.

To none is this gay rover true,  
He charms each day with odors new,  
But when, where hides the partridge-vine,  
He finds the luscious eglantine,  
And when for her he leaves the rest,  
I love him best, I love him best.

*Danske Dandridge.*



## IN EUROPE FIFTY YEARS AGO.\*

LONDON, JUNE, 1837.

THE west end of London is all agog at present with the gayeties and fêtes of the season. The theaters, opera, concert, and ball-rooms are all in successful operation, and present to the votary of pleasure one continued scene of delightful enjoyment.

The most important spectacle, however, to ambitious mothers and anxious daughters, came off a few days since at St. James' Palace, and, as I assisted at the grand ceremony, I will record to you a faithful account of the all-important occasion—Her Majesty Queen Victoria's first *levee*.

At an early hour in the morning, tailors and mantua-makers, with anxious looks, were seen running to and fro in all directions, with large bundles and boxes in their hands.

Soon after 12 o'clock St. James Street, one of the broadest in the city, and leading to the palace of that name, presented a most brilliant scene.

Hundreds of gorgeous equipages, drawn by beautiful horses and conducted by fine-looking old coachmen, with their several footmen, all in state liveries stiff with gold and silver lace, laced chapeaus, powdered wigs, and gold-headed canes, came rolling along at a measured pace, filled with ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, and distinguished officers of the army and navy, all wending their way to the palace to take part in this memorable event, when a young girl of seventeen assumes the scepter of the greatest kingdom in the world.

By appointment, about two o'clock, our ambassador, Andrew Stevenson, called for Colonel Joseph M. White and myself, and we joined the throng, driving literally through a sea of upturned, gaping faces, controlled by hundreds of cavalry and thousands of police.

Descending from the carriage and passing up a long flight of marble steps, lined with Yeoman of the Guards in their fanciful uniforms, we entered a long gallery, the walls of which were hung with portraits of the many kings and queens of England, and soon reached the reception- and ante-rooms, which we found already crowded with the dignitaries of the land.

Here our courteous minister pointed out and presented us to many of the most remarkable and distinguished personages who had already assembled. We had to wait but a few moments before the Chamberlain, in a loud voice, called out, "The American Minister," and we were immediately ushered in the Throne-room.

Colonel Joseph M. White, of Florida, the Honorable James Buchanan, of Maryland, Mr. Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, the Secretary of the Legation, and myself, composed the quartette, who were honored by a presentation on this occasion.

The throne on which she was standing was simply a slightly elevated platform, covered with black silk velvet, and overhung with drapery of the same material. To her left stood her mother, the Duchess of Kent, a most royal-looking personage, Lady Jersey, one of the most beautiful women of the Court, and a score of maids of honor not particularly endowed with either noble or handsome features.

I had seen the Queen while a princess, on several occasions, "*a la distance*," but had no opportunity, until the present, of scrutinizing her features or marking the expression of her countenance. In height she appeared to me below the medium size, the forehead and brow not at all remarkable, but the eye clear blue and full of expression. Skin and complexion good. The rest of her features common-place, with the exception of her mouth, the most remarkable feature in her face, expressive of obstinacy, indifference, and petulancy, qualities, that from various anecdotes already afloat relative to her intercourse with her mother, as well as her prime minister, she certainly possesses to a high degree. Her hair is light and beautiful, feet and hands, of course, small and well-shaped—and thus ends my candid description of the Queen of England, which, although not flattering, is faithful.

Her manner was marked with great dignity, her self-possession perfect, her reception gracious and queen-like.

Upon my name being mentioned, the usual questions, "What State I was from, how long I proposed to remain in England, what other countries I intended to visit," were put and answered most laconically, when, with a hope

\* These letters, recently found in an old secretary, where they had long been forgotten, may prove of interest, written by one who has now numbered the allotted three-score years and ten, recalling, as they do, memories of fifty years ago.

that I would be pleased with the old countries, I was bowed off to make place for others.

But I forgot that I should tell you the material, style, and number of flounces that compose the all-important to a lovely woman. I mean the dress, which, owing to the court being in mourning, was exceedingly plain and composed of dark silk velvet. As to ornaments, a simple bandeau of large diamonds encircled her brow, which was all that I saw on her person.

While in the Throne-room, Mr. Stevenson did me the honor of introducing me as a young Kentuckian to the great "Captain of the Age," who took my hand cordially, and wished my stay in England an agreeable one.

I could hardly realize that I was standing face to face and conversing with the great Duke of Wellington, "*Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*," until looking aside I saw all eyes riveted upon him.

By the side of our minister he appeared diminutive. Time has dealt severely with him, for although only sixty-eight years old, his eagle eye has already grown dim, his hair silvered over with age, and his once erect and imposing form now looks shrunken and broken down.

The only feature that is now remarkable is his enormous aquiline nose, known by every body in the city from Hyde Park to Temple Bar. He wore on this occasion the simplest costume in the room, which was a plain undress blue frock coat, from the button-hole of which hung the Order of the Bath, this, with white drilling trousers, composed his toggery.

While standing in the presence of the great hero, I heard our minister called "Stevenson" in the most familiar manner, and, on looking around, beheld a grand, aristocratic looking old gentleman of noble and commanding height, dressed in a richly embroidered court dress, with the breast of his coat literally covered with orders, conversing with him in a most affable manner. My name was mentioned, and just as I was in the act of making a bow, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, uncle of the Queen, and a brother of the Duchess of Kent, held out his hand and said, "I always shake hands with Stevenson's American friends."

The Duke had passed some years on the Continent and, I learned, speaks German, French, and Italian, is cordial in manner, and popular with every one. He is distinguished for his philanthropy and liberal views; for never interfering with politics; as also for his great *bon-*

*homie* and his politeness. He is on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Stevenson, who is frequently the recipient of his venison and game from Windsor Park, appreciates Virginia hams, and old Bourbon, prefers, which I like him the more for, a dandy for his body servant, and always introduces Havanas after his dinner parties.

The last lion I was presented to was the wealthy diplomat, Prince Esterhazy, Ambassador from Austria, and owner of divers castles, palaces, and estates in Germany, including the celebrated vineyards producing the famous Tokay, and, moreover, the possession of the most valuable wardrobe in the world. First the man, and then his jacket.

Esterhazy is esteemed the most perfect specimen of a courtier in Europe, worthy to have lived in the reign of Louis XV, and possesses besides the unenviable reputation of being the most notorious *roué* on the continent. His manner impressed me as artificial, ridiculous, and finical, and contrasted badly with the manly dignity of the English gentlemen around him; but your eyes would have glistened to have beheld the famous jacket, handed down by his ancestors, and esteemed of such value and worth that a guard of armed soldiers is kept constantly around the castle in which it is deposited when in Germany.

I forget how many thousands this celebrated heir-loom is said to have cost, but it is stated as a known fact that every time that the Prince wears it diamonds and pearls are lost to the amount of five hundred pounds sterling.

The jacket is composed of some light crimson stuff, hanging loosely over a rich diplomatic uniform which would not be at all remarkable but for the immense bouquet of diamonds and pearls that completely cover the left shoulder and dazzle the beholder.

He talked incessantly, and said something about my visiting Germany in connection with a boar hunt, but I bowed myself off, and honestly confess that the jacket made the greatest impression upon my backwoods eyes.

Returning to the ante-room I passed half an hour scanning the figures and features of the noblest specimens of manhood that I had ever seen, and found no difficulty in realizing that I was surrounded by the most brilliant court in Christendom.

By the by, I have forgotten to describe the English court dress, which is so beautiful. The color of the coat brown, without collar, and cut somewhat after the fashion of the



Shakers that you have met in Kentucky, with bright steel buttons. Gaudiest damask silk is used for the vest, reaching to the hips, rounded out before, and large pockets to their sides, like those worn by our ancestors some fifty years since. The breeches are generally of white cassimere, worn with white silk stockings and patent-leather pumps. Brilliant buckles are attached to the side of the knee and over the instep of the shoe. A long black satin bag hangs down from the collar on the coat, a chapeau carried under the arm, a light court sword dropped from his side, and with white cravat, lace frills showing under the vest and around the wristbands, complete the handsomest costume upon a gentleman I have ever seen.

The gentleman, however, should be elderly and have a well developed calf to his leg, for a defect in this particular is almost sure to give the costume a ridiculous effect.

The court being in mourning we were obliged to wear the same cut costume, but entirely in black cloth, which is neither handsome or becoming. Indeed, I do not think I was ever more dissatisfied with my appearance, particularly with the calf of my leg, than I was with the lugubrious habiliments Mr. Nugee's foreman brought and informed me were the prescribed dress for the *levee*.

I feel as if I have made a good impression upon our minister from the many courtesies extended me on this and other occasions. My letter of introduction to him from the celebrated Doctor Chapman, of Philadelphia, was immediately followed up by a visit and invitation to dine. He gives dinners but seldom, but his guests are always among the most distinguished, his *menu* perfect, and his wines old and delicious; some of them, as he told me while sipping them, he brought with him from his own cellar in Virginia.

He is a very aristocratic looking gentleman, of fine proportions, and in his rich diplomatic costume, which he wore on this occasion, presented an imposing appearance, which I was naturally proud of as an American citizen.

Of the *levee* I have nothing more to add, except that I send you the *Times*, giving full details and the names of those who were honored with a presentation, among which you will find your humble servant; but do not tell any one that the simple insertion cost me one guinea, and when I told the reporter that it was an exorbitant charge, he replied, "It is the customary one that gentlemen never refuse." So I threw him the amount and ordered him to leave.

I left the palace at 4 o'clock, and Mr. Stevenson dropped Colonel White and myself at Mivarts, where, upon invitation, I went to pay my respects to his wife, the celebrated leader of fashion at Washington for many years, and known as Mrs. Florida White; but I will reserve this notable couple for another letter, which, no doubt you will agree with me, is a most happy idea. Her Majesty's reception for the ladies takes place to-morrow, and I will send you a copy of the *Times* which will contain its description.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a bitter cold night in the winter of 1837 that my friend, Colonel White, picked me up at my rooms, and we drove to call upon the most famous woman then living in Paris. He had asked for the liberty of presenting me on the grounds of long personal friendship. On arriving we were ushered up a narrow, dingy stair-case by a seedy looking old servant, and our names announced. The room we entered was occupied by half a dozen solemn-looking elderly gentlemen in citizen's dress. On a lounge near the fire-place sat a beautiful woman, whose dress was without ornament, and of a style simply severe. She arose, and after shaking hands with the Colonel my name was mentioned, and I stood in the presence of Caroline Maria Annunciada Bonaparte, the favorite sister of Napoleon.

A host of memories crowded my brain and dispelled all the nice French phrases that I had prepared in my mind to use on this occasion. She motioned me to a seat beside her, and soon relieved my embarrassment by leading the conversation in the most pleasant manner, while I was scrutinizing the features of this remarkable woman who, during the reign of Napoleon, led the brilliant festivities of the Court of France, of which she was the undisputed belle as Duchess of Berry.

She is now fifty-five years of age, and her features remarkably well preserved. Her hair, poets would call sable silvered; the eyes large and blue, with the sweetest expression; that remarkable complexion, described by a French author as resembling "white satin seen through pink glass," can still be readily conceived. Her arms and hands superb, the latter, you know, have a world-wide reputation with sculptors and painters. Many casts in bronze and marble have been taken from them. I saw one of these casts on the center-table of my friend, Mrs. White, which she had presented to her as a memento. It was truly exquisite.

The very solemn-looking personages I found grouped in different squads through the rooms were some of the few marshals who had never deserted the colors of the Bonaparte family.

After loitering around the apartments for awhile, I again found an empty seat beside the ex-queen, and commenced expressing my admiration for that extraordinary man whose downfall all America deplored. I shall never forget her words, nor the feeling manner with which she replied, "*Oh! monsieur, nous sommes tombé, nous sommes les pauvres misérables, nous n'avons plus de bonheur.*" She then showed me an engraving of the celebrated painting taken by Isabey, of Napoleon.

Her suite of apartments consisted of only three small rooms, poorly furnished, and were located in an obscure street. Indeed, I learn that she is now very poor, and is in Paris this winter endeavoring to get compensation for the Chateau de Neuilly, taken wrongfully from her by the present government.

The Colonel joined me, and after making our devoirs we took leave.

You recollect she was only seventeen when given in marriage to Murat, the "*preux chevalier*," whom Napoleon said was the bravest man in the world, whom he esteemed his most distinguished marshal, calling him his right arm, his paladin in the field, and the best cavalry officer in his army. History also informs us that Napoleon was hesitating some time between Moreau and Murat, who were applicants at the same time for the hand of Caroline.

Fortunately for Murat the battle of Aboukir occurred. Here it was that he was ordered to force the Turkish center lines, and show what he could do with his cavalry. He rode straight through the ranks, and drove column after column into the sea, and in one of his fierce charges dashed into the camp of Mustapha Pasha, and rode up to the chieftain, who was surrounded by several hundred Janissaries. As he approached a pistol was fired at his head, the bullet grazing his cheek, just starting the blood. The next moment a glittering sword gleamed before the eyes of the Pasha, and descended on his hands, crushing two of his fingers with the blow. The Pasha was seized and carried into the French camp.

After this brilliant and desperate charge Napoleon could resist no longer in making a choice, and the hand of the beautiful princess was bestowed upon the victor of Aboukir.

This is recorded as the most signal and bravest assault of this hero, who figured so

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pre-eminently on the field of a hundred battles; but it is melancholy to recall his base ingratitude shown to the great Napoleon in his hour of direst need. His conduct was then so pusillanimous that his army deserted him, and he made his disgraceful flight to Ischia. But the blood of the Bonapartes flowed in the veins of the beautiful Caroline. Unheeding his cowardly desertion, she mounted her horse, reviewed the troops, speaking every where words of encouragement and hope. But, alas! her heroic efforts were fruitless; it was the last day of her reign as Queen of Naples.

Murat's love for his wife continued fervid to the last, as his remarkable letter, dated while in prison at Piozzo, proves. I make no apology for transcribing this most touching epistle, it is creditable alike to the head and heart of the illustrious prisoner, and runs thus:

*My Dear Caroline:* My last hour has arrived; in a few moments I shall have ceased to live; in a few moments you will have no husband. Never forget me; my life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell my Achille, farewell my Letitia, farewell my Lucien, farewell my Louise. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of the multitude of mine enemies. Be always united; prove yourselves superior to fortune. Remember what you are and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory; believe that my greatest suffering in my last moments is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing; receive my embraces and my tears. Keep always present to you the memory of your unfortunate father.

ACHILLE MURAT.

Piozzo, October 13, 1815.

His last words, after kissing a cornelian on which was cut the head of his wife, addressed to the squad who were detailed to shoot him were, "Save my face, aim at my body."

\* \* \* \* \*

After an extended tour in the East, embracing Greece, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Turkey, I mounted the Danube as high as Vienna and dropped down into Italy for the winter. Upon arriving at Florence I was delighted to learn that the subject of this sketch, whom I had left in Paris, just one year ago in the depths of depression and poverty, had yielded her claim to the Chateau de Neuilly to Louis Philippe for the snug little sum of eight hundred thousand francs as a rental. It was not long before I accepted an invitation to the first ball that she gave after being established in Florence.

She had taken one of the finest palaces in the Via Larga, and fitted it up with costly furniture, which she had selected before leaving Paris, and with all its appointments her envi-



ronments were regal. After passing through half a dozen spacious rooms, I found the ex-Queen of Naples arrayed in most gorgeous apparel, decked with glittering gems of purest water, and surrounded by the brilliant society of this charming city. She was again a queen at least of the *beau monde*, and her countenance beamed with happiness. She referred to my former visit to her in Paris, and asked kindly for her friends the Whites, told me that this was the first of a series of entertainments that she proposed giving during the winter, and that I must hold myself in readiness to assist at them all.

I passed the winter in Florence, visiting the

galleries of sculpture and paintings in the mornings, driving along the Arno to the Casino in the afternoons, and going a great deal into society in the evenings. Florence had always been the favorite residence, after Paris, with Caroline, and it was here, after a winter of gayety and elegant hospitality, that she died in the year 1839.

Thus ended the life of this beautiful and gifted woman; a life marked apparently by every caprice of fate, every vicissitude of fortune; every quality of heart and mind tested by the severest ordeals, and yet, after all, leaving the world amid a luminous round of social splendor.

*D. M. Haydon.*

## AN AUTUMN IN MEXICO.

### SECOND PAPER.

THREE companies of Federal soldiers were indulging some military maneuvers in front of the palace over to my right, as I stepped down out of the recently painted and gilded music stand of the Zocalo, from which they were removing the eucalyptus trees and renovating the flower beds. One company wore the regulation-blue uniform, but the other two were clad in cotton drawers and caps, zarapes and stockingless brogans. The blue clad carried knapsacks and blankets, the white clad had neither. All shouldered their muskets clumsily, as if they were burdens intolerable, and no doubt they were burdens, since the peon's strength centers in his back. The blue clad were volunteers and received  $17\frac{1}{2}$  cents a day, the white clad were convicts and paid  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents. Both grades furnish their own clothing and rations, the government issuing ammunition and arms only. The crack corps of Ruvalcaba receive \$1.25 a day and furnish their own horses, clothing, arms, ammunition, and rations. How such soldiers are induced to fight so gallantly at the command of mere partisanship, or even for a country in which they have so small an interest, is something foreigners can not comprehend!

Four blocks south of the Plaza Mayor is the Mercado de Jesus, and thither I wended my way for a glimpse of the crude materials on which I feasted so cheaply at the Guardiola restaurant. I found it a small square inclosed by high walls and roofless, containing within

these walls every sort of rude booth, as well as the brass-scale-bedecked counters of the butchers. On rough shelves beneath the cotton covered booths, and on soiled mats spread on the dirty pavements, were displayed little piles of the many varieties of fruits for which the country is famous—vegetables, fowls, tortillas, tomatoes, "chalupas," and pulque worms, which my solemn guide said I had come rather early to see. Chickens and turkeys were being plucked, some of them alive and complaining! The quantities displayed were not large. Said my guide, "Mexican housekeepers provide for the day only, Señor! There is scarcely a family in Mexico with a week's supply of any thing stored away in its pantry." Pointing to a criada, fumbling over some coppers, he continued, "She is paying for a courtilla's worth of sugar, or she is buying it for one of the richest families in Mexico."

The adjoining streets receive the overflow of this market, and, in addition to the displays on the mats, there are several native restaurants. Three bricks are set up on end upon the curbing, and on these is laid a hollowed piece of sheet-iron! A fire of charcoal is kindled underneath, and in this pan they cook tortillas, goat's ribs, and blood-pudding! The tortillas are overspread with *chile*, and they, with goat's ribs or blood-pudding, are handed to the patrons who devour the same without the aid of plates, spoons, forks, or knives! Such implements of civilization are of no value to the peon.

The Alameda is now the fashionable park of the city, and they have added largely to its beauty and convenience during the past year. The Zocalo is abandoned at this writing by these whimsical "fashionables"! In the Alameda on Sunday mornings the ladies, accompanied by their children and criadas, promenade beneath the umbrageous shade and along cement walks between the greenest of grass plats and the most fragrant of flower beds. The clothing of the children is sometimes gay, but the señoras and señoritas cling to the dark robes and pretty black lace veils they so coquettishly arrange about their raven tresses. Occasionally one sees a blonde among these shambling brunette beauties—their shoes are as disfiguring as those of the Chinese, though in a different way, and the effect is startling. Gentlemen in the clothing of foreigners, the charro dress is now discarded, promenade and pose, rarely saluting and more rarely joining the ladies. While they promenade one or more military bands discourse the most ravishing of harmonies. President Diaz delights in amusing his fellow-citizens! He understands them.

Every afternoon at five, except during Lent, the fashionable people of the city repair to the Paseo de la Reforma, the ladies in close carriages, the gentlemen on horseback. For an hour they drive these carriages from Charles IV to Guatimoczin and back again, going round and round in a dreary, fashionable way, while the gentlemen make their horses prance in between, and by their flippant manners attract the attention of the concealed señoritas! The charro dress is seen no more on this Paseo, except when some high-strung ranchero arrives from the interior, and struggles to startle the serious people of the capital with the flashiness of his sombrero, the glitter of his silver lace and buttons, the glare of his diamonds, brilliancy of his zarape, and, above all, with the terrors of his pearl handle stiletto and silver-plated pistol. I was assured that the dress worn by one of these vain fellows of an afternoon cost in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars.

This beautiful boulevard deserves especial mention. It begins in a circle at the junction of the streets Rosales and Palen, and extends to Chapultepec, two miles distant. It is two hundred feet wide, smooth and level. Luxuriant shade trees overspread the seats on each side, where pedestrians on Sundays enjoy the pageant. Paseo begins at the massive equestrian statue of Charles IV, of Spain, a statue

with an interesting history, in the base of which a marble slab is inserted, and among the other things is carved thereon the following line:

"MEXICO PRESERVES THIS AS A WORK OF ART."

It was the first bronze cast made in the western world, and is therefore prized while its subject is despised. The succeeding circle is devoted to the statue of Christopher Columbus, by Escandon, with four figures of the early padres sitting on the corners of the plinth. The third circle is being dedicated to Guatimoczin—the monument is by Jimenez—whose statue, carved out of the stone of the country he governed, and in the style peculiar to his people, is now concealed by the scaffolding. It is proposed to set up Cortez on the next pedestal, facing the emperor he conquered, and such an occupancy would meet with universal approval. Who will predict the occupants of the remaining two? Shall I say Diaz for one? Of course Juarez is sure of this honor.

The Portales, which extend along the entire southern side of the Plaza Mayor, attract all visitors. Beneath the wide porches the merchants display their attractive wares after the manner of Parisians, the stores behind being quite shallow, and, as a rule, unattractive. Under these ancient arches many Spanish ladies now actually halt and do their shopping like Americans. Indeed, they do the same thing in the handsomer shops of Calle de Plateros.

The Palace is one of the most interesting buildings in Mexico, because of its dimensions, the curiosities it contains, its history, and the knowledge we have of the schemes of tyranny and bloodshed devised within its walls. Each of its six patios is entered through ponderous outer doors, that might be relied upon to resist the blows of a catapult, and these courts are surrounded by walls of enormous thickness. The building occupies the exact limits of Montezuma's palace, and contains the official apartments of the President and of the Senate, the world-famed Ambassador's hall, the offices of the government, the post-office, museum, and a military barracks. President Diaz has leased a residence near to the western side of the Plaza, and his private dwelling, on Humboldt Street, is now the residence of the American Minister, General Henry R. Jackson. The starry banner of the American legation floats in the soft breezes above the high walls and shady gardens of the private dwelling of the President of the Republic of Mexico.



After a call upon the Premier, Señor Rubio, and an audience with the President, a visit to the Hall of the Ambassadors, and a glance at the well-arranged general post-office, you are close by the entrance of the patio of the Museum. This court is well shaded, and to the left of the entrance you are permitted to enter a small apartment, in which is exhibited the State carriage of the Empire, the gift of Napoleon III to Carlotta, and said to be handsomer than the imperial coach of Russia.

Opposite the street entrance to this patio is the door of the Aztec hall; entering this long, narrow chamber, but recently appropriated to its present uses, I found a few workmen erecting pedestals for the gods, and the sacrificial and calendar stones (removed thither from the Cathedral walls and the patio inclosure), and the gods themselves lying around in the most undignified postures. The idols exhibited at New Orleans were arriving, and lay scattered about the completed pedestal of the "Divinity of Death," or, as Bandalier insists, the Hutzilopotchtli (war god) of Tenochtitlan. A few feet distant, and directly in front of this bloody idol, is placed the sacrificial stone, on which sixty thousand hearts were cut out to his honor.

The extraordinary carvings on top and sides of this stone of sacrifice attract unlimited attention until the bowl in the center recalls its bloody uses. Into it the heart's blood of the victim ran, and thence along the trench to the side where it was often drank by the sinister priests, with their "matted black locks flowing down their backs;" and then, horror of horrors! to remember that the body of the victim was served by his captor in a banquet to friends, with the most delicate of wines and toothsome of viands.

Ascending a flight of stone steps, close to the fountain that throws the spray of its cooling waters amid tropical plants, the museum proper was reached. The first impression was a disagreeable one; it was made by an intentional display of very bad taste by the commissioners in thrusting the painting of "Maximilian and his Generals," into an obscure niche, and denying it even a frame. Entering the first room you see relics of Hidalgo y Costilla, the standard of the conquest, and a noble cast of the face of Juarez. In the second we halted at the long table and the cases containing the one hundred and seventy-six pieces comprising the "silver plate of Maximilian." A pleasant-spoken Mexican standing by said, musically,

"Exqueseete seelvare plate of day empeer, Imperio, señor," in his soft voice; he was an Aztec. Alas! I had read that morning Mendoza's analysis of the so-called silver. He gives it "copper, 59.1; zinc, 30.2; nickel, 9.7; iron, 1.0; = 100. The silver superficially placed upon it is represented by the decimal 0.05." What a sham to bear the arms of the Empire, and the mark of the factory "Cristofle!"

The remaining rooms contain the glassware of Iturbide, Aztec weapons, musical instruments, mirrors, domestic utensils, shield of Montezuma II, portraits of the Viceroy, picture writings of the Aztecs, their pottery, and feather-work, together with the skeletons, minerals, birds, insects, reptiles, fauna and flora of the country. An inspection of the Lorillard collection, denied permission to leave the Republic by Congress, can be obtained on a pass from the governor of the district only.

Chapultepec is reached by carriage over the Paseo, or by street-car from the Plaza Mayor. The sentinel scarcely noticed us while passing through the gateway that pierces the white, tall wall which extends about two hundred feet along the front of the once summer residence of Montezuma. Passing the tall, ragged cypress, said to be one thousand years old, and the diminutive lake, in which a couple of swans were lazily floating, the modest monument, erected by Generals Diaz and Gonzalez to the memory of the cadets who fell in defense of that stronghold of 1847, was reached; it is a model in its way.

Ascending the broad but neglected foot-way to the left—the carriage-way is beyond—I passed the pumps which were lifting the crystal water into the aqueduct that supplies Mexico, and soon found myself in the well-paved court of the castle, awaiting the "corporal of the guard" to escort me from the sentinel, who spoke English quite fluently. Immediately I was presented to a professor who exhibited the arrangements of the military school of the nation, and conducted me through the summer residence of the President, then undergoing extensive repairs. These apartments are in the southern wing of the castle, and the views from the front and side porticoes are positively enchanting.

Horse cars leaving the Plaza Mayor every thirty minutes convey passengers to the shrine of Guadalupe, the Guadalupe-Hidalgo where the treaty with the United States was signed in 1848. It is about four miles directly north

from the Plaza, and by the pious is counted the most sacred spot in Mexico. It was there the Virgin appeared to San Juan Diego, in 1530, and painted her image on his zarape. That favored, sacred zarape went astray, but a massive cathedral was erected at the base, and a pretty chapel on the summit of the mount, to commemorate the myth. This cathedral was truly the richest in the country until revolutions and invasions ruthlessly pillaged it. The diamonds and precious stones that surrounded the image of the Virgin have disappeared, but the solid silver railings remain. There is an elevated Spanish road from Mexico to this shrine, alongside of which are numerous "stations," where the heart-broken penitent, up to this very day, halts upon her knees, bleeding, after miles of walking thereon, to pray and to weep. Only the peons do this; the Spaniards have learned easier methods of winning absolution.

It was a clear, sunny morning when I climbed the rugged footpath that winds between stuccoed brick walls along the bosom of the abrupt hill, and stood among the tombs of marble and tecali ("Mexican onyx"), on which the names and virtues of the dead are given in large silver letters. Among these names "Jesus" and "Jose" occur rather frequently. Close by the entrance, at the corner of the Capilla, is the tomb of Santa Anna. While standing by the plain slab, erected by his young wife, I could not restrain the inquiry, "Does his spirit realize the enormity of the crimes he committed in the interest of the country that failed to erect a monument over his ashes?" Presently I thought of the "Avenues of Illustrious Men," and the monument a loving, grateful people have erected in its Plaza of San Fernando to the patriot who resisted every bribe, Don Vicente Guerrero.

Pondering the mutability of all things human, I strolled out upon the eastern brow where, for a moment, I was dazzled with a vision of loveliness. In front glistened the waters of Texcoco, greatly diminished since Cortez wrote of it as an inland sea. Beyond the lake the ruins of Tezcuco could be seen leaning against the hill-sides, while the smoke of the glass works floated over the yellow walls of the present Texcoco. Southward, the City of Mexico, surmounted by the dark towers of over four-score churches, gave an impression, for the instant, of swans floating on the water. Field-glass in hand, a somewhat careful examination was made of this huge mouth of a long

extinct volcano, and of the lakes and canals lying within the mountain walls that surround it. The eye involuntarily sought the two snow-capped volcanoes away to the southeast, and lingered at the eminence of Estrella, the famous Citlaltepec of the Aztecs, where the cycle festivals were held until their masters came from Spain. Prescott vividly describes the rekindling at the beginning of each cycle of the holy fire upon that mountain.

The thoughtful visitor, standing upon this prominent point of observation, can not resist a growing interest in the drainage of the Eden-suggesting valley spread out before him. The effort to solve that problem began with Henrique Martinez and his tajo of Nochistongo, the famous Desague de Huehuetoco, in 1607. Since the failure of that gallery and open ditch they have built dykes, cut canals, and thrown up mounds, but the problem remains unsolved, and the sewage of Mexico festers beneath the blazing sun upon the stagnant waters of Lake Texcoco. The desague system of Don Francisco de Garay, C. E., has been officially adopted, and, if carried on to completion, Texcoco will be drained and its basin changed within a few years into available fields, vegetable- and flower-gardens. Cristobal, Xaltocan, and Zumpango will be utilized for irrigation, and the sweet waters of Xochimilco and Chalco will, as now, supply the needs of the capital. But what then?

De Garay reports the discovery of an Indian pavement twenty feet below the capitol, and sixteen feet below the actual level of Texcoco. Above this pavement "it was all made ground formed of *débris* of all kinds." Through this *débris* the water has seeped, and a hidden lake lies under the city! Texcoco's basin is rising an inch and a half annually, and if something is not done the city will be buried in mud before five decades roll over its head. The situation is alarming! Some dread the completion of De Garay's canals, lest the water under the city follow Texcoco through the mountain tunnel to Ametlac, and the houses fall in ruins into the depression! The scarcity of funds, and perhaps these fears, have suspended work on the tunnel.

The condition of the finances of the Republic is quite as alarming as the drainage of the valley. A great deal has been published in the United States about the brilliant advance made by Congress toward independence of legislation by its rejection of the Gonzales-Noetzlin project for the adjustment of the English debt,



and which has been disturbing the country for thirty years. In 1884 this debt aggregated in round numbers \$88,000,000. In the early part of that year President Gonzales sent commissioners to London, headed by a prominent banker of Mexico, Señor Noetzlin, to arrange this debt for the thirteenth time with the bondholders. This commission agreed that Mexico would recognize the indebtedness at \$100,000,000, but when the "Noetzlin contract" was laid before Congress sanction was refused, and it was charged and believed that Gonzales and his friends had a personal interest in the \$12,000,000 which was said to be necessary to print, stamp, negotiate, and the "other expenses" of the adjustment. It was broadly asserted that the larger portion of the \$12,000,000 was intended for the President, his cabinet, and confidants.

The discussions in the House of Deputies were not only spirited, but many of the speeches were violent in the extreme. The students and many of the interested public attended these debates, which were frequently prolonged into the night, and they created a sensation in all of the business centers of the Republic. The conduct of the government was fiercely denounced, the assault being opened by that spirited young orator, Salvator Diaz Miron (who, I am told, has an American wife), and seconded by the aged, trembling Guillermo Prieto, who has written a curious book of his travels in the United States, and some readable verses not at all of a patriotic cast.

During the latter days of the discussions a mixed multitude assembled in front of the Chamber of Deputies, and listened excitedly to the cheering within, the military with some difficulty keeping them back. The excitement arose almost to frenzy, and Congress broke up in disorder, the spectators rushing to the streets crying, "Down with Gonzales!" and "Death to the robbers!" The mob broke windows and street-lamps, and even attacked the military, who fired several volleys, killing some and wounding many. Gonzales had his friends withdraw the bill by having its further consideration postponed until after the inauguration of the President-elect, Porfirio Diaz, which would occur in less than two months.

Unfortunately the trouble did not end there. A few nights after the defeat of this bill the populace assembled in the Plaza Mayor to celebrate the victory. They made an attempt to ring the bells of the Cathedral as an expression of their pleasure, and were cruelly fired upon

by the troops, killing one man and wounding several. A great crowd bore the dead body to the residence of the governor of the district to protest against the cruelty of the soldiers. While there President Gonzales, driving by in his carriage on his way home from the palace, was fired upon by men concealed behind the trees of the Alameda. The bullets pierced his carriage, but missed his person. The gallant, one-armed President-General descended from his riddled carriage and defied his would-be assassins to fire upon him again. They fled in dismay, and he went on to his home without further molestation! And so ended that "outbreak of liberty."

The speeches of Miron, Prieto, Viñez, Duret, and others will be remembered as brilliant outbursts of the true spirit of liberty, and no more. The poetic exclamation of Prieto, "The sun of our sovereignty shines for the first time to-day," was mere poetry; the Edict of June 22, 1885, promulgated by President Diaz, contains an arrangement of the debt more obnoxious to the people and unfavorable to Mexico than the Gonzales-Noetzlin scheme. Suppose thirteen States did protest, what of it? Congress adjourned December 15, 1885, without reaching any solution of the matter. Has the liberty which dazzled the populace in 1884 returned to its chains in 1885? *Quien sabe?*

Many people in Mexico and elsewhere were sanguine enough to predict a great advance of civil liberty when Diaz should enter upon his second term as president. Such roseate hopes vanished when he *persecuted* the journalists who protested against his edict of the 22d of June. These editors he cast into prison, and the courts inflicted a fine of three hundred dollars each, and incarceration during eight months. The edict they condemned, not only suspended the payment of interest on the foreign debt, but suspended the subsidies decreed to the American railways. And so it has come to pass that the beloved "Porfirio" of the first term is already changed to "Diaz" in the second!

Grave charges have been preferred against the government of Gonzalez for mismanagement and misappropriation of the national finances. The most reprehensible transaction was the mismanagement of the four million dollars of nickel coin, authorized by Congress in 1882. Those nickels were not sent to all points in the Republic, but confined to the capital and a few of the larger cities. Favorites of the government bought the new coin at

from forty to fifty per cent discount, and a depreciation in its value quickly followed. Then these favored ones resold at a greater discount, and in the autumn of 1883 nickel coin brought twenty-five cents on the dollar only! By November it was refused by every body.

One November morning a mob of peons gathered in the main plaza, howling, "Death to Gonzales!" and "Down with the robbers!" They stoned the police, and broke street-lamps and windows as usual. Gonzales drove through a shower of stones into the densest portion of the mob, and reprimanded the rioters. His coolness, for no braver man lives, overawed them for a moment, and there was silence. So soon as he drove away they stoned his carriage again, until the military dispersed them with a volley of blank cartridges. The rioting in other cities was put down in the same way, by the "resources of the government."

These occurrences should satisfy all reasonable people as to the patriotic methods of the Mexican government. I will not admit that there has been any real advance in five years toward a representative government, neither will I deny it. Of one thing I am convinced, Diaz is the government, and the government is Diaz! Popular elections are "institutions" no American traveler can understand, and I hesitate not to affirm that neither senators nor representatives are free agents. Diaz controls the governors, and the governors select the representatives from their States. Such as do not suit the President are allowed to remain at home, and their seats given to those who do suit him. I write this, not from a desire to say disagreeable things, for I have no such desire, but to give a clear conception of the Mexican manner of governing.

No matter now the means by which General Porfirio Diaz ascended to the chair of the presidency in 1877, he gave Mexico her first four consecutive years of peace since the Republic was proclaimed in 1822, and closed these four years the idol of the people he governed. Important reforms—notably, the American railways—were inaugurated, the treasury was honestly dealt with, and a "reasonably free government" was conducted. It is doubtful if Diaz could have done any more.

It may as well be said right here that such elections as are held in the United States are impossible to Mexico. Necessity forces the government, for the time being at least, to organize itself into a National Returning Board. Many things approved of in Mexico, such as

the appointment of leaders of banditti to positions in the army, and the giving of the seats of representatives from distant States to favorites, or troublesome grumblers at the capital, would create a revolution in the American Republic. Politics are purely personal, and there are no great political parties in the Republic of Mexico. It was Diaz against Juarez and Lerdo, and now Gonzalez against Trevino and Rubio. The matrimonial policy of Diaz won his present prime minister from the ranks of the grumbling Lerdist. Rubio may, therefore, succeed Diaz.

How far President Diaz will go in the ostensible rupture with his friend, ex-President General Gonzalez, none can predict. The quarrel may not be bitter, and its pretensions may serve a purpose. It is rather freely asserted, however, that Gonzalez will not be subjected to the annoyances contemplated by the "legislative notice" Congress served upon him, because of the "irregularities" he indulged in while manipulating the national finances. It will be hard for Diaz to forget Puebla and Gonzalez.

And now arises the interesting inquiry, What will the railways—the *terro-carriles*—do for Mexico? Just now the Republic is half asleep, and *Mañana* is its shibboleth. It is plodding along in the ancient ways; the men plowing with crooked sticks, clad in cotton drawers, sandals, and zarapes, the women grinding the maize by rubbing it between two stones, as was done when the walls of Tenochtitlan were thrown down. The millions of peons sleep in bedless huts, on the cold, damp ground, the zarape of the day being the blanket of the night. These huts are no approach to homes, and life is denied the simplest comforts. Such is the poverty that it is not unusual to hire a coffin to be returned after the dead child is consigned, in its ribbons and rags, to the dust. The expenses of pulque and of religion leave but one fourth of the daily earnings to supply the wants of the family; it is doubtful if they have even that much.

Over three hundred years ago Zumarraggo began the promulgation of Christianity, and though his religion has decorated the Republic with churches and cathedrals, it has denied education to the poor, and leaves in Mexico today five millions who can neither read nor write, and who never had an ancestor that could. It is asserted, though with what accuracy I am unable to affirm, that the total number of real-estate owners in the Republic fall



considerably short of twenty thousand. The population is close on to eight millions, if not more. Spanish gentility forbids manual labor, and the soil is cultivated exclusively by laborers who have no interest in it whatever. This peon service is in some degree voluntary, still the prisons erected within the turreted walls of the haciendas appear to reduce voluntarism to the minimum.

I am only too anxious to believe that the American railways are the forerunners of the redemption of Mexico from the superstitions of the Conquerors, from the gross ignorance that enslaves its laboring classes, from the avarice and short-sightedness which deny these laborers an interest in the soil they cultivate. It may be that Diaz will yet stand forth as the champion of the taxation of real estate—not an acre of land is taxed in Mexico—and, should this reformation be accomplished, the breaking up of the hacienda monopolies is inevitable. It is a dangerous measure to advocate and may incite an insurrection, but it is no more combustible than was the sequestration of the property of the clergy in 1856, and the confiscation of the church estates in 1859. Is not Diaz as brave as was Juarez? Is he not as devoted a patriot? Time will reveal his feeling for the “Mexican barons.”

Along with a reasonable division of the land among the peons would spring up a longing for education, and free schools for the poor would assuredly follow. With the improvement of the physical condition of these peons comforts would be introduced into their homes, proper clothing would be adopted, nourishing food would be provided, the smallpox, their deadliest foe, would be guarded against by inoculation and cleanliness, and the disastrous results of an abundant crop would be avoided by the railways providing markets for its sale. And thus the peon, living like a human being and constantly employed, would forget the meaning of revolution.

I would not be understood as saying that the peons are solely and entirely laborers and bearers of burdens. There are large numbers of skilled artisans who perpetuate the manufactures of their ancestors, as well as fulfill the duties required of modern mechanics. Not only is pottery and feather-work, for which the Aztecs were renowned, kept up to the standard, but carving in tecali, leather-work, and straw-work are cunningly executed. The women excel in straw-work like unto Mosaic, and in embroidery and fine needle-work, as well as in

the making of birds with feathers upon cards. Much skill is also exhibited in the weaving of cotton and woolen cloths, and in the making saddle and chano arrangements.

The increasing volume of travel, northward as well as southward, is having a marked effect upon the customs of the better classes. Now many of the most exalted families allow their ladies to walk on the streets and enter the stores for shopping. Even some have discarded the lace veil and adopted the American hat. It is reported that a few successful attempts have been made at holding social gatherings in private drawing-rooms, but this is not certainly vouched for. The elegant houses of the rich remain fortresses in which are confined their ladies, while the *café* and the opera-box continue to be the media of social intercourse of the people.

Among the peons there are few changes for the better. Occasionally one may be seen driving a cart, and some actually prefer the wheelbarrow to the gunny-bag for removing the earth in a railway excavation. Nothing, so far, has been successful in persuading them to use American agricultural implements, and hacendados who invested in these labor-saving machines have been mortified by the discovery that some unseen influence had reduced these appliances to splinters and scrap-iron!

The railways have initiated a reformation that will break up the hacienda monopolies; that will secure a liberal distribution of the land among its cultivators; that will create a necessity for plows, mowers, reapers, and threshers, thereby supplanting the pulling up of straw or the chopping of it by hoes, and relegating threshing-floors and washing-baskets to the misty past. They will stimulate a desire for education, will encourage the peon to save his earnings, and secure him a home, a bed, and the clothing of civilization. They will open the houses and the hearts of the people to each other, and will ridicule into oblivion the unnatural custom of courting the wives of the nation on its public highways! They will fill the shops with merchandise so attractive that the most exclusive of the *gente honrada* will make purchases at their counters in preference to having the goods brought to their boudoirs, or even to their carriages halted at the curbs. They will conquer the present unreasonable dislike for the “gringo,” will foster a representative government, and, in the end, make of Mexico one of the most attractive countries on the face of the globe.

The government of President Diaz is a remarkable combination of discordant elements. Those who have carefully noted the events of the past quarter of a century will realize the force of this remark while reading the names of his cabinet:

*President*, General Porfirio Diaz.

*Secretary of Interior*, Manuel Romero Rubio.

*Secretary of Treasury*, Manuel Dublan.

*Secretary Foreign Affairs*, Ignacio Mariscal.

*Secretary of War*, General Pedro Hinojosa.

*Secretary of Public Works*, General Carlos Pacheco.

*Secretary of Justice and Instruction*, Joaquin Baranda.

Gentlemen once bitterest of foes, opponents on the field of battle, sit side by side under the wing of the powerful Porfirio, and plan and plot together for the Republic.

The government of President Diaz manifests a strong disposition to encourage in all possible ways the friendliest relations with the Republic of the North. This was clearly demonstrated in their generous participation in the Exposition of New Orleans. The liberal expenditures made for the benefit of that World's Fair was but continuing the policy inaugurated by Diaz. I admit it is easy to discover in certain classes a jealousy of American aggression, and I suspect that jealousy encouraged General Diaz to suspend the payment of the railway subsidies last June, nevertheless, the effort now being made to establish a Commercial Museum in the City of Mexico for the display of foreign products and manufactures gives assurance of the President's liberality. A commissioner has been sent to the United States to further the interests of that museum, and in a letter from that gentleman now before me, I read, "The success of the projected exhibition is expected to contribute largely to the development of trade between the United States and Mexico."

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss annexation, though it may be proper to do so at a subsequent writing. There are fears, expressed somewhat bitterly, of such a possibility, and yet there is no party in Mexico advocating annexation. I strongly suspect, however, that quite a large faction favors it. Many are outspoken in their "patriotic opposition," and charge that our people desire to annex them with dollars rather than with bayonets. These bitterly oppose the American railway concessions. Quite a large faction cling to the policy of Juarez and Lerdo, which forbade concession to Americans that was not balanced by an equal concession to Europeans.

I will not venture to predict what may come of the temporary withdrawal of railway subsidies. Should disturbances result from the operation of the famous Edict of the 22d of June, the United States Government may be forced to protect the property and investments of its citizens. In such an event the church party might instruct the peons to consent to annexation. Religious orders, monastic schools, monasteries, and convents are no longer possible in Mexico; hence the church might prefer our country, Protestant though it is supposed to be.

The ruling or governing classes in Mexico are naturally kind, polite, generous, and intelligent. I found in the offices of government, in the halls of Congress, in the *cafés* and parks, on the streets and in the patios of the hotels, gentlemen of the highest culture, scholars, jurists, physicians, soldiers, and statesmen who are not excelled and rarely equaled by those of like stations in any country. Their manners, which seem a part of their Latin blood, sometimes lay them liable to be misunderstood by bluff, practical, brusque Anglo-Saxon travelers, nevertheless they remain the gentlest, politest, most dignified people some of those travelers have met either in Europe or America.

G. C. Connor.



## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

By an inadvertence injustice was done in our last issue to the very competent officer who has charge of the compilation of the War Records. The following letter from General Marcus J. Wright explains and corrects it:

In the notice of the forthcoming life of General R. E. Lee, which appeared in the October number of the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*, a grave error occurs, which gives me improper credit at the expense of another. The entire charge of the compilation of the War Records has been confided to Colonel R. N. Scott, Third United States Artillery, whose very satisfactory discharge of this important duty has proven the wisdom of his selection. My duties are confined to the collection of Confederate records under his direction.

Very truly yours,

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

WASHINGTON, September 27, 1886.

### Story of Don Miff.

The Story of *Don Miff*, a Symphony of Life, is the quaint and aught but attractive title of a novel recently published by the Lippincott Company, and edited, we are told, but written we must suppose, by Mr. Virginius Dabney.

The book is not without faults, the most serious of which are a certain levity, carried too far to pass muster for humor, and approaching very nearly the confines of folly, and some affectations which are indefensible and intolerable. We need not indicate them, as whoever will read the book can not fail to recognize them.

But for all that, and notwithstanding its repellant title, it is well worth reading. It is a story of Virginia—of the war and the period immediately preceding it—and much of it is remarkably well told. *Don Miff* is a childish misnomer. The name of the hero, John Smith, thus travestied, preludes much that is equally insipid; but there are chapters in the diffuse narrative of such interest, and frequent passages so really eloquent and dramatic, that we commend the book to our readers with the full confidence that they will find it repay perusal. They will discover, at any rate, that they can skip a very large part of it without the slightest prejudice to the rest, a very great, if not very rare merit in a modern novel.

Mr. Dabney's style is a peculiar one; at times wearisome and even irritating, like the ill-timed badinage of a professional and inveterate joke-monger, and again incisive, sympathetic, delightful. His treatment of his story is as unequal as its episodes. There is something in both his tone and diction which inclines one to suspect that the "Sentimental journey" and "Tristram Shandy" may have been among his favorite books, and that he is an unconscious imitator of Sterne.

The male characters are all extremely gentlemanly and high-toned Virginians. They walk on stilts a good deal, it is true, for your Virginian can do that and yet not lose his balance, but be quite natural and jolly. They are all good fellows, whom the reader will be glad to know intimately. The female characters are nice young ladies, and thoroughly amiable, but we know them only by their names.

We give the following extracts as illustrative of the author's descriptive power, and his capacity to portray passionate, energetic emotion. The second passage quoted is, perhaps, not an exaggerated representation of a certain type of Puritanism which flourished in the Old Dominion:

Old Jim's ramshackle house stood in the zone which lay between the Northern and Southern armies during the winter following the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run. He was not young enough to shoulder his musket, having been born in the year 1800. Besides, rheumatism had laid its heavy hand upon his left knee. As scouting parties of the enemy frequently came uncomfortably near old Jim's little farm, he, dreading capture, spent most of his time in the dense woods which surrounded his house, creeping back at nightfall beneath its friendly roof. True, the roof leaked here and there, but it was all he had, and he loved it.

One day the enemy pushed forward their picket-line as far as his house, and established a station there. It was late in the afternoon when they came, and old Jim, who had already returned for the night, had barely time, on hearing the clatter of hoofs at his very door, to rush out by the back way and tumble into the dense jungle of a ravine which skirted his little garden. Very naturally, to a Bedouin like old Bush, the idea of being immured in a noisome dungeon, as had happened to some of his less wily neighbors, was full of horrors; and, crawling into the densest part of the thicket, he crouched there pale and hardly breathing, lest the men whose voices he heard so clearly should hear him.

Heard Joe—for, while Jim suffered from Diogenes in many other ways, he was like him in this, that he owned a solitary slave—old Joe they had caught. No doubt the sizzling (the dictionary-man will please put the word in his next edition)—the sizzling of the bacon in his frying-pan dulled his hearing; and so his knees smote together when, raising his eyes to the darkened door, he saw a Federal soldier standing upon the threshold.

"Sarvant, mahster!" stammered he through his chattering teeth.

In order to explain his terror to readers of the present day, I must beg them to recall the fact that Lincoln had issued a proclamation that the North had no intention or wish to overthrow slavery in the South. "We come to save the Union—dash the niggers!" was the angry and universal reply of the Federal soldiers when our women jeered them on their supposed mission. Hence the phrase "wicked and causeless rebellion," without which no loyal editor could get on with the least comfort in those early days of the war. Just as a poetess, nowadays, rends her ringlets till she finds a way of working "gloaming" into her little sonnet.

The abolitionists—to praise them is the toughest task my conscience ever put upon me—though they brought on the war, were not war men. They honestly abhorred slavery, and had the courage of their convictions. They would let the "erring sisters depart in peace" so as to rid the Union of the blot of African servitude, and deserve such honor as is due to earnest men. Later on they changed their position; but middle-aged men will remember what their views were at the opening of the struggle.

Not recognizing, therefore, a friend in the "Yankee" who stood in his door-way, the glitter of his bayonet was disagreeable to old Joe's eyes, and the point of it looked so sharp that it made his ribs ache; and his knees trembled beneath him. For old Joe was not by nature bloodthirsty, nor longed for gore, least of all the intimate and personal gore of Joseph Meekins.

"Sarvant, mahster!"

Perhaps old Jim's naturally serene temper was ruffled, at the moment, by the fact that the fangs of a blackberry-bush, under which he had forced his head, had fastened themselves upon his right ear. At any rate, I am afraid he muttered, *sotto voce*, an oath at hearing his old slave and friend call a Yankee master.

"Sarvant, mahster!"

Old Joe's form was bent low, his teeth chattered,

his eyes rolled in terror like those of a bullock dragged up to the slaughter-post and the knife.

The sight of a man's face distorted with abject fear has always filled me with deep compassion; but I believe it arouses in the average man (which I am far from claiming to be) a feeling of pitiless scorn.

"Savrant, mahster!" chattered old Joe, writhing himself behind the kitchen table. The soldier was an average man.

"Where is your master, you d—d old baboon?" said he, entering the kitchen.

"My mahster, yes, mahster, my mahster, he—for de love o' Gaud, young gent'mun, don't pint her dis way, she mought be loaded. Take a cheer, young mahster; jess set up to de table" (over which he gave a rapid pass with his sleeve) "an' lemme gi' you some o' dat nice bacon I was jess a-fryin' for my mahster's supper."

At these words old Jim's teeth began to chatter so that he forgot the belligerent brier.

The soldier, hungry from his march, fell to, nothing loathe, but had scarcely eaten three mouthfuls before several of his comrades appeared, all of whom fell foul of poor Jim's supper with military ardor, if without military precision.

"Where's the old F. F. V.?" asked a new-comer, through a mouthful of hoe-cake.

"Yes, where is your master?" put in the first man. "You did n't tell me. Out with it."

Joe had had time to repent of his ill-advised admission in regard to the supper.

"You ax me whar Mr. Bush is? Oh, he's in Culpeper Court-House. Leastways, he leff b'fo' light dis mornin' boun' dar."

The audacious lack of adjustment between this statement and the facts of the case amazed, almost amused, old Jim. Breathing a little freer, he ventured softly to shake his ear loose from the brier; for he could not reach it with his hand.

"Why, you lying old ape, did n't you tell me that this was his supper?"

"Cert'n'y, young gent'mun; cert'n'y I say dat, in course."

"And your master at Culpeper?"

"Yes, young mahster. Dis is de way 'tis. You 'pear like a stranger in dese parts, beggin' your pardon, an' maybe you mout n' understand how de folks 'bout here is. S'posin' some o' de neighbors had a' step in, and dar warn't nothin' for 'em to eat, and mahster hear 'bout it when he come back, how I turn a gent'mun hongry 'way fum de do'. How 'bout dat, you reckon? Umgh-umgh! You don't know my mahster! Did n't I try it once! Lord 'a' mussy!"

"How was it?"

"You ax me how was it! Go 'long, chile!" (No musket had gone off yet, and Joe began to feel rather more comfortable.) "Go 'long! My mahster was off fox-huntin' wid some o' de bloods—some o' de bloods—an' when he come back an' find out I had n't cook no supper jess 'case he was away, an' I done turn a gent'mun off widout he supper, mahster he gimme, eff you b'lieve Joe, he gimme 'bout de keereest breshin' Joe ever tase in he born days." And, throwing back his head, he gave a laugh such as these soldiers had never heard in their lives.

And none of us shall ever hear again.

As for old Jim, who had never laid the weight of his finger on the romancer whose imagination was now playing like a fountain, tears of affectionate gratitude came into his eyes.

An instant later, and all kindly feeling was curdled in his simple heart.

Hearing a bustle, he peeped through the briers and saw the officer in command of the party coming toward the kitchen, bearing in his hand the Virginia flag. He had discovered it in old Jim's bedroom, where he had tacked it upon the bare wall, so that it was the last thing he saw at night, and the first his opening eyes beheld. It was an insult to the Union soldiers, he had heard the officer say, to flaunt the old rag in their faces. It was what no patriot could stand. He would teach the dashed rebels a lesson. "Set fire to this house," he ordered. "The old rattletrap would fall down anyway the first high wind that came along," he added, with a laugh.

That laugh had a keener sting for old Jim than the order to burn down the house which had sheltered him for sixty years. The bitterest thing about poverty, says Juvenal, is that it makes men ridiculous.

Late in the night, when the smoking ruins of his house no longer gave any light, Jim crawled stealthily down the ravine. Could the sentry, as he marched back and forth on his beat, have seen the look that

the old man, turning, fixed upon him every now and then as he made his way through the jungle, he would have felt less comfortable. As for Jim, half dead with cold, he reached the fires of the Confederate pickets at day-break. On his way he had stopped at a certain old oak, and, thrusting down his arm into its hollow trunk, drew forth his rifle.

"Bushy-tails," said he, with grave passion, waving his hand in the direction of the tree-tops above him, "You need n't mind old Jim any longer. Lead is skeerce these times. You may skip 'round and chatter all you want to. Your smellers is safe. And gobbles, you may gobble and strut in peace now. You need n't say put! put! when you see me creepin' 'round. I won't be a-lookin' for you. You 'll have to excuse the old man. Bullets is skeerce these days, let alone powder. So, good-by my honeys. And if you will forgive me the harm I have done you, old Jim won't trouble you any more."

And so, with his rifle across his lap, he sat upon a log and warmed his benumbed limbs, and, looking into friendly faces, warmed his heart, too.

"I say, old man," said a young soldier, chaffing him, "what do you call that thing lying in your lap? Can it shoot?"

"I call her Old Betsey," said he. "You may laugh at her, but if you hold her right and steady she hurts. There ain't any thing funny about Old Betsey's business end, I promise you." And he tapped the muzzle of his rifle with a grim smile.

Late in the afternoon of the next day (it took him all this day to get thawed) old Jim bade the jolly boys at the picket station good-day. He was going scouting, he said.

"Leave the old pop-gun behind," cried one.

"No, take it along," put in another; "perhaps you may knock over a molly-cotton-tail. Fetch her in, and we will help you cook her."

Just before sundown the old man reached the summit of a densely wooded little hill, about three hundred yards from where his house had lately stood. Stopping in front of a tall hickory, he raised his eyes and surveyed the tree from bottom to top.

"I went up it once, after nuts," said he, speaking aloud; "but that was many a year ago—let me see—yes, forty-five years. Well, I must try—ah, I see—I can make it." And, leaning Old Betsey against the huge trunk, he tackled a young white oak.

Old Jim was tough and wiry, and found no great difficulty in climbing this to a point about thirty feet from the ground, where a large branch of the hickory came within a foot of the white oak. This he cooned till he reached the trunk. [I have not time to define cooning. Suffice it to say that, like heat, it is a mode of motion.] Toiling up this till he reached a fork about eighty feet from the ground, he, with a sharp effort, adjusted his own bifurcation to that of the tree, and immediately, without taking time to collect his breath, leaned forward and fixed his eyes intently upon the little open space in front of the ruins of his house. He gazed, motionless, for a little while, then nodded his head—"Ah, there he comes." He sat there for half an hour watching the sentry come into view and again pass out of sight, as he marched to and fro. "Well, old man," said he, at last, "I reckon you know about all you want to know." And twisting his stiff leg out of the fork, with a vry face, he descended the hickory and took his seat upon a fallen trunk that lay near, throwing Old Betsey across his lap. It was growing dark, and every now and then he raised his rifle to his cheek and took aim at various trees around him. Took aim again and again, lowering and raising his rifle, with contracted brows, "I am afraid my eyes are growing dim," he muttered; "but the moon will rise at a quarter to ten, and then it will be all right, won't it, Old Bet? Don't you remember that big gobbler we tumbled out of the beech tree, one moonlight night—let me see—nineteen years ago coming next Christmas Eve? And you ain't going to go back on me to-night, are you? Oh, I know you will stand by me this one time, if my eyes are just a little old and dim. I know you will help me out, as you have done many a time before, when I did n't point you just right, but you knew where I wanted the bullet to go. Do you know what's happened, old gal? Do you know that the little corner behind the bed, where you have stood for fifty years is all ashes now, and the bed, too? Do you hear me, Betsey? And as the Holy Scripture says, the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes, but you and I have not where to lay our heads."



The old man bowed his head over his rifle; and the fading twilight revealed the cold, steady gleam of its polished barrel, spotted with the quivering shimmer of hot tears.

A soldier marched to and fro in the darkness. It oppressed him, and he longed for the moon to rise. Does the wisest among us know what to pray for?

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! He pauses at one end of his beat and looks down upon his comrades sleeping, wrapped in their blankets, with their feet to the fire. When his hour is up, he too will sleep. Yes, and it is up, now, poor fellow, and your sleep will know no waking!

Yet it was not you who burned the nest of the poor old man. Nor even your regiment. Nor had you helped to hound the South to revolution by threats and contumely. 'Twas John Brown dissolved the Union. You hated him and his work, for you loved your whole country—you and your father, who bade you good-by, the other day, with averted face. And now you must die that that work may be undone; you and a half million more of your people.

The South salutes your memory!

Ah, the moon is rising now. Ribbons of light stealing through the trees lie across his path, and yonder, at the farther end of it, the Queen of Night pours a flood of soft effulgence through a rift in the wood. The young soldier stood in the midst of it, bathed in a glorious plenitude of peaceful light. Such perfect stillness! Can this be war? thought he. He could hear the ticking of his watch upon his heart. But the click! click! beneath that dark old oak—that he did not hear. And that barrel that glitters grimly even in the shadow—he sees it not. The tear-stains are upon it still; but the tears are dried and gone.

Click! click!

The muzzle rises slowly; butt and shoulder meet. A head bends low; a left eye closes; the right, brown as a hawk's and as fierce, glares from beneath corrugated brow along a barrel that rests as though in a grip of steel. The keen report of a sporting rifle—not loud, but crisp and clear—rings through the silent wood, and there is a heavy fall and a groan.

A moment later, the carriage turned a corner of the little wood, and Mrs. Poythress saw her boy, seated upon a log, playing away, while in front of him a negro lad, of about his age, was dancing for dear life. A gang of happy urchins stood around them with open mouths. Mr. Poythress was striding down upon the party unperceived.

The off horse, annoyed by the dust, gave a snort.

One glance was enough for the audience; and, panic-stricken, they were off in an instant, like a covey of partridges.

The musician and the dancer had not heard the horse, and followed for an instant with puzzled looks the backs of the fugitive sinners.

When Theodoric saw his father bearing rapidly down upon him, he rose from his rustic seat and stood, with downcast look and pale face, awaiting his approach. The dancer turned to run.

"Stop, sir!"

The father stood towering above the son, shaking from head to foot.

"Give me that flute, sir!" And seizing it, he broke it into a dozen pieces against the log.

The boy stood perfectly still, with his arms hanging by his side and his head bowed.

"You are silent! I am glad that you have some sense of shame, at any rate! To think that a son of mine should do such a thing! When I am done with you, you will know better for the future, I promise you." And cutting a branch from a neighboring tree, he began to trim it. "And not content with desecrating the day yourself, you must needs teach my servants to do so. How often have I not told you that we were responsible for their souls?"

"Lor', mahrster," chattered the terrified dancer, "Marse The, he did n't ax me to dance, 'fo' Gaud he did n't. I was jess a-passin' by, an' I hear de music, and somehowther de debil he jump into my heel. 'Twan't Marse The, 'twas me; leas'twise de old debil he would't lemme hold my foot on de groun', and so I jess sort o' give one or two backsteps, an' cut two or three little pigeon-wings, jess as I was a-passin' by like."

"Very well, I shan't pass you by."

"Yes, mahrster, but I did n't fling down de steps keen, like 'twas Sad'day night, 'deed I did n't, mahrster; and I was jess a-sayin' how Marse The did n't ax me; de old debil, he—"

"Shut up, sir!"

"Yes, mahrster!"

Theodoric gave a quick, grateful glance at his brother sinner.

Although he was without coat or vest—for the day was warm—he did not wince when the blows fell heavy and fast upon his shoulders. At last his father desisted, and turned to the negro lad.

Mr. Poythress had never, in the memory of this boy, punished one of his servants; but seeing that this precedent was in a fair way of being reversed in his case, he began to plead for mercy with all the volubility of untutored eloquence. Meantime, he found extreme difficulty in removing his coat; for his heart was not in the work; and before he got off the second sleeve he had pledged himself "nebber to do so no mo'" in a dozen keys.

Theodoric stepped between his father and the culprit.

"I take all the blame on myself. If there is to be any more flogging, give it to me."

His father pushed him violently aside, and aimed a stroke at the young negro; but Theodoric sprang in front of him and received the descending rod upon his shoulders.

Was this magnanimity? or was it not rebellion, rather?

"Do you presume to dictate to me?"

"I do not. I simply protest against an injustice."

These were not the words of a boy, nor was the look a boy's look; but his father, blinded by the *odium theologium*, could not see that a man's spirit shone in those dark, kindling eyes.

"How dare you!" said the father, seizing him by the arm.

The boy held his ground.

This resistance maddened Mr. Poythress, and the rod came down with a sounding whack. It was one blow too many!

Instantly the boy tossed back his head, and, folding his arms, met his father's angry look with one of calm ferocity—the look of an Indian at the stake, defying his enemies.

The blows came thick and heavy. Not a muscle moved; while the lad who stood behind him writhed with an agony that was half fear, half sympathy. At last he could endure it no longer. Coming forward, he laid his hand, timidly, on his master's arm.

"He nuyver ax me to dance, mahrster, 'deed he nuyver! For de love o' Gaud let Marse The, 'lone, an' gimme my shear! My back tougher'n his'n, heap tougher!"

His master pushed his aside, but the lad came forward again, this time grasping the terrible right arm.

"Have mussy, mahrster, have mussy! Stop jess one minute and look at Marse The's back—he shert soakin' wid blood!"

At these words Mr. Poythress came to himself. "Take your coat and vest and follow me to the house, sir," said he.

They found Mrs. Poythress pacing nervously up and down the front porch.

"He will not play any more jigs on Sunday, that I promise you. Go to your room, sir, and do not leave it again to-day."

The mother, divining what had happened, said nothing, but her eyes filled with tears. The boy turned his face aside, and his lips twitched as he passed her on his way into the house. Just as he entered the door, she gave a cry of horror and sprang forward; and though the boy struggled hard to free himself, she dragged him back upon the porch.

"What is this, Mr. Poythress? What do you mean, sir?" she almost shrieked.

Every family must have a head, and Mr. Poythress was the head of his. Few women could have stood up long against his firm will and his clear-cut, vigorous convictions. At any rate, acquiescence in whatever he thought and did had become a second nature with his gentle wife, who had come to look upon him as a model of wisdom, virtue, and piety. She had even reached the point, by degrees, of heartily accepting his various isms; and though she sometimes winced under the austere Puritanism that marked the restrictions he imposed upon their boy, she never doubted that it was all for the best. Very well, she would end by saying, I suppose you are right. There were no disputes—hardly any discussions under the Oakhurst roof.

Imagine, therefore, the scene when this soft-eyed woman, dragging her son up to his father, pointed to his bloody back with quivering finger and a face on fire with eloquent indignation!

"Were you mad? What fiend possessed you? And such a son! Merciful Father," she cried, with clasped hands, "what have I done that I should see such a sight as this! Come," said she, and taking her son's arm, she hurried him to his room, leaving Mr. Poythress speechless and stunned; as well by shame as by the suddenness of her passionate invective.

There she cut the shirt from his back, and, after washing away the blood, helped him to dress. "Now lie down," said she.

He did as he was bidden, obeying her, mechanically, in all things. But he spoke not a single word.

She left the room and came back an hour afterward. His position was not changed in the least. Even his eyes were still staring straight in front of him, just as when she left the room. She said, afterward, that there was no anger in his look, but dead despair only. When she asked if he would come down to dinner, there was a change. He gave her one searching glance of amazement, then fixed his eyes on the wall again. At supper-time he came down stairs, but passed by the dining-room door without stopping. His mother called to him, but he did not seem to hear. He returned in half an hour, and went to his room. He had gone, as she afterward learned, to the cabin of the negro lad, and called him out. "You stood by me to-day," said he. "I have come to thank you. I shan't forget it, that's all." And he wrung his hand and returned to the house. At eleven his mother found him lying on his bed, dressed. "Get up, my darling, and undress yourself and go to bed."

He rose, and she threw her arms around him. Presently, releasing himself gently from her embrace, he placed his hands upon her shoulders, and, holding her at arm's length, gave her one long look of unapproachable tenderness; then suddenly clasping her in his arms, and covering her face with devouring kisses, he released her.

"Good-night, my precious boy!"

He made no reply; and she had hardly begun to descend the stairs before she heard the key turn in the lock.

The poor mother could not sleep. At three o'clock she had not closed her eyes. She rose and stole upstairs. His door stood open. She ran, breathless, into the room.

A flood of moonlight lay upon his bed. The bed was empty. Her boy was gone!

### Kentucky Physicians.

No class of her citizens has won greater honor for the State than have the physicians of Kentucky. At a recent meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society, Dr. David W. Yandell, of Louisville, responded to the toast, "The Illustrious Dead of the Society." Dr. Yandell, in a few brief and eloquent sentences, paid his tribute to those brothers who had fallen in the past sixteen years, and his address is here reproduced as a model of its kind, and because, in a few words, it depicts the character of those whom Kentucky delights to honor. He said:

"I was asked in 1869, at Lexington, to speak to the same sentiment that the toast-master has given me here. The subject, sad in itself, brings up to me the mournfullest events of my life. For, in the seventeen years that have elapsed since I spoke in Lexington, more than one third of the Fellows whose names adorned the roster of the Society at that time live no longer here, but dwell now 'where the silence lives.' Among the founders of the Society, who might have answered '*Adsum!*' on that occasion, not one can speak it now. The list is, indeed, a long one, and includes most of those who gave the Society its title to usefulness and created its renown.

"Permit me to recall some of these. I shall be very brief.

"U. E. Ewing, large of frame and of head, independent, unflinching, considerate.

"W. C. Snead, zealous, clean of thought and of word.

"Hugh Rodman, a power for good in works and example.

"J. M. Bush, so deft of hand, so clear of head, so pure of heart.

"George M. Bayless, sturdy, sound, fearless.

"Henry M. Bullitt, strong, determined, unswerving in his duty as he saw it.

"Henry Miller, original, wise in counsel, excelling as a teacher, writer, and practitioner.

"Lewis Rogers, who lived a brave, a blameless life from beginning to close, whose religious creed was so brief and so simple: 'Fear God and do your duty to the sick.'

"L. P. Yandell, 'Manly, gentlemanly, upright, true to old friends and faiths,' tolerant, dauntless, 'he spake no slander—no, nor listened to it.'

"John L. Cook, brimful of heroism, he quit his home and rode down into the pestilence at Hickman to die a martyr to his zeal.

"James Lowry, abounding in generous impulses and kindly sympathy.

"John D. Jackson, thoughtful, serious, solid, who steadily forged his way to the front.

"Alexander Forsyth, gifted, erratic, sincere.

"Nicholas Hobbs, the valued citizen, the ideal country doctor.

"R. O. Cowling, the genial, who irradiated all that he touched with a humor whose light was a very joy; with a wit whose brilliancy nothing could quench, yet whose shafts bore no sting.

"E. D. Forée, who never wearied in his efforts to assuage pain or beat back disease, whose sympathy with the sick was so genuine and so sweet.

"W. S. Chiple, who ministered with unsurpassed skill to the 'mind diseased.'

"J. W. Singleton, of tropical fancy, who gave himself untringly to his calling.

"L. P. Yandell, jr., who wore in his heart the motto of the Douglas—Tender and True—knightly, beautiful man!

"Stranger, if to thee  
His claim to reverence be obscure,  
If thou would'st know how truly great was he,  
Go ask it of the poor."

"Samuel D. Gross, whose works, read in many tongues, shed renown on our common country.

"Joseph W. Thompson, direct, painstaking, conscientious, the surgeon of 'The Purchase.'

"James K. Knapp, modest, unassuming, retiring, rich in all the resources of the art.

"T. S. Bell, pure of mind as a woman, simple of heart as a child, learned beyond all his fellows.

"R. Dunlap, skilled, self-reliant, capable.

"A. R. McKee, frank, incisive, quick-minded.

"These, Mr. Chairman, are but a few, and the more noted of those whom we may join, but who can not again join us. Others whom I have not been able to name played each, in his own manly way, the part allotted him, and in dying left a large void in the community for whose good he wrought.

"Mr. Chairman, seventeen years in the life of such a Society as this is not much—but it covers more than a third of the working life of each of its members. And when, at the end of another seventeen years, another occasion similar to this shall have arrived, and the toast-master shall call again on some Fellow of the Society to rise to the sentiment to which I have now twice spoken, I then, in common with all those worthies whose memories I have so inadequately, but so reverently, referred to, will wish this gentle wish:

"And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you.  
Nay, even as one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there were something wanting."



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN the December number of the *BIVOUAC* will begin the publication of the papers relating to the Northwestern Conspiracy, which came near effecting most important and sensational political and military results, for, if it had succeeded, civil war would have broken out in the North, and the theater of armed operations would have been transferred to territory north of the Ohio. Little was definitely known of this matter, even at the date when it aroused the strongest excitement and induced the most searching investigation by the United States Government; and with the lapse of time it has passed out of the minds of all save those whose memories are unusually retentive of every feature of the great contest.

The true character and purposes of the conspiracy have never been understood outside of the ranks of the initiated save by very few; and yet it is a matter of astonishment that it was kept so closely veiled, inasmuch as a vast number of men were engaged in it, and necessarily informed, to a greater or less extent, of its objects. Necessarily the danger attendant upon such a course of action compelled an unusual degree of secrecy and prudence. Every one in any manner connected with it took his life in his hand. The Confederate emissaries who planned it, and were most active in enlisting its numerous agents and abettors, would have been shot as spies upon conviction, and the citizens of Northern States who became their allies were liable to trial and execution for treason. How generally and unsparingly such punishment would have been inflicted, had sufficient proof to sustain it been forthcoming, all who remember the temper of the times will realize; how relentlessly such doom was executed in some instances, wherein cases against the accused seemed made out, the friends of the sufferers can never forget.

It required no ordinary degree of audacity to conceive such a scheme, and an amount of cool, unflinching nerve to patiently and systematically persist, under all the manifold dangers and difficulties surrounding it, in working it up, which is now well-nigh incredible. But the kind of men who could plan and conduct it are the very men to keep a secret themselves, and to teach and coerce silence and discretion to others; and wide as were the ramifications of this perilous business, and tremendous as were the consequences involved in its issue, although its existence was discovered, its real policy, its formidable dimensions, and how nearly it reached the accomplishment of its aims, were never known. In the very heat and strain of war the people of the North were startled by learning that while their armies were waging battle in the distant region of rebellion, revolt and danger were at their very doors, and strife might at any hour break out in Northern communities direr than that which had desolated Virginia and Tennessee.

The mystery which shrouded the plans and movements of the conspirators was not penetrated by all the efforts of the government. The detectives were enabled to identify some of the most daring and indefatigable of the leaders, and prove just enough to excite suspicion and apprehension of the most dangerous intentions. A few of the suspected parties

were arrested, the majority escaped. The plot was thwarted but never exposed.

For manifest reasons those who have possessed full information of all that was designed, and all that transpired, have been reticent until now. A disclosure of the names of those who, citizens of Northern and loyal States, were connected with such a scheme would have been at any time for many years imprudent, and to many men disastrous. Even when the period during which they might have apprehended legal prosecution had elapsed, such exposure would have brought political proscription and social ostracism in many instances on the parties involved.

It is believed that the time has now come when the whole story may be told without risk or annoyance to any one; and when even an explanation of the motives which influenced the Northern men engaged in the movement will be listened to calmly and given impartial judgment.

The data out of which the narrative is principally compiled are derived from the papers of the Hon. Jacob Thompson, and those of the commission appointed by the Confederate Government, of which he was president, and which held its sessions in Canada, supplemented by official and personal documents obtained from various sources, but principally from ex-Chief-Justice Hines and Major J. B. Castleman, of Kentucky, who were the leading spirits of the conspiracy among the Confederates who took part in it.

The original purpose of the conspirators was simply the release of the Confederate prisoners of war confined in some of the larger Northern prisons. Finding that this effort met with hearty support among Southern sympathizers in Chicago, Cincinnati, and other large western cities, and ascertaining, besides, that there existed in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, a political organization known as "The Sons of Liberty," which was strong in numbers, determined in its sentiment against a continued prosecution of the war, anxious for conciliation and peace, and deeply embittered against the administration, these Confederate agents sent from Canada to aid prison-escape, conceived the idea of utilizing this political discontent and reactionary sentiment. They first proposed to enlist it in effecting the release of the prisoners. Soon their hopes took a bolder flight, and they essayed, and with success, to induce "The Sons of Liberty" to consent to action which, if taken, would make the further prosecution of the war upon the South impossible, by preventing all aid and support to the armies in the field, and paralyzing the power of the government at home.

How far this idea was carried out, at least in organization, will be told in the forthcoming series of articles. The connection which Mr. Vallandigham—then returned from exile—and other prominent politicians in the three States mentioned had with this enterprise will be frankly disclosed. Very many incidents of a deeper than mere sensational interest will be treated and explained; among others the secret history of the celebrated Bowles and Milligan cases. To many readers, perhaps, the personal adventures of Hines, Castleman, Grenfell, and their comrades will furnish not the least attractive chapter of this strange and romantic episode of the Civil War.

**JOHN ESTEN COOKE** died at his home in Virginia on the 27th of September. This eminent man of letters was born in Winchester, Virginia, in 1830. His father was a prominent lawyer, a man of wealth, and much given to hospitality; a typical Virginia gentleman of the old school.

John Esten Cooke was admitted to the bar when only twenty-one years of age, but he soon followed his literary impulses, and abandoned the profession in which his father had distinguished himself. His early romances described the life in Virginia in the days prior to the Revolution, a period of romance, chivalry, and adventure.

Mr. Cooke's novels were full of life and action rather than of character analysis and introspection, and his books were widely read North and South. When the war came Mr. Cooke had won a recognized position as a writer of imagination and force.

He served first with Stonewall Jackson and then with Stuart. When the struggle closed he returned to his old pursuit, and in 1866 published what was, and is to-day, perhaps, his most popular work, "Survey of Eagle's Nest." It is a story of the war, full of

moving incidents and vivid description. Its success was immediate, and he followed it with "Mohun," "Hilt to Hilt," "Hammer and Anvil," and other stories and sketches of a similar character.

Mr. Cooke has been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and he has written a number of popular stories relating to current matters. The readers of this magazine have had, recently, admirable examples of his poetic qualities in "The Scout—1864," in the July issue, and "How We Rode From Annandale," in the September number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

In 1867 Mr. Cooke married the daughter of Dr. Robert Page, and made his home at The Briers, in the Shenandoah Valley, devoting his time to agriculture and farming.

Mr. Cooke was a young man among those who, prior to the war, had reached distinction in literature. His death leaves few remaining of that generation, but the work it did, amid the greatest discouragements, lives after them, and it is an abiding promise of the future greatness and glory of Southern literature.

## SALMAGUNDI.

**"Black" Corinth Church.**—There was also while Corinth church a good many miles away in the country, but it was the opposite color (nearer at hand) which engaged my earnest attention, at or about the age of ten years. Naturally, at this period I had an abundance of leisure, and not a little of it was consumed in listening to the chat between Aunt Liddy and Dilsey. Aunt Liddy, a big fat, good-humored creature, as black as ink, was the cook, and an unusually good one she was for that helter-skelter period following close on the great upheaval. Dilsey was the housemaid, a rattle-brained, glib-tongued, heedless young woman who could never be taught the first step toward order or method in her work.

These two women were really good friends, yet they were always quarreling, and now and then the quarreling terminated in a combat at close quarters. The scene of these conflicts was generally the big back yard or the adjoining vegetable garden, and it might be counted on that I was usually not far away. To hear the florid invective employed in their war of words was always diverting, but when, in her indignation, Aunt Liddy took a stick to the exasperating Dilsey, it was something more than diverting—it was intensely interesting.

Aunt Liddy was very religious, and cautioned me often to beware of the Bad Man and his wives. Dilsey was religious, too, in her way, and though even at that age I knew her to be an inordinate liar, I am convinced she was rather a good-hearted creature. Both of them were devoted to black Corinth church, and the "Rev'unt" Enos Rice, its pastor.

One Sunday afternoon I bribed Dilsey to carry me off by stealth to church with her—a feat which she successfully accomplished through the exercise of much diplomatic cunning and one or two unnecessary lies. Black Corinth church, a poor little building of rough pine boards, was situated in a small clearing away out in the pine-woods. When we ar-

rived the Rev. Enos Rice was in the pulpit and the preliminary services were nearly over. Dilsey hurriedly pushed me forward into the first vacancy, and we sat down, not, however, before receiving a stare from every soul in the house. Aunt Liddy was on the same seat with us, and greeted me with a broad smile of approval.

The Reverend Rice no doubt meant well, and he may have given his hearers some good advice, but all I can remember is his high-pitched voice and his enthusiastic and constant pounding on the inoffending desk. It was the "shouting" that came later which was impressed on my mind; for, by and by, the Reverend Enos came down out of the pulpit and read the opening lines of a hymn—precursory of exciting scenes soon to follow. The singing which followed immediately was wonderful. The men either sang the air or indulged in a grumbling bass, while the women sang soprano, alto, and tenor—for tenor only can it be called. The voices of these were pitched above the soprano or treble at chords of thirds and fifths, and the effect of the tremendous intervals between these very high notes and the low bass of the men was startling. The female tenors engaged my attention to the end of the singing.

The hymn over, the Reverend Rice began calling the sinners up to the mourner's bench, and presently he broke into a curious mournful tune, which I had often heard from the mouth of Aunt Liddy, with these words:

'Fox dig hole een de groun',  
Bird mek nes' in the air;  
Eberthing hab a hidin'-place  
'Cep' we po' sinners yere.  
Chillun, 'tis hard—trial—  
Great tribulation!  
Chillun, 'tis hard—trial—  
I'm boun' ter leab dis worl'."



And so on through several verses. Before the end of it the mourner's bench was crowded; Dilsey had been among the first. Suddenly stricken (apparently) with remorse for her wickedness, she fled down the aisle sobbing wildly. When, at last, they all crept back to their seats with sad, subdued looks, the doors of the church were opened, as it is said, and some half dozen went up and joined—two of them, as it turned out, being Aunt Liddy's children. The solicitous mother was greatly moved at sight of this, and directly gave vent to her overflowing feelings in that exciting style called shouting.

"All but one!" she shrieked, jumping up and down, clapping her hands and weeping.

"Oh! hush, Aunt Liddy!" remonstrated Dilsey in an undertone.

"I *won't* hush. All but one!—an' I ain't 'shame er de congergashun—all but one!"

The reiterated cry of "All but one!" I understood as indicating that all but one of her children had now come within the fold; that one yet astray being—as I happened to know—a belligerent sixteen-year-old, who probably at this moment was roaming the country with his colleagues, stealing late watermelons or early sugar-cane. The shouting of Aunt Liddy was but a signal for others to begin, and soon the house resounded with the cries of half the female congregation. Nor were the men quiet. "Glory!—gwine ter glory!" they cried, in convulsive excitement, as some of the shrieking women got upon the benches and danced and gesticulated. Dilsey told me that when they danced on the benches like that they were "stompin' on de Old Boy."

Aunt Liddy by this time had become so wild in her demonstrations that it was feared she might injure herself, and the Reverend Rice—who had been promenading the aisles uttering shouts of encouragement and clapping his hands—deemed it advisable to request Dilsey to hold the frantic creature and endeavor to quiet her. Dilsey obeyed, and at once there was a conflict.

It was no easy matter for Aunt Liddy to jump up and down with a grown girl swinging about her neck, and there was a desperate struggle which culminated presently in both falling to the floor with a crash. Whereupon the energetic Dilsey sat upon the woman and held her down. But she was not conquered yet, and kicked and struggled in a manner most ridiculous to behold. However, Dilsey main-

tained her well-earned advantage till the close of the proceedings. It would seem that when matters had reached this interesting climax there would have been laughter from some at least; but it only seemed to impart fresh impetus to the enthusiasm on all sides, and the "shouting" went on with redoubled vigor.

"I nebber seen de beat er An' Liddy een all my bawn days," remarked Dilsey emphatically, as we left Corinth church a half hour later. "Dah 'oman's a *sight* een dis worl'. She mighty cu'yus 'bout dat shout'n, you see 'er so—canh *nut'n* stop 'er. Unker Enos tole me ter hole 'er, but I could n' do nut'n wid de 'oman; I des flung 'er down an' sot on 'er—dass all I could do. . . . I donh lak so much er dis yuh shoutin' nohow. Hit donh do no good es I knows on, and des mek dem Babtiss laf an' mek fun er us Mef'dis."

LOUIS PENDLETON.

#### UNC' ABE ON AUTUMN.

De woods looks black, dey's ketchin' afire,  
De leaves is tu'nin' red;  
An' de moon hit shine so pooty at night  
Dat I hates ter go ter bed.

De muscadines is black an' nice,  
De 'simmons is gittin' sweet;  
De 'possum is gittin' sassy an' fat—  
Oh! won't dey make good meat.

I tell yer de 'possum am er glor'us ting  
When he's fixed up nice an' juicy;  
An' dar ain't nobody ken fix 'um better  
Den my ol' lady Lucy.

She takes him an' she cooks him,  
An' she browns him nice an' sweet—  
Yer smacks yer lips an' pitches in;  
Yer eat an' eat an' eat.

An' when yer eat an' eat an' eat  
Till yer's full ez yer ken hol',  
Yer hopes dar's 'possum for ter eat always  
Up yonder whar' de streets is gol'.

An' dis is why I likes de fall  
De bes' uv all de seasons;  
'Ca'se den it is de 'possum's ripe,  
An' da's de bes' uv reasons.

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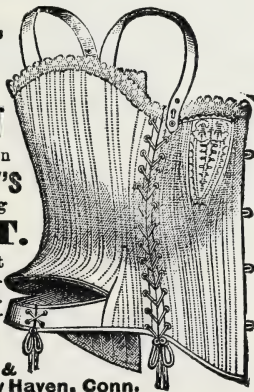
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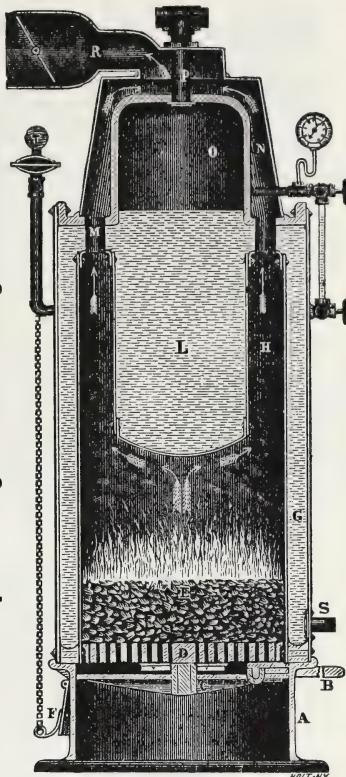
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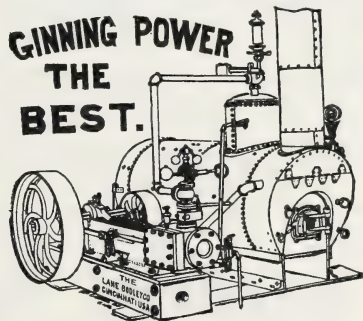
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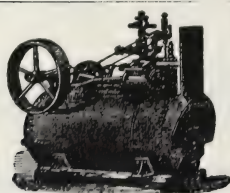
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**THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA.** No greater battle was fought during the civil war than the Battle of Chicamauga, yet it has never been fully understood or appreciated, certainly not in the East. In the December number of the Southern Bivouac will be published an article describing this battle, written by G. P. THURSTON, who was Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, 20th Army Corps, commanded by General McCook. Following this account from the Federal stand-point, we will publish a paper by JAMES W. A. WRIGHT, describing briefly the battle of Chicamauga, and the events intervening between that battle and the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, thus completing the picture of a campaign fiercely contested and far reaching in its consequences.

**THE FIGHT FOR RICHMOND** is the title of a series of papers by Gen. E. M. LAW, prepared with great care, and constituting a complete and graphic story. These articles are a most valuable contribution to war history, and will appear shortly.

In the December issue, most probably, will appear the first of HENRY W. AUSTIN's articles on

**THE PILGRIM FATHERS.** Mr. Austin treats this historical subject with discernment as well as sympathy, and his articles will certainly attract attention, North and South. In an early issue we are glad to promise a sketch of

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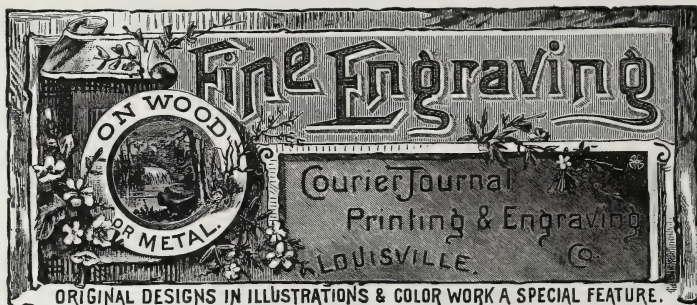
The publishers announce the early appearance of a number of sketches, short stories, essays, and other articles. Among them is an illustrated paper on "Wines and Vines in the Old Dominion;" "After Antietam;" describing life in a Southern hospital; "The Oldest House in the Mississippi Valley," by CHARLES DIMITRY; "News from the Front," a sketch of Home Life in the Confederacy; with Stories by OPIE READ, HENRY W. CLEVELAND, MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS, WILL WALLACE HARNEY, LOUIS PENDLETON, H. S. EDWARDS, MISS FITZHUGH, MISS HARRY, and others.

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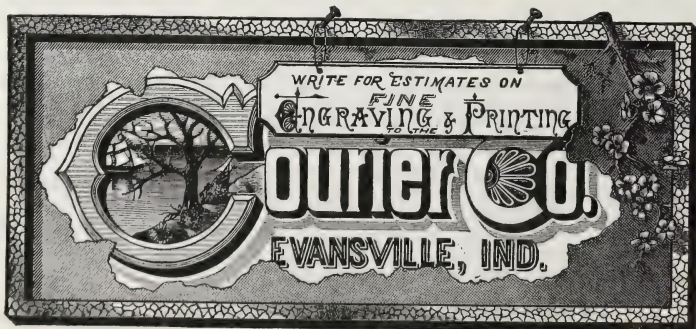
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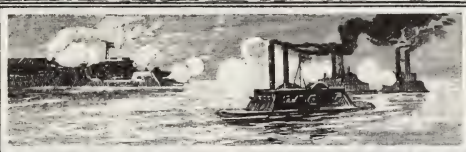


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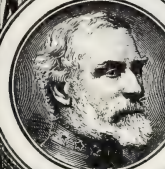


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DECEMBER, 1886.

CONDUCTED BY BASIL W. DUKE and RICHARD W. KNOTT.

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## THE JANUARY BIVOUAC.

In January will appear the first article, by HENRY W. AUSTIN, on "*The Pilgrim Fathers*."

DINWIDDIE B. PHILLIPS, attached to the Merrimac, or properly "*The Virginia*," during her existence, has prepared a paper describing her services, which will appear in January or February.

An article by JAMES W. A. WRIGHT, on "*Bragg's Campaign Around Chattanooga*," will appear in January.

"*The Northwestern Conspiracy*" papers will continue from month to month until the whole story is told.

The second paper by MR. JOHN DUNCAN, relating to the Trotter, will appear in January, to be followed in February by a paper on the "*Thoroughbred Racer*."

The letters from Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Short will appear from time to time until completed.

The publishers have ready for early numbers of the magazine a number of biographical papers, out-door papers, sketches, short stories, and poems, and can promise that nothing will be neglected to sustain the interest aroused by previous issues.

The articles devoted to Southern industries, will include one on "*The Wines and Vines of Virginia*," probably in January; one on "*The Naval Stores of the South*," by HUGH N. STARNES, and others of equal interest and value.

An article relating to the life of Captain Symmes, and his Theory of Concentric Spheres, prepared with care, and after a careful and critical examination of original papers, will appear in January or February, and will quite certainly attract attention.

The magazine can be purchased of news-dealers every where; or it can be ordered by mail at 20 cents a number. Yearly subscriptions \$2.00, with an extra copy with a club of eight.

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# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

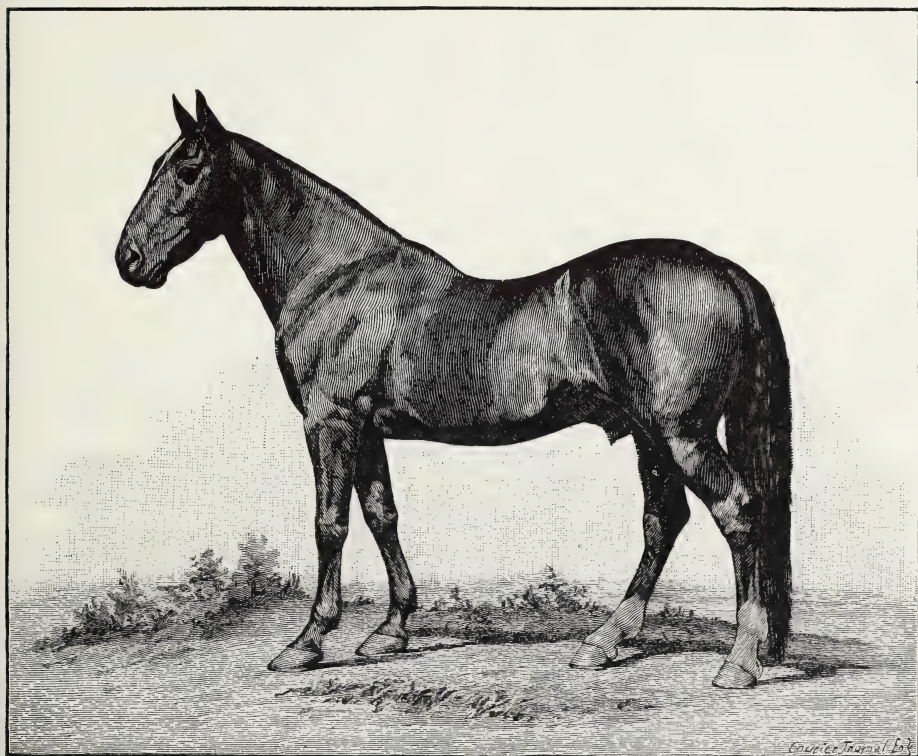
VOLUME II.

DECEMBER, 1886.

NUMBER 7.

## PURE-BRED LIVE-STOCK IN KENTUCKY.

A STUDY OF THE MOST VALUABLE KINDS IN THEIR BEST TYPES.



RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN.

### NO. 1—THE TROTTING HORSE.

OF the great breeds of fine live-stock the trotting variety of horses is the newest. This is also the only conspicuous breed the credit for originating which belongs to this country. It is true that Russia has of her own making a race of horses of some reputation in connection with trotting uses; but the general interest in the matter in that country is not at all comparable to what it is here, and Russian trotters are not, as a class, by any means the equal of our trotters.

VOL. II.—26.

In considering the trotter it is important to keep in mind the fact that the trot is not something new to the horse kind. Naturally all breeds of horses trot more or less, just as all horses under certain conditions gallop. The trot is the gait best suited to light vehicle and harness service—indeed, in this relation perfection is claimed for the trotter—and it is in this same service that our present high standard has been realized. The trot having thus at the commencement existed only in a state of equality with other modes of motion characteristic of the horse, the change wrought, by which



it easily takes the lead, is certainly a remarkable illustration of man's power to develop and modify within the domain of life.

Conspicuous on the way to the trotter of to-day are the skilled breeders and trainers; and hardly, if any, less important are the timers. Until records were systematically kept and the time-test was rigidly applied no substantial progress was made. At the commencement, about the opening of this century, a mile in three minutes was regarded as so extraordinary that a bet of a thousand dollars was made and lost that no trotter could be found with so much speed; and it was not until 1843 that a mile was trotted in two minutes and thirty seconds. Thus the present 2:30 standard was reached slowly enough. From then until now—from 2:30 to 2:08½—advancement in all things pertaining to trotters has been quite rapid. The trotter of 1843 was without any literature to speak of—the trotter of to-day has a rich literature and a corresponding following, exciting a popular interest, touching all classes, second to that of no other live-stock interest whatever.

Keeping in mind the fact of the possession generally by horses of the power to trot, there is no place for surprise at the number of trotting families that were brought forward and had their claims urged as soon as it became evident that a trotting breed would be established. This was well. By these means the amplest resources were provided, the fittest only surviving, the unfit gradually passing from view. This brings us to a consideration of the trotting families that, having thus been tested and being still to the fore, are likely to be permanent.

**THE HAMBLETONIAN FAMILY.**—The founder of the greatest of all the trotting families, Rysdyk's Hambletonian, was foaled in the year 1849. This wonderful animal, bred by Jonas Seely, was sold, when a weanling, with his dam to William Rysdyk, Orange County, New York, and from this transfer until his death, in 1876, Hambletonian was Mr. Rysdyk's property. He commenced in obscurity, made a fortune for his owner, and commanded in his old age a service fee of \$500; while in a single season, that of 1865, the fees for his service in the stud amounted to \$57,900.

Whatever claim may be made for the thoroughbred in the fame of Hambletonian on account of blood, no part of the claim can be founded on his appearance, for outwardly he was wholly unlike the thoroughbred type of horse.

Our engraving of Hambletonian, made from an excellent photograph by Schreiber & Sons, shows a horse of majestic bearing, noble head, and wonderful driving power. With all this imposing outfit, Hambletonian is without distinction by any right of his own trotting capacity, it being doubtful if the most skilled training and handling could have put him in the 2:30 list. It is in the light of events alone that his individual qualities can be seen so as to be appreciated at any thing like their real value; while it is to his ancestry that we must look for the causes that ultimated in the then unparalleled combination.

Hambletonian's sire was Abdallah, son of Mambrino, son of imported Messenger. Abdallah was foaled in 1823. He was a horse of vicious ways but excellent trotting action; and in the matter of speed it was claimed that he could show a 2:40 gait. Nothing was known of the breeding of Amazonia, the dam of Abdallah. It appears that she had reputation in her day as a roadster. Were it not for the elements introduced by Amazonia, Hambletonian would, on his sire's side, be altogether thoroughbred; but it is probably by way of this trotting mare of untraced ancestry that Abdallah got all he had to impart of special value.

The dam of Hambletonian has become a part of trotting-horse history as the Charles Kent Mare. When her famous son was foaled she was fifteen years old; and about that period she must have looked much the worse for wear, for when he was a weanling she and he together became at one hundred and twenty-five dollars the property of the Dutch farmer who was his owner ever after. What the Charles Kent Mare contributed toward the success of Hambletonian is plain enough on a statement of the facts in the case. She had a trotting inheritance by way of her sire that has too often been overlooked in the haste to get back to imported Messenger. The sire of the Charles Kent Mare was imported Bellfounder, a horse much to the purpose when a trotting inheritance that shows game to the death is what is wanted. Bellfounder was foaled in England in 1816 and brought to this country in 1822. A beautiful bay, with black legs, he stood, like Hambletonian, a little over fifteen hands high. Bellfounder was got by Old Bellfounder, and his dam was named Velocity. Bellfounder is written of as the fastest and best-bred horse ever sent out of his native county of Norfolk. When he was five years old he trotted two miles in six

minutes. This was under the saddle, as in those days the light harness vehicles that we know were unknown, as were skilfully prepared tracks. When Bellfounder was six years old he was matched to trot nine miles in thirty minutes; he got through in twenty-nine minutes and thirty-eight seconds. Velocity, the dam of Bellfounder, was also a famous English trotter. On a public highway—the Norfolk road—in 1806 she trotted sixteen miles in one hour; and in 1808 she trotted twenty-eight miles in one hour and forty-seven minutes. Hambletonian's grandam was One Eye, by Bishop's Hambletonian, son of imported Messenger. Bishop's Hambletonian was a running-bred horse that, at the commencement of his career, was known as Hamiltonian. He was without distinction as a thoroughbred, and his name is now preserved altogether on trotting-horse accounts. Hambletonian's great-grand-

dam was Silvertail, by imported Messenger. In treating of the breeding of Hambletonian it used to be the fashion to dwell almost altogether on the Messenger elements of his pedigree. That is no longer done, though it is still remembered that the thoroughbred is here, on both sides, imparting needed qualities not to be had elsewhere.

The character of Hambletonian's breeding having been stated, it is now in order to give a definite conception of what that breeding has led to; and for this purpose the following tables, derived from all the authoritative sources of data, and naming all the sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons of Hambletonian, with representatives in the 2:30 list when the season of 1886 opened, together with the principal authenticated additions made to that list this year, will be found to be permanently valuable and suggestive:

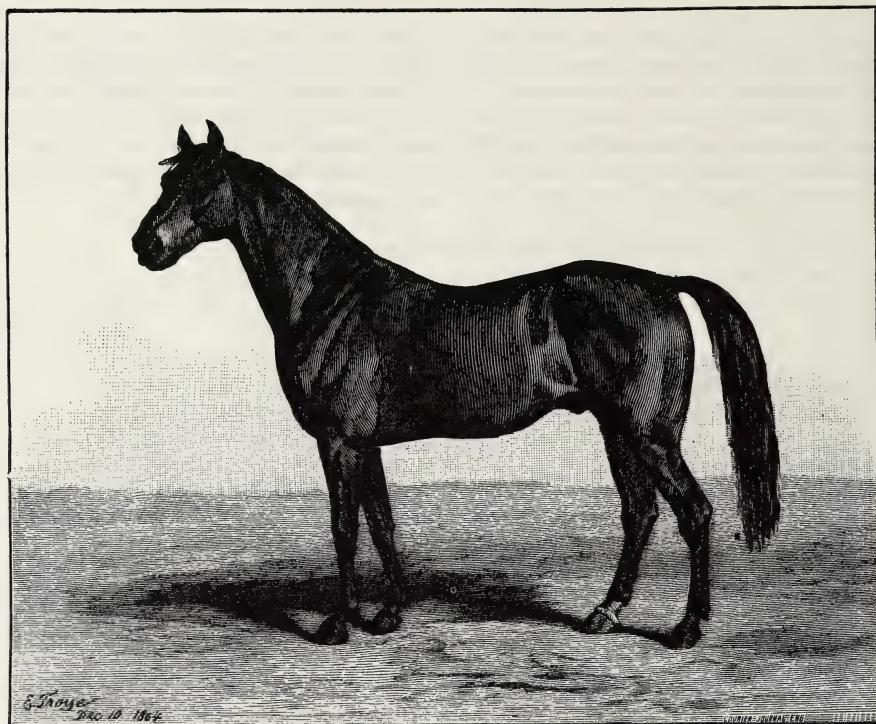
TABLE I.—SONS OF HAMBLETONIAN.

Year of Foaling.	NAME.	2:30 Trotters.	2:30 Pacers.	Total in 2:30 List.	Year of Foaling.	NAME.	2:30 Trotters.	2:30 Pacers.	Total in 2:30 List.
1852	<i>Alexander's Abdallah</i> , . . . .	6	1	6	1865	<i>Rysdyk</i> , . . . . .	5	1	5
1854	<i>Volunteer</i> , . . . . .	23	1	24		<i>Samson</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2
	<i>Logan</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Virgo Hambletonian</i> , . . . .	1	1	1
1855	<i>Billy Denton</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Walkill Chief</i> , . . . . .	5	1	5
	<i>Edward Everett</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2	1866	<i>Aberdeen</i> , . . . . .	11	1	12
	<i>George Wilkes</i> , . . . . .	4	5	9		<i>Blue Grass</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
1856	<i>Sackett's Hambletonian</i> , . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Charles Backman</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
1859	<i>Independent</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Dexter Bradford</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Reserve</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Echo</i> , . . . . .	6	1	6
1860	<i>Garibaldi</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>General Stanton</i> , . . . . .	3	1	3
	<i>Gideon</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Goodwin Hambletonian</i> , . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Green's Hambletonian</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Hamilton</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Iron Duke</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Oak Hill</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Middletown</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Orion</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Robert Bonner</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Socrates</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
1861	<i>Stephen A. Douglas</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Strader Hambletonian</i> , . . . .	3	1	4
	<i>William M. Rysdyk</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Strathmore</i> , . . . . .	17	1	17
1862	<i>Daniel Boone</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2	1867	<i>Ajax</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Curtis' Hambletonian</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Banker</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Felter's Hambletonian</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Blackstone</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Speculation</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Dauntless</i> , . . . . .	2	1	3
1863	<i>Administrator</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Deucalion</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Banker Messenger</i> , . . . . .	1	1	2		<i>Florida</i> , . . . . .	3	1	3
	<i>Dictator</i> , . . . . .	14	2	16		<i>Kent</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Hambletonian Prince</i> , . . . . .	7	1	7		<i>Menelaus</i> , . . . . .	5	1	5
	<i>Happy Medium</i> , . . . . .	25	1	26		<i>Mercury</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Orange County</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>New York</i> , . . . . .	4	1	4
	<i>Seneca Chief</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Startle</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2
	<i>Sentinel</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Sweepstakes</i> , . . . . .	8	1	8
1864	<i>Harold</i> , . . . . .	12	1	12	1868	<i>Cuyler</i> , . . . . .	6	1	6
	<i>Hotspur</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Electioneer</i> , . . . . .	18	1	19
	<i>Idol</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1		<i>Enfield</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Jay Gould</i> , . . . . .	9	1	9		<i>Masterlode</i> , . . . . .	5	1	5
	<i>Lysander</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Norwood</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Macedonian</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Wilkins Micawber</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2
	<i>Peacemaker</i> , . . . . .	3	1	3	1870	<i>Artemus</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Prosper</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1		<i>August Belmont</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2
	<i>Regulus</i> , . . . . .	3	1	3	1871	<i>Auditor</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
1865	<i>Bay Billy</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1	1872	<i>Chester Chief</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Buckingham</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1		<i>Mohican</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2
	<i>Chosroes</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Arthurton</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2
	<i>Greenwood</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1	1873	<i>Dean Sage</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Jack Sheppard</i> , . . . . .	2	1	2		<i>Kensett</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Knickerbocker</i> , . . . . .	4	1	4	1874	<i>Egbert</i> , . . . . .	2	1	3
	<i>Mapes Horse</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1		<i>Leland</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Messenger Duroc</i> , . . . . .	13	1	13	1875	<i>Bay Richmond</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Milwaukee</i> , . . . . .	3	1	3		<i>Schuyler Colfax</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
	<i>Reporter</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1	186-	<i>Peter Story</i> , . . . . .	1	1	1
96 sons.		Total, . . . . .					406	15	421



In the foregoing table, and also in the tables which here follow, those horses whose names are printed from *italic* letter have been or are in Kentucky. It appears that Hambletonian has no less than ninety-six sons, each represented in the 2:30 list by one or more trotter. Of the ninety-six thus referred to, it will be seen that this State has had twenty-two. The number of 2:30 or better trotters or pacers to the credit of Hambletonian's sons is four hundred and twenty-one; the number

be classed under this head—as Table II, taken in connection with Table I, shows—are no less than sixty-five names, included being Dictator, Hambletonian Prince, Egbert, Leland, Rysdyk, Florida, Startle, Sweepstakes, Electioneer, Enfield, Auditor, Arthurton. As excuse for this state of case, lack of favorable opportunity, early or otherwise, is usually urged. It is true, no doubt, that in this direction lies the explanation of the failure, as a sire, of many a good trotting-bred horse. Explaining a defi-



ALEXANDER'S ABDALLAH.

of these claimed for the sons of Hambletonian ranking at any time among Kentucky's belongings is one hundred and ninety-two—a wonderful proportion, truly. Besides, in this connection it will not be overlooked that among the sons of Hambletonian are Harold and Dictator, the sires of Maud S and Jayeye-see, the two fastest trotters to date, and Kentucky counts the two former among her possessions, as she does the two latter among her productions.

Some of the sons of Hambletonian ranking as sires that have contributed to the 2:30 list have not as yet produced sons increasing the number of Hambletonian's 2:30 grandsons. To

ciency is, however, quite different, in a matter of business, from making a deficiency good; and the safe and healthful way here is to regard want of the right sort of opportunity as a misfortune—something to be deplored, and not something providing outlet for specious arguments. With horses, as with men, opportunity once lost is lost forever; and time—something to be gained by being on the scene of action ahead of all competitors—is in this relation almost identical with opportunity. The fact is, that for each individual of the horse kind the dam is half the battle; so that in these days, when volume, a wide co-operation—founded on a common interest—and imposing arrays of

numbers are among the potent influences forced into this service, only the stallions with full allowance of first-class mares can possibly reach or stay in the front rank. The following table

shows how such of the grandsons of Hambletonian as have demonstrated the ability to transmit standard trotting quality compare with each other:

TABLE II.—GRANDSONS OF HAMBLETONIAN.

NAME.	NAME OF SIRE.	2:30 Trotters.	2:30 Pacers.	Total in 2:30 list.	NAME.	NAME OF SIRE.	2:30 Trotters.	2:30 Pacers.	Total in 2:30 list.
<i>Abdallah Messenger,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-	2	2	2	<i>Happy Medium, Jr.</i>	Happy Medium,	1	1	1
<i>Abdallah Pilot,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-	2	2	2	<i>Hermes,</i>	Harold,	2	2	2
<i>Admiral,</i>	Volunteer,	2	2	2	<i>Hotspur, Jr.,</i>	Hotspur,	1	1	1
<i>Alcantara,</i>	George Wilkes,	2	2	2	<i>Hotspur Chief,</i>	Hotspur,	1	1	1
<i>Acyone,</i>	George Wilkes,	1	1	1	<i>Inheritur,</i>	Jay Gould,	1	1	1
<i>Alden Goldsmith,</i>	Volunteer,	2	2	2	<i>James R. Reese,</i>	Walkill Chief,	2	2	2
<i>Almont,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-	2	2	2	<i>Jay Bird,</i>	George Wilkes,	1	1	1
	lah,				<i>Jim Monroe,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-			
<i>Alpine,</i>	Edward Everett,	30	1	31		lah,	7	7	7
<i>American Boy,</i>	Star Hambletonian,	1	1	1	<i>Joe Gavin,</i>	Messenger Duroc,	1	1	1
<i>Antenor,</i>	Messenger Duroc,	2	2	2	<i>John Green,</i>	Aberdeen,	1	1	1
<i>Attorney,</i>	Harold,	1	1	1	<i>Judge Advocate,</i>	Messenger Duroc,	1	1	1
<i>Bajardo,</i>	Stephen A. Doug-	1	1	1	<i>King Phillip,</i>	Jay Gould,	2	2	2
	las,				<i>King Wilkes,</i>	George Wilkes,	1	1	1
<i>Balsora,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-	1	1	1	<i>Landmark,</i>	Volunteer,	2	2	2
	lah,				<i>Ledger,</i>	Robert Bonner,	1	1	1
<i>Bay Middleton,</i>	Middletown,	4	4	4	<i>Louis Napoleon,</i>	Volunteer,	5	5	5
<i>Bay State,</i>	Jay Gould,	1	1	1	<i>McCurdy's Hamble-</i>				
<i>Beecher,</i>	Blue Grass,	1	1	1	<i>tonian,</i>	Harold,	1	1	1
<i>Belmont,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-	15	1	16	<i>Major Edsall,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-	1	1	1
	lah,					lah,			
<i>Billy Denton, Jr.,</i>	Billy Denton,	1	1	1	<i>Major Winfield, Jr.</i>	Edward Everett,	1	1	1
<i>Bonnie Bay,</i>	Sweepstakes,	1	1	1	<i>Manchester,</i>	Hetzal's Hambleto-	1	1	1
<i>Capoul,</i>	Sentinel,	1	1	1		nian,			
<i>Captain,</i>	Billy Denton,	1	1	1	<i>Orange Blossom,</i>	Middletown,	1	1	1
<i>Chicago Volunteer,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	2	<i>Pequawket,</i>	Gideon,	2	2	2
<i>Colonel Bonner,</i>	Independent,	1	1	1	<i>Power's Hambleto-</i>				
<i>Colonel Winfield,</i>	Edward Everett,	1	1	1	<i>nian,</i>	Robert Bonner,	1	1	1
<i>Crown Point,</i>	Speculation,	1	1	1	<i>Red Wilkes,</i>	George Wilkes,	5	1	6
<i>Cuyler Clay,</i>	Cuyler,	1	1	1	<i>Referee,</i>	Administrator,	1	1	1
<i>Delmonico,</i>	Guy Miller,	1	1	1	<i>Robt. R. Morris,</i>	Independent,	1	1	1
<i>Dixon,</i>	Happy Medium,	1	1	1	<i>Santa Claus,</i>	Strathmore,	1	1	1
<i>Don Cossack,</i>	August Belmont,	1	1	1	<i>Satellite,</i>	Robert Bonner,	1	1	1
<i>Eliah G.,</i>	Aberdeen,	2	2	2	<i>Shelby Chief,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-			
<i>Enchanter,</i>	Administrator,	2	2	2		lah,	3	3	3
<i>Fuller Wilkes,</i>	George Wilkes,	1	1	1	<i>Sir Walter,</i>	Aberdeen,	1	1	1
<i>Gambetta,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1	<i>Skinkle Hamble-</i>				
<i>Gibraltar,</i>	Echo,	1	1	1	<i>tonian,</i>	Logan,	1	1	1
<i>Glennair,</i>	Messenger Duroc,	1	1	1	<i>Standard Bearer,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1
<i>Glenn's Hambleto-</i>					<i>Sterling,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1
<i>nian,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1	<i>Stillson,</i>	Messenger Duroc,	1	1	1
<i>Goldsmith's Abdallah</i>	Volunteer,	4	4	4	<i>Thatcher Hamble-</i>				
<i>Grand Sentinel,</i>	Sentinel,	3	3	3	<i>tonian,</i>	Masterlode,	1	1	1
<i>Gray Dan,</i>	Gideon,	1	1	1	<i>The Commodore,</i>	Guy Miller,	2	2	2
<i>Guy Miller,</i>	Guy Miller,	1	1	1	<i>Thornedale,</i>	Alexander's Abdal-			
<i>Hambletonian</i>						lah,	5	5	5
<i>Chief,</i>	Middletown,	1	1	1	<i>Tramp,</i>	Logan,	4	4	4
<i>Hambletonian</i>					<i>Volunteer, Jr.,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1
<i>George,</i>	Masterlode,	1	1	1	<i>Walkill,</i>	Walkill Chief,	1	1	1
<i>Hambletonian Mam-</i>					<i>Warwick Boy,</i>	Iron Duke,	2	2	2
<i>brino,</i>	Menelaus,	2	2	2	<i>Whipple's Hamble-</i>				
<i>Hambletonian</i>					<i>tonian,</i>	Guy Miller,	13	13	13
<i>Prince,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1	<i>William H.,</i>	Samson,	1	1	1
<i>Hambletonian</i>					<i>Winfield Scott,</i>	Edward Everett,	1	1	2
<i>Tranby,</i>	Edward Everett,	2	2	2	<i>Wood's Hambleto-</i>	Alexander's Abdal-			
<i>Hambrino,</i>	Edward Everett,	2	2	2	<i>nian,</i>	lah,	14	14	14
<i>Hamlet,</i>	Volunteer,	5	1	6	<i>Young Jim,</i>	George Wilkes,	1	1	1
					<i>Young Volunteer,</i>	Volunteer,	1	1	1
					<i>Young Wilkes,</i>	George Wilkes,	2	2	2
95 Grandsons.		Total.					214	10	224

From this table it appears that the grandsons of Hambletonian known as the sires of 2:30 trotters or pacers are ninety-five in number. For thirty of these, under the rule here governing, Kentucky is responsible. It appears further that out of the two hundred and twenty-four 2:30 or better steppers produced by Hambletonian's ninety-five grandsons, Ken-

tucky's thirty are found credited with no less than one hundred and four. In this enumeration there are named but six horses—American Boy, Manchester, Guy Miller, Delmonico, The Commodore, Whipple's Hambletonian—that are not produce of sons of Hambletonian on record as sires of 2:30 or better performers. This, though nothing but what should be ex-



pected, springing as it does out of the operation of the known laws of breeding, is certainly well worthy of remark in this place. By these means it is seen that the only thing approximating to a certainty in trotting-horse breeding is within, and not without, the recognized channels of speed descent.

By way of the foregoing table of Hambletonian's grandsons, data may be gathered looking to settlement of the question, which, finally, among the sons of Hambletonian, will

hold the supreme place? From no outlook, in connection with which the solution of the trotting problem is seriously and without any prejudice undertaken, can George Wilkes or Dictator be omitted, even though nothing from them can be found among the grandsons of Hambletonian that have passed muster by showing themselves possessed of the chief essential of trotting sires. Proceeding with the analysis, and taking the facts as they now are, we have this result:

TABLE III.—GREAT-GRANDSONS OF HAMBLETONIAN.

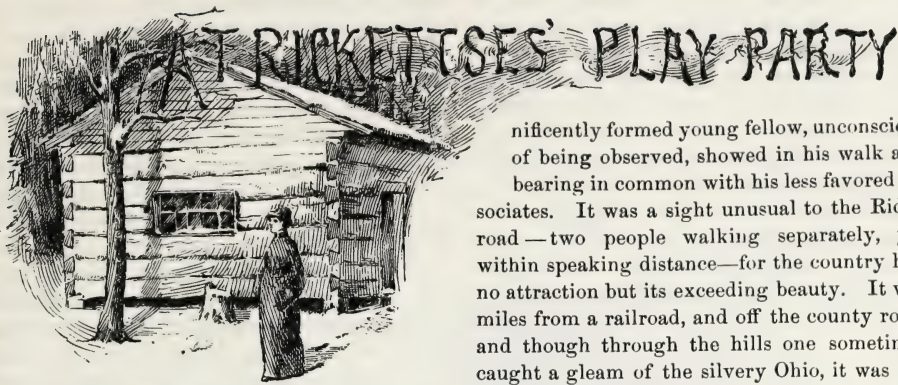
NAME.	NAME OF SIRE.	2:30 Trotters.	2:30 Pacers.	Total in 2:30 List.	NAME.	NAME OF SIRE.	2:30 Trotters.	2:30 Pacers.	Total in 2:30 List.
Abdallah Boy, . .	Goldsmith's Abdallah, . . . . .	1	1	1	Highland Boy, . .	Hamlet, . . . . .	1	1	1
Abdallah Mambrino, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Joe Elmo, . . . . .	Saint Elmo, . . . . .	2	2	2
Alexander, . . . .	Goldsmith's Abdallah, . . . . .	1	1	1	Johnny B, . . . .	Wood's Hambletonian, . . . . .	1	1	1
Allie West, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	3	1	4	King Rene, . . . .	Belmont, . . . . .	4	4	4
Almonarch, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Mammoth, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	2	2	2
Almont Boy, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	2	2	2	Major Grant, . . .	Delmonico, . . . .	1	1	1
Almont Chief, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Messenger Chief, .	Abdallah Pilot, . .	2	2	2
Amber, . . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Morrison, . . . .	Saint Elmo, . . . .	1	1	1
Athlete, . . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Nephew, . . . . .	Hambrino, . . . .	3	3	3
Baymont, . . . . .	Alden Goldsmith, .	1	1	1	Nil Desperandum, .	Belmont, . . . . .	1	1	1
Bostick's Almont, Jr.	Almont, . . . . .	4	4	4	Nonpareil, . . . .	Wood's Hambletonian, . . . . .	1	1	1
Colonel West, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	2	2	4	Nutwood, . . . . .	Belmont, . . . . .	12	1	13
Commodore Belmont, .	Belmont, . . . . .	2	2	2	Olympus, . . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1
Constellation, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Pasacas, . . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	2
Diadem, . . . . .	Satellite, . . . . .	1	1	1	Priam, . . . . .	Whipple's Hambletonian, . . . . .	1	1	1
Dolphus, . . . . .	Nimrod, . . . . .	2	2	2	Rescue, . . . . .	Satellite, . . . . .	1	1	1
Edmont, . . . . .	Belmont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Robert McGregor, .	Major Edsall, . . .	2	2	2
Ensign, . . . . .	Enchanter, . . . .	3	3	3	Rustic, . . . . .	Whipple's Hambletonian, . . . . .	1	1	1
General Dana, . . . .	Whipple's Hambletonian, . . . . .	1	1	1	Ryland, . . . . .	Hamlet, . . . . .	1	1	1
Glenview, . . . . .	Belmont, . . . . .	1	1	1	Saturn, . . . . .	Satellite, . . . . .	1	1	1
Goldenbow, . . . .	Satellite, . . . . .	1	1	2	Tilton, . . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1
Hambletonian	Miller's Hambletonian, . . . . .	1	1	1	Tramp Dexter, . . .	Tramp, . . . . .	1	1	1
Downing, . . . . .	Hamlet, . . . . .	1	1	1	Trouble, . . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	1	1	1
Hamdallah, . . . .	Almont, . . . . .	7	7	7	Wedgewood, . . . .	Belmont, . . . . .	4	1	5
Hamlin's Almont, Jr.	Almont, . . . . .	7	7	7					
Hero of Thorndale, . .	Thorndale, . . . .	2	2	2					
49 Great Grandsons.		Total, . . . . .					89	8	97

The situation, with regard to the 2:30 sires of the third remove in the direct line from Hambletonian is by this table made abundantly plain. This—taken in connection with the other tables which have been given—shows where the process of producing standard trotters continues with power and unabated force and where it fails; and it will readily be seen that nowhere else are the signs for perpetuity greater than they are through Alexander's Abdallah.

Our engraving of Alexander's Abdallah has been truthfully made from a spirited painting of him by the great artist, Troye. This fine piece of horse portraiture is one of the treasures of Woodburn farm. Something of what the painting shows is, of course, lost in the processes employed on the way from the can-

vas to the paper; but the essentials are all here, and the bright intelligence—a leading quality in all representative harness horses—is conspicuous.

When Hambletonian was two years old, he was allowed four mares, and with these he made his first season as a sire. In consequence, in 1852, three foals were produced, Alexander's Abdallah being one of the three. The mare sharing with Hambletonian the reputation inseparable from parental relation to Alexander's Abdallah was of untraced pedigree—a good roadster, she was, of corresponding descent, necessarily. Those were the days of Hambletonian's colt-hood, and that son of his, then begotten was about the first of his family—certainly the first now of marked distinction—to set foot on Kentucky soil. *John Duncan.*



MISS HILDRETH turned the key in the door of the little log school-house, and started homeward.

Spotlessly white, save where the foot-prints of the just departed children darkened the snow, and utterly silent lay Hickory Ridge. The day had seemed unusually wearying, and the teacher found the solitude so restful that she sat in thought beside the fitful fire long after the last echo of childish laughter died away. Outside she stopped to listen, one might almost say, to the strange silence. A sudden gust smote two adjacent pods on a forlorn old locust tree, and the sound of their quick vibrations, as they struck together, fell on the air with preternatural distinctness. The low, fast-reddening sun warned her that she had no time to lose, for a good mile lay before her, and along the ridge-road the snow was deep. She walked briskly, having a sense of elation at the wonderful calm beauty that surrounded her, and a keener enjoyment of the unwonted solitude, for her host, Abe Barnes, though the most well-to-do man in the "deestrick," had eight children and half as many rooms, and she was literally never alone except when, through an irresistible craving for solitude, she forcibly ejected her adoring and tactless room-mate, Sabiny May.

A quarter of a mile further her own firm, buoyant step was lost in the sound of a heavier tread, and just in front, though at an angle so that he did not notice her, a man emerged from the side-path in the thicket. The teacher had not been a member of Hickory Ridge society so long that the manners and peculiarities of its members had ceased to be an interesting study, and she wondered, as she surveyed the well-built supple figure from her vantage-ground of invisibility, what caused and what constituted the awkwardness which this mag-

nificently formed young fellow, unconscious of being observed, showed in his walk and bearing in common with his less favored associates. It was a sight unusual to the Ridge road—two people walking separately, yet within speaking distance—for the country had no attraction but its exceeding beauty. It was miles from a railroad, and off the county road, and though through the hills one sometimes caught a gleam of the silvery Ohio, it was too distant to trouble the Ridge with its tramps, therefore a stranger was a thing unknown, and Miss Hildreth was perhaps the only woman in the district who would not have called out to Mote Barnes to "wait for better company." She walked lightly, from an instinct that her feeling of perfect freedom would cease if another were conscious of her presence, and was a little startled when the young man stopped, and half turned as though he had known she was following, and had decided to wait for her. This apparently was the case, for after an embarrassed salutation, he said abruptly:

"Rickettses 'lows to have a play-party to-night, an' me an' Jack Martin's distributin' the word, an' I 'lowed to go on to Uncle Abe's an' give you a bid, tell I heard you coming up."

He stopped, and the teacher expressed her thanks and was about to pass on, when, with an awkward jerk of his voice, he proceeded:

"Ef your comp'ny ain't spoke fur, I'd like to fetch over the gray fur you to ride. Rickettses ain't to say fur, but I 'low you ain't much of a han' to walk."

He glanced at the small shapely feet as he spoke, and then at his own, which he shuffled uneasily.

"I ain't never been made 'quainted with you, an' that's a fac, but I've knowed you was Miss Nellie Hildreth three weeks come Sunday."

She smiled inwardly at the *naïveté* of the introduction.

"You are Mr. Mote Barnes, I suppose," she said, remembering his reference to uncle Abe.

"That's my name; I 'lowed you knowed me, what with um always gabbin' 'bout 'Mote' over to uncle Abe's, and along of seein' me at Martin's corn-shuckin', an' singin's, an' one thing 'nother."

It would have appeared incredible to him  
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that she had not noticed him and asked his name, for he was a king among the young people on Hickory Ridge—the envy of his sex, who knew that whatever girl “Mote Barnes was a-takin’ to” considered herself worthy of unusual respect. As for Mote, he, too, privately took this view of the matter, and was not a little surprised to find himself actually afraid lest the “school-mistis” should for some reason or other refuse his escort. In her mind, however, there was no question of refusal; she



*He stood lost in admiration.*

knew the sensitiveness of the people with whom she had to deal, and that to show the first symptoms of being “proud,” as they invariably termed it, would be to forfeit her popularity as a teacher; while a slight to Mote would be setting the whole Barnes connection in arms against her. So when he repeated, “Will I fetch over the gray?” she merely said, “O, yes,” and went on her way, thinking what a pity it was that a face so full of natural intelligence should be almost devoid of thought. Mote, meanwhile, had not moved. He stood lost in admiration, and in wonder at his own admiration, gazing at the lithe young figure that was fast retreating down the meadow path.

“Sakes! she’s a spry walker, an’ mo’ ’n that she’s pledged good-lookin’,” he murmured, half

aloud, as he turned to continue his journey. “She jes’ somehow ’pears to suit me.”

A little back from the road stood the only house in sight, built of rough logs, unwhitewashed, yet home-like and inviting. Before this house Mote paused, then took a step forward, and finally came to a dead stop, a look of annoyance, and almost embarrassment, on his face. In truth, he was greatly perplexed. He had undertaken to invite Tharp’s folks, and would be able to give no satisfactory reason for not fulfilling his promise; yet, how could he face Sereny with the consciousness that Miss Hildreth was going to ride the gray to the play-party! For over a year there had not been a social gathering of any kind at which he and Sereny had not been present together. He hardly thought he was in love with her; he had been so secure in his sway over female hearts that he had never taken the trouble to fall in love. But he had vaguely expected to marry Sereny; she was the prettiest girl on the Ridge, “an’ a powerful han’ to work,” and she adored him. This latter was only a suspicion, but it was a very strong one. There was no engagement between them, and he had never spoken of love. He knew that by the rules of Hickory Ridge society he was free to alter the course of his attentions, but he wondered how far he was bound by his tacit professions, and by the girl’s love for him. Ever since he had first seen the school-mistress, three weeks before, there had been a growing feeling in his heart that she “jes’ suited him,” as he had expressed it to himself. In the midst of this struggle between two feelings that had a strong hold on his mind, his sense of honor, and a sudden, yet not the less powerful attachment, the cause of his disquietude appeared at the door. She turned toward him a sweet welcoming face, in which she tried to express surprise that she might the better conceal the fact that she had watched him as far as he was visible, as well as that her heart was sending up swift blushes of pleasure to her cheeks.

“Why, Mote!” she cried, running out to the fence as she saw him lay a hand upon the rail, “you was natu’ally the las’ person I was a-lookin’ fur. Nerve Taylor said as how you was strippin’ tobacco for ‘Squar Dean.”

“Nerve war powerful knowin’ to ’low any body could strip tobacco sech weather as this,” he retorted, brusquely. “I wonder—I do—who Nerve *do* git to study up them everlastin’ yarns o’ hern; it takes brains to tell lies.”

Sereny looked up at him in surprise.

"Hit don' soun' like Mote Barnes," she said, reproachfully, "to be a-runnin' down o' folks, and them out of hearin'."

He reddened, and then was silent. Sereny watched him with vague uneasiness in her wide gray eyes, all her gayety ebbing fast.

"You ain't got no call to get your feet froze in the snow, an' a big fire a-wastin' itself in the settin'-room," she said, presently.

"I ain't got time to stop," he replied. "I jes' tho't you might want to know 'bout Rickettses' play-party me an' Jack Martin's gittin' up fur to-night. I got to hurry home, and was 'bout two hours gittin' up Bourbon; the plegged critter's so uncommon peart of a cold day."

This in the vague and utterly unreasonable hope that she might understand without further explanation.

"Gittin' up Bourbon!" exclaimed Sereny; "you ain't never goin' to ride to the play-party?"

"Tain't me;" then with an effort, "I 'low to take school-mistis."

"School-mistis!" and the girl's face lost all its pretty color as she spoke; then her maidenly pride coming to the rescue, she laughed with affected lightness. "She mus' be powerful puny ef she ain't able to walk down to Rickettses."

Quick as she was to recover herself, he had seen her disappointment, and the sight of it hurt him more keenly than physical pain. He felt that he could not be trusted not to commit himself in some way to Sereny if he stayed longer, so he stammered out something about her "gittin' her feet frost-bit," and left her, feeling as remorseful and wretched as it is possible for a man to feel whose heart is still throbbing with the first sensations of a new and absorbing love.

The play-party was a great success, and the teacher, to whom the novelty of her situation gave great enjoyment, sat and watched the quaint and ever-varying plays with amused interest, while her companion gravely initiated her by careful explanation into the mysteries of "Loly" and "Yoodle-loo." Having declined participation on the plea of ignorance, she found herself with the prospect of an evening of *tête-à-tête* with Mote, who refused to play without her, and whose undisguised admiration she saw with much alarm.

"Who is that young lady at the head?" she asked, presently, having three times, in obedience to an instinct which told her she was ob-

served, raised her eyes to find Sereny's fixed upon her.

"Which—in the blue? O, that er's Sereny, Bill Tharp's girl," replied Mote, in guilty confusion.

"How very pretty she is," continued Miss Hildreth; "such strange pathetic eyes!"

The last part of the sentence was intended for soliloquy, but Mote, fearing that the term pathetic conveyed reproach, hastened to say:

"Sereny *do* have a funny look out of her eyes onct in a while; but she ain't noways flighty. Ef *she's* simple, I'd like to see the girl on this here Ridge what ain't a plum fool," which having said, he felt that in some measure he had atoned.

The girl, in a hope that she would passionately have denied, had arrayed herself with all the splendor that she could command, in the dark blue calico that Mote had so often admired, in the gaudy chain and locket which he had given her, and which she held as a treasure too dear to be worn without thought, lay an appeal of which she herself was unconscious. These, with the red cotton ribbons that confined her hair and waist, and a handkerchief of coarse starched lace pinned tightly across her bosom, formed a toilet remarkable only for its apparent disregard of beauty, taste, and comfort. Miss Hildreth marveled that such a costume, ill-fitting and tawdry, seemed as little to mar the effect of her beauty as the curl-papers and "redin'-comb" had succeeded in destroying the soft willful waves of her yellow-brown hair. But she marveled more at the girl's face, which seemed ever to be turned, with an intensity of interest, toward herself, even when seemingly absorbed in some game. Miss Hildreth saw that her heart was elsewhere. There was in her face and manner a total lack of that abandonment of enjoyment which marked her companions.

The school-mistress resolved to find out the meaning of this strange interest in herself. She excused herself to Mote, intending to seat herself by Sereny, and make use of the privilege of assuming acquaintanceship, which is common to the teacher and the preacher. But before she could accomplish her design she noticed a change in Sereny that gave her a glimpse of the truth. Mote had risen, too, and was making his way across the room, with the evident object of selecting a partner for "Needle's Eye." Sereny's eyes followed him furtively, and her color changed constantly,



while the locket on her bosom rose and fell with irregular frequency.

Mote elbowed his way to where she sat on the pine plank supported by blocks, and as the words, "Be my partner, Sereny," fell from his lips, Miss Hildreth noticed that the girl rose silently, with downcast eyes, while all the anxiety faded from her face. At this moment her own name, pronounced by some one behind her, caught her ear:

"Sereny ain't no han' to hide. How cut up she is. I reckon she 'lowed nobody couldn't git him away from them big eyes. It don't take no specs to see how hard she's a-takin' it 'bout them a-sparkin'. I 'low 'tain't goin' to change Mote none noways. When he gits sot on any thing you might as well try to move 'Squar' Dean's ole mule; an' sot he is on marryin' school-mistis. He was carryin' on high up to the singin' 'bout her being sech a lady an' all, tell the boys pledged him tell he quit."

Miss Hildreth stood with burning cheeks, a feeling of distress and almost humiliation so strong upon her that she could not move. That any one should speak so of her! Involuntarily her eyes sought the ring on her finger, and she laid her hand over it tenderly. "John!" she murmured, and her tone was as of one who sought forgiveness. With a sudden fear, lest some one else had overheard the speaker's loud confidences, she glanced upward and met Sereny's eyes. She had not known the girl was so near, but a glance at her face showed that she had caught every word. Miss Hildreth felt that her own wound was as nothing in comparison with the humiliation which Sereny knew not how to hide. A great yearning to comfort the girl came over her. All the barriers between them seemed as naught. She thought of the love herself had given, prized as the highest and most sacred thing under heaven, and then of this woman in the bitter suffering of a known and unvalued love. And she, though not of her own will, was the cause. There was a reparation she might make, but she shrank from it so that she would not, when it first occurred to her, allow herself to think of it a moment. Discouragement and coldness, though they might relieve her of Mote's society, would have no effect on him so long as he thought her affections free. His own determined disposition together with his high opinion of himself were sufficient to sustain him.

The social and intellectual difference between them he could not appreciate; the former he would consider in his own favor, for she was

poor and unknown, dependent on her daily work for bread, the paid instructress of his uncle's children, while in the whole county there was not a family more respected than his, or a young man who held a higher position as a property owner or as personally attractive. He had grown weary of Sereny's easily won affection, and Miss Hildreth reasoned that in her own unapproachable reserve and dignity, it was probable, lay the charm which she seemed to possess for him; therefore, in her efforts to help Sereny by discouraging Mote, she might only succeed in strengthening his resolution. If he knew, however, that the day of her marriage with another man was set, his pride as well as his sense of honor would put an end to his hope of winning her; yet how could she confide in such a man as this the secret she had held too sacred to be shared with any? It was the cause of this indecision who brought it to a conclusion. Sereny had suddenly found herself tired and left the game. Mote took his place by Miss Hildreth's side, and began with careful cunning to lay plans for possessing himself of her rings.

"Them rings look awful well," he said, surveying them with an expression of innocent admiration.

"This one," the teacher answered, touching an old-fashioned setting of rubies, "belonged to my grandmother when she was a girl; I always thought it very pretty, and the other is my—." She blushed and stopped.

"O! I reckon you need n't go no further; I 'low 't you ought to say engagement ring."

"You are right," she answered. "I don't want it publicly known, but I think I can trust you with my secret."

"You joke awful serious-like," he said uneasily. "You ain't never goin' to marry sure enough?"

"Yes, I am," she answered, lowering her voice and speaking hurriedly, in order to accomplish her task as soon as possible; "you will not speak of it?"

"My name ain't Barnes fur nothin'," he said, flushing and straightening himself proudly. "I don't need no astin' to keep my tongue 'bout other folkses' business."

The bitterness of his tone was the result, not of offense at her question, but the disappointment and wounded vanity that struggled for expression. Sereny, with eyes that she strove in vain to fix elsewhere, saw all; saw the school-mistress' lowered head and changing

color, and the grave eagerness of Mote's usually careless face. She wondered a little at his easy victory, and then laughed when she remembered that she herself had not even waited till her love was sought.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun had almost reached the 12 o'clock mark on the kitchen floor, and Sereny doubted whether dinner would be ready with that

set down. You won't git no puddin' though, if that's what you come fur; this here's old-fashion, home-made corn-bread."

"T wan't what I come fur, though. I reckon I jes' as well up an' say it firs' as las'—I come to see ef you'd marry me or not."

"I'd a sight ruther it had ben the puddin' what fetched you; I hate to see folks ast an' git denied."



*"I come to see if you'd marry me or not."*

punctuality which her father loved. She stood at her newly scrubbed table mixing the batter for the corn-bread with a vigorous hand, singing all the while to the accompaniment of her spoon the last new "Sunday-school song." Sereny never sang any thing but "Sunday-school songs;" it was an important article of her creed that "church members don't have no call to go 'roun' singin' foolishness 'bout lovin' and sech stuff."

"Pears like I'm jes' in time to help eat the puddin'," said a voice behind her that made her start.

"O, is it you, Mote?" she said, turning a face to him over her shoulder kindly but cool. "So you ain't forgot the way to Tharps's, after all;

"Here's one a-settin' here," replied Mote, doggedly, "what ain't got no intention o' git-tin' denied. I've ben a lovin' you, Sereny, two years an' mo', an' ef you won't marry me now you will some day; you can't hender me from waitin'."

"I don't 'low to hender you from nothin'," cried the girl indignantly, "only jes' settin' roun' my kitchen on any sech business as that. I ain't keen to marry, and I don't want to hear no mo'." She pushed the bread-pan into the oven and shut the door upon it with a slam; her cheeks burned with the fire of indignation in her heart. Ever since the night of the party the edge of her pain had been wearing away, and now Mote's words made it keener



than at first; in them she read nothing but pity for her unrequited love. Mote seemed to have some dim consciousness of this.

"Is it owin' to me keepin' company with school-mistis?" he asked presently, in a more subdued tone. "Sereny, I pon' you my word, I ain't seen her sence that night at Rickettses, an' that's two months an' uperds; I did sorter think I thought right smart o' her onct, but it didn't take long to find out how I was a-foolin' myself, an' I says to myself, 'Mote, you could not love nobody but Seney Tharp ef you was to try till jedgment day,' an' I tried to screw myself up to come an' see you; and then I'd git to thinkin' 'bout you bein' so awful on-friendly at Rickettses, an' I says to myself 'twon' be no use; but it seemed so sorter lonesome an' all 'roun' home with jes' me and pap 'at I could n' stan' it no longer, so I come to try my luck anyways."

Sereny's face softened. "I'm sorry, Mote," she said in a far gentler tone, "but I ben studyin' considable 'bout one thing another, an' I b'lieve I'd ruther die a ole maid."

He gazed at her a moment in a stupefaction of incredulity. "Now I know you're talkin' to hear yourself. You bein' a ole maid! Of all the onery, aggravatin' critters goin' 'roun' mummerin' to theyselves, an' suspicionin' folks what they ain't got no business meddlin' with; 'tain't bein' no ole maid you're studyin' 'bout. You're a-lovin' one o' them no-count fellows what's everlastin'ly hangin' 'roun' here same as they ain' got no han's to work with."

"It air aggravatin' to have folks settin' 'roun' and knowin' the tobacco's fairly spilin' itself waitin' for somebody to strip it," said Sereny, in a tone of gentle candor.

Mote's face grew dark with anger. "That's so, Sereny. I 'low I *will* go 'ten' to that tobacco; the ole barn's tollible rickety, but proper-behavin' folks don' get no belittlin' in it noways. 'Roun' this here farm *manners* seems to be gone on a broad." He strode from the room and left the girl aghast at her own rudeness and its effects. She had exaggerated the pride and coldness that she really felt, in order to conceal her strong temptation to yield and confess her love. Her determination not to marry him had been serious; she would never forgive him to that extent, but to carry her resistance to the point of inhospitality, thereby reversing the position and constituting herself the offender, was a thing she had not dreamed of until it was done.

It was Saturday, and Abe Barnes had seized the opportunity to finish his tobacco stripping, having summoned his entire family, inclusive of the baby, to the barn, where he had assigned a portion of the work, carefully selected with reference to his or her years and ability, to each of the nine, exclusive of the baby. This period of quietness, the longest she had known during her five months residence in the Barnes household, Miss Hildreth would have found exceedingly grateful had not her mind been so full of one subject that external surroundings almost failed to affect her. The end of the term was at hand, and the time fixed for her marriage but a few weeks distant; yet to-day she had for her own affairs scarcely a thought. Opposite her by the fireside, his head on his crossed arms that rested on the table, sat a man whose attitude and half-averted face were one expression of dull misery. It was Mote, proud, upright, happy Mote, who in all his life before had never felt one pang of shame, yet sat there now under the shadow of a deep disgrace. Expressions of condolence, or any show of sympathy from the curious and officiously kind friends who surrounded him, he had rejected with a cold and bitter humility that awed them instantly. Yet the teacher, in wise womanly fashion, had made him feel how deeply she sympathized with him, and so had drawn him out to speak without that pathetic mingling of defiance and self-contempt.

"Ef pap could a died," he said in an uncertain voice that startled himself, "ef the Lord 'ud a let him die 'fore he done it—him and me." He stopped abruptly and drew his hand across his eyes.

It seemed indeed to the teacher that if Ezekiel Barnes could have died before his first great temptation, it would have been a blessed thing, for Mote at least. For fifty years he had been a model for his neighbors and a pride unto himself. His sins had been those of omission, and his confidence in his own infallibility absolute. Yet his integrity had been founded not on religious or even philosophical principles, but solely on pride of family respectability and a sense of personal importance, and its first severe shock was fatal. His fall had been, not by degrees, but sudden and complete. He had speculated in tobacco and lost. There remained nothing but to sell the homestead and stand before the world, in his advancing years, a failure; for to him the measure of prosperity was the measure of merit. One of his neighbors, dying, had left

his property to his wife, in care of Ezekiel Barnes. A large part of this property the latter now appropriated to his own use, trusting that his high standing and the widow's confidence in him would sustain him in the explanation which he fabricated; but he had reckoned without his host. The return of the widow's son from Arizona resulted in an unexpected demand for money, and a consequent examination into the state of affairs. Ezekiel Barnes was no skillful strategist; he had executed his designs so clumsily that after his arrest his guilt was proved without difficulty, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary. Mote suspected nothing until his father was taken into custody, and it was the rapidity with which the arrest, the conviction, and the sentence had followed one upon another which had so completely unnerved him. His moral nature had received a shock which it seemed probable would prove its ruin. Since the one person in whom his confidence was boundless had been found unworthy of that confidence, he concluded, with the violent impetuosity of an ill-balanced mind, that he who put faith in any human being was a fool. Respect for his father and love for Sereny had been the deepest feelings of his life. He thought of his sudden and short-lived preference for Miss Hildreth, and then of his bitter punishment in the loss of Sereny's love. To-day his only sensation was of loneliness—loneliness as hopeless and complete as though no human being were alive but him. Nellie Hildreth's unspoken sympathy had given him his only gleam of relief; she was thoughtful, and one who loved her fellow-men, and she dreaded the effect of his trouble on Mote's character. More than ever she regretted the failure of her hopes with regard to Sereny. The participation in his sorrow of her loving heart might have saved him from what she feared would result from the defiant recklessness into which he seemed fast to be sinking.

The door opened and somebody entered. Mote did not stir. Miss Hildreth looked up and saw Sereny, with a basket on her arm and a clear pink color in her cheeks, a sight as wholesome and sweet as the bright breezy morning itself. The girl's very presence, erect and fresh and smiling, jarred on the school-mistress painfully; even her young healthful beauty was out of harmony with the dark room, and Mote's bowed figure, and her own thoughts.

"Good mornin', Miss Nellie," she said, tak-

ing off her hat and setting the basket on a convenient chair, "how's all?"

"Very well, I believe; they are all in the barn stripping tobacco."

"Well, I ain't in no great hurry; I jes' fetched over the butter Mrs. Barnes was a astin' fur. I'll go out an' tell 'um howdy 'fore I go."

She had apparently not noticed Mote, but now she quietly crossed the room and laid her hand on his arm. "Is it so 'bout yo' goin' to Kansas?" she said. There was a slight tremor in her voice, and she grew a little paler as she spoke.

Mote neither welcomed nor repulsed the touch of her fingers; he appeared unconscious of her identity. "O, yes, it's so I reckon," he answered drearly. "I reckon, too, 'tain't no differ to nobody."

"I 'lowed 't wan't so," she said, withdrawing her hand. "I mistrusted you'd go 'way an' not say nothin' to me 'bout it."

"I don't see as Barneses air got any call to say nothin' to Tharps," he answered bitterly, "Mote Barnes, 'specially. Mote, he ain't fit comp'ny for folks as thinks right smart o' theyselves. Ef I was you I would n't be co't talkin' to sech as him."

"I tho't maybe," she said, not noticin' his tone, "at ef you was—was in the same min' as you was that day when—when you went away and didn't come back no more; an' ef you knowed how sorry I was 'bout the way I spoke an' done, 'at maybe you would n't be so sot on goin' to Kansas."

"I would n't come 'roun' talkin' foolishness, ef I was you, Sereny, an' I would'n be a-mock-in' of folks as every body's a belittlin' no ways."

"Mote, don't you b'lieve me?" she said, her lips trembling; "don't you know 'at I mean what I say? It's what I'm here to say."

He lifted his head and looked at her with eager eyes. His face was gray and drawn with suffering, but already it was flushed with hope.

"Listen at me," he said; "is this here what you're a-meanin', 'at you air willin' to keep comp'ny with a man as ain't got no home an' no frien's, an' his name's a disgrace in his ears; 'at you ain't 'shame to marry sech as him, an' take sech a name as his'n?"

She made him no answer but smiled tremulously.

"Ef I tho't you was makin' light o' me," he said, passionately, "I'd ruther see you dead."



"Ef you was to take it that a-way, I jes' as lieve I was dead," she answered, almost inaudibly.

He withdrew his eyes from her face and leaned his head on his hand. "It could n't hardly be so," he said, slowly, "after the way you spoke, an' me a-lovin' you the way I did an' do, it could n't hardly come so 'at after all

you do love me some; it 'ud be too good for the likes o' me."

A rain of tears fell from the girl's eyes. "O, Mote," she cried, "ain't you knowed it?"

The school-mistress never heard the end of the sentence; she rose and left the room hurriedly, and her eyes, too, were full of tears. But she guessed it from the sequel.

*Nannie Mayo Fitzhugh.*

## CHICKAMAUGA.

THE story of Chickamauga is not a new one, yet it has received less attention from military writers and critics than any of the great battles of the late war. The popular magazines of the East have scarcely mentioned it, while Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Antietam, and Shiloh are familiar scenes.

Chickamauga was a prodigious struggle, full of dramatic features. Its losses in killed and wounded aggregated thirty thousand; losses nearly as great as at Gettysburg, where double numbers were engaged; losses nearly double the losses at Shiloh. The opposing forces were almost equally matched; nearly every regiment was brought into action; many were more than decimated.

There are well-defined reasons for this partial ignorance and silence. The Union army was composed of Western troops. Three regiments, mainly from Western Pennsylvania, represented the only Eastern State. Boston and New York remember Chickamauga only as they remember Pea Ridge and Pine Bluff—as battles fought far off in the West. Grant and Sherman, Lee and Jackson were not there. Vicksburg and Gettysburg, recent decisive victories, somewhat overshadowed it at the time.

There is another reason of greater force. Chickamauga was, in the main, a "drawn game." The Federals fairly won in the strategy of the campaign; the Confederates won the actual field. The results of the battle proper were unsatisfactory to both, and neither side has felt like fighting it over in a literary way. Rosecrans was criticised by the Federals, and the Confederates have never ceased to censure Bragg for his failures in strategy, and for losing the fruits of their hard-earned victory.

Some years ago I revisited the battle-field. Scenes long forgotten came vividly to mind.

I rode along the oak and piney slopes of Mission Ridge, here and there as open and beautiful as an English park; I rode down through the dense forest, where Longstreet formed his column of attack, on the banks of the silent little Chickamauga—well named "River of Death." I found the knoll where the Glen House stood; I traced the old battle line along the crest of "Horseshoe Ridge." The lapse of time had left but few traces of the conflict. The birds chattered gaily, and nature smiled peacefully, all innocent of the bloody scenes enacted there twenty-three years ago.

A brief sketch of the battle and of the scenes recalled by my visit—mainly from a Federal stand-point—may be of interest to the readers of the *BIVOUAC*.

After its well-earned victory at Murfreesboro and the Tullahoma campaign, Rosecrans's army rested for a time among the cultivated farms of Middle Tennessee, near the foot of the Cumberland Mountains. Bragg was reorganizing his army at Chattanooga, a place of great military importance, the key to East Tennessee and Northern Georgia, a position abounding in defenses, and almost inaccessible from the north. Three high mountain ranges with precipitous cliffs and deep intervening valleys, and the broad, deep Tennessee River, obstacles apparently insurmountable, separated the two armies. A commander less fertile in resources than Rosecrans would have been appalled and confused at the physical difficulties that beset his front, but Halleck's orders to advance were imperative, and Rosecrans was equal to the emergency. He decided to attract attention by a direct demonstration upon Chattanooga, meantime to strike for Bragg's communications with his main force.

Away our army went at last (August 16, 1863), struggling over mountain passes with

its artillery and trains, crossing the wide river, floundering through deep gullies under the terrors of an August sun. The Cumberland Mountains, Sand Mountain, and Will's Valley were crossed; the high palisades of Lookout Mountain were scaled. The feint in front of Chattanooga proved a brilliant success, and Rosecrans was almost within reach of Bragg's line of communications without obstruction or resistance; but the three corps of the Union army were widely separated, crossing passes of Lookout Mountain forty miles apart. General Thomas' corps was some twenty miles south of Chattanooga, and McCook's corps was twenty miles still further south. (The writer was Assistant Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Twentieth Army Corps, McCook's.)

Bragg's position at Chattanooga was now no longer tenable; he decided to play a deep game. Pretending to retreat in haste from Chattanooga, he quietly concentrated his army and ensconced himself at Lafayette, twenty miles to the south, behind the thickets of the Chickamauga River, and immediately opposite the central pass of Lookout Mountain, through which the Thomas' corps was marching. There he could strike the Federals in detail as the separate corps debouched from the mountain passes.

For once the wily Rosecrans was deceived by Bragg's feigned retreat. He ordered a general pursuit; McCook was ordered "to Alpine and Summerville"—far toward Rome—"to strike the Confederates on their retreat." Thomas was ordered to push for Lafayette, the very point where Bragg was concentrating. Crittenden, having entered Chattanooga with the left wing of the army, struck out for Dalton, Georgia, in pursuit.

It seemed impossible for the isolated Federal corps to escape the trap so adroitly set for them. They soon stumbled into danger, but vigilance and good luck saved them. General Negley, with Thomas' advance division, sallied forth unsuspectingly from the mountain pass toward Lafayette. He actually marched into Bragg's trap, but jumped out in a jiffy, and made such wise and rapid progress to the rear that the Confederates could not catch him. Bragg was furious; he bitterly censured General Hindman, but it was too late. He turned upon Crittenden, but failed there also.

The dangerous proximity of the enemy had now become an exciting revelation. Rosecrans hastened to concentrate his army. Mc-

Cook, still far away to the south, was ordered to join Thomas. McCook has been charged with delay, but very unjustly; he came over the rough mountains with all possible speed. The days of waiting were full of peril and anxiety, but there was no help for it. Time has amply vindicated McCook's judgment and haste. The Union army was thankfully reunited September 17th.

At the beginning of the campaign Rosecrans had warned General Halleck, at Washington, that he had no reasonable plan for supporting the flanks of his movement, but Halleck was too wise to listen. All the armies of the South were permitted to reinforce Bragg almost unmolested. Buckner, retiring before Burnside in East Tennessee, joined Bragg with five thousand men. Two divisions came from Joe Johnston's army in Mississippi. Recruits and State troops were hurried forward.

Longstreet slipped secretly away from Virginia and came down by rail with two fine divisions from General Lee's army. The very heart of the Confederacy was set upon crushing Rosecrans. Longstreet says that in parting with Mr. Davis at Richmond he promised that if he lived Rosecrans should be beaten. The sublime strategy of Halleck can not be better illustrated than by his telegram to Rosecrans on the very eve of Chickamauga, that "It was reported that Bragg was sending reinforcements to Lee's army."

Thus, while the national army consumed a month in toiling over the rugged mountains, Bragg's force grew from about thirty-five thousand to an army of sixty thousand soldiers.\* Rosecrans effective force of all arms, by Federal reports, was fifty-four thousand.

Bragg's increased strength was soon revealed—a revelation by no means agreeable to Rosecrans. Valuable time had been lost in concentrating. He was not in position; his divisions were scattered and tangled in the hills and narrow pathways, but undismayed and with an army full of spirit he struck out to confront Bragg upon his own chosen ground. He had come to take Chattanooga, fight or no fight.

The preliminary movements of the Federal commander were admirable. Crittenden's three divisions—Tom Wood's, Vancleve's, and Palmer's—were pushed down in front of Bragg's position at Lee and Gordon's Mills, the main

\*Estimated. The Confederate reports do not give the figures.



crossing of the river. Behind this protecting line Thomas' three divisions—Brannon's Baird's, and Reynolds'—were moved to the left toward Chattanooga; McCook followed in the wake of Thomas with R. W. Johnson's, Jeff. C. Davis', and Sheridan's divisions. Rosecrans' army faced southeast; Bragg's northwest. The Chickamauga separated them—a quiet little river hidden away in woodland and thicket, crossed by occasional bridges and fords, and flowing northward into the Tennessee River a few miles east of Chattanooga.

Thus far Bragg's plans had miscarried, but now Longstreet was within sight, and he issued orders for a grand flank movement on the 18th, by which he hoped to turn and crush Rosecrans' left, to place his army across the road to Rossville and Chattanooga, and force the Union army back against the rough foot-hills of the mountain.

Bragg's sharply worded orders were full of fire and fight. B. R. Johnson, commanding the extreme Confederate right, was to cross at Reed's Bridge, far down the river, joined on his left at the intervening crossing by Walker and Buckner's forces; Polk and D. H. Hill to advance in front. Forrest's two divisions of cavalry were on his right, Wheeler's two divisions on his left. On crossing the river the flanking column was to wheel to the left on the pivot of Lee and Gordon's Mills. The attack was ordered for the 18th, but bridges, fords, and thickets had to be crossed. Minty and Wilder, with Federal cavalry, stubbornly resisted the advance, and the morning of the 19th came before their destination was reached.

Meanwhile, Rosecrans was wide awake; his signal corps reported Bragg's movement toward Chattanooga the 17th and 18th. Grasping the situation, the Federal commander ordered what proved to be the master movement of the whole campaign—a night march of Thomas' whole corps to the left, to seize and hold the very roads and cross-roads Bragg's columns were heading for. There Thomas would hold the key to Chattanooga.

It was a long, weary, groping march in the dark. Artillery and trains blocked the narrow way. Baird and Brannon had but reached the coveted position near Kelley's farm, their tired soldiers had scarcely fallen asleep in the chill frost, when daylight of September 19th dawned upon the scene.

As might be expected the advance divisions of the two armies soon stumbled upon each other. Hearing there was "an isolated Con-

federate brigade" on the west side of the river, General Thomas ordered Baird and Brannon down into the woods to capture it; and thus the initial conflict of the day was begun. They first struck Forrest's cavalry; his force melting away, they unexpectedly butted up against the heavy infantry lines of Walker and Frank Cheatham. The forest resounded and became more dense in the smoke of the fierce contest. Johnson's divisions of McCook's corps, the nearest Federal force, attracted by the sound of battle, was pushed into the woods, and came up on Baird's right just at the nick of time. Cheatham and Walker were finally overpowered and swept back; all the horses of Carnes' Tennessee Battery were shot down and lay in a heap. Then came Liddell to the rescue of the Confederates. Walthall and Govan with their Mississippi and Arkansas brigades smashed into King's brigade of regulars, and knocked them out of time and line, but suffered tremendous losses; and Stewart, with his Tennesseans and Georgians, joined Liddell. They swept over Loomis' famous Federal battery; its gallant young commander, Van Pelt, refusing to surrender, died like a soldier by his guns, after hope of resistance was gone. Hood, with his Virginia division, and Polk with Breckenridge and D. H. Hill all rushed forward and joined in the deadly melee. Help also came to the Federals. Rosecrans had promised Thomas all the aid he needed on the left; he was redeeming his promise. His nearest divisions were hurried to the left irrespective of corps organization. Palmer swung into the fight on the right of Johnson to stay Liddell's advance, and Reynolds joined his right. They swept the enemy back, but were forced back in turn as Hood and Polk attacked. Crittenden hurried Vancleve into the wood, and McCook sent Jeff. C. Davis in at a double quick. Wilder, with his mounted infantry, filled the gap in our line. An overwhelming force struck Vancleve and Davis; they suffered great losses. The enemy now reached the Lafayette and Chattanooga road dividing our army. Thomas sent Brannon from the extreme left to help restore our line, and Negley came from our extreme right. Tom Wood went into the fray at a critical time, and turned the scale, but soon needed help, when Phil. Sheridan came into the breach. Sheridan and Frank Cheatham, a tough pair of fighters, met again. Murfreesboro was not forgotten. Both divisions got all the hammering they wanted, and more.

When all became good friends after the war old General Frank told me his division never suffered more than in this fight. Night came, but the havoc did not cease. Even after sunset Pat Cleburne, "the Stonewall Jackson of Bragg's army," made a furious assault on our line, in the woods to the north of the Glen House. On he swept nearly to our own headquarters, near the Lafayette road. It gave one the cold shivers. The wild yells, echoing in the woods, the deafening musketry, ominously advancing, the lines of fire lighting up the darkness were a brilliant finale to the day's conflict. He was checked at last, and grateful rest came to the soldiers of both armies. They fell asleep amid the wounded and dying in field and forest where they had fought. And many a noble form in blue and gray, fondly loved in a far-off home, lay stark and cold in the moonlight and in the silent shadows.

The battle of September 19th was one of the fiercest and deadliest of the war. It was a rough-and-tumble, all-day-long fight, without intrenchments; a series of surprises, of alternating successes, of charges and counter-charges, a death grapple of irregular lines in thickets and woods. There was no time for tactics or maneuvering, or counter preparation. Overshadowed by the dramatic features of the next day's battle, one can now scarcely realize and recall the enduring heroism of this struggle. The war furnished no better test of the fighting metal of the American soldier. When night came *neither* side had won.

The national army was still master of the roads and passes to Chattanooga, but it had been too severely handled to claim a victory. Rosecrans was thankful he had been able to patch up and preserve an unbroken front. He had fought his whole available army; he was matched every where.

Bragg's plans had again miscarried; his flank movement had been "outflanked." He had been forced into battle on an unexpected field. He had been outgeneraled and baffled, but not beaten. Hood's division was in the day's fight. Now Longstreet had arrived with McLaw's troops from Virginia. Two more new brigades were near, and he felt confident of success on the morrow. While the soldiers of the exhausted armies slept the commanders were not idle.

I well remember the conference that night at the Glen House (General Rosecrans' headquarters). It was not far from the final battle line. Rosecrans, Garfield (his chief of staff),

Thomas, McCook, Crittenden, and other general officers sat around the camp-fires, a brilliant but serious conclave. All realized that morning would bring serious work. The conference extended far beyond midnight. Rosecrans was all ardor and restless activity. Orders were carefully written and delivered. The night was chilly. There was no time for tents. We finally laid down for a couple of hours' rest on the floor of the Glen House, packed like sardines. Every time any one turned over the whole row was disturbed. I was wedged in between kind "old Pap Thomas" and Mike Kelley, a gallant young officer of the Fourth cavalry. McCook's force had had the lion's share of marching, and its full share of fighting, and we were thankful for rest.

When daylight dawned the interesting group had disappeared. Some comrades of the night we never saw again. The sun arose that morning in the red and gold splendor of a Southern autumn. The sky was cloudless, but a mist hung over field and forest, enshrouding both armies. Not even the sound of musketry disturbed the peacefulness of the Sabbath.

General Thomas, on the left, had carefully reformed and strengthened his line, embracing nearly half the Union army. Crittenden's two remaining divisions were placed in reserve behind the right center. McCook was ordered to hold the space between the Glen House—a strong position on the east slope of Mission Ridge—and Brannon (Thomas' right division). The cavalry on the right was placed under McCook's orders. McCook's infantry line was long and thin, running down through the woods and undergrowth to the north. The distance to be covered was too great for a strong connecting line, but as early as 6:35 o'clock A. M. Garfield had written McCook that "the enemy appeared to be moving to our left," and there was already a strong impression at headquarters that Bragg's main attack would be there, obviously his objective point. Our field hospitals were also unfortunately at Crawfish Springs (General Mitchell's cavalry headquarters), nearly two miles south of the Glen House, and it was necessary to protect the position at Glen's to cover the road to these hospitals; otherwise, Rosecrans would doubtless have shortened McCook's line, and thrown it back on the defensive spurs of the ridge.

Bragg, on the other side, was arranging his forces for an aggressive fight. The mist and the forest concealed his movements. His right



was extended and strengthened. A second time he planned to strike the Federal left and reach the coveted roads to Chattanooga. Forrest was still on his right, then to the left came Breckinridge, Cleburne, Cheatham, Walker, and Liddell, composing his right wing under the Bishop-General Polk, and D. H. Hill, Hindman, Stewart, Preston, Johnson, McLaws, and Hood (still running to the left), composed his left wing under Longstreet and Buckner. Wheeler still held the extreme left (eleven divisions of infantry and four of cavalry).

Minty's cavalry division held the left of Rosecrans' line; then came Baird, Johnson, Palmer, Reynolds, Brannon, Negley, Davis, and Sheridan in succession. George Crook's cavalry division held the right of the line. Tom Wood and Vancleve were in reserve (ten divisions of infantry and two of cavalry). Gordon Granger had another infantry division stationed at Rossville, four miles in the rear. Wagner's brigade of Wood's division was absent, occupying Chattanooga. Post's brigade (Davis) was guarding the trains in Chattanooga Valley. Dan McCook's brigade (Steedman) remained at Rossville.

Rosecrans was far from his original base. He had to hold roads and passes widely separated. Under force of circumstances his corps organization was broken up and divisions were scattered irregularly in the line.

Bragg had ample time to organize for battle, and also the advantage of an aggressive attack. Polk was to strike our left at daylight, the successive Confederate divisions on his left to follow the attack in order, the whole line wheeling to the left.

Bragg waited impatiently for the sound of Polk's guns, but they were silent. Various causes delayed. It was nearly nine o'clock before Breckinridge, with Forrest's dismounted force on his right, advanced against Thomas. Brannon's division from our extreme left had been sent to aid the center the day before. This had uncovered the road from Reed's bridge, and left the way to our rear open.

Thomas had been calling for Negley's division of his corps to take Brannon's place, but an attack on Negley's front was threatened, and only his reserve brigade (Beatty's) was sent. This was Breckinridge's opportunity. Helm's, Adam's, and Stovall's brigades came rushing forward in a sweeping charge. Helm on the left with his gallant Kentuckians struck Baird's left, protected by temporary defenses.

A bloody encounter ensued. Helm fell mortally wounded; nearly half his brigade was killed or disabled. It recoiled, shattered and broken. Adams and Stovall, on Helm's right, had better fortune for a time. They were beyond the left of our infantry, and pushed around in Baird's rear. Beatty's Federal brigade hurried to oppose them, but was overpowered. Stanley's brigade came to its support. The Confederates were checked and finally beaten back. Adams was wounded and captured.

Meantime, Cleburne and Walker were assaulting Baird and Johnson in front. The Confederate attack swept furiously down Thomas' line. Frank Cheatham with his Tennessee soldiers, led by Maney, Preston Smith, Marcus J. Wright, and Strahl, charged desperately, but could not withstand the storm of fire concentrated upon them. Liddell, with Walthall and Govan, taking up the attack in succession, five times charged the Union lines, but all in vain. Hindman's Mississippi and Alabama troops shared the same fate. Bate, Brown, and Clayton, of Stewart's division assaulted and reassaulted with great impetuosity, but were beaten back. Brown and Clayton were wounded. All recoiled from the unrelenting line of fire. It was the same story of assault and repulse, with fearful losses in the Confederate ranks. When the storm lulled, and the smoke cleared away—the Union lines well posted and partly protected—Baird, Johnson, Palmer, Reynolds, Brannon were still there.

The furious initial attack on the Federal left, although repulsed, unfortunately led to changes in Rosecrans' army materially affecting the results of the general conflict. Thomas, discovering his position turned and his front assaulted, hurried messengers to Rosecrans for assistance. Two aids, in rapid succession, called for reinforcements. All was still on the Federal right. The fight was raging with grand fury on the left.

Rosecrans felt that his apprehensions of the morning were to be realized. The Confederates were doubtless massing on his left. They had reached the much-coveted Chattanooga road. McCook was at once notified "that Thomas was heavily pressed," that "the left must be held at all hazards if the right was drawn back to the present left." "Select a good position, and be ready to reinforce Thomas at a moment's warning." Five minutes later came the order from Rosecrans to McCook to hurry Sheridan's two brigades to the left. Neg-

ley's troops, replaced by Wood, had started. Vancleve, with two brigades, was also sent to aid Thomas. McCook was now left with one of Sheridan's brigades and two of Davis', all greatly depleted by Saturday's losses.

They were unable to form a connected front, but joined Wood on their left. At this time occurred one of those incidents that sometimes decide the fate of armies. Captain Kellogg, of Thomas' staff, hurrying along the line with orders, unfortunately reported to Rosecrans that he had noticed "Brannon was out of line, and Reynolds' right exposed."

Turning to an aid (Major Frank Bond) Rosecrans directed him to order Wood "to close up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him."

It seemed Reynolds was *not* needing help, and that Brannon was in position on his right, but slightly in rear.

Wood, whose left connected with Brannon's right, hastened to try to execute the order, hazardous though the withdrawal must have seemed, passing to the rear of Brannon to reach Reynolds' position; thus a wide gap was left in the Union line. McCook had already called up Wilder to strengthen his front, and sent for the main cavalry to protect the right. The right had unexpectedly become, as it were, the *rear* of the army.

Turning to the Confederate side for a brief survey, we find, unhappily for the national army, that Bragg was *not* now massing his forces on our left. He had just been defeated and repulsed there. Our three marching divisions are not now needed there. Bragg's main plan had failed; but in the quiet forest, within almost a stone's throw of our right, and in the still overclouding mist, were Longstreet and Buckner, with the left wing of his army massed in battle array, impatiently awaiting the signal for attack.

Longstreet had been Rosecrans' class-mate at West Point. He was fresh from the field of Gettysburg, where he had been selected by General Lee to command Pickett's and Heth's divisions in their immortal but fatal charge against Cemetery Ridge, a charge ordered by Lee against Longstreet's judgement and advice.

Longstreet had all the morning to organize for attack. His troops were placed in column of brigades at half distance, a masterpiece of tactics. Hood, a soldier full of energy and dash, was to lead the column, his own division being massed five brigades deep, with Kershaw

and Humphrey's brigades as additional supports.

Probably never in the history of the war, up to this time, had an attacking force been so heavily massed. Longstreet has said since (speaking of Chickamauga) that it was a physical impossibility for any troops, unprotected by breastworks, to withstand such a column. In his report he says his force consisted of about twenty-three thousand men, nearly one half of them fresh from Virginia.

The order to advance came at last. The deep Confederate lines suddenly appeared. The woods in our front seemed alive. On they came like an angry flood—Hood, McLaws, Johnson, Preston; later, Stewart and Hindman came. They struck McCook's three remaining brigades, the remnants of the Federal right. Under the daring and personal exertions of McCook and Davis, they made a gallant but vain resistance. The massed lines of the enemy swarmed around their flanks. Colonel Heg, commanding Davis' Third brigade, was killed. Pouring through the opening made by Wood's withdrawal, they struck his last brigade as it was leaving the line. It was slammed back like a door, and shattered. Brannon, on Wood's left, was struck in front and flank. His right was flung back; his left stood fast. Sheridan, hastening to the left with two brigades, was called back, and rushed to the rescue. The gifted poet soldier, General Lytle, commanding one of his brigades, seeing, from rising ground, the overwhelming force of the enemy, exclaimed to his staff, "All right, men; we can die but once. This is our time and place. Let us charge!" A brilliant but fatal charge it was. Its leader fell pierced with many wounds. Sheridan's little force stayed the storm for a time, as might be expected under such leadership, but his lines were too short. Wave after wave of Confederates came on; resistance only increased the multitude. Vancleve's division was also marching to the aid of Thomas. Brannon's artillery, attacked in flank, rushed to the rear for clearer ground, and suddenly plunged into these troops, the Confederates at their heels. Disorder ensued; their effective resistance was lost. The reserve artillery of the center, well posted in rear, unable to maneuver in the undergrowth, hedged around by infantry a half hour before, was now without immediate support. The sudden rush of Longstreet's compact column through the forest had foiled all plans. Gray-haired General Vancleve, with a handful of gallant



men, rushed to the defense of the batteries, but it was too late. Scarcely a gun could be fired. The enemy appeared every where. The astonished artillerists were swept from their guns. General Negley, with one of his brigades isolated in rear, shared the general fate of the right.

When Longstreet struck the right, Rosecrans was near McCook and Crittenden, behind Davis' brigade, giving his final orders preparatory to joining Thomas and taking charge of the main army on the left. Seeing our line swept back, he hurried to Sheridan's force for aid. With staff and escort he recklessly strove to stem the tide. They attempted to pass to the left through a storm of canister and musketry, but were hurled back.

All became confusion. No order could be heard above the tempest of battle. With a wild yell the Confederates swept on far to their left. They seemed every where victorious. Rosecrans was borne back in the retreat. Fugitives, wounded, caissons, escort, ambulances, thronged the narrow pathways. He concluded that our whole line had given way, that the day was lost, that the next stand must be made at Chattanooga. McCook and Crittenden caught in the same tide of retreat, seeing only rout every where, shared the opinion of Rosecrans, and reported to him for instructions and co-operation.

Thus is briefly told the story of the disaster on our right at Chickamauga. We were overwhelmed by numbers; we were beaten in detail. Thirty minutes earlier Longstreet would have met well organized resistance. Thirty minutes later our marching divisions could have formed beyond his column of attack. Victory was assured to Longstreet from the start. When Stonewall Jackson and Fitz Lee crept quietly around our right at Chancellorsville, and looked down from the hills in rear upon the camp-fires of General Howard's unsuspecting corps, they were not more certain of success.

Napoleon, at Wagram, pierced the Austrian army of one hundred and fifty thousand men with a single column of eleven thousand under Macdonald.

Longstreet had now swept away all organized opposition in his front. Four divisions only of the Union army remained in their original position—Baird and Johnson, of McCook's corps; Palmer, of Crittenden's, and Reynolds. Three had been cut off and swept away. Longstreet's force separated them. He

says he urged Bragg to send Wheeler's cavalry in pursuit. Strange to report, no pursuit was ordered. Perhaps George Crook was giving Wheeler all the work he wanted. Time was lost by Bragg in collecting the trophies of victory. An incident of the battle also contributed to the delay.

When Sheridan and others were ordered to the left, the writer hastened down toward Crawfish Springs, under instructions from McCook, to order the cavalry to the left to fill the gaps made by the withdrawal of infantry. I was but fairly on the run when Longstreet struck our right. Alas! it was too late to get immediate aid from the cavalry! The storm of battle was sweeping over the ground I had just left. Hastily giving the orders and returning, I found the Thirty-ninth Indiana regiment coming from a cross-road; a full, fresh regiment—armed with Spencer's repeating rifles—the only mounted force in our army corps. Calling upon Colonel Harrison, its commander, to hurry to the left, we led the regiment at a gallop to the Widow Glen's.

The sound of battle had lulled. No Union force was in sight. A Confederate line near by was advancing against the position. Harrison, dismounting his men, dashed at the enemy in a most effective charge. Wilder, coming up on our right, also attacked. He had two regiments armed with the same repeating rifles. They did splendid work. Longstreet told Wilder after the war that the steady and continued racket of these guns led him to think an army corps had attacked his left flank. Other Confederates have made the same statement to the writer. Bragg, cautious by nature, hesitated. By the time he was ready to turn Longstreet's force against Thomas, valuable time had elapsed; meanwhile the Federals had a breathing spell.

Brannon, partly knocked out of line, had gathered his division on a hill at right angles to his former position, and a half mile in rear of Reynolds. Tom Wood came up with Harker's brigade and part of George P. Buell's, and posted them near Brannon's left. Some of Vancleve's troops joined them, and fragments of Negley's.

General Thomas, ignorant of these movements, and of the disaster to the right of the Union army, had again been attacked by Breckinridge and Forrest.

They were again in Baird's rear with increased force. Thomas' reserve brigades, Willich, Grose, and Vandever, hurried to meet

the attack. After a fierce struggle the Confederates were beaten back. Thomas, expecting the promised assistance of Sheridan, had sent Captain Kellogg to guide him to the left. Kellogg, hurrying back, reported he had been fired on by a line of Confederates advancing in the woods in rear of Reynolds (who held the center of our general line). What a revelation this must have been to the old hero!

Ah, the men of gray were coming on the right instead of Sheridan! Wood and Harker hoped the force advancing in the woods on their new front was a friendly one. The national flag was waved; a storm of bullets was the response. It was Stewart and Bate coming with their Tennesseans. They had finally forced their way across the ragged edge of the Federal right, and were following Hood. Fortunately Thomas had just repulsed Breckinridge's attack on his left, and Stanley, Beatty, and Vandever had double-quickened across the "horseshoe" to our new right. They did not come a moment too soon. The improvised line of Federals thus hastily formed on "Battery Hill" now successfully withstood the assault of the enemy.

Again the Confederates renewed the attack, and again, but the Union line still held the crest. Longstreet was stayed at last.

Unable to carry the position in front, gathering new forces, he soon sent a flanking column around our right. We could not extend our line to meet this attack. They had reached the summit, and were coming around still further on through a protected ravine. For a time the fate of the Union army hung in the balance. All seemed lost, when help, unexpected, came.

Away to the rear that morning General Gordon Granger had a division of infantry (Steedman's) guarding the pass at Rossville. No orders had come to them. Rosecrans being cut off from the left, his main army was temporarily without a leader. Granger and Steedman were a pair of rough, tough soldiers, full of brains and metal. They heard the distant thundering increasing and coming nearer. Impatient of delay, and without orders, they finally hurried to the front with two brigades, Whitaker's and Mitchell's. They were nearly four miles from the field. The heat of the midday was intense, the roads narrow, and clouds of stifling dust enveloped them; but they pressed on.

The ever-vigilant Forrest attacked them as they passed, but could not detain them. They

neared the field, and General Thomas directed them to the right, the point of danger. They were already formed for attack; flags were flying, arms were gleaming. It was a splendid refreshing pageant to the eyes of their anxious comrades circling the brow of the hill. Blucher's soldiers that came in the evening at Waterloo were not more welcome. They did not hesitate. They struck the oncoming Confederate advance with the momentum of a sledge hammer. The shock was terrific, the losses fearful. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois had met Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama. The troops from Virginia had found their match at last. Neither side recoiled. Steedman bore aloft the colors of a wavering regiment. For twenty minutes there was a life and death struggle. The fresher troops of Steedman, though not veterans, were led by veterans. They finally forced the Confederates from the crest and saved the right. Hood, still in the lead, lost a leg and became a cripple for life. His advance brigade (Benning's) was almost annihilated. Again the Confederates advanced. He pressed up the fatal slopes with infinite courage, but without success. Longstreet at last called on Bragg for aid from Polk's wing, but Bragg replied, "I haven't a man except yours that has any fight left in him."

The fact was, Polk's and Hill's troops had been hammering away all morning against a well-posted and partly intrenched line. They had all the fighting they wanted on their own front. One of the fatal casualties of the day for the Federals was the loss of Thomas' ammunition train. In the disorder behind the right center it had drifted away, and was lost in the woods and hills in rear. His supply was soon exhausted. Granger's ammunition came, but was soon gone. Toward evening several regiments stood grim and steadfast in the smoke of battle with empty guns. They charged at times effectively.

Thus the day wore on until the shadows of evening were gathering over the bloody field. The Federal lines, pressed far back on both flanks, still held the summit of "Horseshoe Ridge."

The left of the Union army, as it stood at bay that summer afternoon on the hills of Northern Georgia, encouraged by the dauntless spirit of its commander, formed one of the most heroic scenes of the war—eighteen brigades of infantry confronting Bragg's army of some thirty-three infantry brigades. Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, a few weeks before, was



not a more noble spectacle. There, forces nearly equal were matched.

Rosecrans had sent Thomas forward to select a safe position for his army, as Meade had sent that brilliant soldier, General Hancock, forward at Gettysburg. Both had done their work well.

Several times that Sabbath evening Thomas doubtless longed for the slowly coming night. It came at last. By Rosecrans' order he retired to Rossville, four miles in rear. Taking advantage of the twilight, the divisions moved almost unmolested from the battle-line.

Longstreet says his troops had formed in line to renew the attack; they had almost reached the summit of the hill "when the gloaming thickened into darkness and the Federal line melted away like a phantom." The Confederates, finding our position deserted, a wild yell of joy and victory swept down through the woodland, echoing in the night air, as we silently and sullenly marched away. It seemed an everlasting pity to yield to Bragg the hard-fought field nearly won; to leave behind us our wounded comrades in the hospitals; to leave the dear, silent sleepers in blue that lay thick along the hill-sides and down in the forests. Had not Rosecrans and his two able lieutenants been cut off, doubtless the same magnetic spirit with which he inspired his soldiers at Stone River would have saved the day for the Union.

Jeff. C. Davis had come up on our right. Sheridan was marching for our left. There was no active pursuit. Our army remained in line at Rossville an entire day, inviting an attack, but no infantry of the enemy appeared. The second night we withdrew to Chattanooga. Bragg's army was probably more exhausted than our own; his losses probably greater. He had fought in the main an aggressive battle against a line partly intrenched. He says in his report, "Two fifths of our gallant troops had fallen." Longstreet reported his losses over eight thousand—thirty-six per cent of his twenty-three thousand fine soldiers—mainly lost in a single afternoon. The reported aggregate of the Union loss was sixteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six, including the missing. Some two thousand were killed. Chattanooga, the coveted prize, was won by the Federals; the field of Chickamauga was lost.

In recalling the memorable scenes of the battle some personal experience of the writer may be of interest. When Longstreet first struck our right I was hurrying toward Crawfish Springs, as stated, to order the cavalry to

the left. I brought back with me Harrison's regiment, which, with Wilder's brigade, gallantly charged the Confederates in flank. Harrison captured some two hundred prisoners and turned again upon the enemy. Finding no Federal infantry in sight, I passed to the northward, taking with me Harrison's disarmed prisoners, partly under charge of my small escort, to prevent their recapture. We had a lively double-quick race, pushing our prisoners at the point of sword and carbine to get them to a place of safety. Only the predominance of the gray uniforms prevented the Confederates, three hundred yards away, from riddling our little party in the chase. We soon reached our retreating forces. The sad truth was only too manifest. Our right had been routed and was falling back in confusion. Placing the prisoners in safe custody, I turned and rode over Missionary Ridge toward the front, no enemy now appearing.

After the last angry dash of the pursuit the cautious Bragg, disturbed by Wilder and Harrison's attack, had doubtless recalled his pursuing troops, and was concentrating to turn them against Thomas. Riding on, I struck the Dry Valley road, running along the east slope of the Ridge. Near by on the left I found Sheridan and Davis with the remnants of their five brigades. General Phil. was furious. Like the great Washington on several occasions he was *swearing* mad. For the sake of peace I shall not tell what he said. It was not his *prayers*! No wonder he was angry. The devoted Lytle and the truest and bravest had fallen in vain resistance around him. His splendid fighting qualities and his fine soldiers had not had half a chance. He had lost faith. Hearing the sound of battle on our left, and anxious that these troops of our corps should co-operate with Thomas if there was still hope, I agreed to ascertain the situation and report as soon as possible. I hurried off at a racing gallop, directly through the open woodland, with my few faithful soldiers of the Second Kentucky cavalry (of the Headquarter Escort) toward the increasing sound of musketry. As we neared the firing we came suddenly upon a line of gray much too close to be agreeable. Fortunately it was intent on other game in its front, and we escaped with only a few whizzing compliments. We were too far to the right. We had struck the wrong side, and were behind the Confederates. Circling to the left we were soon among the soldiers in blue in rear of the Union lines.

Galloping through the wounded as best we could, I checked my horse before the form of an officer borne in arms of his comrades to find that it was an old-home friend, Colonel Durbin Ward, a moment before severely wounded. Time was pressing; I could offer but a word of sympathy. Reaching the open ground, we were greeted by a thrilling panorama of fire and smoke. The noble picture is vivid in my mind—the Union army of the left still gloriously crowning the hills and contending for the mastery.

I soon reached General Thomas. He was intently watching the conflict near the crest, a few steps in rear of the battle-line. General Wood and other officers were near. His face was anxious but defiant. He gave me a kindly greeting. I reported briefly the situation on the right. Thanking me, he requested me to try to bring up Sheridan's and Davis' troops to aid his right. In his official report he states that I came with General Garfield. We probably reached him about the same time, but General Garfield had come out from Rossville, by the Lafayette road, and I had crossed almost directly from the extreme right. We gave him the first tidings from the troops cut off. Hurrying back on my mission, full of hope that the day was not lost, we soon reached the identical spot on the Dry Valley road where we had left Sheridan and Davis. Strange, no Confederate cavalry or infantry appeared, and there seemed still no pursuit. Forrest, Wheeler, Wharton, Roddy—half the cavalry of the Confederacy—were with Bragg, yet no cavalry apparently came through the gap of a mile or more to pursue or follow our retreating forces on the right. At our recent fight at Murfreesboro, Wheeler's whole force was smashing around in our rear. It was about as uncomfortable for nervous recruits there as on the battle-front.

Unfortunately Sheridan's and Davis' force had drifted down the road toward Rossville. Hastening after them, we found they had already entered the narrow road or defile at McFarland's Gap. I tried to halt the rear of the column, but without success. The miseries of a mounted officer trying to pass marching in-

fantry on a narrow roadway can be well imagined. Time was precious. I rode furiously through the thicket, alongside, and appealed to officers. "See Jeff., Colonel?" they said; "See Phil?" Some old trudger in the ranks called out, "We'll talk to you, my son, when we get to the Ohio River!"

A long half hour was lost in scrambling along this wretched defile before I reached the head of the column. There I found Generals Sheridan, Davis, and Negley. We were about half way between the field and Rossville. We held a hasty conference. Davis ordered "a right-about" at once, and marched briskly to the front; Lieutenant-Colonel Ward followed with the Tenth Ohio. Sheridan was still without faith. He may have thought there was danger at Rossville, or that his troops had not regained their fighting spirit. He insisted on going to Rossville. Darkness would catch him before he could reach the field from that direction. Negley was vacillating. He finally went to Rossville.

We soon reached the battle-field with Davis' and Ward's troops, but the night was then near. They did not get into action, but it was a cheerful sight to see at least some of the troops cut off in the morning in line again on the right of General Thomas, ready for an emergency.

General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, says, "Shiloh was the severest battle fought at the West" during the war. Officers present on both fields will not agree with him. The losses in killed and wounded at the battle of Shiloh do not indicate it.

After Bragg's army was decreased by the withdrawal of Longstreet's fine corps and Buckner's division, and the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga was re-inforced by the arrival of the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifteenth army corps, under Hooker, Howard, Slocum, and Sherman, General Grant found it no easy task to whip Bragg at Missionary Ridge.

No! there was no severer battle, east or west, than Chickamauga. The history of the war will furnish no better illustration of the brilliant fighting qualities and the enduring courage of the American soldiers on *both* sides.

*G. P. Thruston.*



## NIRVANA.

When over the fallow of field and farm,  
In the low, sweet echoes that go and come,  
The breath of the orchard is sweet and warm,  
And the lowing cattle are coming home,  
I loiter and listen to every sound  
In the small, bright things that rustle and coo;  
It seems to come from the breathing ground,  
When the leaves and blossoms are drinking dew—

A low refrain

That comes to the heart like an ease of pain;  
Or a balm that the blossoms wove and spun  
To honey and wax in the drowsy hours,  
Where the small bee wine-flasks under the sun,  
Like bubbles are blown into bugle flowers;  
And I think of the ages of patient toil  
In the breathing atom to make earth sweet,  
As the box of spikenard and precious oil  
Of the Mary who washed her Savior's feet,  
When the fragrant air  
Grew sweet as she wiped them with her hair.

Their sweet atonements are every where,  
In the teeming earth and the opening bud;  
The sweet, low fallow repeats the prayer,  
Come ye and eat of my body and blood;  
For, wrought in this fiber and flesh of ours,  
The countless ages have ripened to give  
The honey and wax to the grain and flowers,  
Till the earth was sweetened for us to live;  
And for us in turn  
A blossom will shape our funeral urn.

I listen, and listen. An undertone  
Of leaf and zephyr and insect's wing,  
As soft as a ripple over a stone,  
Keeps up a continuous murmuring;  
And I smile to think, in the years to come  
I shall feel that pulse in my easy sleep,  
As I know the familiar ways of home,  
In fallow and field and the folded sheep,  
And the paths they have  
By the lake to my own neglected grave.

Like a singer who sits in the gathering dusk  
And touches a random chord to-night,  
While his memory, from its grain of musk,  
Is filling his soul with an old delight,  
I shall quicken my children's hearts to tears  
And smiles, in talk of their father's time,  
Ere the forest was felled, through the falling years  
That follow each other like verse and rhyme;  
Though in the calm  
They rather shall feel than know I am.\*

*Will Wallace Harney.*

\*The Self or *I am* of Hindu theology corresponding with Exodus, iii, 14: "Thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." The Brahma Nirvana is passing through the physical ripening described in the stanzas, perfected in the universal consciousness.

## THE TWO MARKSMEN OF RUFF'S MOUNTAIN.

IT is unnecessary to follow these artless adventurers closely along their route, though Bartlamy marked it out very accurately for me. They crossed the Saluda at the point now known as Dreher's Ford, and on the evening of the second day arrived at Granby. They had been with their father to this little trading post several years before. Mr. Casey, the merchant, remembered them, and asked after the welfare of their father. They satisfied his inquiries, and then told him their own simple story. When they mentioned the occasion of their journey and the rencontre on the mountain, Mr. Casey became excited to close attention, and exclaimed:

"Why, he left here only three days ago with the army. He lay in that room over there three weeks with his broken leg."

"Who?" asked the brothers eagerly.

"Captain Ponsonby," answered Casey.

"No," objected Billy Wolfram, "dat is not his name. De name of de rapshkalion wat we is after is Paunchpy. Me and Bartlamy shpelt it and bronounced it as keerful as enny two men could do it. Paunchpy is his name."

"Aw, prudder Pilly," remarked Bartlamy, "beeples bronounces names tifferently accordin' to eddication. I haf no doubt apout dis bein' de same feller we met on de mountain lasht Turstay tree weeks ago. Did n't he haf his right eye out, Misther Casey?"

"Yes."

"And did n't he haf a mean, shneakin, rashkally look jinnerally?"

"Yes."

"He's de feller."

"Yes, boys," said Mr. Casey, "he undoubtedly is your man, for he said his thigh-bone had been broken by a stone thrown from the hand of a black-haired, bow-legged black-guard, that looked more like the devil than a human being."

"Didt he say dat?" asked Billy vehemently. "Tam his upper ledders! if I effer gits anoder fling at him his prains will not pe wort gedderin' up. No, I peliefs I would not kill him needer. Since I tinks apout it again, I peliefs I wouldt shust knock out his odder eye, and den he would pe as harmless as de papy dat is not yit quite porn."

"Aw, prudder Pilly, prudder Pilly!" remonstrated Bartlamy.

"Now, wat is de use, Bartlamy, to talk in dat sort o' way, wen you knows you haf it in

your heart, shust right now, to kill Mishter Paunchpy."

"Yesh, Pilly; but if I get to traw the right sort of a pead he'll not know wat hurt him."

"If I couldt mannitch a rifle like as you can, Bartlamy, I wouldt not shoot Mishter Paunchpy trou' de headt, I wouldt shoot him trou' de bit of his shtummik. Dare is de shpot ware all de pad taughts dakes dair shtart. I knows it from egshbeerience."

"But," objected Bartlamy, "if a man has losht his prains he can't put his pad taughts into bractice. Don't you tink, Mishter Casey, if we was to bush on to-night dat we couldt oferdake Mishter Paunchpy in a gupple of days?"

"Yes, most certainly," replied Mr. Casey, "and be hung in the bargain. My dear young men, you would not get five miles beyond the Hoggaboo Swamp before you would be hung by the neck to a maple tree. Six men were strangled to death on the sycamore tree across the road yonder while Captain Ponsonby was lying here. He himself witnessed, from the window of his chamber, their death struggles. It seemed to me, though I might have been mistaken, that he gave the orders for their execution. If you had arrived here just three days sooner, you would have swung from that same limb as a pastime for the very man you are seeking. No, no; this is my advice to you: The British never would have retreated toward Orangeburg if they had not got wind that General Greene is marching after them. Go to bed now, and to-morrow morning follow the river, down stream. In less than four days some of the General's scouts will take you to him, at the high hills of Santee. There will be a thundering battle in two or three weeks from now, and that will be the only chance you will ever have of catching up with Captain Ponsonby."

"Before sunrise the next day the two adventurers were following the course of the Congaree. Their march was full of adventures, the narration of which, after his triumphant return to his people, made Billy Wolfram famous for many and many a year. It may not be improper to relate, as nearly as possible, in Billy's manner, a few of his confessions:

"De nexht night afder we left Mishter Casey," said Billy to a crowd of his friends, collected at the mill to listen to the recital of his perils, "we shtruck gamp on the panks of de



Gongaree Riffer. Afdér eatin' of two priled shquerrels, we trapt off to shleep. In de night sumtink or odder waked me up, and I could not go to shleep again. De name of dat shwamp wat Mishter Casey spoke apout—de Hokkypoo Shwamp—shkeered me, and all at wonsht it comes into my mindt dat we was in de country of the allykaters, and if I effer toldt de troot in my life, I took a hardt shakin' ager. It was as mooth as I could do, by perswadin of myself and py reasonin' wid myself, to prewent me from shteelein' away from Bartlamy, and gittin pack home; but I tought it would pe a tamt rashkally drick to shneak away from a man wile he was ashleep, especially wen it was my own tear prudder dat I had bromised to shtick to trou' dick and din."

Billy had narrated this incident not more than a dozen times, when he was put to shame and anger by Timothy Spass in language somewhat like this: "Pilly may say wat he pleases apout shtickin' so glose to his prudder, but here lately, as efferypoddy knows, sumtink not nigh as uckly as a allykater made him shtear away from Bartlamy's side wile he was ashleep."

This caused the mountain to resound with laughter from base to pinnacle; and Billy was compelled to hang his head. They pushed the joke, however, too far, for he put a stop to the merriment by looking fiercely at some fragments of flint rocks, and muttering, "It's time to shtop dat, for enough of a ting is enough!"

"De ferry nexht day," said Billy, continuing his reminiscences, "afder I got shkeer'd apout de allykaters, wile we was walkin' along, tryin' to keep de riffer in sight—which was hardt to do—I tought I heardt pees a schwarmin'. Bartlamy, he said it was not pees. Den I tought it musht pe a allykater, and I had annodder chill. De nexht minnit I seed wat it was. It was a rattlesnake—a klappershlang—quiled up in a zirkle, and lyin' right pefore us wid his head traw'd pack, like a man wid his fisht waitin' for somepoddy to call him a liar. I picked up a rock and mashed him in biees; but his tail kept on a singin' a minit afder I had proke his pack in dree blaces. At lasht he died, and Bartlamy cut off his rattles and said he wouldt gif dem to Franzel Hoopsysaw to put into de inside of his fittle, as he had heardt men say dat a fittle wid a rattlesnake's rattle in it couldt blay a chune py itself. But it was all a lie, like efferytink elsh dat a poddy hears; for you all knows dat wen Franzel put it into his fittle it shust ruined it altogedder; and it has pin only here of late dat he can shdrike a chune

on it, aldo he dook de rattles out. Beeples toldt Franzel dat if he wouldt go at midnight to a blace ware two roadts crosses one annodder, and blay his besht, sumtink in de shape of a pillygoat wouldt come along and make de fittle all right agin. Dey say dat Franzel has done so, and dat is de reason wy he is able to blay agin."

The bystanders at the mill, to whom this also was narrated, agreed that Franzelly recovered his skill in violin playing the night before Bartlamy's wedding.

Passing over many other characteristic occurrences, I bring the "Two Marksmen" again into view, just as they are surrounded by six very fierce-looking men, who demanded of them, where they were going and what they were after. They told the story from the beginning, and laid some stress upon the instructions Mr. Casey had given them in regard to General Greene. They were, toward the close of the day, conducted to that officer's camp, and were filled with amazement at what they saw. Billy, after his return home, said:

"If enny poddy hadt toldt me dat dare was so many men on de face of de ert, I wouldt haf called him a liar."

"Ah," remarked his father, "you shouldt haf seed de army of de great Fretterick, as he marched trou' Dresden. Wen his army was stretched out it was ten miles long."

Billy said nothing in reply to this, but thought it was right to make a dutiful allowance for the imbecility of old age.

General Greene had the strangers called into his presence the next day after their arrival.

"They tell me," said he, speaking very kindly to them, "that you are in pursuit of a man who has inflicted great injury upon your community."

"Yesh, Mishter Greene," replied Bartlamy, "dat ish all drue. I wants to oferdake Mishter Paunchpy wonsht more; and I tought dat if you was mindted to pe naporly we couldt jine forces and pe of assishtance to one annodder."

General Greene's earnest countenance was overspread by a smile—the first, no doubt, for a long time—as he exclaimed heartily:

"Of course, my good fellow, I will give you all the help in my power; and if you wreak a just vengeance upon this monster, that will be all I shall expect of you in return. What is his name—Paunchby, you say?"

"Some bronounces it one way and some annodder," answered Bartlamy; "but me and prudder Pilly calls him Paunchpy."

"Do you think you would know him if you could see him again?"

"Dat I would, Mishter Greene, onless he and de tefle was shtandin' glose to one annodder; den I mout make a mishtake. But Mishter Paunchpy has his right eye out."

"And py dis dime," interrupted Billy, "I shouldt tink he was right shmart lame in his left leg."

"I would have thought," remarked one of the officers, who had listened to the narration of the adventure on the mountain, "that fracturing a man's leg, and forcing him to ride several miles in that condition, ought to be enough vengeance for killing an old man, perhaps accidentally."

A blue earnestness beamed from Bartlamy's eye as he said:

"Ah, it is not for cleavin' an olt man's shkull wit a broad-swort; but I feels it my pounden obligeement to put an eend to Mishter Paunchpy's life for de thoughts dat he carries away wid him in his heart apout Kottreena, of de rose-merry bret."

"Katrina, of the rosemary breath!" exclaimed the officer, whose name was Manning; "there is a flash of poetry for you!"

"You see, Mishters," explained Billy, "she is de yunk woman agreed upon py our naporhoot to pe my prudder Bartlamy his wife."

Here the whole crowd of officers and men, headed by Manning, rushed upon Bartlamy, and, shaking him by the hand, assured him that he should be avenged if they had to accompany him to Great Britain.

"So you think that one more crack at Paunchpy will be sufficient?" inquired one.

"If I can ketch de right sort of a pead," replied Bartlamy.

"I would like to see an exhibition of your skill with the rifle."

"Vell," said Bartlamy, "do you see dat fox-shquerrel in de top of dat pine tree yondter?"

A hundred eyes were turned in the direction indicated, but no one could see the squirrel. Some denied that there was any squirrel there.

"Yesh," insisted Billy for his brother, "dare is one dare. It is a fox-shquerrel wid a plack nose, and de eend of his tail is tipped wid wite."

This assertion was received with a shout of laughter; and Bartlamy was ordered to verify what he and his brother had said.

He stepped forward in obedience to the challenge and, with a magnificence of posture that excited a murmur of admiration, took aim.

After a few seconds he fired, and an object was hurled to the ground from the top of a pine a hundred paces distant. The forest rang with applause, and a dozen men ran to the spot where the object fell to see what it was. It proved to be a large fox-squirrel with its head shattered.

After the astonishment caused by such a marvelous feat had somewhat subsided, the dashing young man, whose name was Manning, turned to Billy and said:

"I can not believe that your reputed dexterity in throwing rocks can equal your brother's skill with the rifle."

"You is altogedder wrong dare," exclaimed Bartlamy. "Wat I does is py de shtrengt of gunbowder and mannitchment in de trawin' of a pead; but prudder Pilly's excellence comes from de shtrengt of his arm."

"Well, we must afford him a chance to show what he can do."

Just then a loud shout came from another part of the camp, and it was found to result from the failure of a party detailed to slaughter a bull that had been obtained from a farmer for beef. The animal, instinctively suspecting what was to befall him, had charged his executioners and put them to flight.

"I will shust bet hollyhock (the name of his rifle) agin enny odder rifle, yawger, or plunterpush in dis gamp, dat prudder Pilly can kill dat peef at de distance of forty shteps wid a rock de size of his fisht."

Without accepting the wager they hurried Billy Wolfram to the part of the camp where the shouting still continued. There they saw an infuriated bull, pawing the ground and lashing his sides with his tail. Billy advanced toward him with a compact stone in his hand.

"You would better have another rock ready in your left hand!" exclaimed the crowd.

"One is enough," cried Billy, "if he will run shstraight at me."

"Look out! here he comes!"

The bull, with his horns presented and bellying fiercely, made at his new antagonist. Billy stood firm, and, undisturbed by a voice which he recognized, bidding him "pint wid his left forefinger," dashed his projectile against the bull's forehead with a crashing sound while it was fully thirty yards distant. The animal fell over upon its back, quivering with the throes of death. In another moment Billy Wolfram was carried with triumphant shouts through the camp upon the shoulders of the delighted soldiers.



A week passed on, during which the two brothers had become everlastingly attached to Manning and General Greene. Manning was fascinated with their herculean activity, and looked upon Bartlamy as a natural hero—there was something so high-spirited, yet simple, in his expedition to inflict vengeance.

"I'll shust tell you wat, Mishter Manning," said Bartlamy one day to that gentleman, "wen me and Kottreena, of de rosemerry bret, gits married, if I can reach you wid a message, you musht come up to de Saluda Mountain. I has a sort of misgiffin' dat Stelzer Hartnack's gal, Eshter Ann, would suit you firsht rate."

"Most surely I will, Bartlamy; but when will it be?"

"Oh, dat depends on how soon I can git to trow a pead upon de forred of Mishter Paunchpy."

"Come now, Bartlamy, let the scoundrel go. After the approaching battle the war will soon be over, and we will return to our homes. I feel pretty sure that Captain Ponsonby has already set sail for England."

"In dat case," said Bartlamy, mournfully, "I can neffer marry Kottreena. Her bret will neffer shnell agin like rosemerry to me ontel I haf put an eend to de tauts in de mind of Cyril Paunchpy."

#### IV.

About the first of September General Greene received, through his scouts, information that warranted him in advancing boldly toward the South. This movement resulted in the battle of the Eutaw Springs, with the particulars of which every school-boy in South Carolina is familiar. On the 8th of September, at daybreak, the advanced portions of both armies came into collision, and at sunrise the order of battle was formed. A fierce struggle ensued, and continued for four hours, the fruits of victory remaining with General Greene.

No sooner had the British army become plainly visible, than the Two Marksmen of Ruff's Mountain gave themselves to the most restless observation. The incessant rattle of musketry and the thunder of cannon, although unusual sounds to them, did not seem to attract their attention. Bartlamy could be seen elongating his neck in his intense search for Ponsonby, and suddenly retracting it as a musket ball whizzed near his ear. The battle waxed fiercer and fiercer, and the opposing combatants approached each other nearer and nearer. The Two Marksmen kept well in the front; and although they saw several men

with fried apple-tart hats on and golden mulberries dangling upon their shoulders, yet a single glance convinced them that they had not yet seen "Mishter Paunchby." Taking advantage of the smoke they at length concealed themselves in the brush of two pines that had been felled with their tops toward the famous brick house. They had not been many minutes in this concealment before they perceived that the decisive struggle was about to take place within fifty yards of them, on their right, where a splendid body of British infantry had halted with glittering bayonets fixed, to await the approaching charge of American veterans. Now it was that Billy Wolfram, who, on account of the scarcity of rocks, had become completely disgusted with the country through which they were passing, conceived and executed a plan which gave the victory to the army of General Greene, although the fact will never be mentioned in history.

The two pines, which had fallen with their tops the one upon the other, had an abundant crop of green, full-grown burrs, each one about six inches in length, four in circumference, and weighing a pound. With the assistance of Bartlamy he soon had a bushel or two of these burrs piled before him, and instantly commenced, at the distance of forty yards, to hurl them with his wonted precision into the faces of the British soldiers. The spines of the burrs inflicted very painful wounds. As each soldier received the mysterious projectile upon his mouth or his nose, he dropped his musket, clapped his hands to his face, and went limping to the rear. Before the crossing of the bayonets Billy had disabled one hundred and twenty odd men, and started a panic which rapidly spread along the whole line. Under these influences this model regiment of the British army, which had halted with smiles upon their faces at the prospect of an easy victory, broke ranks at the first onset and fled toward the brick house. A general retreat and hot pursuit began. My two heroes advanced rapidly, and when they had come to a point one hundred yards in front of the door into which the enemy was pouring, Billy all at once cried out:

"Bartlamy!"

"Yesh, prudder Pilly," answered Bartlamy, as he hastily cocked his rifle and brought it to his cheek and shoulder in eager aim. Billy waited with his eyes fixed upon Captain Ponsonby to see him fall, as he rushed in every

direction in his attempts to rally the men, but there was no report from Bartlamy's rifle.

"Wy de tefle don't you pull trikker?" exclaimed Billy, impatiently.

"Wy," replied Bartlamy, "he keeps sich a shkipin' and chumpin' about dat I can't traw a pead upon him."

Just then a yell of applause arose that silenced the din of battle; for the whole army witnessed how Manning did his dare-devil deed of throwing his arms around the waist of a British officer, by the name of Barry, as he was entering the house, and, holding him in front of himself for a shield, retreated backward until he arrived in safety with his prisoner among his friends.

In the tumultuous rush which accompanied all this, the Wolframs were forced more to the right, and lost sight of Captain Ponsonby. They concealed themselves in a thicket of brambles, from which they had a fair view of the house at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. The British commenced a murderous fire from the windows, which compelled General Greene to call off his troops. Thus the battle ended, and before noon the firing had entirely ceased.

For two hours or more Bartlamy and his brother gazed patiently at the windows. They knew that the object of their vengeance was in the house, for they saw him in the door one moment before Manning captured Major Barry. At last a face presented itself at the middle window, with a field-glass to its left eye for the purpose, no doubt, of examining particularly the ground strewn with the dead and wounded.

"Bartlamy!" exclaimed Billy, in a whisper hoarse with excitement.

"Yesh, prudder Pilly," answered Bartlamy, as his rifle fell into the proper position. His eye ran along the barrel, as he stood as steady as a statue; one—two—three ticks of a clock—and a sharp, ringing report, such as is heard in a deer hunt, but not in a battle, split the atmosphere. The face disappeared from the window. Bartlamy wheeled round with his back toward the house, without bestowing one glance of inquiry as to the result of his shot, and applied his mouth to the muzzle of his rifle. A fine thread of blue smoke jetted from the touch-hole, and he began to attach some tow to the wipers at the end of his ramrod.

"Well," inquired Billy, "didt you git de right sort of a pead?"

"Apout as goodt as de common run," answered Bartlamy, wiping out his rifle-barrel.

"Den we mout as well set out for home," said Billy; "for de landt ought to pe proke up for wheat-sowin', and de sheeps needs shearin' about the worsht."

"But," remarked Bartlamy, "we musht tell Mishter Manning and Mishter Greene goodt py."

"In course," agreed Billy. "So let us shtart right away."

They left their place of concealment without being seen, and came to General Greene's camp, where they were received with shouts of welcome.

"Why, we thought you were both killed," said Manning. "What success did you have, Bartlamy? Did you get to draw a bead upon Ponsonby?"

"Yesh, Mishter Manning; shust about a quarter of an hour ago he came to a windter wid a shpy-glass to his left eye, pecase, you see, his right eye was out. I aimed at de mittle of his right eyebrow wid a middlin' coarse pead; so de pullit went trou' his prains about halfway petwixht his right eyebrow and de aidge of his hair."

"Hollyhock has never disappointed you?" asked one.

"Neffar, sence we haf pin man and rifle," answered Bartlamy, proudly.

"And how many men did you kill, Billy?" inquired several.

"Well, shentlemen, one and all," replied Billy, with an air somewhat of defiance, as if he considered the question bordering upon satire, "I musht confess dat I didt not kill enny poddy, but I'll shust pe tamt ef I did n't make about one hundred and twenty-five noses pleed as dey neffar haf pled up to dis time."

"Hello! how is that?"

"Wy, you see," explained Bartlamy, as he saw that his brother was in a state of mind favorable for an insulting answer, "dis is not de right kindt of a blace to suit my prudder Pilly for a pattle. Dare is no rocks apout here. But we habbened to git into de top of a bine tree full of green purrs dat somepoddy had gut down. We soon geddars apout two pushels of purrs on a bile, and prudder Pilly commenced trowin' of dem. I counted for him. He hit one hundred and twenty-four shlap on dair noses, but de one hundred and fift one he bit on de side of his jaw, and it made him peller like a yunk pull. My prudder Pilly is a ferry tender-hearted man, and wen he heardt dat feller peller like a yearlin' pull he couldt not trow enny more purrs."



Billy was overwhelmed with applause.

"Dat was a tefle of a prank you didt, Mishter Manning, wen you bulled dat yunk feller away from de house," continued Bartlamy. "I'll tell old Hartnack's gal, Eeshter Ann apout it, andt she will take sich a likin' to you dat ef you effer comes up to de Saluda Mountain you'll haf hardt work to git away from her."

A wild laugh went up against Manning, in which he joined with all his heart.

The brothers were now, at their request, led to General Greene. When they came into his presence he greeted them cordially, and expressed his gratification at their safety.

"I can scarcely hope," said he, addressing Bartlamy, "that you succeeded in your purpose."

"Yesh, Mishter Greene," replied Bartlamy, with a mysterious sigh, "Mishter Paunchpy is dead."

"It was a just vengeance," said the General. "I hope you will remain with us to the end of the war."

"No, Mishter Greene," interposed Billy, "we is obleeged to go home. De land has to pe proke up for sowin' of wheat, and de sheeps ought to haf pin sheardt tree monts ago. Pesides effery poddy here says dat de war is in a manner ofer wid."

After a few minutes' further conversation they bade adieu to General Greene, shaking hands heartily and requesting him, "ef effer he wanted beeples around de mountain to wote for him, py ching! shust to let dem know apout it." It was long before they could get clear of the camp there were so many to wish them well. Manning was the last one to part with them, renewing his promise to visit them at the Saluda Mountain.

[It is highly probable that Manning fulfilled his promise. A friend of his, by the name of Hampton, built a house, part of which is still standing, on the road from Columbia to Union Court-house, a mile and a half above Alston, where the Greenville and Columbia Railroad crosses Broad River. Until within the last forty years the house, now in the rear of the new building erected by the late George A. Eichelberger, and at present occupied by Mr. Wessinger, was know as the Hampton house; and the island, which is seen a short distance above the railroad bridge, was called Hampton's Island. If the gallant young fellow who so distinguished himself at the battle of the Eutaw Springs ever paid a visit to his

friend on Broad River he was only eight miles distant from Ruff's Mountain, visible from the front piazza of the old Hampton house. I can say, however, that he did not succeed in winning old Stolzer Hartnack's "youngest gal, Esther Ann," although she certainly knew all about the "dare-devil deed;" for she became the wife of Boaz Donnerkessel, of the remote piny woods, whom, it is said, she presented with twins three times in succession.]

It was an hour past noon when the Saluda Mountaineers got under full walk. They returned toward their home along the same road which General Greene followed in marching his army from the high hills of Santee. They exchanged few words while keeping their uniform pace, Bartlamy being five paces in front, and making two of his four-foot strides to three of his brother's bow-legged steps. Billy had found on the battle-field three brickbats, each one of which he broke into two equal pieces, and thrust them into his pockets to serve his purpose for rocks, of which the whole country through which he had passed since he left Mr. Casey's seemed to be destitute, much to his dissatisfaction. Bartlamy had carefully reloaded his rifle, and occasionally cast his look along the trees in search of a fox-squirrel to be killed for their evening meal. Three hours passed, and they had made about twelve miles. It happened that their road now lay along the irregular bank of one of those dismal black-water swamps knobbed with cypress-knees, so inspiring of awe to the beholder even at this day. All at once Billy sprang in front of his brother with one of his bats in his hand.

"Bartlamy!" he shouted.

"Yesh, prudder Pilly," answered Bartlamy, cocking his rifle and bringing it into position, under the impression that perhaps after all Ponsonby had escaped his bullet and was visible somewhere in front of him. But Billy threw his weight upon his right leg, and extended his immense arm its full length backward with the brickbat grasped in his fist. With a quick motion his hand flew forward past his head, and the fragment of brick struck thirty yards in front of them with a crushing sound against the extremity of something which Bartlamy had already seen and supposed to be the trunk of a decayed tree. It, however, rolled over in the swamp, and lashed the water only as a dying monster could.

"Prudder Pilly," cried Bartlamy, "wat in de worldt is dat?"

"Wy," replied Billy, "it's a fifteen-foot ally-

kater. Let's hurry on, Bartlamy, for I am tamt if I can shtay enny longer in a country ware dare is so many allykaters and so few rocks. Let's walk fashter."

At sunset they kindled a fire and roasted two squirrels, which they ate for their supper. They then walked four or five miles further, and laid themselves upon some straw which they found near a deserted homestead. Before they closed their eyes in slumber they held a short conversation.

"Dat was a outtacious akt of Mishter Manning to-day," remarked Billy.

"Yesh," replied Bartlamy, "I neffer didt see de like in all my life."

"He musht haf hadt sumtink agin dat yunk feller shust like you hadt agin Mishter Paunch-py," continued Billy.

"No, I can hardly tink so."

"Yesh," insisted Billy, "it musht pe so. De men dat was close py dem says dat de yunk man told Mishter Manning dat he was dis sum-

poddy, andt dat sumpoddy andt de odder sum-poddy to mishlead Mishter Manning, you see. But it wouldn't do. Mishter Manning toldt him effery time dat he was de ferry feller he hadt pin a huntin' for de whole plessed tay."

"Well, well, may pe it is so," assented Bartlamy.

"If I couldt haf hadt him," continued Billy, "as Mishter Manning hadt him, wid his pack towardt me and my knees towardt him, I wouldt haf kickt him ontel it wouldt haf pin needful for him to haf sot down in a shlippery ellam poultish for tree monts afterwart."

"Ah, prudder Pilly! prudder Pilly!" sighed Bartlamy, mournfully.

"Aw! to de tefle wid your tender-heartedness," blustered Billy. "It is not mootch pe-comin' of you to pe a prudder-pillyin' of me wen it hain't pin ten hours sence you plow'd a a man's prains out, and I am afeerdt sent his soul to de Oldt Poy."

"Ah, prudder Pilly, let's try to go to shleep."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*O. B. Mayer.*

## UNCAGED.

The bird set free from golden cage,  
Heeds not the splendor of the wire;  
To the clear blue his wings aspire,  
Nor the rough winds his zeal assuage.

The dainty seed each morn supplied,  
The water pure in crystal vase—  
He finds not in the airy space,  
Unfurnished, chill, and only wide.

Ah, sweeter far the thistle seed  
That floats athwart his venturous way,  
And dew-drop sipped from wild-rose sprays!  
Who calls him back, in vain shall plead.

The golden wires were prison-bars—  
They stopped his flight and scarred his wings;  
'T is a rude perch where now he sings,  
But then its bounds are sky and stars!

The sky will lower, the sun will set,  
The night will fall, the storm will rage;  
Hang on the tree the open cage—  
But lo! the bird loves freedom yet!

*William C. Richards.*



## PEACE CONFERENCE.

THE following is a copy of a memorandum found among the State papers of the late Confederate Government:

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
RICHMOND (SATURDAY) January 28, 1865. } ”

“I have just returned from the Executive Mansion, where I had an interview with the President on business for the Department of State. As the circumstances connected with this affair are to me interesting, and may one day become so to the country, I set down briefly several points while they are now fresh in my memory.

“The particular business on which I went was to take to the President for his signature three letters—all identical—one to Hon. A. H. Stephens, one to Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, and the third to Hon. John A. Campbell.

“Each of these letters contained, first, a copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Lincoln to F. P. Blair, in the following words:

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1865.

F. P. BLAIR, Esq:

*Sir*—You having shown me Mr. Davis' letter to you of the 12th inst., you may say to him that I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he, or any other influential person now resisting the national authority, may informally send to me with the view of securing peace to the people of our common country.

Yours, etc.,                      A. LINCOLN.

“Then came a letter to be signed by Mr. Davis, in the following words:

RICHMOND, January, 28, 1865.

HON. R. M. T. HUNTER:

*Sir*—In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries. Your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

“Same to Hon. A. H. Stephens and Hon. J. A. Campbell.

“After entering the room in which the President was, and making inquiry as to his health (he was at home sick that day), I handed him the three papers, saying that ‘the Secretary

of State requested him to sign them.’ He read one of them, thoroughly and attentively, containing the copy of Mr. Lincoln's letter to Blair, and that to be signed by himself, and then glanced over the remaining two of similar import. After a short interval he said, ‘Mr. Brownell, there is something wrong here; Mr. Benjamin says in the letter, *on the subject*; there is no subject mentioned in Mr. Lincoln's letter for conference. We merely adopt Mr. Lincoln's note so far as it concerns the sending of commissioners to have an interview.’ And again he said, ‘It will never do to ignore the fact that there are two countries instead of but *one common country*. We can't be too particular on that point.’ ‘No, sir,’ I remarked, ‘and the letter will become a matter of history one of these days.’ He corrected one of the letters in pencil, and I burnt the other two in his presence. After conversing with me for a few minutes on the subject of a volume of his messages, etc., which I had just prepared for publication, I returned to the department and handed Mr. Benjamin the corrected letter, saying, ‘He has cut it up considerably.’ ‘Just like him,’ replied Mr. B., and, turning to Mr. Washington, the chief clerk, continued, ‘I never saw such a man in my life.’ I mentioned the President's first objection about the word *subject*. ‘It doesn't matter,’ replied Mr. B., ‘what his objections are; we will have something *now* that he *will* sign.’ Not heeding this, I continued, ‘He says it will never do to ignore the fact that there are *two* countries, instead of *one common country*, that are in the question.’ ‘That is the very point,’ replied Mr. B., emphatically and excitedly, ‘that I tried to avoid; the whole thing will break down on that very point. They will never permit the commissioners to pass through with such letters. But go on (he said), copy them over, you will see how it will be.’

“Mr. Washington and I both retired, and in passing through Mr. W.'s room I stopped a moment and remarked to him, ‘I don't care what Mr. Benjamin says, the *President is right*.’

“W. J. B.”

## SOME LETTERS OF JEFFERSON.

**T**HOMAS JEFFERSON died July 4, 1826. Three years later his memoir and correspondence were published, edited by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph. In 1853 a more complete edition was published by order of the Joint Committee of Congress on the Library, edited by H. A. Washington.

Among the correspondence one finds a number of letters written to William Short. Mr. Short, when a young man, was attached to the French Mission when Mr. Jefferson represented this country in Paris, and he was afterward *Chargé des Affaires* at Paris, Minister Resident at the Hague, Commissioner and then Minister to Spain, and he was appointed on a special secret mission to Russia, which mission was distasteful to the Senate, and was abandoned.

The private correspondence of Mr. Jefferson with Mr. Short covers a period of over forty years. The first letter is dated April 2, 1785; the last March 23, 1826. This correspondence is entirely without restraint, and exhibits a friendship frank, intimate, and cordial. These letters are now in possession of Mr. William Short, of Louisville, whose great-grandfather was a brother of the friend of Jefferson. They have been carefully arranged and preserved. The handwriting is exceedingly firm and clean. Comparing them with the published correspondence, it is evident that they were submitted to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph and to Mr. Washington after Mr. Short's death. Though there is not a line in the whole of it to change materially the impression of the character of Jefferson, which the public has received, there is much that lightens up his character; much to show not only the devoted patriot and philosophic statesman, but the character of the man, upright, earnest, sincere, with a tenderness of affection, a certain friendly and personal devotion which, so it seems to me, is not usually attributed to Mr. Jefferson.

Throughout this private correspondence are side-lights on political affairs and on cabinet dissensions; on the private life in the early days of the Republic; on the growth of education in Virginia; on the founding of the University as well as on the public affairs of France. One, in this correspondence as well as in his public writings, is struck by the singular clearness of style, the entire absence of rhetoric in these letters, and yet with the com-

pactness of thought, the sincerity of purpose and of act which need not fear any publicity at any time. In all these letters there is not a line to be erased nor a word altered, had Jefferson intended all of them for the eye of the public.

Additional value attaches to the correspondence because of the business relations existing between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Short. Mr. Jefferson acted for Mr. Short in this country, collecting his rents, leasing his farms, changing his investments, and generally caring for his interests. Mr. Short executed for Mr. Jefferson numberless private commissions in Europe, and the reports on these points give one a new insight into the domestic life and the industrial concerns of our people a hundred years ago.

I have been permitted by the family of Mr. Short to go through his correspondence and make what extracts I deem of historical value. No attempt is made at classification, but the extracts follow the chronological order. Some portions of letters already given to the public will be repeated, but only that they may in their proper connection elucidate other matters, or else that they themselves may receive new interest and importance by what precedes or follows them. No promise is made of sensational developments of a personal or political character; but, if one can transfer to these pages the impression gained from a perusal of these letters, the reader will have a clearer, if not an entirely new idea of the private life and the personal relations of Mr. Jefferson as well as quite a vivid picture of life in Virginia in the time of her greatness.

Mr. William Short, to whom these letters were written, died in Philadelphia, December 5, 1849, in the ninety-first year of his age. That the reader may better understand this correspondence, the following obituary is taken from the *Pennsylvania Enquirer*, of December 7, 1849:

"Mr. Short, though he lived permanently in Philadelphia for nearly a quarter of a century, was a native of Virginia. He was educated in William and Mary College, in the same class with Chief-Justice Marshall, and was distinguished for the highest collegiate honors. He was a member of the Executive Council of Virginia at an early age, and on the appointment of Mr. Jefferson as Minister to France,



by the congress of the Confederation in 1784, was joined with him as secretary of the legation. He possessed in a very strict degree the respect and friendship of that statesman, although their sentiments on some public questions were not always the same, and their intimacy and correspondence continued until the close of Mr. Jefferson's life. On the organization of the present Government of the United States Mr. Short was appointed *Chargé des Affaires* to the French Republic by President Washington, and he had the honor of holding the first executive commission signed by him, and of being the first citizen of the United States nominated and appointed to a public office under a Federal constitution. During the administration of General Washington, who evinced for him high personal regard, he was successfully appointed Minister Resident of the Hague, and Commissioner, and subsequently Minister to Spain. The State papers of which he was the author, and especially those connected with a very important negotiation relative to the Spanish boundaries and rights in connection with Florida and Mississippi, which resulted in the treaty of 1795, are marked with great clearness, ability, temper, and research. His manners and intelligence united to secure for him the confidence of the most eminent public functionaries, and the friendship of very many distinguished men during his long residence in Europe, which embraced the remarkable twenty years that elapsed from 1784 to 1804, making him an eye-witness in France of the various times and events of the old court and reign of Louis XVI, the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, the Directory, the Rise of Napoleon, the Consulate, and even the first month of the Empire, and many of the most striking political and military occurrences of the same period in Holland and Spain and the rest of Europe through which he traveled, and every where observed with interest, calmness, and great intelligence. On his return to America he retired altogether from public life, and selected Philadelphia as his home. Though fond of reading, and not uninterested in scientific inquiries, his chief pleasure consisted in social intercourse, for which his conversation and manners, his various knowledge and observation, his most happy and tranquil temper eminently fitted him. His mind and disposition were so singularly well-balanced, his mode of life so temperate, and his conduct so governed by a natural desire not to wound the feelings of others, that as a com-

panion and friend he was always welcomed. Though not free from peculiarities in the manner and objects of his bounties, he was liberal in his charities, and generous in his feelings and actions. His integrity and honor were maintained without ostentation, but without a blemish, through his long life of private intercourse and public trust. Its close, which at his advanced age led him to look for with tranquillity and without repining, was attended with no suffering. He was engaged in cheerful conversation but a short time before he expired, and his last breath was so gently drawn that the friends who stood around him scarcely knew his spirit had left its earthly home."

In these letters from Mr. Jefferson one sees very clearly the high regard and esteem in which he held Mr. Short. He was especially solicitous for his political success, and urged him to abandon diplomatic life and come to Virginia, assuring him that there was no political honor to which he might not aspire.

In the spring of 1784 Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Short:

"Whether Congress will keep ministers abroad is still undecided. A disposition, however, seems to prevail to add to the present commission for negotiating foreign treaties of amity and commerce. One of our own delegates and one other gentleman have proposed the mission to me. If I was thought of at all, I wished not to have known it, as it may place me in a very false point of view to others. I am, in truth, indifferent. If they desire it, I shall go. For place is to me at present uninteresting. Young Franklin is already secretary to the commission. You have said you would condescend to be the index of a book. So dispose, then, of your matters as to be *utrumque paratus*, and on short warning. If I am enabled to offer you no other advantage than a bed and board free, I am also enabled to assure you I shall give you very little trouble. A first and full supply of clothing will cost you one hundred guineas, and a considerably less sum will suffice annually afterward. Pocket expenses will be, you know, just what you please. I am assured that a servant carried from hence will be an expense, an encumbrance, and the most useless animal in the world. To hire a valet, therefore, will add from twelve to twenty-four guineas a year to your expense. A few days or weeks will certainly decide whether I am to go; and should you conclude finally to be of the party let me know by the return of the first or

second post, and I may be prepared to answer any other applications on the same subject. Still, however, consider this only as among possible events. Dr. Lee is appointed an Indian Commissioner, which vacates his seat here. I had suggested to a friend, early in the winter, your nomination to Congress. Should you be appointed and Congress adjourn, you had better do no act of acceptance till November."

In this letter he conveys the cipher used largely in this correspondence, which is as follows:

1	.	.	.	.	.	N	I	C	H	O	L	A	S
2	.	.	.	.	.	O	J	D	I	P	M	B	T
3	.	.	.	.	.	P	K	L	J	Q	N	C	U
4	.	.	.	.	.	Q	L	E	K	R	O	D	V
5	.	.	.	.	.	R	M	G	L	S	P	E	W
6	.	.	.	.	.	S	N	H	M	T	Q	F	X
7	.	.	.	.	.	T	O	I	N	O	R	G	Y
8	.	.	.	.	.	U	P	J	O	V	S	H	Z
9	.	.	.	.	.	V	Q	K	P	W	T	I	A
10	.	.	.	.	.	W	R	L	Q	X	U	J	A
11	.	.	.	.	.	X	S	M	R	Y	V	K	B
12	.	.	.	.	.	Y	T	N	S	Z	W	L	C
13	.	.	.	.	.	Z	U	O	T	A	X	M	D
14	.	.	.	.	.	A	V	P	U	B	Y	N	E
15	.	.	.	.	.	A	W	Q	V	C	Z	O	F
16	.	.	.	.	.	B	X	R	W	C	A	P	G
17	.	.	.	.	.	C	Y	S	X	D	A	Q	H
18	.	.	.	.	.	D	Z	T	Y	E	B	R	I
19	.	.	.	.	.	E	A	U	Z	F	C	S	J
20	.	.	.	.	.	F	A	V	A	G	D	T	K
21	.	.	.	.	.	G	B	W	A	H	E	U	L
22	.	.	.	.	.	H	C	X	B	I	F	V	M
23	.	.	.	.	.	I	D	Y	C	J	G	W	N
24	.	.	.	.	.	J	E	Z	D	K	H	X	O
25	.	.	.	.	.	K	F	A	E	L	I	Y	P
26	.	.	.	.	.	L	G	A	F	M	J	Z	Q
27	.	.	.	.	.	M	H	B	G	N	K	A	R

Under date of April 2, 1785, Thomas Jefferson writes to William Short:

"I enclose you a letter from L'Orient. When are we to see you? Your letters leave us in doubt whether you mean to protract this odious term of the 4th of April, or to return to your quarters then and be content to go on with your French at leisure. I am in hopes this will be your choice. You lost much by not attending *Te Deum* at Notre Dame yesterday. It bids defiance to description. I will only observe to you in general that there were more judges, eclesiastics, and seigneurs present than General Washington had of simple soldiers in his army when he whipped the Hessians at Trenton, beat the British at Pinson, and hemmed up the British army at Brunswick a whole winter. Come home, like a good boy, and you will always be in the way of these wonders. Adieu."

#### IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

In 1787 Mr. Jefferson set out on a journey to Southern France and Northern Italy, which consumed three months, leaving Paris Febru-

ary 28th. From Lyons, under date of March 15, 1787, Mr. Jefferson wrote:

"So far all is well. No complaint except against the weather-maker, which pelted me with rain, hail, and snow, almost from the moment of my departure to my arrival here. Now and then a few gleamings of sunshine to cheer me by the way. Such is life, and such, too, will be the next, if there be another, and we may judge of the future by the past."

In this same letter Mr. Jefferson, in his observations upon the habits of the country, speaks of the women performing the heavy labor of husbandry—"an unequivocal sign of extreme poverty."

He says, a little further on, "I have not visited at all the manufactures of this place, because the knowledge of them would be useless, and would extrude from the memory other things more worth retaining. Architecture, painting, sculpture, agriculture, the condition of the laboring poor fill all my moments."

From Aix en Provence, under date of March 27, 1787, Mr. Jefferson writes:

"I am now in the land of corn, vine, oil, and sunshine. What more can man ask of Heaven? If I should happen to die at Paris I would beg of you to send me here and have me exposed to the sun, I am sure it would bring me to life again. It is wonderful to me that every free being who possesses *cent ecus de rente* does not remove to the south of Loire. It is true that money will carry to Paris most of the good things of this canton, but it can not carry thither its sunshine nor procure any equivalent for it! . . . In the long chain of causes and effect it is droll sometimes to seize two distant links and to present the one as a consequence of the other. Of this nature are these propositions: The want of dung prevents the progress of luxury in Aix; the poverty of the soil makes its streets clean. These are legitimate consequences from the following chain: The preciousness of the soil prevents its being employed in grass; therefore, no cattle, no dung; hence the dung-gatherers (a numerous calling here) hunt it as eagerly in the streets as they would diamonds; every one can walk therefore cleanly and commodiously, hence few carriages, hence few assemblies, routs, and other occasions for the display of dress."

From a letter written on the Canal of Languedoc, approaching Toulouse, May 21, 1787, the following extracts are taken:



"I dismounted my carriage from its wheels, placed it on the deck of a light bark, and was thus towed on the canal instead of the post-road. That I might be perfectly master of all the delays necessary, I hired a bark to myself by the day, and have made from twenty to thirty-five miles a day, according to circumstances, always sleeping ashore. Of all method of traveling I have ever tried this is the pleasantest. I walked a greater part of the way along the banks of the canal, leveled and lined with a double row of trees, which furnished the shade. When fatigued I take a seat in my carriage, where, as much at ease as in my study, I read, write, or observe. My carriage being of glass all round admits a full view of all the varying scenes through which I am shifted—olives, figs, mulberries, vines, corn and pastures, villages and farms. I have had some days of superb weather, enjoying two parts of the Indian's wish, cloudless skies and limpid water. I have had another luxury which he could not wish—since we have driven him from the country of the mocking-birds—a double row of nightingales along the banks of the canal in full song. This delicious bird gave me another rich treat at Vauclose. Arriving there a little fatigued, I sat down to repose myself at the fountain, which, in a retired hollow of the mountain, gushes out in a stream sufficient to turn three hundred mills. The ruins of Petrarch's Chateau, perched on a rock two hundred feet perpendicular over the fountain, and every tree and bush filled with nightingales in full chorus. I find Mazrei's observation just—that their song is more varied, their tone fuller and stronger here than on the banks of the Seine. It explains to me another circumstance, why there never was a poet north of the Alps, and why there never will be one. A poet is as much the creature of climate as an orange or palm tree. What a bird the nightingale would be in the climates of America! We must colonize them there. You must not think of returning to America without taking the tour which I have taken, extending it only further South."

PARIS, September 20, 1788.

"Congress had referred the decision as to the independence of Kentucke to the new government. Brown ascribes this to the jealousy of the Northern States, who want Vermont to be received at the same time in order to preserve a balance of interest in Congress. He was just setting out for Kentucke, disgusted, yet disposed to persuade to an acquiescence, tho' doubt-

ing they would immediately separate from the Union. The principal obstacle to this he thought would be the Indian war."

The following extracts are taken from a letter dated Paris, December 8, 1788:

"We are here under a most extraordinary degree of cold. The thermometer has been ten degrees of Reaumur below freezing—this is eight of Fahrenheit above zero—and was the degree of cold here in the year of 1740. The long continuance of this severity and the snow now on the ground give physical prognostications of a hard winter. . . . The notables are not yet separated, nor is their treasonable vote against the people yet consolidated, but it will be. The parliament has taken up the subject, and passed a very laudable vote in opposition. They have made it the occasion of giving sketches of what should be a bill of rights; perhaps the opposition of authority may give the Court an option between the two."

We now catch glimpses of the approaching revolution in France. Jan'y 22, 1789, he says:

"The affairs of this kingdom go on well. The determination of the council to give to the *tiers etat* a representation equal to that of the privileged classes is opposed bitterly by the clergy and antient nobles, secretly by the parliament, but has in its favor the body of the nation, the younger part of the *noblesse*, and the handsome young women. The letters of convocation are not yet out. It is still presumed a meeting of the States will be at Versailles in the month of April, and that the Court will go to St. Cloud during their session. Before April it is hoped a majority of the nobles will have arranged themselves on the side of the *tiers etat*, so as to determine favorably for them the first great question they will have to determine, whether the States shall vote by orders or by persons. Mr. Neckar's report to the king contains: (1) A renunciation of the power of taxing; (2) An acknowledgement that the States are to appropriate as well as levy money; (3) The responsibility of ministers; (4) That the States shall meet periodically; (5) That the *lettres de cachet* shall be laid under legal restraint; (6) That the press shall be properly free; (7) That all this shall be fixed so solemnly that his successors shall not be at liberty to change it; and (8) There is a distant idea hinted as if the States should participate in the legislation, but this last seems not to have been ripe for declaring explicitly."

Throughout these letters, while in Paris, there are frequent references to news from America, most of it of a personal and private nature, but all serving to show something of life at that time in both countries.

From Paris, February 28, 1789, his letters indicate no fear of serious results from the political disturbances in France:

"I fear my departure in the spring may be retarded, as Gouverneur Morris tells me there would be no probability that the old Congress would reassemble. In this case I can not receive my leave of absence but from the new government. I have proposed to them the naming you as *Chargé des Affaires*, to take care of their business during my absence. You know that we must not be too sanguine on these occasions."

The interest that Mr. Jefferson took in his young friend is best shown in a letter from Paris, dated March 24, 1789:

"I shall make yourself the subject of this, invited to it by your last. If I have ever been silent on this head it has been because nobody is better qualified than yourself to form just opinions for your own guidance. But as I perceive by your letter that you are balancing in your own mind upon a question whether and when you shall return to America, the opinions of your friends may not be unacceptable. In the first place, then, I must put you on your guard as to my recommendations to continue in Europe during the ensuing summer, because in that I am interested, and my interest may warp my judgment. I wrote not only to Mr. Madison but to Mr. Jay also to get you named *Chargé des Affaires*, and I pressed this at least as far as it was prudent. I now know that my letters would have to lie over for the new government, and of course it is General Washington who will decide on it. This gives me more confidence it will be complied with than I should have had if it had rested with the antient Congress. I have grounded the proposal of permitting me to return expressly on your personal qualifications to conduct the business, and were you to go in the spring, I should think myself obliged to stay till I could consult them on some other appointment. You see, then, that I am interested in your continuance here till my return.

"The question then arises, what are you to do afterward? Here my opinion will be against my own interest; for affection and the long

habit of your society have rendered it necessary to me, and how much more so will it be when I shall have parted with my daughters! But I am to say what is for your interest, not what is for my own. The first question is, whether you should propose to finish your life in Europe or America. In Europe I doubt whether you can, because our government gives its offices on its own knowledge of persons, and not on the recommendations of others. They give their diplomatic appointments with more caution, too, because of the distance at which they are to be exercised, and the necessity which that induces of leaving to them a great latitude of discretionary power. I think, therefore, you must be known personally to them before you could expect a permanent diplomatic appointment in Europe. But let us suppose you could obtain one, even the best; the best admits of no savings, they afford but a bare existence and a solitary existence, too, for a married man could not live on them without abandoning all respect to character. A young man indeed may do without marriage in a great city; in the beginning it is pleasant enough, but, take what course he will, whether that of rambling or of a fixed attachment, he will become miserable as he advances in years. It is then he will feel the want of that friendship which can be formed during the enthusiasm of youth alone, and formed without reproach. It is then, too, he will want the amusement and the comfort of children. To take a middle course, and pass the first half of your life in Europe and the latter in America, is still worse. The attachments and habits formed here in your youth would render the evening of your life more miserable still in America than it would be here. The only resource, then, for a durable happiness is to return to America. If you chuse to follow business, a short apprenticeship at the bar would ensure you an early retirement on the bench, especially if you followed the assembly at the same time with the bar. If you should chuse the line of public office, you may be assured of obtaining any thing in that line as soon as you should have had time to acquire those details in business which practice alone gives, and that intimate knowledge of your own country which is necessary to enable you to serve it to your own satisfaction. After a short course in this line you may be any thing you please either in America or Europe; for should you find yourself disposed, after awhile, to come to Europe in a diplomatic character,



your talents will place you in the foremost ground, and your former residence in Europe will give you a preference over all competitors, but I think you will never wish to return to Europe. You will then be sensible that the happiness of your own country is more tranquil or unmixed, more permanent. You will prefer serving your country there in easy and honorable station, and in what station you please. I will not say in the first; that will never be given to virtue and talents alone, but to him whom some happy bit of fortune shall have enabled to make himself generally known. If you say that public employment in America will not make you a fortune? nor will it in Europe. If fortune decisively is your object, the bar offers it to you. You may shortly be without a rival there; permit me to say so, who know you and know the ground. This you say is drudgery? But if you insist on making a fortune you must submit to drudgery. This is not a world in which heaven rains riches into any hand that will open itself. Whichever of these courses you adopt, delay is loss of time; the sooner the race is begun the sooner the prize will be obtained. I say this with a bleeding heart, for nothing can be more dreary than my situation will be when you and my daughters shall all have left me; I look forward to it with dismay, and am relieved by the limits of my paper, which, turning me from its contemplation, warns me it is time to repeat to you assurances, ever warm and ever sincere, of the affectionate esteem of, d'r sir,

Your friend and servant,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

#### LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

In October, 1789, Mr. Jefferson returned to America. Writing to Mr. Short from Virginia, under date December 14, 1789, Mr. Jefferson says:

"Anti-Federalism is not yet dead in this country. The gentlemen who opposed the Constitution retain a good deal of malevolence toward the new government. Henry is its avowed foe. He stands higher in public estimation than he ever did, yet he was so often in the minority in the present assembly that he has quitted it nevermore to return, unless an opportunity offers to overturn the new Constitution. E. Randolph made a proposition to call a convention to amend our form of government. It failed, as he expected. Our new Capitol, when the corrections are made of which

it is susceptible, will be an edifice of first rate dignity. Whenever it shall be finished with the proper ornaments belonging to it (which will not be in this age), it will be worthy of being exhibited along side the most celebrated remains of antiquity. Its extreme convenience has acquired it universal approbation. There is one street in Richmond (from the bridge strait on toward Currie) which would be considered as handsomely built in any city of Europe. The town below Shochoc Creek is so deserted that you can not get a person to live in a house there, rent free. Mayo's bridge is repaired, and brings him about twenty dollars a day. He will be obliged, however, to take it away during two or three months in the year for fear of floods. He has taken advantage of two islands, so that it consists of three bridges, the first and second of which next to Richmond are pontoons; the third is on boats. There are twenty-two hundred feet of bridge in the whole. The canal from Westham will be opened three days hence, and the canoes then come to Broad Rock, within two miles of Richmond. It will be three years before the residue will be finished. There are two locks only, and will be no more."

From Alexandria, March 12, 1790, Mr. Jefferson writes:

"I have received my letters from New York very regularly every week by post. I now, therefore, am at about the 7th of October, 1789, as to what has been passing in Europe; that is to say, I know no one circumstance later than the King's removal to Paris. I will complain not only of your not writing, but of your writing so illegibly that I am half a day decyphering one page, and then guess at much of it. . . . I wrote you on what footing I had placed the President's proposal to me to undertake the office of Secretary of State. His answer still left me at liberty to accept it or return to France; but I saw plainly he preferred the former, and have learned from several quarters it will be generally more agreeable. Consequently, to have gone back would have exposed me to the danger of giving disgust, and I value no office enough for that. I am, therefore, now on my way to enter on the new office. Not a word has been said about my successor; but on that subject you shall hear from me as soon as I arrive in New York."

Mr. Jefferson gives to Mr. Short in this same letter very careful and minute directions for

annulling the lease of his house, paying and discharging his servants, packing his books, and generally exhibits a very methodical character.

Under date of April 27, 1790, in cipher, Mr. Jefferson writes:

"The management of the foreign establishment awaits the passage of a bill on the subject. One conversation only has taken place, but no resolutions reached are discernible. A minister will certainly be appointed, and from among the veterans on the public stage, if I may judge from the names mentioned. I will write you the moment I know it myself. I would advise you to pass some time in London in as high a circle as you can before you come over, in order to add the better knowledge of the country to your qualifications for future office."

From New York, August 31, 1790, Mr. Jefferson writes, instructing Mr. Short that

"It has been decided to commit to your care transactions in very important money matters at Amsterdam. It is thought necessary that you should go there immediately and remain there about three months to possess yourself of the ground. The Secretary of Treasury will detail to you the particulars requisite there."

PHILADELPHIA, September 6, 1790.

"The President left this morning on his way to Mt. Vernon. He engaged me some time ago to get him some wines from France, to wit, forty dozen of Champagne, thirty dozen of Sauterne, twenty dozen of Bordeaux de Sequir, and ten dozen of Frontignan, and he took a note of their prices in order to furnish me with a bill of exchange sufficient to cover the cost and charges. In the multiplicity of his business before his departure he has forgot to do this, and it remains that we do not permit him to be disappointed of his wines by this omission. But how to do it? For the amount of the whole, I suppose, would be three thousand dollars, and the being obliged to set up a house in New York, then abandon it and remove here, has really put me out of condition to advance such a sum here. I think, however, it can be done without incommoding you by your drawing on the bankers at Amsterdam. On the President's return here (about the 1st of December) bills shall be remitted to you, and by using these for your own purposes instead of making new draughts for your salary on the bankers, all will stand right

without any special mention in the public accounts. I will make any necessary explanation at the treasury should any be necessary. I write for wines for my own use at the same time. These will amount to about five hundred and fifty livres. I have sent out to seek for a bill of exchange to that amount."

MONTICELLO, September 30, 1790.

"My several letters private will have left me little to add on the subject of your stay in Europe. One circumstance only in your letters must be corrected. That is, your idea of my influence in foreign affairs. You have forgotten your countrymen altogether, as well as the nature of our government, which renders its heads too responsible to permit them to resign the direction of affairs to those under them. The public would not be satisfied with that kind of resignation, and be assured it does not exist, and consequently that your destination does not depend on me. I think it possible that it will be established into a maxim of the new government to discontinue its foreign servants after a certain time of absence from their own country, because they lose in time that sufficient degree of intimacy with its circumstances which alone can enable them to know and pursue its interests. Seven years have been talked of. Be assured it is for your happiness and success to return. Every day increases your attachment to Europe, and renders your future reconilement to your own country more desperate, and you must run the career of public office here if you mean to stand on high and firm ground hereafter. Were you here now you would be put into the Senate of Congress, in the place of Grayson, whose successor is to be chosen next month (for the late appointment was only for the fragment of his time which remained). There would scarcely be a dissenting voice to your appointment. But it is too late for that. Monroe will be pressed into the service, really against his will. But two years hence will come another election in the place R. H. L., who will unquestionably be dropped. If you were to be here a few months before, I would forfeit every thing if you were not elected. It will be for six years, and is the most honorable and independent station in our government, one where you can peculiarly raise yourself in the public estimation. I can not then but recommend it to you to have this in your view. I do not exactly see to what your late mission to Amsterdam may lead, either to nothing or to something infirm, and by which



you ought not to suffer yourself to be led on to the loss of an appointment here, which will not recur for years, and never under such certainty. Your compeer in a neighboring kingdom is proof of the necessity of refreshing his acquaintance in his own country, and will do wisely if he does as Bourgoin announced to you."

From Philadelphia January 24, 1791, Mr. Jefferson writes, in cipher:

"Since Tolosan and Sequeville are decided not to accept their present unless I accept mine, I must yield, as theirs is their livelihood. Be so good then as to finish this matter by the usual exchange of presents in my behalf. Our government having now adopted the usage of making presents in a like case, so as to establish a reciprocal tie, one of the motives of my refusal is removed, which may be mentioned to them on receiving therefore the present or *cong  * of usage. Be so good as to give them the twelve or eight hundred livres mentioned in my letter of April 6th, and more, if on inquiry from Baron Grim, or any other in whose inclination you confide, you find more has been usually given by those of my grade. But do not give less than those mentioned. I know, indeed, that Dr. Franklin gave considerably more, but that was because he was extravagantly well treated on the occasion himself. To face the expense of the presents to Tolosan and Sequeville, you must draw on our bankers in the first instance, and as I presume the King's present will be his picture or something set in diamonds, I must get you, my dear sir, to have these taken out of the case and disposed of advantageously at Paris, London, or Amsterdam, and deposit the proceeds with Van Stapton & Hubbard on my account, where it will be ready to cover what shall have been given to Tolosan and Sequeville, and any further deficiency which may be produced by the expenses of my return or a disallowance of any article of my French account. Send to me the case, be it picture, snuff-box, or what it will, by any conveyance, but sealed, and unknown to the person who brings it, and above all things contrive the conversion of the present into money with absolute secrecy, so as never to be suspected at Court, much less find its way into an English newspaper.

"My letter of September 30th will have explained to you something of your own affairs. It has not been mentioned to me since my return to Philadelphia, and I have thought

it better to let your claim ripen itself in sight. Delay is in your favor. The mission to Amsterdam was to give you prominence. It has had this effect. I now think you may expect the Hague. Humphreys has gone to Lisbon. The grade not yet settled. The last letter from Carmichael is May, '89. An opportunity has been given him to explain. I doubt if he can be long supported against his inattention and the weight of public opinion. Old servants, knowing and known in the public affairs, whose names may add weight to the administration, will probably be sent to Paris and London. I have done what little I could toward getting an appointment rather to please than to serve you, for I see fully that the leading interests of your life are lost if you do not come home ere long and take possession of the high ground so open to you, and from whence you can command any post either at home or abroad. Still I shall continue to work in favor of your wishes."

Philadelphia, March 16, 1791, to a personal letter Mr. Jefferson adds the following in cipher:

"No decision yet with respect to the missions, either of France or Holland. The less they are pressed the better for your wishes, as the President will know you more and more himself. To overdo a thing with him is to undo it. I am steering the best I can for you. The excessive unpopularity of the excise and bank bills in the South I apprehend will produce a stand against the Federal government. In this case the public paper will tumble precipitately. I wish there were some one here authorized to read out yours, because if the danger does not take place, or passes easily, he could buy in again to advantage. Indeed you could not do better than subscribe it into the bank, where you can not receive less than six per cent, and may perhaps receive ten. Very particular reasons prohibit me from acting for you in this way. By no means appoint any body of the Treasury."

Writing from Philadelphia, July 28, 1791, Mr. Jefferson says:

"Paine's pamphlet has been published and read with general applause here. It was attacked by a writer under the name *Publicola*, and defended by a host of Republican volunteers. None of the defenders are known. I have desired Mr. Remsee to make up a complete collection of these pieces from Bache's

papers, the tory paper of Fenno rarely admitting any thing which defends the present form of government in opposition to his desire of subverting it to make way for a King, Lords and Commons. There are high names here in favour of this doctrine. But these publications have drawn forth pretty generally expressions of public sentiment on this subject, and, I thank God, to find they are, to a man, firm as a rock in their republicanism. I much fear that the honestest man of the party will fall a victim to his imprudence on this occasion, while another of them from the mere caution of holding his tongue and buttoning himself up will gain what the other loses."

Then Mr. Jefferson uses his official cipher, the latter part of which has been translated after this manner:

"Adams, Jay, Hamilton, Knox, many of the Cincinnati—the second is nothing, the third is open, both are dangerous. They pant after a union with England as the power which is to support their project. They are most determined anti-Galicans. It is prognosticated that our republic is to end with the President's life, but I believe they will find themselves all head and no body."

From Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1791, in cipher:

"Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, has this day the offer of the Mission to London as Minister Plenipotentiary. When we know whether he accepts or not, which will not be these six weeks, the nomination of a Minister Plenipotentiary for Paris, and a Minister Resident for the Hague will be made. The former is in suspense between yourself and another. If you do not have that you will have the latter. There was never a symptom by which I could form a guess on this subject till three days ago. Nobody here will know a word of it these six weeks. Hearing a vessel in this port was just hoisting sail for Havre I avail myself of it to give you the information."

November 25, 1791, Mr. Jefferson repeats an order for more wine for the President:

"I am now to desire you to send the President thirty dozen bottles more of Champagne from M. Dorsay. Take care, if you please, that he be warned that it should be of first quality, and fit for present use, and get it to harbor as quick as possible, that it may come during cold or cool weather. Apply to this object my monies and your own, Mr. Grand's, or the V'Staph's hands, as you please."

Under the same date he writes:

"I put off applying to Bartram making up the seeds desired by the Duchess Danville till a vessel should be sailing at this season when the seeds are fresh. Unfortunately he has not been able to furnish the whole. I now send such as can be procured, and have taken effectual measures to have the rest the ensuing season. Such is the avidity for maple-sugar that it is engaged in the country before it comes to market. I have not this year been able to buy a pound for myself, and could not have sent Mde. Danville even a sample of it had not the President possessed a little, of which he spared me enough to answer as a sample. It is only single refined, as none of the double refined is to be found. When double refined it is equal to the double refined of the cane, and a like equality exists in every state of it. There is no doubt but that, were there hands enough in the sugar and maple country, there are trees enough not only to supply the United States, but to carry a great deal to Europe, and undersell that of the cane. The reason why it may be cheaper is that it is the work of women and children only, in a domestic way, and at a season when they can do nothing on the farm. The public attention is very much excited toward it. The high-priced West India sugars will draw these forth. Express my sincere affection to Mde. Danville, and M. and Mde. de la Rochefoucault, of whose friendship I shall ever retain a most cordial remembrance. I can not as yet gratify the Duke's desire for engrafted peach trees. The peach of Pennsylvania is not that which is to be offered as of first quality, and in Virginia, you know, we have attended chiefly to the clingstone peach, and moreover have never engrafted either kind. I must, therefore, desire a friend to chuse the ensuing season a tree of the best soft peaches at Monticello, and engraft from it the ensuing spring. This will occasion delay; but what is delayed is not therefore lost."

January 3, 1792, he writes:

"You are nominated to the Senate, Minister Resident to the Hague; Thomas Pinckney, Minister Plenipotentiary to London; Gouverneur Morris, Minister Plenipotentiary to France. A party in the Senate against Morris has joined with another party which is against all permanent foreign establishments, and neither being strong enough to carry their point separately, they have been now twelve days in suspense, looking for the result as to



what compromise they will form together. Whatever you may hear otherwise, be assured that no mortal, not even their own body, can at this moment guess the result. You shall know it by the first vessel after it is known to me."

In a short note, dated January 10, 1792, 8 A. M., Mr. Jefferson adds:

"Tho' the Senate has been constantly on the subject of my cyphered letter, there is no decision as yet. We have been constantly in expectation that each day would finish it."

In a letter marked private, and dated Philadelphia, January 28th, Mr. Jefferson says:

"The present will be very confidential, and will go I do not know how, as I can not take time to cypher it all. What has lately occurred here will convince you I have been right in not raising your expectations as to an appointment. The President proposed at first the nomination of Mr. T. Pinckney to the Court of London, but would not name him till we could have an assurance from him that he would accept; nor did he indicate what the other appointments would be till Mr. P.'s answer came. Then he nominated to the Senate Mr. Morris, M. P., for France, Pinckney, M. P., for London, and yourself, M. R., for the Hague. The first of these appointments was so extremely unpopular, and so little relished by several of the Senate, that every effort was used to negative it. Those whose personal objections to Mr. Morris overweighed their deference to the President, finding themselves in the minority, joined with another small party who are against all foreign appointments, and endeavored with them to put down the whole system rather than let this article pass. This plan was defeated, and Mr. Morris passed by vote of 16 against 11. When your nomination came on it was consented to by 15 against the 11; every man of the latter, however, rising and declaring as to yourself they had no personal objection, but only meant by their vote to declare their opinion against keeping any person at the Hague. Those who voted in the negative were not exactly the same in both cases. When the bi-annual bill, furnishing money for the support of the foreign establishments shall come on at the next session, to be continued, the same contest will arise again, and I think it very possible that, if the opponents of Mr. M. can not remove him otherwise, they will join again with those who are against the whole estab-

lishment, and try to discontinue the whole. If they fail in this, I still see no security in their continuing the mission to the Hague, because to do this they must enlarge the fund from \$40,000 to \$50,000. The President afterward proceeded to join you to Carmichael on a special mission to Spain, to which there was no opposition except from three gentlemen who were against opening the Mississippi. I told the President that, as I expected the Hague mission would be discontinued after the next session, I should advise you to ask permission to return. He told me not to do this, for that as Carmichael had asked leave to return, and he meant to give it as soon as he should get thro' the business jointly confided to you, and to appoint you his successor as Minister Resident. Therefore do in this what you chuse; only inform me of your wishes, that I may co-operate with them, and taking into consideration the determination I have unalterably fixed for retiring from my office at the close of our first Federal cycle, which will be first of March, 1793. All this is confided sacredly to your secrecy, being known to no living mortal but the President, Madison, and yourself."

Under date of October 16, 1792, Mr. J. writes:

"You complain of silence and reserve on my part with respect to the diplomatic nominations in which you are interested. Had you been here there should have been no silence or reserve, and I long for the moment when I can unbosom to you all that passed on that occasion. But to have trusted such communications to writing, and across the Atlantic, would have been an indiscretion which nothing could have excused. I dropped you such short and pregnant sentences from time to time as, duly pondered, would have suggested to you such material circumstances as I knew. You say that silence and reserve were not observed as to Mr. Morris, who knew he was to be appointed. No man upon earth knew he was to be appointed 24 hours before he was appointed but the President himself, and he who wrote Mr. Morris otherwise wrote him a lie. It may be asked how I can affirm that nobody else knew it. I can affirm it from my knowledge of the P.'s character, and from what passed between us."

"The people of Virginia are beginning to call for a new constitution for their State. This symptom of their wishes will probably bring over Mr. Henry to the proposition.

He has been the great obstacle to it hitherto; but you know he is always alive to catch the first sensation of the popular breeze, that he may take the lead of that which in truth leads him."

Mr. Jefferson adds in postscript to one of his letters, under date April 24th, the following bearing upon the coinage:

"I had sealed my letter before I discovered that I had omitted to desire of you, while at Madrid, to procure, if possible, some account of the dollars of that country, from the earliest to the last, stating their dates, places where coined, weight and fineness. Such a statement may enable Congress to place our unit on a proper footing, and be of permanent importance."

The following letter from Mr. Jefferson, dated January 3, 1793, appears in Mr. Washington's edition, 1853, but the sentences here printed in *italics* are there printed in cipher. They refer to President Washington's attitude toward France, and give new interest to Mr. Jefferson's statement of his opinion concerning the French Revolution. The cipher is frequently used in this correspondence, and in nearly every instance it has been translated in the letters themselves, presumably by Mr. Short.

Under date of January 3, 1793, in a private letter, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Short:

"The tone of your letters had for some time given me pain on account of the extreme warmth with which they censured the proceedings of the Jacobins of France. I considered that sect as the same with the Republican patriots, and the Feuillants as the monarchical patriots, well known in the early part of the Revolution, and but little distant in their views, both having in object the establishment of a free constitution, and differing only on the question whether their chief executive should be hereditary or not. The Jacobins, as since called, yielded to the Feuillants, and tried the experiment of retaining their hereditary executive. The experiment failed completely, and would have brought on the re-establishment of despotism had it been pursued. The Jacobins saw this, and that the expunging that officer was an absolute necessity, and the nation was with them in opinion, for, however they might have been formerly for the constitution framed by the first assembly, they were come over from their hope in it, and were now generally Jacobins. In the struggle which was

necessary many guilty persons fell without the forms of trial, and with them some innocent. These I deplore as much as any body, and shall deplore them to the day of my death, but I deplore them as I should have done had they fallen in battle. It was necessary to use the arm of the people; a machine not quite so blind as balls and bombs, but blind to a certain degree. A few of their cordial friends met at their hands the fate of enemies, but time and truth will rescue and embalm their memories, while their posterity will be enjoying the very liberty for which they would never have hesitated to offer up their lives. The liberty of the whole earth was depending on this issue of the contest, and was ever such a prize won with so little innocent blood? My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause, but rather than it should have failed I would have seen half the earth desolated. Were there but an Adam and an Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is. I have expressed to you my sentiments because they are really those of ninety-nine of every hundred of our citizens. The universal feasts and rejoicing which have lately been had on account of the success of the French have shown the genuine effusions of their hearts. You have been wounded by the sufferings of your friends, and have by this circumstance been hurried into a temper of mind which would be extremely disrelished if known to your countrymen. \**The reserve of the President of the United States* has never permitted me to discover the light in which he viewed it, and as I was more anxious that you should satisfy him than me, I had still avoided explanations with you on this subject. But your 113 induced him to break silence and to notice the extreme acrimony of your expressions. He added that he had been informed the sentiments you expressed *in your conversations* were equally offensive to our allies, and that you should consider yourself as the representative of your country, and that what you say might be imputed to your constituents. He desired me, therefore, to write to you on this subject. † He added that he considered *France as the sheet-anchor to this country, and its friendship as a*

\*In the published correspondence, edited by H. A. Washington, this sentence reads: "The reserve of 224, 68, 1460, 916, 83, had never permitted," etc.

†In this published correspondence this sentence reads: "He added that he considered, 729, 633, 224, 939, 1243, 1210, 741, 1683, 1460, 216, 1407, 890, 1416, 1212, 674, 125, 633, 1450, 1559, 182."



*first object.* There are, in the United States, some characters of opposite principles—some of them are high in office, others possessing great wealth, and all of them hostile to France and fondly looking to England as the staff of their hope. These I named to you on a former occasion. Their prospects have certainly not brightened. Excepting them, this country is entirely republican, friends to the constitution, anxious to preserve it and to have it administered according to its own republican principles. The little party above mentioned have espoused it only as a stepping-stone to monarchy, and have endeavored to approximate it to that in its administration in order to render its final transition more easy. The successes of republicanism in France have given the *coup de grace* to their prospects, and I hope to their projects. I have developed to you faithfully the sentiments of your country that you may govern yourself accordingly. I know your republicanism to be pure, and that it is no decay of that which has embittered you against its votaries in France, but too great a sensibility at the partial evil by which its object has been accomplished there. I have written to you in the stile to which I have been always accustomed with you, and which, perhaps, it is time I should lay aside. But while old men feel sensibly enough their own advance in years, they do not sufficiently recollect it in those whom they have seen young. In writing, too, the last private letter which will probably be written under present circumstances, in contemplating that your correspondence will shortly be turned over to I know not whom, but certainly to some one not in the habit of considering your interest with the same foster-

ing anxiety that I do, I have presented things without reserve, satisfied you will ascribe what I have said to its true motive. Use it for your own best interests, and in that fulfill completely what I had in view."

March 23, 1793, writing from Philadelphia, Mr. Jefferson, using the cipher, says:

"Be cautious in your letters to the Secretary of the Treasury. He sacrificed you on a late occasion when called on to explain before the Senate his proceeding relative to the loans in Europe. Instead of extracting such passages of your letters as might relate to them he gave much of the originals, in which, I am told, there were strong expressions against the French Republicans, and even gave a correspondence between Gouverneur Morris and yourself, which scarcely related to the loans at all, merely that a letter of Morris' might appear in which he argues as a democrat himself against you as an aristocrat. I have done what I could to lessen the injury this did you, for such sentiments toward the French are extremely grating here, though they are those of Hamilton himself and the monarchs of his cabal. Particular circumstances have obliged me to remain here a little longer, but I certainly retire in the summer or fall. The next Congress will be strongly Republican."

This closes the period of Mr. Jefferson's service as Secretary of State. In a future number will be presented similar extracts which relate more to his life as a private citizen, to his personal habits and purposes, and to the interest he took in establishing the University of Virginia.

## FACES.

Wan, white face of a mother old:  
Her boy's drowned body, dripping, cold.

Wan, wild face of a mother fair:  
With babe at breast, and mercy—where?

Wan, wild faces, mothers each:  
Pity for one and soothing speech;

Shame for the other, and sin and death.  
"Love one another," some one saith.

Richard E. Burton.

## THE NORTHWESTERN CONSPIRACY.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., October 21, 1880.

MY DEAR CASTLEMAN: I write again about the Northwestern Conspiracy. It is clearly a duty that we owe to a correct understanding of Messrs. Thompson, Clay, Holcomb, Cleary, Grenfell, Eastin, and the whole list of our comrades and ourselves as well, that we should not omit to write the history of this Northwestern movement. It is due, too, that we should vindicate the people of the Northwest who were hostile to the war. The performance of duty and circumstance gave us a familiarity that no one else had with the events of that singular and misunderstood period of our country's history, and we must arrange the *data* and see that in due course it shall come before the public for their information. Think of this, and write me if you do not concur in the opinion that the time has come when we should take this whole matter in hand.

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS H. HINES.

TO JOHN B. CASTLEMAN, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., October 28, 1880.

MY DEAR HINES: I duly received your note of the 21st instant, and thoroughly concur in all you say. With the assistance of Mr. W. W. Cleary we will get together all the more important papers bearing on this matter, and at such time as may be agreed on we will publish the narrative through such channels as you may think best. We have persistently refused the offers of newspapers and magazines to make a mere sensation out of this scrap of history. Time has softened the asperities of the war, and the common good sense of the people is able now to appreciate and understand the motives and purposes of the men who were concerned in this movement, while in publishing this episode we violate no good faith, but, on the contrary, do but justice to men whose acts have been persistently misunderstood and misrepresented. I apprehend, therefore, that a number of politicians in the Northwest who were concerned will rather be benefited than injured by a statement of the real facts. We should, without further delay, get together every particle of obtainable *data*, and the material can then be used as may seem best.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN.

TO THOMAS H. HINES, Bowling Green, Ky.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., July 20, 1886.

*To the Editors of the Southern Bivouac:*

DEAR SIRs—After the fullest conference with those immediately interested with me, it has been determined to furnish to the BIVOUC all the material necessary to a proper understanding of what has become known as "The Northwestern Conspiracy." One of the principal inducements leading us to select the SOUTHERN BIVOUC grows out of the fact of our ability to superintend the material furnished from time to time, and confidence that the *data* supplied will not be misunderstood or perverted. It seems to be an obvious duty devolving upon those familiar with all of the transactions that a proper representation of this whole matter should be made, and this is considered alike due to the Confederate Government, the Northwestern people, and those who are personally and directly concerned. Misrepresentation concerning the motives and acts of those involved has gone so long uncontradicted that finally it seems to have been assumed that such perversions as have been given through what appear to be respectable sources, were entitled to the highest weight and consideration. It ought not to be necessary to say that there is absolutely nothing in this whole matter which is inconsistent with the highest honor, and that there is nothing which should reflect discredit upon either section, or aught upon any man who risked his life in connection with it. There was nothing in Mr. Davis' instructions to me, and nothing in the authority vested by the Commissioners in myself and Mr. Castleman that was not thoroughly consistent with an obligation of the strictest sense of honor; and at no time was any authority imparted which has aught that was not in every respect honorable; yet every one involved has been subject to the most needless misrepresentation. It is to correct such misrepresentation and state the truth, that we propose to furnish you a narrative of the events as they actually transpired.

I have the honor to remain, dear sirs, very respectfully your obedient servant,

THOMAS H. HINES.

THE year of 1864 opened gloomily for the Confederacy. Her arms had every where sustained reverses. Vicksburg, after many months of stubborn resistance, had fallen, and the Mississippi River from St. Louis to the



Gulf was in undisputed possession of the Federal gun-boats. Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas were almost as completely severed from their sister Confederate States east of the great stream as if they had been removed to the other side of the Pacific Ocean. Ordinary communication had become difficult, military co-operation impossible, between the Trans-Mississippi department and other Confederate territory. Tennessee had been abandoned. Bragg had indeed won the battle of Chickamauga, but had lost all the fruits of victory, and after a partial investment and ineffectual although prolonged effort to capture Chattanooga, had been driven, in disaster and well-nigh rout, from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge to Dalton, whence the gallant but disheartened army he had commanded, after shivering and starving through the dreary winter, was forced to retreat in May before the overwhelming host of Sherman. The greater part of Mississippi and Northern Alabama were in the possession of the enemy or open to the raids of his cavalry. The inefficient blockade of the ports, which had provoked the remonstrances of some of the European powers, was supplemented by an activity upon the part of the Federal fleets which crushed all Confederate effort at naval defense, although the Alabama, Georgia, Tallahassee, and Shenandoah still cruised the high seas and terrified the commerce of the United States, and operations directed to the capture of Charleston and the more important Southern ports had been commenced in earnest.

Virginia had witnessed Lee recoil from Gettysburg and recross the Potomac, and although his determined attitude at Mine Run in the last months of 1863 had induced Meade to retreat rather than make or receive attack, the respite was brief. In March Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac, more formidable in numbers, material, discipline, and morale than ever before, and it became apparent that the final grapple was at hand. All knew that the Army of Virginia would offer resistance worthy of its renown, and furnish another example, memorable in the annals of defensive warfare, of how brave men can fight when they believe that all they hold most sacred is at stake. But all felt that it must be driven back upon Richmond. Anticipating from that army the best results its splendid prowess could accomplish, it was impossible to expect that it would shatter and repulse this advance. The slaughter of the Wilderness, the lion-like blows dealt along the arc on which

Grant would wheel his masses toward their goal, might be forecast, but an intelligent understanding of the situation compelled the conviction that the army on whose standards chiefly rested the hope of ultimate Confederate success would be forced into the fortifications erected around the Southern capital, and encompassed by beleaguering lines which it could never break.

While the military organization of the Confederacy at this date was remarkably efficient, especially when its total lack of military preparation at the commencement of the struggle is considered, its resources were being rapidly exhausted, and all means of subsisting and equipping its armies were day by day straitened or destroyed. A large territory upon which it had relied for supplies was lost to it; agricultural pursuits in much of the territory yet free of hostile occupation were almost entirely suspended. Other parts of the South, yet untouched by invasion, productive and under cultivation, could furnish little help, for the reason that access to them was difficult, and facilities for transporting their products to points whence they could be readily distributed to the forces in the field were very inadequate. The South was not then permeated by railroads to the extent that it now is, and the existent railroads were in bad condition. The iron and rolling stock were in large measure worn out and nearly worthless, nor could either be replenished or properly repaired. Ordnance stores, of an inferior character, yet serviceable, were turned out from a few manufactories established by the Confederate Government, and the blockade runners occasionally brought arms and munitions from Europe, but the supply of food was limited and precarious. When the people were on the verge of famine, the soldiers in the camps were necessarily stinted, and the difficulty of providing adequate rations was greatly enhanced by the fact that an immense host of prisoners of war, for whom the Federal government refused to exchange, had also to be fed.

But if it was becoming difficult to obtain supplies, it was still more difficult to recruit the depleted ranks of the Confederacy. With few exceptions, the more spirited of the Southern men capable of bearing arms and of suitable age for military service, had volunteered during the first eighteen months of the war. The conscription had forced into the army nearly all who would not volunteer before the date at which this narrative commences; yet searching and rigorous as it was, the conscrip-

tion was accomplishing little in the beginning of the year 1864, because of the lack of material in the region where it could be enforced, and by reason of the large and populous Southern territory whence it was excluded. The only way to fill the thinned regiments which could be suggested, was by recovering from the Northern prisons the veteran soldiers with which they were crowded. The cartel of exchange agreed upon July 22, 1862, had been broken in the summer of 1863. After that date a few prisoners were delivered in special exchanges, but the great majority on both sides were held. A vast number—many thousands—of Northern and Southern soldiers were suffering the horrors of a captivity which was a literal hell on earth. Negotiations, repeatedly opened with a view of re-establishing the cartel, as constantly failed of results. The Federal government could afford to lose the services of its soldiers who were in prison. The South absolutely required hers, and exchange meant not only their restoration to her ranks, but relief also from the burden of feeding the Federal prisoners. Much has been written *pro* and *con* in regard to this matter, but the controversy may be epitomized in the two following passages—both on the same side—which clearly show where the responsibility for the refusal to exchange properly rests, and what was the motive which induced it. The first is an extract from a letter of date, City Point, August 18, 1864, from General Grant to General B. F. Butler, then agent of exchange at Fortress Monroe:

It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole, or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here.

And General Butler, in his report to "The Committee on the Conduct of the War," made about the same date as the above letter of General Grant's, says:

Accident prevented my meeting the rebel commissioner, so that nothing was done; but after conversation with General Grant, in reply to the proposition of Mr. Ould, to exchange all prisoners of war on either side held man for man, officer for officer, I wrote an argument showing our right to our colored soldiers. This argument set forth our claims in the most offensive form possible, consistently with

ordinary courtesy of language, for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the Lieutenant-General, that no prisoners of war should be exchanged. This paper was published so as to bring a public pressure by the owners of slaves upon the rebel government, in order to forbid their exchange.

The border States supposed to be, on account of kindred blood or community of interest, in sympathy with the South, had been placed, early in the war, under military surveillance. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were filled with Federal troops. The proper prosecution of military operations against the seceded States rendered such military occupation of this border territory to a certain extent imperative, but garrisons were maintained where there were no military reasons for their establishment, and merely to overawe or coerce popular sentiment. Such a policy may have been wise and just, and necessitated by the condition of the times. War makes requisite measures and methods which could neither be defended nor attempted when peace prevails, and the laws are heard; but it embittered the feeling of the people against the government fully as much as it impressed them with a fear of its power. Toward the close of 1863 martial law was more readily declared and more rigidly enforced in these States. The arrest and imprisonment of citizens upon political charges, and often upon the barest suspicion, became more frequent and their treatment harsher. Military interference with elections was of constant occurrence. At last the State governments were flagrantly subverted whenever it suited a military official, upon any or no pretext, to assert his own at the expense of the civil authority. Loyal Union men were jailed and banished with as little compunction and as slight regard for legal forms as were shown in cases of known and acknowledged rebel sympathizers.

Two of the most gallant soldiers which Kentucky gave the Union army were Colonel Frank Woolford and Lieutenant-Colonel R. T. Jacob. The former, after three years of arduous and distinguished service, was degraded from his command and thrown into prison for daring to indignantly protest against the cruelties inflicted upon the people of his native State. Colonel Jacob was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, in August, 1863. The following winter he was arrested by the military commander of the department, "and," as Governor Bramlette subsequently declared in a message to the legislature, "hurried, without a hearing and without any known accusation,



through the rebel lines into Virginia." All these acts, however, were for a time almost forgotten, notwithstanding their gravity and significance, in the horror excited by the military executions. In Kentucky and Missouri these executions became absolute butcheries. Sometimes a number of victims would be shot together—killed by one fusilade.

The best and bravest officers of the Federal armies—the men to whom sentiments of humanity and justice were familiar—were at the front where there was fighting to be done. A class of men were for some months in command in Kentucky and Missouri, who fabricated every excuse and improved every opportunity to murder. Men were shot without show of trial, semblance of accusation, or pretense of proof. Ostensibly in retaliation for guerilla outrages—although their complicity in them might not be alleged—citizens would be taken from their homes and shot to death in the sight of their families. Meanwhile the guerrillas, who were never caught, continued to furnish provocation for which the innocent were slain; for the acts of men, who acknowledged and obeyed neither civil nor military authority, vengeance was taken on people least able to prevent them.

These statements are made in no spirit of resentful crimination, but merely that the political situation of the period may be understood, and the sentiment which made possible the incidents with which this narrative will deal be properly comprehended. Among those who most fearlessly, energetically, and eloquently denounced these atrocities, and were most earnest and efficient in checking them, were Union soldiers of Northern birth. The evil deeds done on either side during that terrible conflict can not justly be ascribed to the Northern or the Southern people, but to the bad passions all strife engenders, and the bad men civil war thrusts into prominence.

In such a condition of affairs the sympathy for the South and secret inclination to aid the Confederate cause, which had prevailed largely in those States from the inception of the conflict, spread widely and grew more intense, till nearly the whole population was thoroughly rebel in feeling and purpose. Many of the most determined of the original Union men were affected by a sentiment so general and sincere, especially when the causes which induced it were patent and daily enacted before their eyes. Some of them were held to their allegiance to the government of the United

States by lucrative employment or honorary positions. Some had separated themselves from their fellow-citizens by acts of malignity and oppression which neither could forget. Others, and particularly those who were in the army, preserved a loyalty to the Union which overcame every other sentiment and consideration, and, while deploring and so far as they could placating the fierce persecution which has been described, believed the suppression of the rebellion and the maintenance of the Union justly accomplished by any means, and cheap at any cost. But very many who had been earnest in their loyalty until this reign of insult and violence began were converted into uncompromising enemies of the government and ardent friends of the South.

This feeling was well appreciated by the Confederate authorities. They were aware that the desperation of the people of Kentucky and Missouri would induce vast numbers of them to enlist in the Southern ranks if adequate opportunity were afforded them. It is scarcely too much to say that if an army, like that with which General Bragg entered Kentucky in 1862, could have penetrated either of these States and occupied a considerable part of their territory at any time after the autumn of 1863, two thirds of the male population of each capable of military service would have joined it.

For the reasons heretofore given, it was impossible to take advantage of this sentiment in the then condition of the Confederacy. But if an exchange of prisoners could be arranged and promptly effected—if forty or fifty thousand trained and hardy soldiers could be restored to the skeleton Confederate regiments—not only might the flood of Federal invasion be stopped, but effective steps taken to obtain recruits from the populations ready and anxious to furnish them.

Therefore, every effort was made by the Confederate authorities to induce an exchange of prisoners; and when all negotiations with that view had failed, and it was clearly futile to prosecute them further, it was resolved to attempt the release of the Confederate prisoners by organizing them for concerted efforts to escape, in which they should receive efficient aid and co-operation.

Before the attempt was made, however, or a plan of operations formulated, those who were to have chief direction of the movement were instructed to place themselves in communication with such persons in the Northern States,

both among those opposed to the administration and those whose adherence to its policy was undoubted, in the hope that some understanding might be attained which would make a cessation of hostilities possible. Mr. Davis says, page 611, Vol. II, of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government":

The opening of the spring campaign of 1864 was deemed a favorable conjuncture for the employment of the resources of diplomacy. To approach the government of the United States directly would have been in vain. Repeated efforts had already demonstrated its inflexible purpose not to negotiate with the Confederate authorities. Political developments at the North, however, favored the adoption of some action that might influence popular sentiment in the hostile section. The aspect of the peace party was quite encouraging, and it seemed that the real issue to be decided in the presidential election of that year was the continuance or cessation of the war. A commission of three persons, eminent in position and intelligence, was accordingly appointed to visit Canada, with a view to negotiate with such persons in the North as might be relied on to aid the attainment of peace. The commission was designed to facilitate such preliminary conditions as might lead to formal negotiations between the two governments, and they were expected to make judicious use of any political opportunity that might be presented.

The condition of affairs in the North was in striking contrast with that existing in the South. The army, originally constituted of hardy and courageous volunteers, and still to a certain extent supplied by volunteering from the native-born element, was swelled by the rigid enforcement of the draft, accessions from every recruiting market of the civilized world, and representatives of every nationality, into colossal proportions. The popular confidence was maintained by a consciousness of the possession of physical resources, well-nigh inexhaustible, which permitted neither difficulty nor apprehension in regard to clothing, equipping, and feeding all the troops that might be put into the field, and financial credit which enabled those resources to be utilized to the utmost. A factitious prosperity, limited, indeed, by governmental favoritism to a certain class of beneficiaries, was also created by the war, and contributed to strengthen the policy of the war party.

With all of these advantages combining to make up a mighty power, the government of the United States compared with that of the Confederacy was as a giant to a pygmy.

But while the army, imbued largely with partisan as well as patriotic fervor, and at the theater of actual conflict removed from the influences which bred disaffection at home,

burned with resentment against those who began to murmur and remonstrate on account of the prosecution of the war as fierce as that felt toward the foe in the field; while political organization, as perfect as machinery, could always move the unconditional Union men *en masse* for the purposes of the administration, hostility to the administration and a profound fear of its purposes were widely disseminated among the people of the Northwestern States. The danger to civil liberty, which always arises during a period of long and desperate warfare—and greater in an internecine than in any other quarrel—was becoming alarmingly apparent. It was taking shape in manifest and frequent violations of law and rude assaults on individual rights. The more thoughtful witnessed with concern the exercise of authority based on no legal warrant, and often in open defiance of constitutional principle. They saw government officials exceeding their powers and commissions, and asserting a sort of personal privilege to override the law. And seeing all this done, and constantly hearing it excused on the alleged ground of military necessity; finding that this plea was used to justify acts of coercion, and the restraint of personal liberty in the North as well as in the South, it is not surprising that very many of these men, although ardently desirous of a restoration of the Union, became convinced that they would lose more than they would gain by the continuance of the war, and heartily wished it brought to a close upon any terms. Beneficent and valuable as they esteemed the Union, they felt a deeper interest in the preservation of their State governments, by which the ends wherefor government is principally established were more directly served, and personal liberty held in more careful regard.

When these were in large measure subverted, or their most important functions suspended; when the States were not permitted to give their own citizens the protection of their own laws, but the officers of the general government were become practically supreme and irresponsible, a profound jealousy of such authority was awakened, and many Northern men who strongly condemned secession, and were by no means insensible to sectional feeling, grew bitterly inimical to the Federal rule.

Neither of the contending sections understood the other's condition. The people of the North—that is to say, of the war party—after being repeatedly disappointed in the ex-



pectation that the rebellion would be suppressed in sixty or ninety days from some given date, had finally concluded that the day of triumph was perhaps distant, although they did not doubt that it would ultimately come. Very few, indeed, realized the terribly depleted condition of the South.

On the other hand, the Southern people, notwithstanding pinching exhaustion and thickening disaster, refused to believe that their effort for independence would fail; but hoped that by foreign recognition and intervention, or by something which was to happen to their enemy, the nature of which they could not have explained to themselves, the war would be stopped short of Confederate surrender.

Each side was as ignorant of the temper of the other in the spring of 1864 as they had been during the preceding three years.

It was of course known in the South that there was discontent in the North; but not to what extent it had grown, or into what form it was developing. Mr. Davis himself, at the date when he determined to utilize this disaffection if possible, only knew in the most general way that it existed. The assertion which has been gravely and officially made, that there was at and even previously to this time a political organization which included Northern and Southern men alike in its ranks, and afforded certain means of communication between "the Copperheads of the North and the rebels of the South"—that in this way there was conveyed information of military movements about to be made by the Federal armies, and notifications that Confederate raids into loyal territory might be expected by sympathizing friends—was utterly without truth or foundation. The spies of each service were, of course, constantly passing and repassing the lines of both belligerents, and much of the information they furnished was picked up from people inimical to the power which held the territory wherein they resided. But no political organization in the North attempted any such communication, and it is absurd to suppose that it could have been safely carried out upon such a scale as has been imagined, if it had been attempted. To have given notice in advance of an expedition undertaken into territory beyond the Confederate lines would have been pretty certain to have defeated its purpose. Such intelligence could never have been confined to friendly recipients. The raid made by General John H. Morgan into Indiana and Ohio, in the summer of 1863, has been

instanced as one which was preceded by such warning. On the contrary, the intention of crossing the Ohio on that expedition was kept carefully concealed, and surprise and celerity of movement were relied on as the only means of making it successful. A good deal was learned, indeed, during that raid of the disaffection existing among a part of the respective populations of those States with the administration; but it was also ascertained that it was not of a kind to profit an armed Confederate invasion, for the "Copperheads" turned out and fought by the side of their loyal neighbors, and no aid in any shape was afforded the raiders.

"The Knights of the Golden Circle," to whom much of mysterious import has been attributed, did nothing whatever. This organization was, in truth, quite as harmless and as impotent for any practical purpose as an association of children would have been. Originally gotten up as an adjunct to the filibustering schemes of *ante-bellum* days, it proved worthless even as a recruiting agency in the South, and had no more political or military significance, purpose, or influence, than the "Sons of Malta."

In March, 1864, Mr. Davis determined to send into Northern territory some Confederate officer who should especially undertake to effect the release of Confederate prisoners. He selected for that purpose Captain T. H. Hines, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A. (Morgan's division). Other Confederates, both of the army and navy, were afterward detailed for similar service. Hines was given authority to collect and organize, for the accomplishment of his mission, all of the Confederate soldiers then in Canada, most of whom were themselves escaped prisoners. He was to be in active command of any force so created, but was subsequently ordered to report to and receive general instructions from the commissioners, whose appointment has already been mentioned, and who reached Canada in May.

Captain Hines had escaped with General Morgan from the Ohio penitentiary. Mr. Davis' attention was attracted to him by this circumstance, which perhaps contributed to suggest the idea of a general release of prisoners. After a conference, in which the situation was fully discussed, and the character of the attempt desired thoroughly explained, the following order was given Hines, in accordance with Mr. Davis' directions, by the Secretary of War.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }  
WAR DEPARTMENT, }  
RICHMOND, VA., March 16, 1864. }

CAPTAIN T. HENRY HINES:

*Sir*—You are detailed for special service to proceed to Canada, passing through the United States under such character and in such mode as you may deem most safe, for the purpose of collecting there the men of General Morgan's command who may have escaped, and others of the citizens of the Confederate States willing to return and enter the military service of the Confederacy, and arranging for their return either through the United States or by sea. You will place yourself, on arrival, in communication with Hon. J. P. Holcomb, who has been sent as special commissioner to the British Provinces, and in his instructions directed to facilitate the passage of such men to the Confederacy. In passing through the United States you will confer with the leading persons friendly or attached to the cause of the Confederacy, or who may be advocates of peace, and do all in your power to induce our friends to organize and prepare themselves to render such aid as circumstances may allow; and to encourage and animate those favorable to a peaceful adjustment to the employment of all agencies calculated to effect such consummation on terms consistent always with the independence of the Confederate States. You will likewise have in view the possibility, by such means as you can command, of effecting any fair and appropriate enterprises of war against our enemies, and will be at liberty to employ such of our soldiers as you may collect, in any hostile operation offering, that may be consistent with the strict observance of neutral obligations incumbent in the British Provinces.

Reliance is felt in your discretion and sagacity to understand and carry out, as contingencies may dictate, the details of the general design thus communicated. More specific instructions in anticipation of events that may occur under your observation can not well be given. You will receive a letter to General Polk in which I request his aid in the transmission of cotton, so as to provide funds for the enterprise, and an order has been given to Colonel Bayne, with whom you will confer, to have two hundred bales of cotton purchased in North Mississippi and placed under your direction for this purpose.

Should the agencies you may employ for transmitting that be unsuccessful, the same means will be adopted of giving you larger credit, and you are advised to report to Colonel Bayne, before leaving the lines of the Confederacy, what success has attended your efforts for such transmission. Respectfully,

[Signed] JAMES A. SEDDON,  
*Secretary of War.*

Instructions were also forwarded to Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, as follows:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }  
WAR DEPARTMENT, }  
RICHMOND, VA., March 16, 1864. }

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL L. POLK, *Commander, etc.*

*General*—I shall have occasion to send Captain T. Henry Hines, an enterprising officer, late of General Morgan's command, who was so efficient in aiding in the escape of that general and others from the Ohio penitentiary, on special service through the lines of the enemy. To provide him with funds for the accomplishment of the purpose designed, it will

be necessary that I shall have transferred to Memphis some two hundred (200) bales of cotton, which I have ordered an officer of the bureau to have purchased at some convenient point in North Mississippi.

Captain Hines will himself arrange the agencies by which the cotton can be transferred and disposed of, so as to place funds at command in Memphis, and I have to request that facilities, in the way of transportation and permission to pass the lines, may, as far as needful, be granted him and the agent he may select. You will please give appropriate instructions to effect these ends to the officers in command on the border.

Very respectfully,  
[Signed] JAMES A. SEDDON,  
*Secretary of War.*

It will be observed that the instructions furnished Captain Hines by the Secretary of War authorized him to make requisition not only upon men of Morgan's cavalry, but all other Confederate soldiers whom he might find in the British Provinces, for such service as was within the scope of his commission; and that it was expected he should attempt military operations, leaving to his judgment and discretion the means to be employed for "effecting any fair and appropriate enterprise of war," and "consistent with the strict observance of neutral obligations incumbent in the British Provinces."

In pursuance of these instructions Captain Hines immediately proceeded to Canada, making his way through the United States.

The following cipher was used by Captain Hines in communicating with the war department:\*

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A  
C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B  
D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C  
E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D  
F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E  
G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F  
H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G  
I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H  
J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I  
K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J  
L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K  
M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L  
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M  
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N  
P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O  
Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P  
R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q  
S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R  
T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S  
U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T  
V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U  
W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V  
X Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W  
Y Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X  
Z A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y

\*KEY TO AND EXPANATION OF THE CONFEDERATE CIPHER.—Take any number of words or combination of letters agreed upon between correspondents. Have



The commissioners appointed by Mr. Davis were Messrs. Clay, of Alabama, Holcomb, of Virginia, and Thompson, of Mississippi. The following letter was sent Mr. Thompson, requesting his immediate departure upon the mission for which he was selected:

RICHMOND, VA., April 27, 1864.

HON. JACOB THOMPSON:

*Sir*—Confiding special trust in your zeal, discretion, and patriotism, I hereby direct you to proceed at once to Canada; there to carry out the instructions you have received from me verbally, in such manner as shall seem most likely to conduce to the furtherance of the interests of the Confederate States of America which have been intrusted to you.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

[Signed] JEFF'N DAVIS.

Messrs. Thompson and Clay, with Mr. W. W. Cleary, of Kentucky, who was appointed secretary of the commission, left Richmond on the 3d of May for Wilmington, and sailed from Wilmington on the 6th, running the gauntlet of armed United States cruisers stationed at and near the mouth of the harbor. The ut-

the alphabet formed as the inclosed. Write your key words, and underneath them write the message to be sent. Take the first letter of the key word and the first letter of the message, find the letter of the key word in the top lateral line, and the letter of the message in the left hand vertical line, then the letter at the right angle formed by running a vertical line from the letter of the key word, and a lateral line from the letter of the message, will be the letter of the cipher. If the letter of the key word is "a," run down the left hand vertical line until you reach the letter of the message, and that is the cipher letter. Take this example: You wish to send in cipher these words: "Knowledge is power." Suppose the following sentence to be used as the key: "Liberty or death." You write your key with the message beneath it, repeating the key words, or the letters thereof, as they are outnumbered by the message. Take the first letter of the key and find it in the top lateral line, and the first letter of the message in the left hand vertical line, and the letter found in the right angle formed by drawing a vertical line from the letter of the key word in the top line, and a lateral line from the letter of the message in the left hand vertical line of the alphabet, will be the letter to be used in the cipher. For example:

l i b e r t y o r d e a t h l i  
k n o w l e d g e i s p o w e r

The letters of the cipher will be:

v v p a c x b u v l w p h d p y

To translate the cipher it is only necessary to write the key words over the cipher letters, run down vertically from the letters of the key word to the letters of the cipher, then at right angle to the letter in the left hand vertical line, which will be the letter of the message. The letters of the key words are always found in the top lateral line, and those of the message in the left vertical line.

most caution was observed on such occasions, and the ship, with engines scarcely throbbing, and, as it were, holding her breath, glided through the water as silently as a fish. Mr. Cleary thus describes the passage through the Federal fleet:

"We went on board the *Thistle*, a swift, Clyde-built steamer, on the morning of the 6th of May, 1864, and slowly steamed down the Cape Fear River to Fort Fisher, reaching the fort about four P. M. We waited until it was quite dark, and then started to run out of the harbor. We could plainly discern out at sea the United States blockading squadron, thirteen ships in number. The *Thistle* was very fast. It was said she could make near fourteen knots an hour. She was a long, narrow side-wheel steamer, lying low in the water, painted gray or nearly white, so that she could scarcely be seen at night. White has been defined to be the absence of color, so that I may say she was colorless. All of the blockade runners were so painted. Her machinery was perfect and in exquisite order. It was a pleasure to visit her engine-room. Every thing was clean and tidy, and the brass and steel burnished until they looked like gold and silver. All the parts of the machinery were kept well oiled, so that they worked noiselessly. When we began our run every light was extinguished. We burned anthracite coal and made little or no smoke, and a sort of hood was put over the furnace to prevent any reflection of its fires being seen.

"The land lubbers aboard were smartly excited; we were unused to that sort of thing, and when we crossed the bar, about eight P. M., and were creeping along and twisting our devious and perilous way through the huge blockaders, whose towering hulls we could easily distinguish although they could not see us, we felt queerly. It seemed at times as if a stone could have been pitched from our vessel into one of these dangerous neighbors. If we were detected we might expect a broadside. Our Captain said, however, that the real danger would come with daylight—just at daylight—when we could be seen, and not far away from the harbor might find our ship close to some war vessel ready to give chase. Then we would have to run for it. A blockade runner was not built to fight, but intended to trust to her heels. A man was always kept at the mast-head, scanning the horizon with a powerful glass. He paid no attention to sailing vessels, but so soon as he discovered a steamer notified the Captain,

who changed his ship's course. These blockade-running steamers often ran away from each other. About seven A. M. on the 7th, the lookout gave notice that he had sighted a steamer. Our course was at once changed. The stranger immediately changed her course; and so on again and again, until it was plain that we were being pursued. We could see the black smoke pouring out from the chimnies of the pursuer, and our Captain said she was gaining on us—in a few hours she would be near enough to fire into us. This was pleasant intelligence to gentlemen going out on diplomatic business. I thought I might as well have remained and have been shot in the regular way on land. The Captain thought this pertinacious steamer was the United States war steamer Connecticut, reputed to be very fast. We made all arrangements to burn our mail and papers, and to distribute the money. Each passenger began to prepare his little story, that he might be able to properly entertain his captors. All these dispositions finished, we thought it best to pledge our resolutions and fortify ourselves for the coming encounter with some excellent 'Dutch courage' furnished from the Captain's stores. We all agreed afterward that we were very cool and calm—that is, each man said he was—and that we would have tried with patriotic integrity to escape a fate not provided for in our instructions. Fortunately we never learned how we would have stood the racket. The chase lasted five hours. We were taking

in more courage during all that time. The Yankee seemed to gain on us rapidly. All at once our Captain got excited for the first time, and announced that we were running away from the enemy. He supposed that some part of her machinery had failed. At any rate we got away, and in a short time were out of sight of that ominous black smoke.

"Without further adventure, we ran safely into the Bermuda Islands and the port of St. George. The British flag flying on the fort in the harbor saluted the Confederate flag displayed from the Thistle.

"At the Bermudas Messrs. Thompson, Clay, and Cleary met Mr. Wellsman, of South Carolina, the Charleston partner of the firm of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., and Colonel Blanton Duncan, who were also *en route* for Canada. The whole party sailed from St. George on the 10th, on the British mail steamer Alpha. The commissioners arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 19th. On May 21st Messrs. Thompson and Cleary set out for Canada, crossing the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, New Brunswick, thence proceeding up the St. John's River to Tobique, then overland to Rivier du Loup, there taking rail to Montreal, where they arrived May 29th.

"Mr. Clay was detained at Halifax by illness. At Montreal, Mr. Thompson met Mr. Holcomb, who had been sent to the British Provinces some months previously to look after an admiralty case in which the Confederate Government was interested."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A PIONEER PREACHER.

THE Methodist itinerant system is not free from objections. There are certain parts of the machinery that sometimes run too rapidly—which results in a "hot box"—while there are other parts that run too slowly, and end in considerable friction.

As a system to develop men, and to propagate the gospel "in the regions beyond," it has no equal. Many of the preachers of Methodism, whose early opportunities for obtaining an education were meager, reached the point where they were not behind the very "chiefest apostles" of sister churches. As a system it seems to have been born out of the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach

the gospel to every creature." Nothing but an itinerant ministry can execute this command. So the apostles seem to understand it, and, though few in number, they well-nigh fulfilled the commission in their day. The history of the church all along has verified the general idea of the indispensableness of the itineracy. The missionary operation of the day is the great representative fact of the Christian religion to-day, and the signs of life and fruitfulness at home are but the reflex results of zeal expended abroad. No church can prosper that does not work outside of her private inclosure. This system gives the scope for this work. The rapid strides of the Methodist Church



during the past hundred years evidences its power. This power is not only seen in the advance movements of the church, but in the men it has developed. Many of them have been giants in zeal and ability. The large circuits, the continual revolutions of the "Great Iron Wheel," which changes the itinerants "from field to field," and the thorough course of study gives all that is needed to make a man of good common sense, fair educational training, and studious habits, more than a *mediocre* preacher.

Years of "hammering" on a limited number of sermons make them at last sermons of real power. Whitefield never preached a sermon that stirred the hearts of thousands until he had preached it sixty-five times. On the sixty-fifth occasion he could pronounce the word "Mesopotamia," and bring tears to the eyes of hundreds, or he could change the intonation of his voice and pronounce the word in such a way as to convulse as many with laughter.

The Cicero of Virginia had only a few sermons, but *they were sermons*; not little tinsel sermonettes, but real sermons. Wherever he preached the memory of those sermons would linger like precious ointment. Years after the people could repeat whole passages from the sermons that they heard from his lips. This was the case with many of the early preachers of Methodism—they preached and preached their sermons until they were perfect models of pulpit oratory.

The South Carolina Conference of 1805 met in the city of Charleston. Asbury, the man of toil and hardship, and Whatcoat, the man whose life exemplified the true idea of Christian perfection, alternately presided. Twelve men were admitted on trial. Among them were the two Pierce brothers, Lovick and Reddick, strangely dissimilar in their minds and physical natures, each having special gifts and special bents of mind that have thrown around their names an influence as fragrant as the gardens of Italy. The eighth man of the twelve was considered the weakest and poorest excuse for a preacher of the whole number.

Five feet ten inches high, compactly, but not stoutly built, symmetrical in form, blundering in manners, coarsely dressed, he did not look like good material out of which to construct a pulpit orator. His educational attainments were poor. "He could not read well," knew scarcely any thing of the rules of grammar, and his spelling was fearfully defective. His actions and conversation were "boring." A

keen observer would notice that sometimes a peculiar light flashed from his eyes; the light seemed to indicate great talent in some direction; it came from latent power, concealed by a rough exterior. When the light would pass away the gray eyes would assume a dull appearance.

His past life had been one hard struggle with adverse circumstances. From the cradle to manhood he had wrestled with poverty. He knew by actual experience the meaning of "bitter want." There had been no "bitter sweet," but only "bitter bitterness." In this hour, this long, tiresome, heartbreaking hour of trial he received no words of encouragement. He was making every effort to be a man; a kind word would have been a balm to his weary spirit; but this kind word he never heard.

After being thoroughly converted, he heard the voice of God speaking, saying, "Go preach the gospel." He was deeply conscious of his lack of qualification; it was hard to believe the voice. Gideon-like, he wanted proof. The proofs were given; he was convinced. He went to his pastor and opened his heart. From him he did not receive respectful attention. "Go to the plow; do you think God would disgrace his ministry by calling such a man as you are to preach? No, man, you are not called. It is only the voice of presumption you hear." The words cut like the Toledo blade. He went back to his work, but the voice, like Banquo's ghost, could not be kept quiet. He came again to his pastor—who by this time had relented somewhat—and tacitly gave him license to exhort. Some success grew out of his labors. Encouraged by these signs of promise, he came to the Quarterly Conference and asked for a license to preach, and recommendation to the Annual Conference for admission on trial.

Though composed in the main of men who dressed "in jeans, wore brogans," and took no stock in "book-larnin' an' edication," of men who were somewhat biased in his favor, still the application kindled a smile on every face, a smile that resembled contempt as "the mist resembles the rain."

"How was it possible to make a preacher out of such a rough, knotty stick?" Much discussion ensued. Loud talk and jeering laughs were heard. At this juncture a "James the Just" arose and espoused his cause. His voice prevailed, the request was granted, and to the conference his application went. Providence smiled upon his cause. He was received on trial, and sent as junior preacher on a back-

wood's circuit in the mountains of Western North Carolina. This raw, uncouth, ungainly young man was James Russell, the most remarkable Methodist preacher that ever traveled within the bounds of the State of South Carolina. He determined to show the world that he was no "gum log," and to manifest to his friends, who were as scarce as angel visitors, that their confidence was not misplaced. He was in dead earnest. His face was set toward success; to this point he would go or die. There was a kind of grandeur that shone around his head, like a bright halo, the morning he started for his first circuit, though exceedingly plainly dressed and uncouth in his manners.

Reaching his circuit, he began to study and to work. His library was small, his books were few, but they were choice—a Bible, a hymn-book, and an American speller. Others had succeeded; when discouraged and cast down their success cheered his heart and urged him forward. Around the blazing chestnut fire of the mountain cabin, while the strong, healthy wife was busy spinning thread, and the grim old farmer was enjoying his pipe, listening to the music of the wheel, he and the children were absorbed in his speller. The children taught him to read and spell well. His field broadened and lengthened. As he became acquainted with his charge, he would hear of a book here and one there. These books he soon saw, and it was not long before he knew their contents.

Preaching twenty-two times a month, he put in practice all he learned. As the year rounded to a close, he had wonderfully improved. In a few years his preaching revealed a logical eloquence of more than usual power. In Georgia he swept through his charges like a flame of fire, old and young, rich and poor, and high and low were brought to God. He studied, prayed, and preached. It was not long before he was recognized as the most attractive pulpit orator of the South. The father of the late Governor Gilmer heard him, and having heard all the famous men of his day, remarked, "Never man spoke like this man." Like John the Baptist he sometimes came, sweeping away the last foundation-stone underneath the sinner, leaving him sinking rapidly into endless night; then he would come with all the tenderness of the apostle of love; throwing his arms around the sinner's neck, with hot tears coursing down his cheeks, he would point him to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

Thousands were attracted to his ministry, and hundreds were turned into the "strait gate" and directed to the sweet fields of Eden.

It is an old maxim that "The world and the church never forgive a man for doing well." There is something in success that demands more pressure, and they *press hard*. Hundreds of instances could be adduced to support the maxim. The world says, "The church never forgave James Russell for succeeding." Some one else must challenge this remark.

At that time Methodism was a failure in Savannah, Georgia. It was looked upon with contempt. Its adherents were despised. "Only the lowest and most debased would join such a society," the world thought. To Savannah he was sent. The appointment was a sad mistake, and turned into a terrible affliction. A few whites—poor, very poor—and several negroes composed the membership. They were not able to give him a support, and his salary was to receive a slight supplement—and it was slight and very light. Here he was not eloquent. How could he be when preaching to bare walls and empty benches, with starvation grinning in the face of a pure, devoted wife and ragged children? He was reduced to the greatest straits. It was all that he could do to live. Hunger and rags almost frenzied his mind. To obtain bread he cut the marsh grass from the river bank, and carried it around on his shoulders through the streets, and sold it for a mere pittance. When it failed to bring money, he exchanged it "for stale crusts of bread, bits of meat, and cold vegetables." He grew more and more desperate. He was almost insane.

At this hour, when it seemed that "man's extremity" had been reached, the quartermasters in the city were moved with pity toward him. They began to give him small contracts for work. These contracts were carried out fully, and the work was well done. His success opened the way for larger and more lucrative contracts, which were gladly given. These were managed successfully. He now had a little money, and with it he began to speculate; money was made rapidly; like the fabled king all he touched turned into gold. Friends in the various "charges" he had served heard of his success in finances, and proffered to loan money for larger speculation—their offers were readily accepted. Their money was invested, and success came from every investment. Men looked at him with astonishment. His rapid advance from the extreme point of poverty to



that of a rich speculator threw around him a kind of strange glamour.

Unfortunate man! Far better would it have been for him if, when he went to sleep the night he received his appointment to Savannah, he had never awakened. But he awoke, and sadness and gloom followed the waking. He seemed perfectly crazed by the times. A terrible grasping spirit drove him forward. More money was made, larger sums were borrowed, plans and schemes grew on his hands. A fairy city with sunlit towers, elegant mansions, broad streets, and rare gardens of exotic plants arose before his eyes; at it he eagerly and madly clutched, but charming Verona eluded his grasp, dissolved in air, and disappeared from his sight forever.

A panic came in business circles; all the stock in which his money was invested was fearfully depreciated; he was compelled to sell; large sums of money were lost. More money was borrowed, and it brought only misfortune. Prosperity turned her face from him and walked silently away, and he was financially ruined.

Before this point was reached, he had severed his connection with his conference, and ceased to travel as an itinerant preacher. The world now saw him in the shadows of ruin; friends doubted his honesty, treated him coldly; out of the gloom his voice could be heard bitterly wailing, "Oh wretched man that I am!" Money was scarce, his credit was gone, times were hard and he was in despair. More than one emperor had stood on the giddy verge of starvation, and on this verge he stood. "He knew not what to do." His faith in God stayed his hand when he thought of suicide. He moved from place to place; often he and his wife and children would make long moves afoot. They went to a beautiful Southern city. To get bread he wheeled a small cart through the streets, carrying goods for the retail merchants to their various customers. Oftentimes

he served as "errand boy," running on errands for the young men; sometimes he did other service that was more menial.

It was a common thing to see the man who had held men of the finest culture spellbound, who had charmed countless thousands by the witchery of his oratory, in his shirt-sleeves going from store to store seeking a job that would pay him a few cents. The mighty had fallen.

His religion he did not lose amid the wreck of earthly things. This pearl of great price he safely kept. In obscurity he lived for a number of years, preaching here and there when invited. The lost powers of oratory were never regained. Only once, and that six weeks before his death, they seemed to come back in all their fullness. He was preaching at a quarterly meeting—the house was crowded with attentive hearers—suddenly his face assumed a peculiarly bright appearance, his eyes became exceedingly bright, and his voice grew very tender; his words came forth with seraphic sweetness; men and women wept, trembled, rose to their feet, clutched the benches and posts, and stared fixedly forward. He preached on; the spell became greater and greater; audience and preacher seemed lost in the contemplation of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The rest came very near; at last the discourse was ended with these words, "In six weeks I shall enter upon that rest."

His words were prophetic, in six weeks from that day, in a friendly home in Newberry County, South Carolina, he died, leaving behind him a history that is stranger than fiction. His was a wonderful life—a life that began in a deep shadow—that brightened and broadened into noonday splendor, and then sank away in the evening skies of the west behind a heavy cloud. To this cloud there was a silver lining, and by faith he saw the glory that promised to him eternal rest.

*J. Thomas Pate.*

## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

In a recent issue of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, Mr. James W. A. Wright asks for some of the fugitive poems of Colonel William S. Hawkins. I send one, copied from one of my old scrap-books.

SAVANNAH, GA.

R.

Your letter, lady, came too late,  
For Heaven had claimed its own;  
Ah, sudden change, from prison bars  
Unto the great White Throne;  
And yet I think he would have staid  
To live for his disdain,  
Could he have read the careless words  
Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait,  
Through many a weary hour,  
That o'er his simple soldier faith  
Not even death had power;  
And you—did others whisper low  
Their homage in your ear,  
As though among their shallow throng  
His spirit had a peer.

I would that you were by me now,  
To draw the sheet aside,  
And see how pure the look he wore  
The moment that he died.  
The sorrow that you gave to him  
Had left its weary trace,  
As 't were the shadow of the Cross  
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me  
The winter's cold to spring;"  
Ah, trust of fickle maiden's love,  
Thou art a bitter thing!  
For when these valleys, bright in May,  
Once more with blossoms wave,  
The Northern violets shall blow  
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been  
But one more pang to bear,  
For him who kissed unto the last  
Your tress of golden hair;  
I did not put it where he said,  
For when the angels come,  
I would not have them find the sign  
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I have read your letter, and I know  
The wiles that you had wrought  
To win that noble heart of his,  
And gained it—cruel thought!  
What lavish wealth men sometimes give  
For what is worthless all!  
What manly bosoms beat for truth  
In Folly's falsest thrall!

You shall not pity, for now  
His sorrow has an end;  
Yet would that you could stand with me  
Beside my fallen friend;  
And I forgive you for his sake,  
As he—if it be given—  
May e'en be pleading grace for you  
Before the court of Heaven.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,  
As I my vigil keep,  
Within the prison dead-house, where  
Few mourners come to weep.  
A rude plank-coffin holds his form;  
Yet death exalts his face,  
And I would rather see him thus  
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine with lights,  
And ring with merry song,  
And you be smiling, as your soul  
Had done no deadly wrong;  
Your hand so fair that none would think  
It penned these words of pain;  
Your skin so white—would God your heart  
Was half as free from stain!

I'd rather be my comrade dead  
Than you in life supreme,  
For yours the sinner's waking dread,  
And his the martyr's dream.  
Whom serve we in this life, we serve  
In that which is to come;  
He chose his way, you yours, let God  
Pronounce the fitting doom.

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Clinton Scollard sends out a dainty book of poems, "With Reed and Lyre." Mr. Scollard has a vivid fancy, a correct ear, and the power of expression to an unusual degree. There is in each one of these poems, if no great originality of thought, much that is musical and beguiling. These are all out-door verses; there is nothing of the egotism of the modern poets, nothing to disturb one, but much to please and to satisfy. The test, for a critic must descend to comparison, is the first, "A Masque of March." One wanders with the writer over the fields and by the hidden streams, and gathers every where the promises of a new spring. Few of the younger poets have the habit of observation shown by Mr. Scollard, and moreover he tells what he sees in language so pure, so simple, and so clear that all may understand. This is no mean merit: it is meant to be high praise. "With Reed and Lyre" is full of promise—but it is more than this; it is in itself excellent and worthy a place with the real poets. We quote one poem, not because it is better than the others, but simply because it pleases me, called "An Ancestor," and which, though suggesting both Holmes and Dobson, belongs to neither:

In Knickerbocker days,  
Long ago,  
When they jogged in gig and chaise  
To and fro,  
She who smiles in gown brocaded,  
From this picture old and faded,  
Was a maid whose locks unbraided  
Shamed the crow.

That she reigned the village belle  
It was said;  
No man now, alas! may tell—  
All are dead!



But I know it is no fiction,  
That she would not brook restriction;  
Very dainty was her diction  
I have read.

Nobles vainly sighed and sued  
For her hand,  
Till a dashing gallant who'd  
Had command  
Of a troop of Continentals  
Won her, in his regimentals,  
Though he'd neither stocks nor rentals  
In the land.

Then her angry father raged  
In his might,  
Swore the maiden should be caged  
Safe from sight;  
But one morn he chanced to waken  
To behold her nest forsaken,  
For the wily bird had taken  
Wing at night.

When he found that she had flown  
From his side,  
Sadly thinking of his own  
Buried bride,  
From his harshness he relented,  
Of his cruelty repented,  
Sought his child and lived contented  
Till he died.

And the one she held most dear  
Soon became,  
Through the country far and near,  
Known to fame;  
For his wisdom he was noted,  
Widely were his sayings quoted,  
And your servant, most devoted,  
Bears his name!

#### Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston has the following tribute to Paul Hamilton Hayne in a recent number of the *Independent*:

#### NATURE'S THRENODY.

A murmur, sad as far-off muffled bells,  
Goes faintly sighing through the shivering pines;  
The thrill as of a thousand kissed farewells  
Stirs into tremors all the drooping vines;  
The trailing muscadines  
Forget to take their autumn splendor on,  
And wring their hands with gesture of despair  
Athwart the spicy air,  
Because the voice that sang to them is gone.

Along the hemlock aisles the winds complain,  
Like chanting priests. I catch the measured tread  
Of weeping Oreads, following twain by twain;  
While Dryads bear the pale and silent dead,  
Couched on a fragrant bed  
Of pines, marsh-mallows, and the golden-rod;  
And reverently beneath the cedar shade,  
Where they his grave have made,  
They wrap him in the autumn's russet sod.

I hear the whippoorwill within the vale,  
Tapping, in wan despair, his funeral beat;  
The mocking-bird sobs out a twilight wail,  
Most melancholy, most divinely sweet,  
Because the lingering feet

For whom it practiced its delicious strain,  
And crooned it hour by hour, till dayspring rose—  
Too well, too well it knows  
Those lingering feet will never come again!

The clouds dissolve themselves in pallid mist,  
That clings like cere-cloths. In the Southern breeze  
All gladness dies, by solemn memories whist;  
The patter of the rain amid the trees  
Is like the moan of seas  
After the wreck. And all this silence shed  
O'er nature, like a diapason pause,  
Has come to pass, because  
The poet who has led the choir is dead!

#### John Anderson, My Jo, John.

In your number for August you quote a third verse as an addition to "John Anderson, My Jo, John," which you state was sung by a young American at a meeting of the St. Andrew Society, in Southern Georgia. The poem is a beautiful one, particularly with this third stanza as originally written. Only a short time since the three verses were published in the *Sunday Times*, Chicago, and it was said in that paper that this third verse was written by Professor Darling, of the New York University Medical College, just before his death. This article was copied from the *New York World*, and stated that the professor died only a short time before that. Both of these claims are erroneous. In a book published by Derby & Jackson, in 1858, styled "Belle Brittan on a Tour," the same stanza is copied on page 58, and Charles Gould, a banker in New York City, was then given as its real author. Colonel Fuller, who may be the author of the book, repeated this verse at a celebration of the ninety-ninth birthday of the poet Burns. The verse, as written by Gould, is fine Scotch, a great addition to the poem, and the real author should have the proper credit.

CLINTON, ILLINOIS.

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE following, from a recent number of the *Critic*, gives further information concerning these lines:

"A book called 'Belle Brittan on a Tour at Newport and Here and There' was published by Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street, New York, in 1858. What was the name of the author? On page 59 of the book will be found a third verse added to Burns' 'John Anderson, my Jo,' as the book says, by 'Charles Gould, Esq., the banker, of New York.' Did Mr. Gould ever write any thing else in the line of poetry, and if so, what? Talmage quoted the second stanza in one of his late sermons, and the three stanzas taken together equal any thing, I think, in the English language. A genius that could see the necessity for a third verse, and had the talent to compose one that fitted the other two so well in language, in measure, and in theology, should have written something more. I have made a copy of Mr. Gould's stanza. Here it is:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
When we hae slept together,  
The sleep that a' maun sleep, John,  
We'll wake wi' a'ne anither,  
[And] in that better world, John,  
Nae sorrow shall we know,  
Nor fear we e'er shall part again,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

CLINTON, ILL.

C. H. M.

"The author of 'Belle Brittan' was Colonel Hiram Fuller, editor of the New York *Evening Mirror*. He was at one time the partner of Morris and Willis. When the civil war broke out he went to England, where he started a paper in the interest of the Confederacy. He died a few years since.—EDITOR *CRITIC*."

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE death of ex-President Arthur occurred November 18th. Mr. Arthur became President at a most critical period in the history of the country. His own party united had a very narrow majority, but it was hopelessly divided, and this division led indirectly to the assassination of Mr. Garfield.

There has been in our political history no more bitter or relentless political contest than that which followed the inauguration of Mr. Garfield. His election had been secured only by a compromise between the two factions, which proved to be only a temporary truce. Mr. Blaine represented one faction and Mr. Conkling the other, each a man of great political sagacity and of unlimited ambition, and each was intent on controlling public patronage in a manner to further his own political purposes. Mr. Arthur had been named as a candidate for Vice-President, not because of his position or his recognized ability, but simply because his nomination was the one most thoroughly distasteful to the friends of Mr. Garfield.

The resignation of Senator Conkling, because he was unable to control the Federal patronage of New York City and State, was soon followed by the assassination of Mr. Garfield. To the assassination of Mr. Garfield we may trace the passage of the law to reform the civil service. The public mind had presented to it in its most terrible aspects the degradation of the public service. It saw that there had grown up a new power outside of the Constitution called senatorial courtesy, which aimed to control, and was quite effectively controlling, Federal patronage, not alone in the interest of one party, but to the personal and political advantage of a clique of Republican and Democratic Senators. This power was arrogant and relentless; it resented any spirit of independence on the part of the Chief Executive, and it was in a position, or supposed it was, to punish any disobedience of its orders.

The revolt of Mr. Garfield, even under direction of Mr. Blaine, would have failed ultimately. His death was disastrous to his opponents; it aroused the people to the necessity for a change. Though with returning reason the leaders of the stalwart wing of the Republican party were acquitted of any complicity in the work of the assassin, they were convicted of an insatiable thirst for patronage, and of a determination to sacrifice every public interest to further personal ambition.

Public opinion, thus enlightened, demanded the reform of the civil service and the expulsion of partisan mercenaries. The Pendleton bill was the result; and though it may be true that neither party desired the passage of such a measure, both parties voted for it, and both National Conventions in 1884 approved it.

President Arthur keenly realized the situation in which he was placed. It was full of embarrassment and of danger. He was absolutely without a party in Congress or among the people. Most of the public offices were filled by men personally offensive to him, and politically his bitterest enemies, whom he dared not remove. On the other hand, his own personal and political friends were clamorous for official recognition, and for the spoils of office which chance had thrown into their hands.

But the President rose to the necessities of the occasion. Party demands were put aside, and his ap-

peal was to the sober, second thought of a sullen and suspicious people. He sought faithfully to reform the most serious abuses of the service, and to assure the public that he recognized that he was not be a mere political tool, but the president of a generous and of an intelligent people.

His works speak for him. He obtained, in the face of the opposition of the politicians, a strong popular following in both parties. In one sense of the word a strict party man, in that his advisers were chosen from among those whose positions and whose opinions were well known, he gave at no time any encouragement to the idea that the whole governmental machinery was to be used in the interest of any partisan undertaking.

It is true that Mr. Arthur disappointed alike his enemies and his friends. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling were equally bitter in their spoken and active condemnation. One they had deemed a puppet showed himself to be a man, and they had no use for him. But the people recognized the sterling qualities of the President; they saw that he had risen above the dirty pool of political strife, and if he did not show that he was a great statesman he did prove himself a skillful man of affairs, a true patriot, and an upright gentleman; and the exhibition of these qualities at that time did incalculable good.

When the Republican Convention met the power which had it in control four years before still dominated it, while the opposition was entirely dissipated. Mr. Arthur, who had by his public services established a claim to some popular approval, had even in a higher degree entitled himself to the gratitude of his party. He made it possible for the Republicans to enter the contest with some hope of success, though in 1882, had it been a presidential year, it could not have carried half a dozen States.

But he did not receive the nomination which he certainly wished for and had a right to expect. Perhaps, after all, it was well for him that he did not. It is not by any means certain that he would have been defeated at the polls, but it is quite certain that his party was restive, that the conflicting elements were reconciling themselves and forming under the leadership of Mr. Blaine, and that he had not the power to command success during his second term of office. A verdict of approval at the polls would have made him more independent, and it seems not certain that in such an attitude he could have sustained himself.

This is the chapter of political history which, standing by the bier of this dead President, this people should read once again. He as well as Garfield fell a victim to the grave abuses of the public service. It will always be so as long as the two great parties teach that public office is a political reward and not a public trust. The best of our statesmen will be hampered in their work; the most courageous will be daunted when they stand face to face with a great party clamorous for the rewards of office. It will be so always until the people declare that their servants, civil as well as military, shall stand apart from these great political contests, and without the interference of the post-office, or the custom-house, or the collectors of taxes, say for themselves what man they will have to rule over them, and what pol-



icies they will have adopted. Until that is done it will be possible for a party in power, as it has done before, to defy even a popular majority to remove it. A reform of the civil service which will destroy its political influence, as the political influence of the army has been destroyed, is necessary in order to subject the government to the control of the people, and to make impossible disobedience to their commands. As long as the politicians are able to mobilize an army of one hundred thousand office-holders, they will control conventions, elect our presidents, and bring to naught the best purposes of the people.

WE begin in this number of the magazine the series of articles in which will be related the more important historical features of the Northwestern Conspiracy. Judge, formerly captain, T. H. Hines is better qualified to prepare this narrative than any other living man. He possesses more information, both of a documentary and personal nature, and knows more accurately the character and purposes of the agencies through which the work was intended to be done, than any survivor of that period. The true history of these matters is very unlike the current version of them. Whether what was done should be condemned or excused, it certainly has been misunderstood.

The narrative will recite the action of the Confederate commissioners sent to Canada in 1864, primarily with the object of encouraging, so far as possible, and taking advantage of the anti-war sentiment existing in the North in every diplomatic way that the times and the situation would permit; and, these efforts failing, to organize and aid an attempt to liberate the Confederate prisoners of war, and by all legitimate means cripple and embarrass the United States Government in fitting out expeditions against the Confederacy. It will, of course, deal more particularly with the plans concerted for the release of the prisoners, and the alliance entered into for that purpose between the Confederates under Hines and the Northern men who were alarmed by the rapid and extensive subordination of the civil to the military authority, and had organized for self-protection.

Captain Hines had acquired very considerable reputation before he became enlisted in this attempt. He was well and favorably known, not only in Morgan's command—of which he was a member—but of the cavalry of Tennessee and Kentucky generally, for courage, enterprise, and capacity. Just previous to Morgan's raid into Indiana and Ohio he had undertaken an expedition, with a small body of men, into Kentucky, during which he had inflicted smart damage on the Federal garrisons and depots of supplies; and, crossing the Ohio, had penetrated Indiana as far as Seymour. Returning, he rejoined General Morgan at Brandenburg, Kentucky, crossed the river again with him, went through the great raid, and was captured at Buffington, where it virtually terminated. He was generally accredited with having planned Morgan's escape from the Ohio penitentiary, and was his companion in his subsequent adventurous progress through Kentucky and Tennessee, a territory then swarming with enemies, to the Confederate lines.

Captain Hines, in the effort to prevent the capture of General Morgan and a few Confederate cavalymen with whom he had fallen in while traversing Ken-

tucky and Middle Tennessee, and who had constituted themselves an escort, was again made prisoner just after the party had crossed the Little Tennessee River. A detachment of seventy-five or eighty Federal cavalry were on the point of surprising the wearied fugitives, when Hines dashed in front of the enemy with the declaration that he could guide them to where the men they were seeking would be found. The Federal soldiers followed him, but when they ascertained that he had misled them, and saved Morgan from their clutches, he came near paying for his strategy with his life. He again escaped from custody by an adroit device, on the following night, and made his way on foot to Bragg's army. He relates the story in his account of the escape from the Ohio penitentiary, published in the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC* for June, 1885.

This record commended him to the Confederate authorities as eminently fitted for the service it was necessary that some Confederate officer should undertake in Northern territory, and he was selected for command in the more enterprising and dangerous part of the work.

Judge Hines believes this narrative a duty he owes himself and his comrades engaged in this service, but especially as a vindication of the Confederate Government and the commissioners dispatched to Canada from false and injurious charges. Upon the success of this enterprise largely, if not entirely, depended the hope of prolonging the struggle until the nations of Europe might be induced to recognize the Confederacy. Its conception, progress, and failure are all of historical interest.

THE November elections made no distinct change in the political situation. The Democrats retain control of the House, and Senators Van Wyck and Riddleberger gain control of the Senate.

In Virginia, Kentucky, New York, and Ohio the Republicans gain members of Congress, and lose in New England, Minnesota, and California.

As is usual in the political campaigns intervening between the presidential elections, the opposition party was very active, and the party in power apathetic or disorganized and rebellious.

Mr. Black, who was the Democratic candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania, and who expected to be elected, attributes his defeat by a majority of forty thousand to the "curse of patronage."

It would seem, after a general survey of the field, that dissatisfaction among the Democrats was general. It was due to a disappointment with the last Congress in some quarters, to the distribution of the offices in others, and to the adherence by the President to his promise concerning civil service reform, and this dissatisfaction was manifested by a failure to vote.

Since the election Democratic opposition to civil service reform has been very pronounced, and the advocates of the spoils idea are proclaiming that no party can exist which refuses to use public patronage as a reward for party service.

It seems that this position can not be well reconciled with the results in 1884 and in 1886. In 1882 and in 1884 the Democrats won notable victories in the face of the fact that their opponents used public patronage for all it was worth. Again in 1886, though the Democratic victory was not sweeping, the party

certainly has lost little in position, and it is prepared to enter the presidential year with greater prestige than did the party in power in 1884.

Advocates of a partisan civil service fail to see that the spoils idea cuts both ways. Had the President thrown down all barriers and distributed the offices with a free and open hand, he would have had a hundred thousand active Republican workers eager for revenge working against the party; he would have had one hundred thousand Democrats in office, and five hundred thousand disappointed applicants, whose grievances would have been purely personal, and therefore more bitter and decided than now, when it is due not to individual failures, but to general causes.

As evidence of this one has only to call over the list of victims of patronage who failed either of nomination or election to Congress. For every office filled they have had to meet the opposition, active and determined, of from six to ten "workers" who failed to receive what they considered their just rewards. Take, for instance, Indiana, where, according to general belief, the spoils idea has been in a large measure adhered to. There we find the legislature in doubt, and the Cleveland majority has entirely disappeared.

It is not by any means certain, therefore, that patronage strengthens the party in power, save when it has determined to resist a change at any hazard, as in 1876. But if it does, then, as it seems to us, we have the strongest argument in favor of an abandonment of patronage. The people should be free to change the policy of the government at will; any thing that impedes this change unnecessarily, any thing that prevents a change that the people have decreed, is a menace to our institutions.

The vote cast for Henry George in New York is the most significant feature of the election. Mr. George is an earnest and sincere talker, with a most captivating measure of reform, as he presents it, but one which is utterly impracticable, and as generally interpreted by his followers most pernicious. The claim, that to the State belongs the "unearned increment of land," is no new thing—but no economist has ever yet devised a plan to secure this to the State that was not open to the most serious objections. This difficulty Mr. George has not removed, but in the minds of most of his followers confiscation by means of taxation seems simple enough.

In truth, it is class legislation of the most obnoxious and demoralizing kind. It needs only to be understood by a land-owning people to be rejected. The agricultural classes are not better satisfied to-day than are the so-called working classes, and they have more serious causes of complaint.

Society never leaps a chasm as Mr. George proposes it shall do; it sometimes rushes in to emerge on the same side as in the French revolution, or it constructs a bridge to carry it over as in the American revolution, but in this nineteenth century it will not take a leap in the dark.

The labor organizations have recently shown their teeth; but it is to be considered that these organizations leave entirely out of consideration the agricultural classes, in whose hands still rests the destiny of this country. The objects of the labor organizations can only be attained by adding still further to the burdens of unorganized labor. A revolt is very certain, and it will not be long delayed.

The danger lies not so much with Mr. George or

his less enlightened and less sincere followers. It is found in the so-called educated classes, college professors, professional philanthropists, "liberal" theologians, who are always willing to relieve some one at the expense of some one else. These amiable gentlemen never care to look the case full in the face. They talk of leisure for the working classes, failing to see that no man lacking the comforts and conveniences of life cares to remain idle; idleness is a self-denial which he will not endure. Then they talk of arbitration as a specific for all social troubles, failing to see that our judiciary system rests on this idea, and that it is the only possible system by which the decrees of arbitration can be enforced. They speak of the great value of co-operation, and ask for special laws to encourage it, as though the "corporation," that much abused and little understood instrument of modern progress, constitutes the best conceivable form of co-operation, easily adapted to all callings and conditions of life.

We repeat that the dangers which so many apprehend lie just here. We are suffering because preachers, teachers, and professors, blind leaders of the blind, are constructing political and social air-castles which rest on no basis of fact whatever.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON, "retired," has recently written and published a book which is put forth with some pretension to historic character. It is entitled "A Soldier's Reminiscences in Peace and War."

This title is curiously infelicitous, and suits the work less than any the author's invention could have framed; for he has either forgotten, or purposely omitted to relate, some incidents which, however unimportant they may be to general history, might certainly be expected to occupy a prominent place in General Johnson's "reminiscences" and autobiography: and he has gone a good deal out of his way to relate matters purely imaginary, and which, even if true, could never have been personally known to him.

This is the same General Johnson who was placed in command of a picked body of cavalry in the summer of 1862, and sent out with orders to capture General John H. Morgan.

He found and attacked Morgan at Gallatin, Tennessee. The respective forces were nearly equal, Johnson having about a thousand, Morgan about eight hundred men. In the course of an hour or two, General Johnson ascertained that he would not carry out his instructions to capture Morgan, but, on the contrary, found himself, his staff, and a considerable part of his command prisoners, after having lost sixty-four men killed and some two hundred wounded. General Johnson does not take the trouble to mention this affair in his book, although much the greater part of it is devoted to his war experiences. He does not even remotely allude to it. Yet one would think this incident might be a "reminiscence," and that a general officer would remember a defeat in which he was made prisoner.

But what General Johnson lacks in memory he fully makes up in imagination. He fails to narrate events which did happen, and happened to himself, but he can emphatically aver things which had no existence and of which he could, under no circumstances, have been informed. In the latter part of



his book he comments upon the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and he coolly, and in the style of a writer relating a "reminiscence," makes the remarkable statement that Booth, when he committed his crime, was "in combination and confederation with Jeff. Davis, George N. Sanders, B. Tucker, C. C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, W. W. Cleary, Harper Young, and others unknown, to murder President Lincoln, Vice-President Johnson, Secretary of State Seward, and Lieutenant-General Grant, then in command of the armies of the United States; and Jefferson Davis was the instigator through accredited agents in Canada," etc.

To say that this statement is totally unwarranted and utterly without foundation would be, of course, putting the case mildly. Yet such statements are constantly made in the North, and such stuff is greedily received and credited by the ignorant and thoughtless.

We submit that our contemporaries of the daily Southern press had better suspend administering, at second-hand, "lectures on journalistic ethics" to the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, because of its proposed publication of certain *data* connected with that phase and period of the war history, until they have examined publications of the kind we are reviewing.

It seems to be considered by some of these journals quite the correct thing that Northern writers should utter and reiterate the most baseless and injurious denunciations of Confederate officials, but extremely offensive to both good morals and good taste that Southern men should essay to refute them.

IN his inaugural address Governor Gordon, of Georgia, made a very earnest and a very timely appeal for local government as represented by the State.

The power of the State has steadily diminished since the war. The drift has all been toward the central power. Even in its recognized sphere the State has lost its power, its influence, and it has largely lost public respect. There has been a strange and lamentable lack of political insight and skill, a weakness in all departments of State government, a failure of State authorities to command respect, admiration, and obedience. Now the State is little more than the shadow of a name. Its powers have, on the one hand, been absorbed by the Federal government; on the other, grasping municipal corporations have, by exercising to a marvelous degree the taxing power and the police power, practically eliminated the State in many instances from our political organization.

It is time, therefore, to call for the rehabilitation of the State. In our constitutions and in our political institutions its place is clearly defined, and the

duties imposed on it can not be so well performed, either by a central power at Washington or by our municipal corporations.

Governor Gordon showed clearly that this natural demand for the re-establishment of the State in no way antagonized the spirit of loyalty to the Federal government, but that on the contrary it was essential to the perpetuity of free institutions. Undoubtedly the question relating to ownership of property, to the restraint of corporate power, to the preservation of order, to the punishment of crime, belong not merely under our constitution, but under any conceivable system of government on this continent, to the States and to the people thereof.

The people themselves are responsible for the decay of the State. They have neglected its officers and disobeyed its injunctions. Our legislative halls have been filled with third- and fourth-rate politicians, with men who, because they have nothing else to do, have been given this employment. The governors seem to live and move with their eyes fixed, not on their own States, but on the Senate Chamber at Washington. In times of distress appeals go not to the State authorities but to Washington; in times of disorder the arm of the State seems to be paralyzed. The workingmen go to Congress, not to State legislatures for the passage of relief laws. It is Congress and not the legislature that is called on to exercise police power in the restriction placed on the sale of impure foods or in extirpating disease. There is every where manifest a growing distrust of the State and of its power, and an ever-increasing disposition to go to Washington.

In the minds of many this is natural, desirable, and irresistible, but to the thoughtful it is serious cause for apprehension. With the accumulation of wealth, with a rapidly increasing population, with a vast criminal class, and with grievous dissatisfaction among what are termed workingmen, there should be a growth of power and a new sense of responsibility for the State. The integrity of the State is essential to the freedom and the happiness of the people; its duties are more important, and its position should be more dignified under these new conditions of government than ever before. Local self-government is the only kind of self-government that is possible. Home rule is necessary to good government, and the tendency toward centralization is as dangerous to the Union as it is destructive of the State.

It is not often that in inaugural addresses one sees any thing worthy of more than passing notice but the address of General Gordon should be read in every legislative hall this winter. The State should be restored to its rightful position in our political system, and it is to this work Governor Gordon calls the people.

## SALMAGUNDI.

### DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, IN COMMON METER,  
OF THIS SINGLE COMBAT, BY AN  
IRISH BARD.

The brightest boy ould Jesse had  
Was David—youngest son;  
He was a bould and active lad,  
Well liked by ivery one.

Altho' he had to moind the sheep,  
To l'arn he was so sharp;  
Whin other boys wor' fast asleep,  
He'd practice on the harp.

'Twould make the birds of heaven hide  
Their heads to hear him sing;  
He'd murther half the counthry side  
Wid pebbles and a sling.

And thin the sootherin' ways he knew  
To capture young and ould:  
The famale sex—Och, whillielu!  
'Twas there wor' his best bould.

When David was some eighteen year  
Of age, or thereabout,  
Betune the haythen and Judaar  
A bloody war broke out.

His brothers 'listed for the war;  
Begorra! they wor' daisies—  
His father tuk a contract for  
To sell the army chaases.

"David," the ould man said one day,  
"You'd loike a little thramp;  
Jist load some chaases on the dhryar,  
And take 'em down to camp."

He dhrove to camp and sought straightway  
The commissary's tint;  
He got a voucher for his pay,  
Thin to his brothers wint.

He found 'em lookin' mighty blue,  
And in a dhreadful fright;  
Retrate was what they wished to do,  
But devil a bit to fight.

A big, black bully, tin fut tall,  
Was bluffin' all the Jews,  
And throops and staff and Gin'ral Saul,  
Wor' quakin' in their shoes.

Goliath was the craythur's name,  
A howlin' Philistine,  
His sword was loike the lightnin's flame,  
His spear was like a pine.

He wore upon his back and breast  
Tin thousand pounds of brass;  
The shine of him, completely dhressed,  
Would smash a lookin'-glass.

And ivery day the baste would shtrut,  
Inflamed wid dhrink and pride,  
And kept all Israel closely shut  
In lines well fortified.

"Come out," he'd bawl, "come out of there,  
Beyant your dirty works;  
Come, av ye dare, and fight me fair,  
Yez bloody, Habrew Turks!"

But ivery faithful Israelite  
Said, "Lave the blaggard be:  
Av coorse, no dacint Jew can fight  
Wid sich low thrash as he."

This sort of thing was well and good,  
'Till David jined the throop;  
Whin he the matter understood,  
Bedad! he raised a whoop:

"It is a burning sin and shame,"  
He said, "upon me word,  
To hear this haythen bound defame  
The chosen of the Lord.

"And since no other mon has felt  
A wish to tan his hide,  
I'll fight him for the champion's belt,  
And fifty pounds a side."

The corp'ril of the guard he tould  
The off'sur of the day,  
What David said, and he made bould  
To mintion it at tay.

The *edge-du-kony* was in that mess,  
And heerd the whole discoorse;  
So he—he could n't do no less—  
Tould Gin'ral Saul av coorse.

The Chafe of Staff tould the High Praste  
To sind peremptuous others,  
For David to report in haste  
At Gin'ral Saul's headquarters.

But whin the son of Jesse kim',  
And Saul beheld the lad,  
So young, so tindher-loike, and shlim,  
It made him tearin' mad.

"Oh, houly Moses! look at that,"  
Said Saul—"the boy's consate;  
How can it be that sich a brat  
Can match that heavy weight?"

"Wid that blood-suckin' giant thafe  
This baby can not thrive;  
The Philistine, it's my belafe,  
Would ate him up alive."

Thin David said, "Me Lord, its thrue  
This seems a rash intint;  
Yet while I weigh but nine stun' two,  
I'm full of divilmint.

"A lion and a bear kim' down  
The mountain's rugged sides,  
I slew the bastes, and wint to town  
And thraded off their hides.

"And since for roarin' brutes loike thim  
I've found I'm mon enough,  
I'm quite convinced that I can thrim  
This blaggard pagan rough."

"Avick!" says Saul, "ye're full of pluck,  
And wag yure little chin  
Like one who ra'ly thrusts his luck,  
And manes to thry an' win.

"I'll give ye my best coat of mail—  
A new spring suit just made—  
Tuck it a thrifle in the tail,  
And pad the shoulder blade."



But David did n't undershtand  
The use of such a thing,  
And only wanted in his hand  
His staff and thrusty sling.

Whin Goliath saw little David approachin', after  
having heerd proclamation that a gra'at champion  
was comin' out to fight him, musha, he laught fit to  
shplit his sides; and by rason of what passed betune  
them in the way of talk, I dhrap out of poethry for a  
bit, bekase, while poethry is mighty foine for a senti-  
mental dialogue, its no good at all for a ra'al strong,  
first-class, breezy blaggardin' match.

"Oh, Jases!" says Goliath, wid the wather bilin'  
out of his eyes for laughin', "what sort av thing is  
that? May the divil admire me!" he says, "if I  
don't belave its a monkey eschaped from an orgin-  
grinder."

"Ye'll find me a moighty bad thing to monkey  
wid," says David; "ye big thafe, wid a pot on your  
head like a cupolo on a sthame fire ingine, and your  
dirty, black mouth loike the hole av a coal cellar."

"Ye little skinned pole-cat!" says Goliath, begin-  
nin' to grow mad whin he diskivered that David's  
rhetoric was superior to his, "do ye think I'm a dog  
that ye've got a sthick to bate me wid?"

"Bedad," says David, "I would n't be afther doin'  
a dacint dog sich injustice; but its dog's mate I'm  
goin' to make of ye."

"Hear that," says Goliath; "arra, now, tache  
yure-gran'mother to feed ducks!"

"Dhry up!" says David. "Bad scrán to ye," he  
says, "ye have n't the sinse of a cat-fish. By the light  
that shines, yure bad ghrámmar gives me a cramp in  
me stummick." Och, David had a tongue in his  
head like a jews-harp.

"Tear an' ouns!" says Goliath, "I'll not lave  
enough of yure hide in one piece to patch a shoe."

"Tear an' ages!" says David, "I'll give the buz-  
zards a picnie wid yure karkiss, and shure it 'ull  
make 'em sick to ate ye."

"Ye're a liar!" says Goliath.

"Ye're another!" says David, "and an ophthalmic  
ould Cyclops to-boot."

Wid that Goliath lost his timper inthirely. He  
pawed wid the groun', and kim at David wid his  
eyes shut', a bellowin', and that bhrings me back to  
the poethry:

Goliath poised his mighty spear,  
'Twas fifty fut in length,  
And unto David drawin' near,  
He punched wid all his strength;

But David was surprisin' quick,  
And sphry upon his pins;  
So dodgin' nately, wid his sthick  
He whacked Goliath's shins.

Wid pain the giant howled and grinned,  
And dhrapped both shield and lance,  
To rub his legs the lick had skinned,  
Thin David saw his chance.

Takin' a brick from out his scrip,  
He put it in his sling.  
And, whirlin' it 'round head and hip,  
He let it dhrive full swing.

Right to the mark the dornick flies,  
As straigh as to a hod;  
It shmote the wretch between the eyes,  
And stretched him on the sod.

Thin David, for to prove him dead,  
In sight of all beholders,  
Chopped off his unbelavin' head  
From his blasphemious shoulders.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whin the Phenaysian sailors sought,  
Long since, ould Erin's sthrand,  
A prince of David's blood they brought,  
Who settled in the land;

From him the Irish race had birth,  
And that's why we delight in,  
Beyant all other tribes on earth,  
The harp's swate sthrains and flightin'.

That this surmeese is no wise thin  
Can asily be shown,  
For sthick and harp have iver been  
As Erin's imblims known.

So let her inimies beware  
How they indulge their hate,  
Let England thrimble lest she share  
Goliath's dhreadful fate.

#### APOTHEOSIS.

In olden days, when shepherds blythe,  
Beneath the boughs of beechen trees,  
Braved hoary Time's unerring scythe  
With oaten pipe and mellow glees;  
When shepherd maids, with modest blush,  
Tripped dainty figures in the shade,  
While clear as carols of the thrush  
Their laughter silvery music made,  
Each youth more gifted than the rest  
In valiant deed or 'suasive word;  
Each maid with richer beauty blest  
Their comrades low-tuned heart-chords stirred.  
The simple tale was told around  
To music of the lowing kine,  
That some new deity was found—  
That one so rare must be divine.

Out on such fond simplicity—  
Not this the childish Age of Gold!  
Of nobler stamps gods now must be  
Than in those days of reed and fold.  
Still, I must heed this olden lore—  
O, what a fall for mortal pride!—  
And, humbled thus, a maid adore,  
The goddess I have deified.

CECIL HARCOURT.

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# \* A Watch \* for \* Everybody \*



**S**ING a song of workers, making with great power  
 Five and twenty watches every quarter hour;  
 When the hour is finished, a hundred thus are made,  
 Isn't that a startling fact to set before the trade?  
 The "Boss," who's in his office, counting out the pay,  
 Says "a hundred every hour makes a thousand every day,"  
 Then the clerk, right at his elbow, chips in his little say:  
 "We'll make a *million* in three years — don't that take  
 your breath away?"  
 And the shipper packed the boxes, till the basement over-  
 flowed.  
 When along came a truckman, and took a four-horse load.  
 There was a little boy who lived by himself,  
 And all the pennies that he got he put upon a shelf;  
 Of course, like all, he had to live, which drew upon his  
 store,  
 But he always saved a cent a day, if he didn't any more.  
 Thus, in a year or less he'd saved up quite a pile.  
 So a Waterbury Watch he bought, which made him quite  
 in style.

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